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PART I.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 7, 1835.

NO. VI.

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flections,' beginning 'That dignified obedience,' and so on, 'which keep alive, even in slavery itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom!' He said, 'Oh yes, stuff.'

"21st.—Went to the meeting at Pembroke to petition Parliament for the abolition of slavery. John was chairman, and opened the business of the day; then M. got up and spoke for an hour better than I ever heard him, and with apparently little fatigue. It was a beautiful exposé of the whole subject, giving so much information, so clear, so temperate, and yet, at the same time, so reasonably indignant, that Pembroke has certainly had a great treat.

"23rd.—M. had Sir Walter Scott's new book on Demonology in his hand. This led to superstition. He would not believe that people are ashamed of superstitious feelings; his opinion was, that if they did not talk about supernatural things, they did not believe in them. Scott, he said, 'is very cold in some parts of his Scottish history, particularly in the parts about Bruce and Wallace. Scottish history is in fact an account of savage people; stabbing or assassination in some shape was the common death of courtiers. The second series of 'Tales of a Grandfather,' are by far the best of the three. Among historical events, the Gowrie conspiracy is the most unaccountable; it seems equally difficult to imagine it either feigned or formed.'

"25th.—M. said, that the first time he heard Mr. Irving preach, he was very much struck with a beautiful expression of his in a prayer for a family who had lost their parents:—'We pray for those orphans who have been deprived of their parents, and are now thrown on the fatherhood of God.' M. said he had repeated this to Canning, who started at the expression, and expressed great admiration of it. He made M. take him to the Scotch Church the next Sunday.

"26th.—Grieved to see M.'s preparations for quitting this place!"

The spirit which animated the new Parliament—the first of the new reign—on its assembling in the month of November, plainly foretold the immediate defeat which followed of the Duke of Wellington's government, and the accession, in full force, of the Whigs to power. The office assigned to Sir James, in the distribution of the duties of the members of the new administration, was that of a Commissioner for the Affairs of India—the very same which, eighteen years previously, he had refused. This fact, coupled with a recollection of all that had intervened, of a consistent course of brilliant service, does not, in one point of view, hold out an encouraging example of the relation usually observed between personal merit and political rank. Nor are the grounds for the excuse of its non-observance here, such as the present writer at least can be expected to view with complacency. Impaired health and inexperience in office must be admitted to be circumstances in a high degree disqualifying for very active official duties; but such reasons would have come with more grace from persons, in whose service the first had not so much suffered, nor the last, through a sense of devoted fidelity, deliberately incurred. Otherwise, if he had listened to Mr. Perceval's overtures when they were made, he might very probably have been, by this time, armed with what appears in Lord Grey's opinion to have been, after the choicest mediocrity of his own party was culled, an irresistible claim upon a seat in the Whig cabinet, by having been a member of every government, from that which succeeded Mr. Perceval's to his Lordship's own. Any comparison of Sir James's pretensions with that of all but three or four of the body who formed the cabinet on this occasion, would now of course be merely painful. Nor was the disappointment he felt, on not finding himself included in it, considerable enough to provoke it;—it partook more of the nature of the slight moral shock which ingenuous natures receive on the discovery of confidence misplaced in individuals. At the close of a long life spent amongst them, he must have known that at such moments, those of 'The Order' who are also supporters of the liberties of the people, are too much occupied in revenging their unnatural position on the coffers of the crown to attend to the claims of unobtrusive merit; and that, as to what is below, he was not of the parasitical vegetation, which is the only thing that "rises to the full growth of its ambition under the shadowing branches of the Whig aristocracy; and that super-

seding influence of birth and connexions, which had contributed to keep even such men as Burke and Sheridan out of the cabinet."

The ordinary duties of his present situation were not, as is well known from the late Mr. Tierney's humorous description of them in the House of Commons, of an onerous nature, but one which was in some degree incidental to it—the occupation of the chair of the sub-committee for the judicial branch of the inquiry pending into East Indian Affairs, preparatory to the renewal of the charter, pretty equally divided his attention during the short remaining period of his life, with the great measure of Parliamentary Reform. The first discussion of this last drew from him some rather characteristic comments, in a letter addressed to a dear relation, which will appropriately terminate our references to the letters of one whose life was, throughout its long course, much cheered by her affection.

"TO MISS ALLEN, CRESSELLY.

"Library, House of Commons,
March 8, 1831.

"MY DEAR F.—I have stood these debates hitherto wonderfully well. I shall not speak till the second reading. It is yet hard to say when that may be. Our wish is for time, that the people may pour in petitions for us. They are altogether with us. Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the manufacturing parts of Scotland cry aloud for us.

"Macauley and Stanley have made two of the finest speeches ever spoken in Parliament. Jeffrey's, though not quite so debating and parliamentary, was quite as remarkable for argument and eloquence. No man of fifty-five ever began a new career so well. I cannot foresee the event, but the best calculators believe that we shall have a majority on the second reading. At all events, I am proud that we have produced a measure which nobody can deny to be disinterested, honest, and brave.

"The dull debate of last night had a brilliant close. North made a splendid speech against us. He is a great master of diction, though his thoughts are common. Robert Grant, who rather failed a fortnight ago, recovered his power, and most vigorously exerted it in an answer to North. Both are somewhat florid. On this occasion Grant was the most argumentative, if not quite so orderly and magnificent as his antagonist. I cannot, however wish more for the Reformed House, than that it may produce many such speeches, though both below Macauley and Stanley (the chiefs of the next, or rather of this generation,) and in original thought much below Jeffrey. 'As are the generations of leaves,' says old Homer, 'so also are those of men,'—a natural reflection, you will own, of an old man, speaking of those who are so young.

"I am in the five hundredth page of the manuscript of my second little volume (Hist. of England).

"Mr. Herschell has contributed to 'Lardner's a discourse on Natural Philosophy, the finest work of philosophical genius in our age, or perhaps, (as I exclude the sciences) the finest since Bacon, who, though the greatest of philosophers, has properly no science. I firmly believe no other man in Europe could have written Herschell's discourse.

"The frosts of Reform and the tempests of Revolution have killed the whole spring crop of novels. Nothing readable has appeared. I mean readable even by so voracious a *novelophagist* as I am.

"If Italy could be kept quiet, it seems that Austria may be made by England and France to propose some tolerable conditions for Poland. If I had the conduct of human affairs for five minutes, I should crush the Belgians, withdraw the Italians till better times, and give an advantage to the Poles over the Muscovites. But

'Peace is my dear delight, not Fleury's more.'

I must now, my dear F——, turn to Queen Mary's persecutions, not so agreeable an object to my eyes as you, whom I

* Moore's "Life of Sheridan," vol. ii. p. 224.

liked better at the end of thirty years than I even did at the beginning of them.

"O'Connell's declaration of unbounded allegiance will, I suppose, open this evening's debate. The second reading will probably be fixed for Monday se'ennight, when I have some thoughts of attempting to speak once more.

"I shall be delighted to hear that Allen gets better, and with love to E—,

"I ever am,

"Dear F—,

"Your affectionate brother,
"J. MACKINTOSH."

In the debate of the 4th of July following, on the second reading of the bill, Sir James's name appears for the first time in conjunction with it.

We have seen recorded his own views on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, entertained long previously, and consequently know how completely the general scope of the present measure must have been coincident with them. It is little to admit that in some particulars it exceeded them—as in the lowness of the qualification for exercising the franchise, "which he could have wished higher," at least in the great towns, where the same amount of rent represented a constituency of less substance than that in the old boroughs and agricultural districts. He was cheerfully prepared to consider what there was of excess, over what the habitual moderation of his political views would have of itself initiated, as the necessary penalty of the dogged refusal by preceding governments, of all modified ameliorations of the representative system. This was the last great effort of his mind in politics. The failure of the bill was followed by a dissolution. The general election which followed displayed the people arrayed in so determined an attitude as to make the result of its re-introduction scarcely doubtful; and on this second occasion he confined his advocacy to the part of the measure which related to his native country. Other subjects could scarcely make themselves heard amidst the din of this one all-absorbing topic;—a discussion on the unsettled state of affairs in Portugal on the 9th of February, 1832, was the last occasion on which he addressed the House, of which he had now been twenty years a member. The events of no year had so much justified the exclamation which about this time fell from him, "that he should liked to have lived in quieter times," than this—the last of his life.

We have arrived nearly at the term of our labour. Though a sensible decline of late of his bodily strength had not been unobserved by himself and others, there was nothing to forbid the expectation that his life might still be prolonged—he had now entered into his sixty-seventh year—at least to the common limit prescribed of old to the days of man:—when what appeared at first but a trifling accident was at hand to disappoint it. A short time subsequently to the last-mentioned date, he had, whilst at dinner, swallowed a small fragment of a chicken bone, which though removed, had occasioned a slight laceration in the trachea, that subsequently extended to the vertebrae of the neck, and proved ultimately fatal. If there is something humiliating in being thus reminded of the frail tenure of life, it was allowable to draw consolation in the present case from the reflection that he was spared what might have been a period of slow and painful decay, and that the "stage scarcely darkened ere the curtain fell."

What remains to be told follows in the words of one whose filial affection was with him—"ministering to the end."

"The week after his accident he was thought to be recovering. He even went out to Battersea Rise to dine and sleep at the house of his much-valued friend, Sir Robert Inglis, where he always felt at home, and where he was always welcomed with so much respect and affectionate kindness, by a numerous, cheerful, intelligent, and amiable family, that his frequent visits there during the latter years of his life were most agreeable to him.

"He continued, however, notwithstanding, very feeble and very low, but it was hoped this was only the effect of his being unable to take solid food, and of much medicine. He took his airing every day—seemed to occupy himself as usual in his library; and from ignorance of the cause of his illness, he was looked upon as convalescent. He did not think so himself, and so very remarkable a change took place in many of his habits, and even in his manner of thinking and acting upon many subjects, that I must own neither did I ever feel he was recovering, though I struggled against the conviction, which was continually pressed upon me, that he was soon to be taken from us. His nights were very wakeful, and spent in much

uneasiness of body; he became very silent and thoughtful—had his Bible frequently open before him—spoke more than usual upon religious subjects,—perhaps it would be more correct to say upon God, and his disposition towards man. His mind seemed less occupied with speculations, and more with his own personal relationship to his Creator. During this period, likewise, he spoke habitually more of his family and friends, of his children and grandchildren, than from the nature and variety of his occupations he had often opportunities of indulging in.

"But the two most remarkable changes which I observed in him at this period were regarding politics and his own health, both of which had for many years naturally engaged a large share of his attention—the one from inclination, the other from a long course of delicate health; he now spoke rarely upon either. As regards politics, this was the more remarkable, occurring as it did at a moment of general excitement, in consequence of the sudden resignation of his own political friends, and the Duke of Wellington having been desired by the King to form a new administration. Nothing else was talked of, and every body who came to see him, came full of this one subject. For the first time in his long and active life he remained quiet and unexcited; the little he did say was very calmly uttered, and he spoke like one who had no more interest in the changes than that springing from the love of order, justice, and the well being of his country, which were inextinguishable in his mind.

"Though he suffered constant pain, he did not look to medical assistance with much anxiety or hope. He took the medicines offered to him, but he had lost all interest in them. Nor did he as formerly watch for the arrival of Dr. Darling, though he entertained a very high opinion of his skill, and felt much indebted to him for his unwearied attention to him during a period of many years. This struck me very much; he had always been partial to medicine as a science, and from the weak state of health he had been in for many years, he had acquired a habit of watching his symptoms, and trying different remedies, to a degree we sometimes lamented.

"During the week preceding his last illness, I was alone with him, as he was pronounced sufficiently recovered to admit of his family fulfilling engagements his illness had interrupted. No one at this period had the slightest conception of his real state; he appeared more languid, but less suffering, than he had done for some days. We were desired to urge him to go out in the carriage every day; and he was so gentle and unresisting that he consented, contrary often to his own inclination, to take an airing most days. He gave up at this time going down to his library, and preferred sitting in the drawing-room with me; he sometimes required me to read to him, but more generally he read to himself. He did not like me to be long away from him, and though he talked little, he seemed pleased to have me with him. He was often very thoughtful, and it was evident he was contemplating the probability of his death. Many things I did not observe so much at the time have since convinced me of this. The character of his conversation, when he did speak, was most affecting; he talked of his own past life with so much humility and so much severity—seemed so little conscious of his great and good qualities, and so desirous that his children should profit by what he called his errors. His children were continually the objects of his thoughts at this time, as was manifest from his frequently speaking of them.

"At other times he would speak of God with more reverence and awe than I have almost ever met with. His voice fell—his whole person seemed to bow down, as if conscious of a superior presence—while in a subdued, solemn, deeply thoughtful manner, he slowly expressed himself. He allowed me to read to him passages out of different authors, listening so meekly and so attentively to what I read, as at times almost to overpower me. He did not in many things agree with them; and he gave his reasons so calmly and so clearly, that I often could not answer him, though I did not always feel convinced by (I was going to say) his arguments; but this would be too strong a term for the gentle, humble, inquiring character of these conversations, in which he seemed thinking aloud, and expressing the difficulties of an honest and deeply serious mind. I one day read to him the 29th chapter of Job, which affected him to tears. Our Lord Jesus Christ was very frequently the subject of his thoughts; he seemed often perplexed, and unable to comprehend much of his history. He once said to me, 'It is a great mystery to me—I cannot understand it.' At another time he told me that, during the many sleepless nights he passed, the contemplation of the character of Jesus Christ, and thoughts concerning the Gospel, with prayer to God, was his chief occupation. He spoke of

the delight he had in dwelling upon his noble character. I have heard his voice falter as he repeated, 'He went about doing good;' but he added, 'There is much connected with him I cannot understand.' I cannot attempt to give his own words; but his difficulty lay in the account given of the manner in which Jesus becomes the Saviour of men.

"I have already mentioned that he suffered much pain. One morning he told me that he had been praying to God to deliver him from his sufferings, and to permit him to die. I spoke of the solemnity of death, and the awfulness of meeting God, and that I felt we ought first to seek of God to be prepared by him to meet him. He was silent a little, and thoughtful, and then answered, 'I thought we might have such perfect confidence in God, that we might even venture to make known to him all our sufferings and all our wants, and that he would not be offended; it was in this belief I asked him to put an end to my sufferings;—with submission, however, I desire to ask it.' On another occasion I told him a friend had prayed for him, he seemed pleased, and said, 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' I must here just observe, that the full force of such quotations of the scripture by my father, will not be felt in a country where they are so common, except I further add, that it was no habit of his; and whenever he used scripture language as the expression of his feelings, he did so with much thought and great solemnity of manner.

"On Monday, May 22nd, he was finally taken ill. During Tuesday, Wednesday, and part of Thursday, our dear father knew those around him, and occasionally spoke to each of us in a way that proved he did; and even up to Saturday, the day he ceased to speak at all, there was a graciousness in his manner, when his medical friends approached his bedside, that affected me very much—he smiled so benignantly on them—did what they required of him so willingly, and once or twice expressed pleasure in seeing them, with such animation, and in a tone and manner so unusual with him. There was in all this no anxiety about himself visible; no eagerness for their help was expressed; it was as his friends that he seemed glad to see them. It was some mitigation of our suffering during the succeeding days, that he appeared to be free from pain of any kind. Indeed, no word escaped him by which we could have learnt that anything was the matter with him.

"At the same time that he seemed so unconcerned about his body, the activity of his mind was truly amazing. Though all his ideas were in confusion, he poured out his accurate expressions of deep thought upon the many subjects that had been the study of his life, with an energy, and in a tone and manner, that reminded us of former years, and was so peculiar to him when in health and vigour. He had a look of deep thoughtfulness, spoke with a powerful voice, weighed his words, and sometimes stopped, not satisfied with a word he had used, and he did not go on until he found the one which pleased him. He watched us as we moved about him, but he continued talking; and if he asked a question, he waited for an answer. At one time he suddenly stopped and said, 'What is the name of that man who writes upon decrees and upon election?' None of us could satisfy him; and, after repeating his question, he paused some time, and then added with a smile, 'He cannot frighten me now.'

"On Saturday a great change took place; he became very silent, and had the appearance of one listening; the intelligence of his countenance did not diminish, it only changed its character; a look of peace and dignity was mingled with it, such as I had never witnessed in that dear face before. Whenever a word from the Scriptures was repeated to him, he always manifested that he heard it; and I especially observed that, at every mention of the name of Jesus Christ, if his eyes were closed, he always opened them, and looked at the person who had spoken. I said to him at one time, 'Jesus Christ loves you;' he answered slowly, and pausing between each word, 'Jesus Christ—love—the same thing.' He uttered these last words with a most sweet smile. After a long silence he said, 'I believe—' We said, in a voice of inquiry, 'In God?' He answered, 'In Jesus.' He spoke but once more after this. Upon our inquiry how he felt, he said he was 'happy.'

"From that time to Wednesday morning at a quarter before six, when he breathed his last, we waited upon him and watched beside him, but he took no more notice of us, and, judging by his unruffled brow, his calm, though increasingly serious and solemn countenance, he willingly yielded up his spirit into the hands of Him whom he had proved to be indeed a most faithful Creator."

His remains were removed from his house in Langham

Place, where he died, on the 30th of May; for interment at the Parish Church of Hampstead, on the 4th of June.

CHAPTER XVII.

Character—Letters to the Editor from the Hon. Lord Jeffry—from the Rev. Sydney Smith—General remarks—Conclusion.

THE attempt to add anything of moment to the impressions of a reader, who has arrived at the conclusion of such a sketch as the present, by a formal delineation of character, is not commonly successful; and such ideas of the virtues and intellect which distinguished the subject of our past contemplation, as have not already insinuated themselves into the mind in the present instance, cannot now expect to be admitted on the mere assertion of partial affection. Such an addition is perhaps still more unnecessary in a work, which, throughout, has had no aim but the orderly arrangement of materials, out of which, individual opinion—ever varying in its relative sympathy with modes of human excellence—may be formed. The editor's possession, however, of the two following tributes of kindred genius will amply justify a deviation from a course which has been powerfully recommended by former examples. Both combined give such a representation as will leave but little indeed to add.

"Edinburgh, 16th March, 1835.

"MY DEAR SIR,—In asking me to put upon paper my impression of what was most remarkable in the intellectual character or philosophical genius of your late excellent father, you propose to me a task which would be very pleasing, if it were a little less difficult. I have certainly a strong impression of that character; but I do not feel confident of being able to develope, even to myself, the delicate and multifarious traits of which it was composed; and am conscious that I have little chance of making it intelligible to any one who had not previously some acquaintance, or even some affinity, with the original.

"If I were to say that I never knew (and could, indeed, scarcely imagine) any person with the same great stores of knowledge, who was not only so little encumbered by his acquisitions, but who could at all times so promptly and judiciously apply them, or whose learning was so clearly the food and aliment of his intellect, instead of being its burden, or at most, its ornament: and if I were to add, that there have been few in whom singular fineness of understanding was more happily balanced by great soundness and sobriety of judgment, though with a leaning perhaps to the side of refinement, I should express, no doubt, a part of what I think; but should feel, at the same time, that I was dealing but in vague generalities, and had done nothing to place before a stranger the intellectual portrait of an individual so conspicuous among his contemporaries. To do this with any chance of success, it would be necessary to explain, first of all, in what departments of study his great intellect had been chiefly trained and exercised; and then to point out the peculiarities of temper and habit by which his moral judgments, or speculative opinions, may have been coloured or directed. I feel that I cannot, at this moment, do this to any purpose; but one or two things, that occur to me, I shall endeavour to set down.

"His range of study and speculation was nearly as large as that of Bacon; and there were, in fact, but few branches of learning with which he was not familiar. But in any attempt at delineating his intellectual character, it is necessary to bear in mind, that his mastery was in mental philosophy, not merely in its recondite or metaphysical departments, but in its still more important application to conduct and affairs, and in their higher branches of politics and legislation, which derive their proofs and principles from history, and give authority to its lessons in return.

"Upon all these subjects, he was probably the most learned man of his age; and in maturing and digesting his views of them, I am persuaded that there have been few, in any age, who ever brought a more powerful and disciplined understanding to bear with so much candour, caution, and modesty upon so large a collection of materials. The circumstances of his health, and other avocations, unfortunately prevented him from leaving to the world any such adequate memorial of his labours and accomplishments, as might at one time have been expected. But enough, in my opinion, remains to justify the strong expressions I have now employed; nor do

I think any one will be disposed to detract from them who has studied, as they deserve to be studied, either that inimitable 'Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy,' which is prefixed to the new edition of the 'Encyclopedia,' or that precious fragment of the 'History of the Revolution,' which has been given to the world (though with most unseemly accompaniments) since the death of its author.

"In these, and indeed in all his productions, the riches of his knowledge, and the subtlety and force of his understanding, are alike conspicuous; but I am not sure whether his characteristic qualities did not display themselves in a still more striking way in his conversation. It was here, at least, that his astonishing memory—astonishing equally for its extent, exactness, and promptitude,—made the greatest impression. Some natural felicity of endowment he probably had in this respect; but it always appeared to me that the extraordinary perfection of his faculty was, in him, less the gift of nature, or the effect of mere exercise and cultivation, than the result of that accurate and systematic understanding, and that zeal for knowledge of which it was at once the instrument and the reward. He remembered what he learned better than any other person, chiefly because he better understood its value, and its relation to his former acquisitions, and accordingly at once assimilated and fitted it into its proper place in that grand scheme of knowledge of which it was in some degree complimentary, and which he had occasion, almost every day, to be reviewing in its entirety. No one much inferior in intellectual power, or love of intellectual excellence, need hope for such a memory.

"I would make nearly the same remark upon another, and, in my opinion, a still higher excellence in his character; I mean the indulgence with which he always treated the honest errors of other inquirers, and the liberality with which he acknowledged even the smallest services they had rendered to the cause of truth. This should be referred in part, no doubt, to the natural candour and kindness of his disposition; but, I am persuaded, it is also to be ascribed, in no small degree, to the nature of the studies to which he was chiefly devoted, and the great extent of his attainments in these studies. The elements of moral and political science are so various, and so widely scattered,—their natural balance is in many respects so delicate, and liable to so many disturbances, that those who know the most of them, must always be the most inclined both to distrust their own conclusions, and to be thankful for the smallest assistance from others. Intolerance or dogmatism, on such subjects, where not the direct part of faction or bigotry, is a reasonably sure sign of superficial knowledge or shallow understanding; and a man's charity for the mistakes of others, as well as the modesty of his own conclusions, will generally be in proportion to the largeness of his views, and the depth of his capacity.

"But in whatever school it was learned, no man certainly was ever more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of candour and indulgence, or with a purer love of truth, than your father; nor did I ever come in contact with a human being, the clearness of whose perceptions was so little disturbed by jealousy or prejudice, or whose mind was more constantly under the guidance of that true wisdom which derives from the largest extent of human knowledge, and the happiest efforts of the faculties, but a stronger conviction of the narrow limits within which both must be confined.

"There is one peculiarity in his speculative or discursive compositions, which, though justly to be considered as a fault, seems to be eminently characteristic, not only of his habits as an individual, but of some of the very excellencies of which I have been speaking: I mean, a certain want of coherence or systematic arrangement in the sequence of his arguments and observations, which often give to considerable portions of the work the appearance of detached remarks, rather than a continued train of reasoning, and remind the reader more of the *Maxims of Epictetus*, or the *Thoughts of Pascal*, than of the more ambitious and dogmatical treatises of later times. This might have been owing, in part, to a certain degree of indolence, co-operating with the embarrassment arising from the very capaciousness of the stores which lay around him, and made it difficult to choose where to begin; but, on the whole, I am persuaded it arose chiefly from that aversion from dogmatism and premature systematizing to which I have already alluded, and from a conviction that, on such subjects as he was then engaged with, it is truly of no great consequence with what we begin, or in what order the materials for just conclusions are presented to the understanding. In all moral and political inquiries—in fact, in all reasonings of which human nature is the object, there is really no natural starting-place, because there is nothing more elementary than that

complex human nature itself, with which our speculations must end as well as begin; and of all these sciences, it may be truly said, in the words of the great genius I have last named, that 'their centre is everywhere, and their circumference nowhere.' It requires indeed but a moderate exercise of thought to perceive that all the truths which relate to the moral and intellectual nature of man, have such a close affinity and mutual dependence, as makes it of small moment in what order they are disclosed, and would naturally lead a conscientious inquirer, intent only on their promotion, to disregard that artifice of collocation, which can add nothing to their value, and but little to the facility of their apprehension.

"In the historical writings, which will probably be the most durable monuments of your father's merits, I have always been most struck with that spirit of wise and vigilant humanity which breathes through their whole composition, and constantly fixes the attention on those characters and events which permanently affect the happiness and condition of the great body of the people, rather than on those which concern but a few individuals, or throw a transient and theatrical lustre on startling and extraordinary occurrences. The ancient histories of the more comprehensive class, are all fundamentally rhetorical, and scarcely affect any purpose of moral or political instruction, while the more particular and authentic seldom breathe any better spirit than that of an intense nationality, or teach any higher lessons than those of the supremacy of military power, and the benefits of a severe discipline; and even of those of the modern world, how vast a proportion is occupied with the bloody and barren contentions of rival dynasties, or the conflicts of religious sects or political factions, interspersed with but slight and imperfect notices of the great interests of mankind, or the help or hindrance successively presented to their advancement! From those lamentable perversions I know no writer who has so successfully recalled history to her proper vocation of a teacher, as your father—a teacher not merely, or even chiefly, of governors and statesmen, how best to discharge their duty or secure their fame, but of the great body of every intelligent community, how to distinguish the just objects of their gratitude and admiration—what ends should be aimed at for the lasting improvement of their condition, and at what points a stand should be made for the great interests of freedom and justice.

"In pursuing these objects, it is impossible not to be struck with the admirable mixture of severity and indulgence with which the judgments of this high censor are tempered, in the works to which I refer—the candid and large allowances that are made for the errors and prejudices of the times, or the circumstances of the individuals concerned, on the one hand, and the noble indignation with which meanness and cruelty are invariably assailed, on the other, when they sin against better lights, and blast the promise of a happier age with their withering and hateful influences. Nothing, in my mind, can be more delightful and instructive than to find the same thoughtful and generous spirit at one time engaged in apologizing for the intolerance of the good Sir Thomas More, in an age of bigotry and persecution, and fulminating at another against the perfidious heartlessness of the Stuarts, or the judicial brutalities of Jefferies, after the constitution had been purged by fire, the judgment-seat sanctified by Hale, and men's minds, generally, recalled to a sense of the worth of truth and liberty, by the lives and deaths of such men as Hampden, and Milton, and Sydney, and Russell. Lessons taught in this temper cannot, I think, be wholly ineffectual, and without reckoning too much on the practical result of any thing written, I must say, that I know no course of reading so likely on the one hand to allay the prejudices and animosities of too eager politicians, and, on the other to rouse the careless and desponding to a generous concern and an animating hope for the public good, than the historical writings in question.

"I do not think I have anything more to say. You invite me only to speak of the *intellectual* character of my lamented friend; but I cannot leave the subject without bearing my humble and needless testimony to those endearing and ennobling qualities of his *moral* nature which chiefly engaged the respect and attachment of his friends. I mean that gentleness of temper, which made him recoil from giving pain with more sensitiveness, than most men show at enduring it, and that inflexible adherence, through good and through evil report, to the generous principles he imbibed in his earliest youth, and maintained to his latest hour. Whether that more stern and difficult virtue was rewarded as it should have been, I forbear now to inquire; but his milder virtues rewarded themselves. The most plausible of men turned all his enemies into friends, and he who valued the kindness of others

beyond all other possessions, died rich in the treasure he valued.

"I fear I have said nothing of which you can make any use; but this may at least show that I wish to oblige you.

"Believe me always,

"My dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"F. JEFFRY."

"MY DEAR SIR,—You ask for some of your late father's letters; I am sorry to say I have none to send you. Upon principle, I keep no letters except those on business. I have not a single letter from him, nor from any human being in my possession.

"The impression which the great talents and amiable qualities of your father made upon me will remain as long as I remain. When I turn from living spectacles of stupidity, ignorance, and malice, and wish to think better of the world—I remember my great and benevolent friend, Mackintosh.

"The first points of character which everybody noticed in him was the total absence of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. He could not hate—he did not know how to set about it. The gall-bladder was omitted in his composition, and if he could have been persuaded into any scheme of revenging himself upon an enemy, I am sure (unless he had been narrowly watched) it would have ended in proclaiming the good qualities, and promoting the interests of his adversary. Truth had so much more power over him than anger, that (whatever might be the provocation) he could not misrepresent, nor exaggerate. In questions of passion and party he stated facts as they were, and reasoned fairly upon them, placing his happiness and pride in equitable discrimination. Very fond of talking, he heard patiently, and not averse to intellectual display, did not forget that others might have the same inclination as himself.

"Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with. His memory (vast and prodigious as it was) he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected. He remembered things, words, thoughts, dates, and everything that was wanted. His language was beautiful, and might have gone from the fireside to the press; but though his ideas were always clothed in beautiful language, the clothes were sometimes too big for the body, and common thoughts were dressed in better and larger apparel than they deserved. He certainly had this fault, but it was not one of frequent commission.

"He had a method of putting things so mildly and interrogatively, that he always procured the readiest reception for his opinions. Addicted to reasoning in the company of able men, he had two valuable habits which are rarely met with in great reasoners—he never broke in upon his opponent, and always avoided strong and vehement assertions. His reasoning commonly carried conviction, for he was cautious in his positions, accurate in his deductions, and aimed only at truth. The ingenious side was commonly taken by some one else; the interests of truth were protected by Mackintosh.

"His good nature and candour betrayed him into a morbid habit of eulogizing everybody—a habit which destroyed the value of commendations, that might have been to the young (if more sparingly distributed) a reward of virtue and a motive to exertion. Occasionally he took fits of an opposite nature; and I have seen him abating and dissolving pompous gentlemen with the most successful ridicule. He certainly had a good deal of humour; and I remember, amongst many other examples of it, that he kept us for two or three hours in a roar of laughter at a dinner-party at his own house, playing upon the simplicity of a Scotch cousin, who had mistaken me for my gallant synonym, the hero of Acre. I never saw a more perfect comedy, nor heard ridicule so long and so well sustained. Sir James had not only humour, but he had wit also; at least, new and sudden relations of ideas flashed across his mind in reasoning, and produced the same effect as wit, and would have been called wit, if a sense of their utility and importance had not often overpowered the admiration of novelty, and entitled them to the higher name of wisdom. Then the great thoughts and fine sayings of the great men of all ages were intimately present to his recollection, and came out, dazzling and delighting in his conversation. Justness of thinking was a strong feature in his understanding; he had a head in which nonsense and error could hardly vegetate: it was a soil utterly unfit for them. If his display in conversation had been only in maintaining splendid paradoxes, he

would soon have wearied those he lived with; but no man could live long and intimately with your father without finding that he was gaining upon doubt, correcting error, enlarging the boundaries, and strengthening the foundations, of truth. It was worth while to listen to a master, whom not himself but nature had appointed to the office, and who taught what it was not easy to forget, by methods which it was not easy to resist.

"Curran, the master of the Rolls, said to Mr. Grattan, 'You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers.' This was the fault or the misfortune of your excellent father; he never knew the use of red tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him. Hence his life was often an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius with the difficulties of existence.

"I have often heard Sir James Mackintosh say of himself, that he was born to be the Professor of an University. Happy, and for ages celebrated, would have been the University, which had so possessed him; but in this view he was unjust to himself. Still, however, his style of speaking in parliament was certainly more academic than forensic; it was not sufficiently short and quick for a busy and impatient assembly. He often spoke over the heads of his hearers—was too much in advance of feeling for their sympathies, and of reasoning for their comprehension. He began too much at the beginning, and went too much to the right and left of the question, making rather a lecture or a dissertation than a speech. His voice was bad and nasal; and though nobody was in reality more sincere, he seemed not only not to feel, but hardly to think what he was saying.

"Your father had very little science, and no great knowledge of physics. His notions of his early pursuit—the study of medicine—were imperfect and antiquated, and he was but an indifferent classical scholar, for the Greek language has never crossed the Tweed in any great force. In history, the whole stream of time was open before him; he had looked into every moral and metaphysical question from Plato to Paley, and had waded through morasses of inter-national law, where the step of no living man could follow him. Political economy is of modern invention; I am old enough to recollect when every judge on the bench (Lord Eldon and Sergeant Rummington excepted), in their charges to the grand juries, attributed the then high prices of corn to the scandalous combination of farmers. Sir James knew what is commonly agreed upon by political economists, without taking much pleasure in the science, and with a disposition to blame the very speculative and metaphysical disquisitions into which it has wandered, but with a full conviction also (which many able men of his standing are without) of the immense importance of the science to the welfare of society.

"I think (though perhaps some of his friends may not agree with me in this opinion) that he was an acute judge of character, and of the good as well as evil in character. He was in truth, with the appearance of distraction and of one occupied with other things, a very minute observer of human nature; and I have seen him analyze, to the very springs of the heart, men who had not the most distant suspicion of the sharpness of his vision, nor a belief that he could read anything but books.

"Sufficient justice has not been done to his political integrity. He was not rich, was from the northern part of the island, possessed great facility of temper, and had therefore every excuse for political lubricity, which that vice (more common in those days than I hope it will ever be again) could possibly require. Invited by every party upon his arrival from India, he remained steadfast to his old friends the Whigs, whose admission to office, or enjoyment of political power, would at that period have been considered as the most visionary of all human speculations; yet, during his lifetime, everybody seemed more ready to have forgiven the tergiversation of which he was not guilty, than to admire the actual firmness he had displayed. With all this, he never made the slightest efforts to advance his interests with his political friends, never mentioned his sacrifices nor his services, expressed no resentment at neglect, and was therefore pushed into such situations as fall to the lot of the feeble and delicate in a crowd.

"A high merit in Sir James Mackintosh was his real and unaffected philanthropy. He did not make the improvement

of the great mass of mankind an engine of popularity, and a stepping-stone to power, but he had a genuine love of human happiness. Whatever might assuage the angry passions, and arrange the conflicting interests of nations; whatever could promote peace, increase knowledge, extend commerce, diminish crime, and encourage industry; whatever could exalt human character, and could enlarge human understanding; struck at once at the heart of your father, and roused all his faculties. I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him—like a great ship of war—cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvass, and launch into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence.

"But though easily warmed by great schemes of benevolence and human improvement, his manner was cold to individuals. There was an apparent want of heartiness and cordiality. It seemed as if he had more affection for the species than for the ingredients of which it was composed. He was in reality very hospitable, and so fond of company, that he was hardly happy out of it; but he did not receive his friends with that honest joy, which warms more than dinner or wine.

"This is the good and evil of your father which comes uppermost. If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle; always ready to betray and to blacken those with whom he sat at meat; he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him;—but, without selling his soul for pottage, if he only had had a little more prudence for the promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors, who envied his fame, and presumed upon his sweetness; if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy; he would have acted a great part in life, and remained a character in history. As it is, he has left, in many of the best men of England, and of the Continent, the deepest admiration of his talents, his wisdom, his knowledge, and his benevolence."

"I remain,

"My dear sir,

"Very truly yours,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

Sir James's own opinion, here recorded, that an academic career would have been the lot affording the greatest scope for his talents, was powerfully supported by that of Robert Hall—who had had, as the companion of his early years, the best right to judge of the natural direction of the powers of his mind—and who observed, "that his genius was best adapted for metaphysical speculation; and that, if he had chosen Moral Philosophy, he would probably have surpassed every living writer."* A similar judgment is expressed in a

* ["Of the literary characters respecting whom we conversed, there was none whom he praised so highly as his friend Sir James Mackintosh; and the following fragments will convey some idea of Mr. Hall's estimate of that distinguished and lamented person:—'I know no man,' he said repeatedly and emphatically, 'equal to Sir James in talents. The powers of his mind are admirably balanced. He is defective only in imagination.' At this last statement I expressed my surprise, remarking that I never could have suspected that the author of the eloquent oration for Peltier was deficient in fancy.—'Well sir,' said Mr. H., 'I don't wonder at your remark. The truth is, he has imagination too—but with him imagination is an acquisition rather than a faculty. He has, however, plenty of embellishment at command—for his memory retains everything. His mind is a spacious repository, hung round with beautiful images; and when he wants one he has nothing to do but reach up his hand to a peg and take it down. But his images were not manufactured in his mind; they were imported.'—B. 'If he be so defective in imagination, he must be incompetent to describe scenes, and delineate characters vividly and graphically; and I should apprehend, therefore, he will not succeed in writing history.'—H. 'Sir, I do not expect him to produce an eloquent or interesting history. He has, I fear, mistaken his province. His genius is best adapted for metaphysical speculation; but had he chosen Moral Philosophy, he would probably have surpassed every living writer.'—*Recollections of the Rev. Robert Balmer's Conversations with the Rev. Robert Hall.—Gregory's Memoirs.*]

letter, with which the Editor has been favoured by Dr. Chalmers, of which the following is an extract:—

"I have often regretted the distraction to which Sir James's mind was exposed through life between politics and literature; and the regret has been much enhanced by my late perusal of his admirable Essay on Ethical Science—a production which has convinced me how mightily, if in possession of unbounded leisure, he would have enriched the philosophy of our age. Even with all the disadvantages of his public life, I have ever esteemed him as one of the highest and most accomplished men in the nation; and I have often grudged that a spirit, so purely and rigorously academic as his was, should have been beset with influences that would have completely overcome other men. I have no doubt that he spoke experimentally as well as feelingly, when in his rectorial address to the University of Glasgow, he warned the students against the perplexity of manifold pursuits, and earnestly recommended the concentration of their minds upon one great object."

Other impediments to mere worldly advancement, (if such a subject is not now too trifling and unprofitable to interest our attention,) must have been observed, in "the almost infantine simplicity of character," which has been well remarked upon as "not a little surprising in one who had fought his way from obscurity to fame, amidst the bustle and contention of public life;" in the facility with which he gave way to a love of society, and justified the lively expression of a melancholy truth, that "he squandered away his fund of intellect by sixpenny-worths;" and lastly and chiefly, in the religious observance, during the prime years of his life, of the old sage's advice, "never to do to-day what you can by any possibility put off till to-morrow." The station in political life to which, however, he ultimately ascended, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, was such as would scarcely have allowed us otherwise to presuppose their existence, and reveals the native vigour of the plant—exotic as it was—which forced its way up so successfully through an uncongenial soil. Nor was the variety of appearances which his genius so competently assumed less remarkable: by turns an advocate, a judge, a statesman, a publicist—the second of his time, an historian, a practical teacher, and a theoretical moralist, he seems to have performed, in each province, at least as much as would have justified the reflection, that he had not lived in vain.*

If we might venture to conclude, that in these pages have also been revealed more abiding endowments, and such as death does not cancel;—sympathy with the triumphs of truth, and justice, and liberty, and with whatever is loftiest and noblest in our nature; active devotion, through a life of labour, disappointment, some sorrow, and much sickness, to the interests of his kind, whether in struggling for their liberty, or in the still higher vocation of teaching them worthily to enjoy it; a political career, in troubled times, which, on retrospect, certainly offered no action, and probably no word, directed against an enemy, which need be recalled; an admiration of excellence in others so pure, as to be one of the principal sources of his own enjoyment, joined to an unaffected humility in estimating his own merits; warm affections, quick sensibility, and generous confidence; religious sentiments, such as might be embodied in his own confession, "that there was nothing in this world so right as to cultivate and exercise kindness—the most certainly evangelical of all doctrines—THE principle of Jesus Christ," and which led him to look forward with ardent hope, and humble faith, to the day when tears shall be "wiped from all eyes;"—if these, or any of them, shall have been made duly manifest, then will the labour of the present work have been amply rewarded, and its object not wholly unattained.

[* "L'Angleterre a perdu un vertueux citoyen; la littérature un historien profond et philosophique; la jurisprudence un réformateur éclairé; le parlement un orateur dont l'éloquence empruntait toute sa force à la raison et à la justice; l'humanité enfin un défenseur zélé de ses droits et de ses intérêts. Il était éminemment Anglais par son patriotisme, et cosmopolite par l'absence des préjugés nationaux."—A. W. Schlegel.]

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ADVENTURES

IN

THE RIFLE BRIGADE,

IN THE

PENINSULA, FRANCE, AND THE NETHERLANDS,

FROM 1809 TO 1815.

BY CAPTAIN J. KINCAID.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN tracing the following scenes, I have chiefly drawn on the reminiscences of my military life, and endeavoured faithfully to convey to the mind of the reader the impression which they made on my own at the time of their occurrence. Should any errors, as to dates or trifling circumstances, have inadvertently crept into my narrative, I hope they will be ascribed to want of memory, rather than to any wilful intention to mislead. I am aware, that some objections may be taken to my style; for

"Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace:
For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field:
And little of this world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself; yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver."

CHAPTER I.

Joined the Rifles—Walcheren Expedition—A young soldier—A Marine view—Campaign to South Beveland—Retreat to Scotland.

I JOINED the second battalion rifle brigade, (then the ninety-fifth,) at Hythe-Barracks, in the spring of 1809, and, in a month after, we proceeded to form a part of the expedition to Holland, under the Earl of Chatham.

With the usual Quixotic feelings of a youngster, I remember how very desirous I was, on the march to Deal, to impress the minds of the natives with a suitable notion of the magnitude of my importance, by carrying a donkey-load of pistols in my belt, and screwing my naturally placid countenance up to a pitch of ferocity beyond what it was calculated to bear.

We embarked in the Downs, on board the Hussar frigate, and afterwards removed to the Namur, a seventy-four, in which we were conveyed to our destination.

I had never before been in a ship of war, and it appeared to me, the first night, as if the sailors and marines did not pull well together, excepting by the ears: for my hammock was slung over the descent into the cockpit, and I had scarcely turned in when an officer of marines came and abused his sentry for not seeing the lights out below, according to orders. The sentry proceeded to explain, that the *middies* would not put them out for him, when the naked shoulders and the head of one of them, illuminated with a red nightcap, made its appearance above the hatchway, and began to take a lively share in the argument. The marine officer, looking down, with some astonishment, demanded, "d—n you, sir, who are you?" to which the head and shoulders immediately rejoined, "and d—n and b—t you, sir, who are you?"

We landed on the island of South Beveland, where we remained about three weeks, playing at soldiers, smoking *myn-heer's* long clay pipes, and drinking his *vrouw's* butter-milk, for

which I paid liberally with my precious blood to their infernal musquitos; not to mention that I had all the extra valour shaken out of me by a horrible ague, which commenced a campaign on my carcass, and compelled me to retire upon Scotland, for the aid of my native air, by virtue of which it was ultimately routed.

I shall not carry my first chapter beyond my first campaign, as I am anxious that my reader should not expend more than his first breath upon an event which cost too many their last.

CHAPTER II.

Rejoin the Regiment—Embark for the Peninsula—Arrival in the Tagus—The City of Lisbon, with its contents—Sail for Figuera—Landing extraordinary—Billet ditto—The City of Coimbra—A hard case—A cold case, in which a favourite Scotch Dance is introduced—Climate—The Duke of Wellington.

I REJOINED the battalion, at Hythe, in the spring of 1810, and, finding that the company to which I belonged had embarked, to join the first battalion in the Peninsula, and that they were waiting at Spithead for a fair wind, I immediately applied, and obtained permission, to join them.

We were about the usual time at sea, and indulged in the usual amusements, beginning with keeping journals, in which I succeeded in inserting two remarks on the state of the weather, when I found my inclination for book-making superseded by the more disagreeable study of appearing eminently happy under an irresistible inclination towards sea-sickness. We anchored in the Tagus in September;—no thanks to the ship, for she was a leaky one, and wishing foul winds to the skipper, for he was a bad one.

To look at Lisbon from the Tagus, there are few cities in the universe that can promise so much, and none, I hope, that can keep it so badly.

I only got on shore one day, for a few hours, and, as I never again had an opportunity of correcting the impression, I have no objection to its being considered an uncharitable one; but I wandered for a time amid the abominations of its streets and squares, in the vain hope that I had got involved among a congregation of stables and outhouses; but when I was, at length, compelled to admit it as the miserable apology for the fair city that I had seen from the harbour, I began to contemplate, with astonishment, and no little amusement, the very appropriate appearance of its inhabitants.

The church, I concluded, had, on that occasion, indulged her numerous offspring with a holiday, for they occupied a much larger portion of the streets than all the world besides. Some of them were languidly strolling about, and looking the sworn foes of time, while others crowded the doors of the different coffee-houses; the fat jolly-looking friars cooling themselves with lemonade, and the lean mustard-pot-faced ones sipping coffee out of thimble-sized cups, with as much caution as if it had been physic.

The next class that attracted my attention was the numerous collection of well-starved dogs, who were indulging in all the luxury of extreme poverty on the endless dung-heaps.

There, too, sat the industrious citizen, basking in the sunshine of his shop-door, and gathering in the flock which is so bountifully reared on his withered tribe of children. There strutted the spruce cavalier, with his upper-man furnished at the expense of his lower, and looking ridiculously imposing; and there—but sacred be their daughters, for the sake of *one*, who shed a lustre over her squalid sisterhood, sufficiently brilliant to redeem their whole nation from the odious sin of ugliness. I was looking for an official person, living somewhere near the Convent D'Estrella, and was endeavouring to express my wishes to a boy, when I heard a female voice, in broken English, from a balcony above, giving the information I desired. I looked up, and saw a young girl, dressed in white, who was loveliness itself! In the few words which passed between us, of lively unconstrained civility on her part, and pure confounded gratitude on mine, she seemed so perfectly after my own heart, that she lit a torch in it which burnt for two years and a half.

It must not detract from her merits that she was almost the only one that I saw during that period in which it was my fate to tread war's roughest, rudest path,—daily staring his grim majesty out of countenance, and nightly slumbering on the cold earth, or in the tenantless mansion, for I felt as if she would have been the chosen companion of my waking dreams

in *rosier* walks, as I never recalled the fair vision to my aid, even in the worst of times, that it did not act upon my drooping spirits like a glass of brandy.

It pleased the great disposer of naval events to remove us to another and a better ship, and to send us off for Figuera, next day, with a foul wind.

Sailing at the rate of one mile in two hours, we reached Figuera's Bay at the end of eight days, and were welcomed by about a hundred hideous looking Portuguese women, whose joy was so excessive that they waded up to their arm-pits through a heavy surf, and insisted on carrying us on shore on their backs! I never clearly ascertained whether they had been actuated by the purity of love or gold.

Our men were lodged for the night in a large barn, and the officers billeted in town. Mine chanced to be on the house of a mad-woman, whose extraordinary appearance I never shall forget. Her petticoats scarcely reached to the knee, and all above the lower part of the bosom was bare; and though she looked not more than middle aged, her skin seemed as if it had been regularly prepared to receive the impression of her last will and testament; her head was defended by a chevaux-de-frise of black wiry hair, which pointed fiercely in every direction, while her eyes looked like two burnt holes in a blanket. I had no sooner opened the door than she stuck her arms a-kimbo, and, opening a mouth, which stretched from ear to ear, she began vociferating, "*bravo, bravissimo!*"

Being a stranger alike to the appearance and the manners of the natives, I thought it possible that the former might have been nothing out of the common run, and concluding that she was overjoyed at seeing her country reinforced, at that perilous moment, by a fellow upwards of six feet high, and thinking it necessary to sympathize in some degree in her patriotic feelings, I began to "*bravo*" too; but as her second shout ascended ten degrees, and kept increasing in that ratio, until it amounted to absolute frenzy, I faced to the right about, and before our *tête-à-tête* had lasted the brief space of three-quarters of a minute, I disappeared with all possible haste, her terrific yells vibrating in my astonished ears long after I had turned the corner of the street; nor did I feel perfectly at ease until I found myself stretched on a bundle of straw in a corner of the barn occupied by the men.

We proceeded, next morning, to join the army; and, as our route lay through the city of Coimbra, we came to the magnanimous resolution of providing ourselves with all manner of comforts and equipments for the campaign on our arrival there; but, when we entered it, at the end of the second day, our disappointment was quite eclipsed by astonishment at finding ourselves the only living things in a city, which ought to have been furnished with twenty thousand souls.

Lord Wellington was then in the course of his retreat from the frontiers of Spain to the lines of Torres Vedras, and had compelled the inhabitants on the line of march to abandon their homes, and to destroy or carry away everything that could be of service to the enemy. It was a measure that ultimately saved their country, though ruinous and distressing to those concerned, and on no class of individuals did it bear harder, for the moment, than our own little detachment, a company of rosy-checked, chubbied youths, who, after three months feeding on ship's dumplings, were thus thrust, at a moment of extreme activity, in the face of an advancing foe, supported by a pound of raw beef, drawn every day fresh from the bullock, and a mouldy biscuit.

The difficulties we encountered were nothing out of the usual course of old campaigners; but, untrained and unprovided as I was, I still looked back upon the twelve or fourteen days following the battle of Busaco as the most trying I have ever experienced, for we were on our legs from day-light until dark, in daily contact with the enemy; and, to satisfy the stomach of an ostrich, I had, as already stated, only a pound of beef, a pound of biscuit, and one glass of rum. A brother-officer was kind enough to strap my boat-cloak and portmanteau on the mule carrying his heavy baggage, which, on account of the proximity of the foe, was never permitted to be within a day's march of us, so that, in addition to my simple uniform, my only covering every night was the canopy of heaven, from whence the dews descended so refreshingly, that I generally awoke, at the end of an hour, chilled, and wet to the skin; and I could only purchase an equal length of additional repose by jumping up and running about, until I acquired a sleeping quantity of warmth. Nothing in life can be more ridiculous than seeing a lean, lank fellow start from a profound sleep, at midnight, and begin lashing away at the highland fling, as if St. Andrew himself had been playing the bagpipes; but it was a measure that I very often had recourse to, as the cleverest method of producing heat. In short,

though the prudent general may preach the propriety of light baggage in the enemy's presence, I will ever maintain that there is marvellous small personal comfort in travelling so fast and so lightly as I did.

The Portuguese farmers will tell you that the beauty of their climate consists in their crops receiving from the nightly dews the refreshing influence of a summer's shower, and that they ripen in the daily sun. But *they* are a sordid set of rascals! Whereas *I* speak with the enlightened views of a man of war, and say, that it is poor consolation to me, after having been deprived of my needful repose, and kept all night in a fever, dancing wet and cold, to be told that I shall be warm enough in the morning! it is like frying a person after he has been boiled; and I insisted upon it, that if their sun had been milder and their dews lighter that I should have found it much more pleasant.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

From the moment that I joined the army, so intense was my desire to get a look at this illustrious chief, that I never should have forgiven the Frenchman that had killed me before I effected it. My curiosity did not remain long ungratified; for, as our post was next the enemy, I found, when anything was to be done, that it was his also. He was just such a man as I had figured in my mind's eye, and I thought that the stranger would betray a grievous want of penetration who could not select the Duke of Wellington from amid five hundred in the same uniform.

CHAPTER III.

Other People, Myself, and my Regiment—Retreat to the Lines of Torres Vedras—Leave Coimbra, followed by a select group of Natives—Ford the streets of Condecia in good spirits—A Provost-Marshal and his favourites—A fall—Convent of Batalha—Turned out of Allenquer—Passed through Sobral—Turned into Arruda—Quartering of the Light Division, and their Quarters at Arruda—Burial of an only Child—Lines of Torres Vedras—Difference of opinion between Massena and Myself—Military Customs.

HAVING now brought myself regularly into the field, under the renowned Wellington, should this narrative, by any accident, fall into the hands of others who served there, and who may be unreasonable enough to expect their names to be mentioned in it, let me tell them they are most confoundedly mistaken! Every man may write a book for himself, if he likes, but *this* is mine; and, as I borrow no man's story, neither will I give any man a particle of credit for his deeds, as I have got so little for my own that I have none to spare. Neither will I mention any regiment but my own, if I can possibly avoid it, for there is none other that I like so much, and none else so much deserves it; for we were the light regiment of the Light Division, and fired the first and last shot in almost every battle, siege, and skirmish, in which the army was engaged during the war.

In stating the foregoing resolution, however, with regard to regiments, I beg to be understood as identifying our old and gallant associates, the forty-third and fifty-second, as a part of ourselves, for they bore their share in everything, and I love them as I hope to do my better half, (when I come to be divided,) wherever *we* were, *they* were; and although the nature of our arm generally gave us more employment in the way of skirmishing, yet, whenever it came to a pinch, independent of a suitable mixture of them among us, we had only to look behind to see a line, in which we might place a degree of confidence, almost equal to our hopes in heaven; nor were we ever disappointed. There never was a corps of riflemen in the hands of such supporters!

October 1st, 1810.—We stood to our arms at daylight this morning, on a hill in front of Coimbra; and, as the enemy soon after came on in force, we retired before them through the city. The civil authorities, in making their own hurried escape, had totally forgotten that they had left a jail full of rogues unprovided for, and who, as we were passing near them, made the most hideous screaming for relief. Our quarter-master-general very humanely took some men, who broke open the doors, and the whole of them were soon seen howling along the bridge into the wide world, in the most delightful delirium, with the French dragoons at their heels.*

We retired the same night through Condacia, where the commissariat were destroying quantities of stores that they were unable to carry off. They handed out shoes and shirts to any one that would take them, and the streets were literally running ankle deep with rum, in which the soldiers were dipping their cups and helping themselves as they marched along. The commissariat, some years afterwards, called for a return of the men who had received shirts and shoes on this occasion, with a view of making us pay for them, but we very briefly replied that the one half were dead, and the other half would be long before they would pay anything.

We retired this day to Leria, and, at the entrance of the city, saw an English and a Portuguese soldier dangling by the bough of a tree—the first summary example I had ever seen of martial law.

A provost-marshal, on actual service, is a character of considerable pretensions, as he can flog at pleasure, always moves about with a guard of honour, and though he cannot altogether stop a man's breath without an order, yet, when he is ordered to hang a given number out of a crowd of plunderers, his friends are not particularly designated, so that he can invite any one that he takes a fancy to, to follow him to the nearest tree, where he, without further ceremony, relieves him from the cares and troubles of this wicked world.

There was only one furnished shop remaining in the town at this time, and I went in to see what they had got to sell; but I had scarcely past the threshold when I heard a tremendous clatter at my heels, as if the opposite house had been pitched in at the door after me; and, on wheeling round to ascertain the cause, I found, when the dust cleared away, that a huge stone balcony, with iron railings, which had been over the door, overcharged with a collection of old wives looking at the troops, had tumbled down; and in spite of their vociferations for the aid of their patron saints, some of them were considerably damaged.

We halted one night near the convent of Batalha, one of the finest buildings in Portugal. It has, I believe, been clearly established, that a living man in ever so bad health is better than two dead ones; but it appears that the latter will vary in value according to circumstances, for we found here, in very high preservation, the body of King John of Portugal, who founded the edifice in commemoration of some victory, God knows how long ago; and though he would have been reckoned a highly valuable antique, within a glass case, in an apothecary's hall in England, yet he was held so cheap in his own house, that the very finger, which most probably pointed the way to the victory alluded to, is now in the baggage of the Rifle Brigade! Reader, point not *thy* finger at me, for I am not the man.

Retired on the morning of a very wet, stormy day to Allenquer, a small town on the top of a mountain, surrounded by still higher ones; and, as the enemy had not shown themselves the evening before, we took possession of the houses, with a tolerable prospect of being permitted the unusual treat of eating a dinner under cover. But by the time that the pound of beef was parboiled, and while an officer of dragoons was in the act of reporting that he had just patrolled six leagues to the front, without seeing any signs of an enemy, we saw the indefatigable rascals, on the mountain opposite our windows, just beginning to wind round us, with a mixture of cavalry and infantry; the wind blowing so strong, that the long tail of each particular horse stuck as stiffly out in the face of the one behind, as if the whole had been strung upon a cable and dragged by the leaders. We turned out a few companies, and kept them in check while the division was getting under arms, spilt the soup as usual, and transferring the smoking solids to the haversack, for future mastication, we continued our retreat.

We past through the town of Sobral, soon after dark, the same night; and, by the aid of some rushlights in a window, saw two apothecaries, the very counterparts of Romeo's, who were the only remnants of the place, and had braved the horrors of war for the sake of the gallipots, and in the hopes that their profession would be held sacred. They were both on the same side of the counter, looking each other point blank in the face, their sharp noses not three inches apart, and neither daring to utter a syllable, but both listening intensely to the noise outside. Whatever their courage might have been screwed up to before, it was evident that we were indebted for their presence now to their fears; and their appearance altogether was so ludicrous, that they excited universal shouts of laughter as they came within view of the successive divisions.

Our long retreat ended at midnight, on our arrival at the handsome little town of Arruda, which was destined to be the

piquet post of our division, in front of the fortified lines. The quartering of our division, whether by night or by day, was an affair of about five minutes. The quarter-master-general preceded the troops, accompanied by the brigade majors and quarter-masters of regiments; and after marking off certain houses for his general and staff, he split the remainder of the town between the majors of brigades: they in their turn provided for their generals and staff, and then made a wholesale division of streets among the quarter-masters of regiments, who, after providing for their commanding officers and staff, retailed the remaining houses, in equal proportions, among the companies; so that, by the time that the regiment arrived, there was nothing to be done beyond the quarter-master's simply telling each captain, "here's a certain number of houses for you."

Like all other places on the line of march, we found Arruda, totally deserted, and its inhabitants had fled in such a hurry, that the keys of their house doors were the only things they carried away; so that when we got admission, through our usual key,* we were not a little gratified to find that the houses were not only regularly furnished, but most of them had some food in the larder, and a plentiful supply of good wines in the cellar; and, in short, that they only required a few lodgers capable of appreciating the good things which the gods had provided; and the deuce is in it if we were not the very folks who could!

Unfortunately for ourselves, and still more so for the proprietors, we never dreamt of the possibility of our being able to keep possession of the town, as we thought it a matter of course that the enemy would attack our lines; and, as this was only an outpost, that it must fall into their hands; so that, in conformity with the system upon which we had all along been retreating, we destroyed everything that we could not use ourselves, to prevent their benefiting by it. But, when we continued to hold the post beyond the expected period, our indiscretion was visited on our own heads, as we had destroyed in a day what would have made us luxurious for months. We were in hopes that, afterwards, the enemy would have forced the post, if only for an hour, that we might have saddled them with the mischief; but, as they never even made the attempt, it left it in the power of ill-natured people to say, that we had plundered one of our own towns. This was the only instance during the war in which the light division had reason to blush for their conduct, and even in that we had the law martial on our side, whatever gospel law might have said against it.

The day after our arrival, Mr. Simmons and myself had the curiosity to look into the church, which was in nowise injured, and was fitted up in a style of magnificence becoming such a town. The body of a poor old woman was there, lying dead before the altar. It seemed as if she had been too infirm to join in the general flight, and had just dragged herself to that spot by a last effort of nature, and expired. We immediately determined, that as hers was the only body that we had found in the town, either alive or dead, that she should have more glory in the grave than she appeared to have enjoyed on this side of it; and with our united exertions, we succeeded in raising a marble slab, which surmounted a monumental vault, and was beautifully embellished with armorial blazonry, and, depositing the body inside, we replaced it again carefully. If the personage to whom it belonged happened to have a tenant of his own for it soon afterwards, he must have been rather astonished at the manner in which the apartment was occupied.

Those who wish a description of the lines of Torres Vedras, must read *Napier*, or some one else who knows all about them; for my part, I know nothing, excepting that I was told that one end of them rested on the Tagus, and the other somewhere on the sea; and I saw, with my own eyes, a variety of redoubts and field-works on the various hills which stand between. This, however, I do know, that we have since kicked the French out of more formidable looking and stronger places; and, with all due deference be it spoken, I think that the Prince of Essling ought to have tried his luck against them, as he could only have been beaten by fighting, as he afterwards was without it! And if he thinks that he would have lost as many men by trying, as he did by not trying, he must allow me to differ in opinion with him!!!

In very warm or very wet weather it was customary to put us under cover in the town during the day, but we were always moved back to our bivouac, on the heights; during the

* Transmitting a rifle-ball through the key-hole: it opens every lock.

night; and it was rather amusing to observe the different notions of individual comfort, in the selection of furniture, which officers transferred from their *town house* to their *no house* on the heights. A sofa, or a mattress one would have thought most likely to be put in requisition; but it was not unusual to see a full-length looking-glass preferred to either.

The post of the company to which I belonged, on the heights, was near a redoubt, immediately behind Arruda; there was a cattle-shed near it, which we cleaned out, and used as a sort of quarter. On turning out from breakfast one morning, we found that the butcher had been about to offer up the usual sacrifice of a bullock to the wants of the day; but it had broken loose, and, in trying to regain his victim, had caught it by the tail, which he twisted round his hand; and, when we made our appearance, they were performing a variety of evolutions at a gallop, to the great amusement of the soldiers; until an unlucky turn brought them down upon our house, which had been excavated out of the face of the hill, on which the upper part of the roof rested, and in they went, heels over head, butcher, bullock, tail and all, bearing down the whole fabric with a tremendous crash.

N. B. It was very fortunate that we happened to be outside; and very unfortunate, as we were now obliged to remain out.

We certainly lived in *clover* while we remained here; everything we saw was our own, seeing no one there who had a more legitimate claim; and every field was a vineyard. Ultimately it was considered too much trouble to pluck the grapes, as there were a number of poor native thieves in the habit of coming from the rear, every day, to steal some, so that a soldier had nothing to do but to watch one until he was marching off with his basket full, when he would very deliberately place his back against that of the Portuguese, and relieve him of his load, without wasting any words about the bargain. The poor wretch would follow the soldier to the camp, in the hope of having his basket returned, as it generally was, when emptied.

Massena conceiving any attack upon our lines to be hopeless, as his troops were rapidly mouldering away with sickness and want, at length began to withdraw them nearer to the source of his supplies.

He abandoned his position, opposite to us, on the night of the 9th of November, leaving some stuffed-straw gentlemen occupying their usual posts. Some of them were cavalry, some infantry, and they seemed such respectable representatives of their spectral predecessors, that, in the haze of the following morning, we thought that they had been joined by some well-fed ones from the rear; and it was late in the day before we discovered the mistake and advanced in pursuit. In passing by the edge of a mill-pond, after dark, our adjutant and his horse tumbled in, and, as the latter had no tail to hold on by, they were both very nearly drowned.

It was late ere we halted for the night, on the side of the road, near to Allenquer, and I got under cover in a small house, which looked as if it had been honoured as the headquarters of the tailor-general of the French army, for the floor was strewn with variegated threads, various complexioned buttons, with particles and remnants of *cabbage*; and, if it could not boast of the flesh and fowl of Noah's ark, there was an abundance of the creeping things which it were to be wished that that commander had not left behind. We marched before day-light next morning, leaving a *rousing* fire in the chimney, which shortly became too small to hold it; for we had not proceeded far before we perceived that the well-dried thatched roof had joined in the general blaze, a circumstance which caused us no little uneasiness, for our general, the late Major-general Robert Crawford, had brought us up in the fear of our master; and, as he was a sort of person who would not see a fire, of that kind, in the same *light* that we did, I was by no means satisfied that my commission lay snug in my pocket, until we had fairly marched it out of sight, and in which we were aided not a little by a slight fire of another kind, which he was required to watch with the advanced guard.

On our arrival at Vallé, on the 12th of Nov. we found the enemy behind the Rio Maior, occupying the heights of Santarem, and exchanged some shots with their advanced posts. In the course of the night we experienced one of those tremendous thunder-storms which used to precede the Wellington victories, and which induced us to expect a general action on the following day. I had disposed myself to sleep in a beautiful green hollow way, and, before I had time even to dream of the effects of their heavy rains, I found myself floating most majestically towards the river, in a fair way of becoming food for the fishes. I ever after gave those inviting-

looking spots a wide berth, as I found that they were regular watercourses.

Next morning our division crossed the river, and commenced a false attack on the enemy's left, with a view of making them show their force; and it was to have been turned into a real attack, if their position was found to be occupied by a rear guard only; but, after keeping up a smart skirmishing-fire the greater part of the day, Lord Wellington was satisfied that their whole army was present, we were consequently withdrawn.

This affair terminated the campaign of 1810. Our division took possession of the village of Vallé and its adjacents, and the rest of the army was placed in cantonments, under whatever cover the neighbouring country afforded.

Our battalion was stationed in some empty farm-houses, near the end of the bridge of Santarem, which was nearly half a mile long; and our sentries and those of the enemy were within pistol-shot of each other on the bridge.

I do not mean to insinuate that a country is never so much at peace as when at open war; but I do say that a soldier can nowhere sleep so soundly, nor is he anywhere so secure from surprise, as when within musket-shot of his enemy.

We lay four months in this situation, divided only by a rivulet, without once exchanging shots. Every evening, at the hour

"When bucks to dinner go,
And cits to sup,"

it was our practice to dress for sleep; we saddled our horses, buckled on our armour, and lay down, with the bare floor for a bed and a stone for a pillow, ready for anything, and reckless of everything but the honour of our corps and country; for I will say (to save the expense of a trumpeter) that a more devoted set of fellows were never associated.

We stood to our arms every morning at an hour before day-break, and remained there until a *gray horse* could be seen a mile off, (which is the military criterion by which daylight is acknowledged, and the hour of surprise past,) when we proceeded to unharness, and to indulge in such *luxuries* as our toilet and our table afforded.

The Maior, as far as the bridge of Vallé, was navigable for the small craft from Lisbon, so that our table, while we remained there, cut as respectable a figure, as regular supplies of rice, salt-fish, and potatoes could make it; not to mention that our pigskin was, at all times, at least three parts full of a common red wine, which used to be dignified by the name of *black-strap*. We had the utmost difficulty, however, in keeping up appearances in the way of dress. The jacket, in spite of shreds and patches, always maintained something of the original about it; but we befell the regimental small-clothes, and they could only be replaced by very extraordinary apologies, of which I remember that I had two pair at this period. One of a common brown Portuguese cloth, and the other, or Sunday's pair, of black velvet. We had no women with the regiment; and the ceremony of washing a shirt amounted to my servant's taking it by the collar, and giving it a couple of shakes in the water, and then hanging it up to dry. Smoothing-irons were not the fashion of the times, and, if a fresh well-dressed aide-de-camp did occasionally come from England, we used to stare at him with about as much respect as Hotspur did at his "waiting gentlewoman."

The winter here was uncommonly mild. I am not the sort of person to put myself much in the way of ice, except on a warm summer's day; but the only inconvenience that I felt in bathing, in the middle of December, was the quantity of leeches that used to attach themselves to my personal supporters, obliging me to cut a few capers to shake them off, after leaving the water.

Our piquet-post, at the bridge, became a regular lounge, for the winter, to all manner of folks.

I used to be much amused at seeing our naval officers come up from Lisbon riding on mules, with huge ships' spy-glasses, like six-pounders, strapped across the backs of their saddles. Their first question invariably was, "Who is that fellow there?" (pointing to the enemy's sentry, close to us,) and, on being told that he was a Frenchman, "Then why the devil don't you shoot him!"

Repeated acts of civility passed between the French and us during this tacit suspension of hostilities. The greyhounds of an officer followed a hare, on one occasion, into their lines, and they very politely returned them.

I was one night on piquet, at the end of the bridge, when a ball came from the French sentry and struck the burning billet of wood round which we were sitting, and they sent in a

flag of truce, next morning, to apologize for the accident, and to say that it had been done by stupid fellow of a sentry, who imagined that people were advancing upon him. We admitted the apology, though we knew well enough that it had been done by a malicious rather than a stupid fellow, from the situation we occupied.

General Junot, one day reconnoitering, was severely wounded by a sentry, and Lord Wellington, knowing that they were at that time destitute of everything in the shape of comfort, sent to request his acceptance of anything that Lisbon afforded, that could be of any service to him; but the French general was too much of a politician to admit the want of anything.

CHAPTER V.

Campaign of 1811 opens—Massena's retreat—Wretched condition of the inhabitants on the Line of March—Affairs with the Enemy, near Pombal—Description of a Bivouac—Action near Redinha—Destruction of Condacia and Action near it—Burning of the Village of Illama, and Misery of its Inhabitants—Action at Foz D'Aronce—Confidential Servants with Donkey-Assistants.

THE campaign of 1811 commenced on the 6th of March, by the retreat of the enemy from Santarem.

Lord Wellington seemed to be perfectly acquainted with their intentions, for he sent to apprise our piquets, the evening before, that they were going off, and to desire that they should feel for them occasionally during the night, and give the earliest information of their having started. It was not, however, until daylight that we were quite certain of their having gone, and our division was instantly put in motion after them, passing through the town of Santarem, around which their camp fires were still burning.

Santarem is finely situated, and probably had been a handsome town. I had never seen it in prosperity, and it now looked like a city of the plague, represented by empty dogs and empty houses; and, but for the tolling of a convent-bell by some unseen hand, its appearance was altogether inhuman.

We halted for the night near Pyrnes. This little town, and the few wretched inhabitants who had been induced to remain in it under the faithless promises of the French generals, showed fearful signs of a late visit from a barbarous and merciless foe. Young women were lying in their houses brutally violated, the streets were strewn with broken furniture, intermixed with the putrid carcasses of murdered peasants, mules and donkeys, and every description of filth, that filled the air with pestilential nausea. The few starved male inhabitants who were stalking amid the wreck of their friends and property, looked like so many skeletons who had been permitted to leave their graves for the purpose of taking vengeance on their oppressors, and the mangled body of every Frenchman who was unfortunate or imprudent enough to stray from his column, showed how religiously they performed their mission.

March 8th.—We overtook their rear-guard this evening, snugly put up for the night in a little village, the name of which I do not recollect, but a couple of six pounders, supported by a few of our rifles, induced them to extend their walk.

March 9th.—While moving along the road this morning, we found a man, who had deserted from us a short time before, in the uniform of a French dragoon, with his head laid open by one of our bullets. He was still alive, exciting anything but sympathy among his former associates. Towards the afternoon we found the enemy in force, on the plain in front of Pombal, where we exchanged some shots.

March 11th.—They retired yesterday to the heights behind Pombal, with their advanced posts occupying the town and moorish castle, which our battalion, assisted by some Cacadores, attacked this morning, and drove them from with considerable loss. Dispositions were then made for a general attack on their position, but the other divisions of our army did not arrive until too late in the evening. We bivouacked for the night in a ploughed field, under the castle, with our sentries within pistol shot, while it rained in torrents.

As it is possible that some of my readers might never have had the misfortune to experience the comforts of a bivouac, and as the one which I am now in, contains but a small quantity of sleep, I shall devote a waking hour for their edification.

When a regiment arrives at its ground for the night, it is formed in columns of companies, at full, half, or quarter distance, according to the space which circumstances will permit it to occupy. The officer commanding each company then receives his orders; and, after communicating whatever may be necessary to the men, he desires them to "pile arms, and make themselves comfortable for the night." Now, I pray thee, most sanguine reader, suffer not thy fervid imagination to transport thee into elysian fields at the pleasing exhortation conveyed in the concluding part of the captain's address, but rest thee contentedly in the one where it is made, which in all probability is a ploughed one, and that, too, in a state of preparation to take a model of thy very beautiful person, under the melting influence of a shower of rain. The soldiers of each company have a hereditary claim to the ground next to their arms, as have their officers to a wider range on the same line, limited to the end of a bugle sound, if not by a neighbouring corps, or one that is not neighbourly, for the nearer a man is to his enemy, the nearer he likes to be to his friends. Suffice it, that each individual knows his place as well as if he had been born on the estate, and takes immediate possession accordingly. In a ploughed or a stubble field there is scarcely a choice of quarters; but, whenever there is a sprinkling of trees, it is always an object to secure a good one, as it affords shelter from the sun by day and the dews by night, besides being a sort of home or sign-post for a group of officers, as denoting the best place of entertainment; for they hang their spare clothing and accoutrements among the branches, barricade themselves on each side with their saddles, canteens, and portmanteaus, and, with a blazing fire in their front, they indulge, according to their various humours, in a complete state of gipsification.

There are several degrees of comfort to be reckoned in a bivouac, two of which will suffice.

The first, and worst, is to arrive at the end of a cold wet day, too dark to see your ground, and too near the enemy to be permitted to unpack the knapsacks or to take off accoutrements; where, unincumbered with baggage or eatables of any kind, you have the consolation of knowing that things are now at their worst, and that any change must be for the better. You keep yourself alive for a while, in collecting material to feed your fire with. You take a smell at your empty calabash, which recalls to your remembrance the delicious flavour of its last drop of wine. You curse your servant for not having contrived to send you something or other from the baggage, (though you know that it was impossible.) You then damn the enemy for being so near you, though probably, as in the present instance, it was you that came so near them. And, finally, you take a whiff at the end of a cigar, if you have one, and keep grumbling through the smoke, like distant thunder through a cloud, until you tumble into a most warlike sleep.

The next, and most common one, is, when you are not required to look quite so sharp, and when the light baggage and provisions come in at the heel of the regiment. If it is early in the day, the first thing to be done is to make some tea, the most sovereign restorative for jaded spirits. We then proceed to our various duties. The officers of each company form a mess of themselves. One remains in camp to attend to the duties of the regiment; a second attends to the mess; he goes to the regimental butcher, and bespeaks a portion of the only purchasable commodities, hearts, livers, and kidneys; and also to see whether he cannot do the commissary out of a few extra biscuit, or a canteen of brandy; and the remainder are gentlemen at large for the day. But while they go hunting among the neighbouring regiments for news, and the neighbouring houses for curiosity, they have always an eye to their mess, and omit no opportunity of adding to the general stock.

Dinner hour, for fear of accidents, is always the hour when dinner can be got ready; and the 14th section of the articles of war is always most rigidly attended to, by every good officer parading himself round the camp-kettle at the time fixed, with his haversack in his hand. A haversack on service is a sort of dumb waiter. The mess have a good many things in common, but the contents of the haversack are exclusively the property of its owner; and a well regulated one ought never to be without the following furniture, unless when the perishable part is consumed, in consequence of every other means of supply having failed, viz. a couple of biscuit, a sausage, a little tea and sugar, a knife, fork, and spoon, a tin cup, (which answers to the names of *tea-cup*, *soup-plate*, *wine-glass*, and *tumbler*), a pair of socks, a piece of soap, a tooth-brush, towel, and comb, and half a dozen cigars.

After doing justice to the dinner, if we feel in a humour for

additional society, we transfer ourselves to some neighbouring mess, taking our cups, and whatever we mean to drink, along with us, for in those times there is nothing to be expected from our friends beyond the pleasure of their conversation: and, finally, we retire to rest. To avoid inconvenience by the tossing off of the bed-clothes, each officer has a blanket sewed up at the sides, like a sack, into which he scrambles, and with a green sod or a smooth stone for a pillow, composes himself to sleep; and, under such a glorious reflecting canopy as the heavens, it would be a subject of mortification to an astronomer to see the celerity with which he tumbles into it. Habit gives endurance, and fatigue is the best night-cap; no matter that the veteran's countenance is alternately stormed with torrents of rain, heavy dews, and hoar-frosts; no matter that his ears are assailed by a million mouths of chattering locusts, and by some villanous donkey, who every half hour pitches a *bray* note, which, as a congregation of presbyterians follow their clerk, is instantly taken up by every mule and donkey in the army, and sent echoing from regiment to regiment, over hill and valley, until it dies away in the distance; no matter that the scorpion is lurking beneath his pillow, the snake winding his slimy way by his side, and the lizard galloping over his face, wiping his eyes with its long cold tail.

All are unheeded, until the warning voice of the brazen instrument sounds to arms. Strange it is, that the ear which is impervious to what would disturb the rest of the world besides, should alone be alive to one, and that, too, a sound which is likely to sooth the sleep of the citizens, or at most, to set them dreaming of their loves. But so it is: the first note of the melodious bugle places the soldier on his legs, like lightning; when, muttering a few curses at the unseasonableness of the hour, he plants himself on his alarm-post, without knowing or caring about the cause.

Such is a Bivouac; and our sleep-breaker having just sounded, the reader will find what occurred, by reading on.

March 12th.—We stood to our arms before daylight. Finding that the enemy had quitted the position in our front, we proceeded to follow them; and had not gone far before we heard the usual morning's salutation, of a couple of shots, between their rear and our advanced guard. On driving in their outposts, we found their whole army drawn out on the plain, near Redinha, and instantly quarrelled with them on a large scale.

As every body has read Waverley and the Scottish Chiefs, and knows that one battle is just like another, inasmuch as they always conclude by one or both sides running away; and as it is nothing to me what this or t'other regiment did, nor do I care three buttons what this or t'other person thinks he did, I shall limit all my descriptions to such events as immediately concerned the important personage most interested in this history.

Be it known then, that I was one of a crowd of skirmishers who were enabling the French ones to carry the news of their own defeat through a thick wood, at an infantry canter, when I found myself all at once within a few yards of one of their regiments in line, which opened such a fire, that had I not, rifleman like, taken instant advantage of the cover of a good fir tree, my name would have unquestionably been transmitted to posterity by that night's gazette. And, however opposed it may be to the usual system of drill, I will maintain, from that day's experience, that the cleverest method of teaching a recruit to stand at attention, is to place him behind a tree and fire balls at him; as, had our late worthy disciplinarian, Sir David Dundas, himself, been looking on, I think that even *he* must have admitted that he never saw any one stand so fiercely upright as I did behind mine, while the balls were rapping into it as fast as if a fellow had been hammering a nail on the opposite side, not to mention the numbers that were whistling past, within the eighth of an inch of every part of my body, both before and behind, particularly in the vicinity of my nose, for which the upper part of the tree could barely afford protection.

This was a last and a desperate stand made by their rear-guard, for their own safety, immediately above the town, as their sole chance of escape depended upon their being able to hold the post until the only bridge across the river was clear of the other fugitives. But they could not hold it long enough; for, while we were undergoing a temporary sort of purgatory in their front, our comrades went working round their flanks, which quickly sent them flying, with us intermixed, at full cry, down the streets.

Whether in love or war, I have always considered that the pursuer had a decided advantage over the pursued. In the first, he may gain, and cannot lose; but, in the latter, when one sees his enemy at full speed before him, one has such a pe-

culiar conscious sort of feeling that he is on the right side, that I would not exchange places for any consideration.

When we reached the bridge, the scene became exceedingly interesting, for it was choked up by the fugitives who were, as usual, impeding each other's progress, and we did not find that the application of our swords to those nearest to us tended at all towards lessening their disorder, for it induced about a hundred of them to rush into an adjoining house for shelter, but that was getting regularly out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the house happened to be really in flames, and too hot to hold them, so that the same hundred were quickly seen unkenneled again, half-cooked, in the very jaws of their consumers.

John Bull, however, is not a blood-thirsty person, so that those who could not better themselves, had only to submit to a simple transfer of personal property to ensure his protection. We, consequently, made many prisoners at the bridge, and followed their army about a league beyond it, keeping up a flying fight until dark.

Just as Mr. Simmons and myself had crossed the river, and were talking over the events of the day, not a yard asunder, there was a Portuguese soldier in the act of passing between us, when a cannon-ball plunged into his belly—his head doubled down to his feet, and he stood for a moment in that posture before he rolled over a lifeless lump.

March 13th.—Arrived on the hill above Condacia in time to see that handsome little town in flames. Every species of barbarity continued to mark the enemy's retreating steps. They burnt every town or village through which they passed, and if we entered a church, which, by accident, had been spared, it was to see the murdered bodies of the peasantry on the altar.

While Lord Wellington, with his staff, was on a hill a little in front of us, waiting the result of a flank-movement which he had directed, some of the enemy's sharpshooters stole, unperceived, very near to him and began firing, but, fortunately, without effect. We immediately detached a few of ours to meet them, but the others ran off on their approach.

We lay by our arms until towards evening, when the enemy withdrew a short distance behind Condacia, and we closed up to them. There was a continual popping between the advanced posts all night.

March 14th.—Finding, at daylight, that the enemy still continued to hold the strong ground before us, some divisions of the army were sent to turn their flanks, while ours attacked them in front.

We drove them from one strong hold to another, over a large track of very difficult country, mountainous and rocky, and thickly intersected with stone walls, and were involved in one continued hard skirmish from daylight until dark. This was the most harassing day's fighting that I ever experienced.

Daylight left the two armies looking at each other, near the village of Illama. The smoking roofs of the houses showed that the French had just quitted and, as usual, set fire to it, when the company to which I belonged was ordered on piquet there for the night. After posting our sentries, my brother-officer and myself had the curiosity to look into a house, and were shocked to find in it a mother and her child dead, and the father, with three more, living, but so much reduced by famine as to be unable to remove themselves from the flames. We carried them into the open air, and offered the old man our few remaining crumbs of biscuit, but he told us that he was too far gone to benefit by them, and begged that we would give them to his children. We lost no time in examining such of the other houses as were yet safe to enter, and rescued many more individuals from one horrible death, probably to reserve them for another equally so, and more lingering, as we had nothing to give them, and marched at daylight the following morning.

Our post that night was one of terrific grandeur. The hills behind were in a blaze of light with the British camp-fires, as were those in our front with the French ones. Both hills were abrupt and lofty, not above eight hundred yards asunder, and we were in the burning village in the valley between. The roofs of houses every instant falling in, and the sparks and flames ascending to the clouds. The streets were strewn with the dying and the dead,—some had been murdered and some killed in action, which, together with the half-famished wretches whom we had saved from burning, contributed in making it a scene which was well-calculated to shake a stout heart, as was proved in the instance of one of our sentries, a well known "devil-may-care" sort of fellow. I know not what appearances the burning rafters might have reflected on the neighbouring trees at the time, but he had not been long on his post before he came running into the piquet, and swore,

by all the saints in the calendar, that he saw six dead Frenchmen advancing upon him with hatchets over their shoulders!

We found by the buttons on the coats of some of the fallen foe, that we had this day been opposed to the French ninety-fifth regiment, (the same number as we were then,) and I cut off several of them, which I preserved as trophies.

March 15th.—We overtook the enemy a little before dark this afternoon. They were drawn up behind the Ceira, at Fez D'Aronce, with their rear-guard, under Marshal Ney, imprudently posted on our side of the river, a circumstance which Lord Wellington took immediate advantage of; and, by a furious attack, dislodged them, in such confusion, that they blew up the bridge before half of their own people had time to get over. Those who were thereby left behind, not choosing to put themselves to the pain of being shot, took to the river, which received them so hospitably that few of them ever quitted it. Their loss, on this occasion, must have been very great, and, we understood, at the time, that Ney had been sent to France, in disgrace, in consequence of it.

About the middle of the action, I observed some inexperienced light troops rushing up a deep road-way to certain destruction, and ran to warn them out of it, but I only arrived in time to partake the reward of their indiscretion, for I was instantly struck with a musket-ball above the left ear, which deposited me, at full length, in the mud.

I know not how long I lay insensible, but, on recovering, my first feeling was for my head, to ascertain if any part of it was still standing, for it appeared to me as if nothing remained above the mouth; but, after repeated applications of all my fingers and thumbs to the doubtful parts, I, at length, proved to myself, satisfactorily, that it had rather increased than diminished by the concussion; and, jumping on my legs, and hearing, by the whistling of the balls from both sides, that the rascals who had got me into the scrape had been driven back and left me there, I snatched my cap, which had saved my life, and which had been spun off my head to the distance of ten or twelve yards, and joined them, a short distance in the rear, when one of them, a soldier of the sixtieth, came and told me that an officer of ours had been killed, a short time before, pointing to the spot where I myself had fallen, and that he had tried to take his jacket off, but that the advance of the enemy had prevented him. I told him that I was the one that had been killed, and that I was deucedly obliged to him for his kind intentions, while I felt still more so to the enemy for their timely advance, otherwise, I have no doubt, but my friend would have taken a fancy to my trowsers also, for I found that he had absolutely unbuttoned my jacket.

There is nothing so gratifying to frail mortality as a good dinner when most wanted and least expected. It was perfectly dark before the action finished, but, on going to take advantage of the fires which the enemy had evacuated, we found their soup-kettles in full operation, and every man's mess of biscuit lying beside them, in stockings, as was the French mode of carrying them; and it is needless to say how unceremoniously we proceeded to do the honours of the feast. It ever after became a saying among the soldiers, whenever they were on short allowance, "well, we must either fall in with the French or the commissary to-day, I don't care which."

As our baggage was always in the rear on occasions of this kind, the officers of each company had a Portuguese boy, in charge of a donkey, on whom their little comforts depended. He carried our boot-cloaks and blankets, was provided with a small pig-skin for wine, a canteen for spirits, a small quantity of tea and sugar, a goat tied to the donkey, and two or three dollars in his pocket, for the purchase of bread, butter, or any other luxury which good fortune might throw in his way in the course of the day's march. We were never very scrupulous in exacting information regarding the source of his supplies; so that he had nothing to dread from our wrath, unless he had the misfortune to make his appearance empty-handed. They were singularly faithful and intelligent in making their way to us every evening, under the most difficult circumstances. This was the only night during Massena's retreat in which ours failed to find us; and, wandering the greater part of the night in the intricate maze of camp-fires, it appeared that he slept, after all, among some dragoons, within twenty yards of us.

CHAPTER V.

Passage of the Mondego—Swearing to a large Amount—Two Prisoners, with their Two Views—Two Nuns, Two Pieces of Dough, and Two Kisses—A Halt—Affair near Frexedas—Arrival near Guarda—Murder—A stray Sentry—Battle of Sabugal—Spanish and Portuguese Frontiers—Blockade of Almeida—Battle-like—Current Value of Lord Wellington's Nose—Battle of Fuentes D'Onor—The Day after the Battle—A grave Remark—The Padre's House—Retreat of the Enemy.

March 17th.—Found the enemy's rear-guard behind the Mondego, at Ponte de Marcella, cannonaded them out of it, and then threw a temporary bridge across the river, and followed them until dark.

The late Sir Alexander Campbell, who commanded the division next to ours, by a wanton excess of zeal in expecting an order to follow, would not permit anything belonging to us to pass the bridge, for fear of impeding the march of his troops; and, as he received no order to march, we were thereby prevented from getting anything whatever to eat for the next thirty-six hours. I know not whether the curses of individuals are recorded under such circumstances, but, if they are, the gallant general will have found the united hearty ones of four thousand men registered against him for that particular act.

March 19th.—We, this day, captured the aid-de-camp of General Loison, together with his wife, who was dressed in a splendid hussar uniform. He was a Portuguese, and a traitor, and looked very like a man who would be hanged. She was a Spaniard, and very handsome, and looked very like a woman who would get married again.

March 20th.—We had now been three days without anything in the shape of bread, and meat without it, after a time, becomes almost loathsome. Hearing that we were not likely to march quite so early as usual this morning, I started, before daylight, to a village about two miles off, in the face of the Sierra D'Estrella, in the hopes of being able to purchase something, as it lay out of the line of hostile movements. On my arrival there, I found some nuns who had fled from a neighbouring convent, waiting outside the building of the village-oven for some Indian-corn-leaven, which they had carried there to be baked, and, when I explained my pressing wants, two of them, very kindly, transferred me their shares, for which I gave each a kiss and a dollar between. They took the former as an unusual favour; but looked at the latter, as much as to say, "our poverty, and not our will, consents." I ran off with my half-baked dough, and joined my comrades, just as they were getting under arms.

March 21st.—We, this day, reached the town of Mello, and had so far outmarched our commissary that we found it necessary to wait for him; and, in stopping to get a sight of our friends, we lost sight of our foes, a circumstance which I was by no means sorry for, as it enabled my shoulders, once more, to rejoice under the load of a couple of biscuits, and made me no longer ashamed to look a cow or a sheep in the face, now that they were not required to furnish more than their regulated proportions of my daily food.

March 30th.—We had no difficulty in tracing the enemy, by the wrecks of houses and the butchered peasantry; and overtook their rear-guard, this day, busy grinding corn, in some windmills, near the village of Frexedas. As their situation offered a fair opportunity for us to reap the fruits of their labours, we immediately attacked and drove them from it, and, after securing what we wanted, we withdrew again, across the valley, to the village of Alverca, where we were not without some reasonable expectations that they would have returned the compliment, as we had only a few squadrons of dragoons in addition to our battalion, and we had seen them withdraw a much stronger force from the opposite village; but, by keeping a number of our men all night employed in making extensive fires on the hill above, it induced them to think that our force was much greater than it really was; and we remained unmolested.

The only person we had hit in this affair was our adjutant, Mr. Stewart, who was shot through the head from a window. He was a gallant soldier and deeply lamented. We placed his body in a chest, and buried it in front of Colonel Beckwith's quarters.

March 31st.—At daylight, this morning, we moved to our right, along the ridge of mountains, to Guarda: on our arrival there, we saw the imposing spectacle of the whole of the French army winding through the valley below, just out of gun-shot.

On taking possession of one of the villages which they had

just evacuated, we found the body of a well-dressed female, whom they had murdered by a horrible refinement in cruelty. She had been placed upon her back, alive, in the middle of the street, with the fragment of a rock upon her breast, which it required four of our men to remove.

April 1st.—We overtook the enemy this afternoon, in position, behind the Coa, at Sabugal, with their advanced posts on our side of the river.

I was sent on piquet for the night, and had my sentries within half-musket shot of theirs: it was wet, dark, and stormy when I went, about midnight, to visit them, and I was not a little annoyed to find one missing. Recollecting who he was, a steady old soldier and the last man in the world to desert his post, I called his name aloud, when his answering voice, followed by the discharge of a musket, reached me nearly at the same time, from the direction of one of the French sentries; and, after some inquiry, I found that in walking his lonely round, in a brown study, no doubt, he had each turn taken ten or twelve paces to his front, and only half that number to the rear, until he had gradually worked himself up to within a few yards of his adversary; and it would be difficult to say which of the two was most astonished—the one at hearing a voice, or the other a shot so near, but all my rhetoric, aided by the testimony of the serjeant and the other sentries, could not convince the fellow that he was not on the identical spot on which I had posted him.

April 2d.—We moved this day to the right, nearer to the bridge, and some shots were exchanged between the piquets.

BATTLE OF SABUGAL, APRIL 3d, 1811.

Early this morning our division moved still farther to its right, and our brigade led the way across a ford, which took us up to the middle; while the balls from the enemy's advanced posts were hissing in the water around us, we drove in their light troops and commenced a furious assault upon their main body. Thus far all was right; but a thick drizzling rain now came on, in consequence of which the third division, which was to have made a simultaneous attack to our left, missed their way, and a brigade of dragoons under Sir William Erskine, who were to have covered our right, went the Lord knows where, but certainly not into the fight, although they started at the same time that we did, and had the music of our rifles to guide them; and, even the second brigade of our own division could not afford us any support, for nearly an hour, so that we were thus unconsciously left with about fifteen hundred men, in the very impertinent attempt to carry a formidable position, on which stood as many thousands.

The weather, which had deprived us of the aid of our friends, favoured us so far as to prevent the enemy from seeing the amount of our paltry force; and the conduct of our gallant fellows, led on by Sir Sidney Beckwith, was so truly heroic, that, incredible as it may seem, we had the best of the fight throughout. Our first attack was met by such overwhelming numbers, that we were forced back and followed by three heavy columns, before which we retired slowly, and keeping up a destructive fire, to the nearest rising ground, where we reformed and instantly charged their advancing masses, sending them flying at the point of the bayonet, and entering their position along with them, where we were assailed by fresh forces. Three times did the very same thing occur. In our third attempt we got possession of one of their howitzers, for which a desperate struggle was making, when we were at the same moment charged by infantry in front and cavalry on the right, and again compelled to fall back; but, fortunately, at this moment we were reinforced by the arrival of the second brigade, and, with their aid, we once more stormed their position and secured the well-earned howitzer, while the third division came at the same time upon their flank, and they were driven from the field in the greatest disorder.

Lord Wellington's despatch on this occasion did ample justice to Sir Sidney Beckwith and his brave brigade. Never were troops more judiciously or more gallantly led. Never was a leader more devotedly followed.

In the course of the action a man of the name of Knight fell dead at my feet, and though I heard a musket-ball strike him, I could neither find blood nor wound.

There was a little spaniel belonging to one of our officers running about the whole time, barking at the balls, and I saw him once smelling at a live shell, which exploded in his face without hurting him.

The strife had scarcely ended among mortals, when it was taken up by the elements with terrific violence. The Scotch

mist of the morning had now increased to torrents, enough to cool the fever of our late excitement, and accompanied by thunder and lightning. As a compliment for our exertions in the fight, we were sent into the town, and had the advantage of whatever cover its dilapidated state afforded. While those who had not had the chance of getting broken skins, had now the benefit of sleeping in wet ones.

On the 5th of April we entered the frontiers of Spain, and slept in a bed for the first time since I left the ship. Passing from the Portuguese to the Spanish frontier is about equal to taking one step from the coal-hole into the parlour, for the cottages on the former are reared with filth, furnished with ditto, and peopled accordingly: whereas, those of Spain, even within the same mile, are neatly whitewashed, both without and within, and the poorest of them can furnish a good bed, with clean linen, and the pillow-cases neatly adorned with pink and sky-blue ribbons, while their dear little girls look smiling and neat as their pillow-cases.

After the action at Sabugal, the enemy retired to the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, without our getting another look at them, and we took up the line of the Agueda and Axaya rivers, for the blockade of the fortress of Almeida, in which they left a garrison indifferently provisioned.

The garrison had no means of providing for their cattle, but by turning them out to graze upon the glacies; and we sent a few of our rifles to practise against them, which very soon reduced them to salt provisions.

Towards the end of April the French army began to assemble on the opposite bank of the Agueda to attempt the relief of the garrison, while ours began to assemble in position at Fuentes d'Onor to dispute it.

Our division still continued to hold the same line of outposts, and had several sharp affairs between the piquets at the bridge of Marialva.

As a general action seemed now to be inevitable, we anxiously longed for the return of Lord Wellington, who had been suddenly called to the corps of the army under Marshal Beresford, near Badajoz, as we would rather see his long nose in the fight than a reinforcement of ten thousand men any day. Indeed, there was a charm not only about himself but all connected with him, for which no odds could compensate. The known abilities of Sir George Murray, the gallant bearing of the lamented Pakenham, of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, of the present Duke of Richmond, Sir Colin Campbell, with others, the flower of our young nobility and gentry, who, under the auspices of such a chief, seemed always a group attendant on victory; and I'll venture to say that there was not a person in that army that did not beat more lightly, when we heard the joyful news of his arrival, the day before the enemy's advance.

He had ordered us not to dispute the passage of the river, so that when the French army advanced, on the morning of the 3d of May, we retired slowly before them, across the plains of Espeja, and drew into the position, where the whole army was now assembled. Our division took post in reserve, in the left centre. Towards evening, the enemy made a fierce attack on the village of Fuentes, but were repulsed with loss.

On the 4th, both armies looked at each other all day without exchanging shots.

BATTLE OF FUENTES D'ONOR, MAY 5th, 1811.

The day began to dawn, this fine May morning, with a rattling fire of musketry on the extreme right of our position, which the enemy had attacked, and to which point our division was rapidly moved.

Our battalion was thrown into a wood, a little to the left and front of the division engaged, and was instantly warmly opposed to the French skirmishers; in the course of which I was struck with a musket-ball on the left breast, which made me stagger a yard or two backward, and, as I felt no pain, I concluded that I was dangerously wounded; but it turned out to be owing to my not being hurt. While our operations here were confined to a tame skirmish, and our view to the oaks with which we were mingled, we found, by the evidence of our ears, that the division which we had come to support was involved in a more serious onset, for there was the successive rattle of artillery, the wild hurrah of charging squadrons, and the repulsing volley of musketry; until Lord Wellington, finding his right too much extended, directed that division to fall back behind the small river Touronne, and ours to join the main body of the army. The execution of our movement presented a magnificent military spectacle, as the plain, between us and the right of the army, was by this time in possession of the French cavalry, and, while we were retiring through it with

the order and precision of a common field-day, they kept dancing around us, and every instant threatening a charge, without daring to execute it.

We took up our new position at a right angle with the then right of the British line, on which our left rested, and with our right on the Touronne. The enemy followed our movement with a heavy column of infantry; but, when they came near enough to exchange shots, they did not seem to like our looks, as we occupied a low ridge of broken rocks, against which even a rat could scarcely have hoped to advance alive; and they again fell back, and opening a tremendous fire of artillery, which was returned by a battery of our guns. In the course of a short time, seeing no further demonstration against this part of the position, our division was withdrawn, and placed in reserve in rear of the centre.

The battle continued to rage with fury in and about the village, whilst we were lying by our arms under a burning hot sun, some stray cannon-shot passing over and about us, whose progress we watched for want of other employment. One of them bounded along in the direction of an *amateur*, whom we had for some time been observing securely placed, as he imagined, behind a piece of rock, which stood about five feet above the ground, and over which nothing but his head was shown, sheltered from the sun by an umbrella. The shot in question touched the ground three or four times between us and him; he saw it coming—lowered his umbrella, and withdrew his head. Its expiring bound carried it into the very spot where he had that instant disappeared. I hope he was not hurt; but the thing looked so ridiculous that it excited a shout of laughter, and we saw no more of him.

A little before dusk, in the evening, our battalion was ordered forward to relieve the troops engaged in the village, part of which still remained in possession of the enemy, and I saw, by the mixed nature of the dead, in every part of the streets, that it had been successively in possession of both sides. The firing ceased with the daylight, and I was sent, with a section of men, in charge of one of the streets for the night. There was a wounded serjeant of highlanders lying on my post. A ball had passed through the back part of his head, from which the brain was oozing, and his only sign of life was a convulsive hiccough every two or three seconds. I sent for a medical friend to look at him, who told me that he could not survive; I then got a mattress from the nearest house, placed the poor fellow on it, and made use of one corner as a pillow for myself, on which, after the fatigues of the day, and though called occasionally to visit my sentries, I slept most soundly. The highlander died in the course of the night.

When we stood to our arms, at daybreak next morning, we found the enemy busy throwing up a six-gun battery, immediately in front of our company's post, and we immediately set to work, with our whole hearts and souls, and placed a wall, about twelve feet thick, between us, which, no doubt, still remains there in the same garden, as a monument of what can be effected, in a few minutes, by a hundred modern men, when their personal safety is concerned; not but that the proprietor, in the midst of his admiration, would rather see a good bed of garlic on the spot, manured with the bodies of the architects.

When the sun began to shine on the pacific disposition of the enemy, we proceeded to consign the dead to their last earthly mansions, giving every Englishman a grave to himself, and putting as many Frenchmen into one as it could conveniently accommodate. Whilst in the superintendence of this melancholy duty, and ruminating on the words of the poet:—

"There's not a form of all that lie
Thus ghastly, wild and bare,
Tost, bleeding, in the stormy sky,
Black in the burning air,
But to his knee some infant clung,
But on his heart some fond heart hung!"

I was grieved to think that the souls of deceased warriors should be so selfish as to take to flight in their regimentals, for I never saw the body of one with a rag on after the battle.

The day after one of those negative sort of victories is always one of intense interest. The movements on each side are most jealously watched, and each side is diligently occupied in strengthening such points as the fight of the preceding day had proved to be the most vulnerable.

Lord Wellington was too deficient in his cavalry force to justify his following up his victory; and the enemy, on their parts, had been too roughly handled, in their last attempt, to think of repeating the experiment; so that, during the next

two days, though both armies continued to hold the same ground, there was scarcely a shot exchanged.

They had made a few prisoners, chiefly guardsmen and highlanders, whom they marched past the front of our position, in the most ostentatious way, on the forenoon of the 6th; and, the day following, a number of their regiments were paraded in the most imposing manner for review. They looked uncommonly well, and we were proud to think that we had beaten such fine-looking fellows so lately!

Our regiment had been so long and so often quartered in Fuentes that it was like fighting for our fire-sides. The *Padre's* house stood at the top of the town. He was an old friend of ours, and an old fool, for he would not leave his house until it was too late to take anything with him; but, curious enough, although it had been repeatedly in the possession of both sides, and plundered, no doubt, by many expert artists, yet none of them thought of looking so high as the garret, which happened to be the repository of his money and provisions. He came to us the day after the battle, weeping over his supposed loss, like a sensitive Christian, and I accompanied him to the house, to see whether there was not some consolation remaining for him; but, when he found his treasure safe, he could scarcely bear its restoration with becoming gravity. I helped him to carry off his bag of dollars, and he returned the compliment with a leg of mutton.

The French army retired on the night of the 7th, leaving Almeida to its fate; but, by an extraordinary piece of luck, the garrison made their escape the night after, in consequence of some mistake or miscarriage of an order, which prevented a British regiment from occupying the post intended for it.

May 8th.—We advanced this morning, and occupied our former post at Espeja, with some hopes of remaining quiet for a few days; but the alarm sounding at daylight on the following morning, we took post on the hill, in front of the village. It turned out to be only a patrol of French cavalry, who retired on receiving a few shots from our pickets, and we saw no more of them for a considerable time.

CHAPTER VI.

March to Estremadura.—At Soito, growing Accommodations for Man and Beast.—British Taste displayed by Portuguese Wolves.—False Alarm.—Luxuries of Roquingo Camp.—A Chaplain of the Forces.—Return towards the North.—Quarters near Castello de Vide.—Blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo.—Village of Atalaya; Fleas abundant; Food scarce.—Advance of the French Army.—Affairs near Guinaldo.—Our Minister administered to.—An unexpected Visit from our General and his Followers.—End of the Campaign of 1811.—Winter Quarters.

LORD WELLINGTON, soon after the battle of Fuentes, was again called into Estremadura, to superintend the operations of the corps of the army under Marshal Beresford, who had, in the mean time, fought the battle of Albuera, and laid siege to Badajos. In the beginning of June our division was ordered thither also, to be in readiness to aid his operations. We halted one night at the village of Soito, where there are a great many chestnut trees of very extraordinary dimensions; the outside of the trunk keeps growing as the inside decays. I was one of a party of four persons who dined inside of one, and I saw two or three horses put up in several others.

We halted, also, one night on the banks of the Coa, near Sabugal, and visited our late field of battle. We found that the dead had been nearly all torn from their graves, and devoured by wolves, who are in great force in that wild mountainous district, and show very little respect either for man or beast. They seldom, indeed, attack a man; but if one happens to tie his horse to a tree, and leave him unattended, for a short time, he must not be surprised if he finds, on his return, that he has parted with a good *rump steak*; that is the piece that they always prefer; and it is, therefore, clear to me, that the first of the wolves must have been reared in England!

We experienced, in the course of this very dark night, one of those ridiculous false alarms which will sometimes happen in the best organized body. Some bullocks strayed, by accident, amongst the piles of arms, the falling clatter of which, frightened them so much that they went galloping over the sleeping soldiers. The officers' baggage-horses broke

from their *moorings*, and joined in the general charge; and a cry immediately arose, that it was the French cavalry. The different regiments stood to their arms, and formed squares, looking as sharp as thunder for something to fire at; and it was a considerable time before the cause of the *row* could be traced. The different followers of the army, in the mean time, were scampering off to the rear, spreading the most frightful reports. One woman of the 52d succeeded in getting three leagues off before day-light, and swore, "that as God was her judge, she did not leave her regiment until she saw the last man of them cut to pieces!!!"

On our arrival near Elvas, we found that Marshal Beresford had raised the siege of Badajoz; and we were, therefore, encamped on the river Caya, near Roquingo. This was a sandy unsheltered district; and the weather was so excessively hot, that we had no enjoyment, but that of living three parts of the day up to the neck in a pool of water.

Up to this period it had been a matter of no small difficulty to ascertain, at any time, the day of the week; that of the month was altogether out of the question, and could only be reckoned by counting back to the date of the last battle; but our division was here joined by a chaplain, whose duty it was to remind us of these things. He might have been a very good man, but he was not prepossessing, either in his appearance or manners. I remember, the first Sunday after his arrival, the troops were paraded for divine service, and had been some time waiting in square, when he at length rode into the centre of it, with his tall, lank, ungainly figure, mounted on a starved, untrimmed, unfurnished horse, and followed by a Portuguese boy, with his canonicals and prayer-books on the back of a mule, with a hay-bridle, and having, by way of clothing, about half a pair of straw breeches. This spiritual comforter was the least calculated of any one that I ever saw to excite devotion in the minds of men, who had seen nothing in the shape of a divine for a year or two.

In the beginning of August we began to retrace our steps towards the north. We halted a few days in Portalegre, and a few more at Castello de Vide.

The latter place is surrounded by extensive gardens, belonging to the richer citizens; in each of which there is a small summer-house, containing one or two apartments, in which the proprietor, as I can testify, may have the enjoyment of being fed upon by a more healthy and better appetized flea, than is to be met with in town houses in general.

These *quintas* fell to the lot of our battalion; and though their beds, on that account, had not much sleep in them, yet, as those who preferred the voice of the nightingale in a bed of cabbages, to the pinch of a flea in a bed of feathers, had the alternative at their option; I enjoyed my sojourn there very much. Each garden had a bathing tank, with a plentiful supply of water, which at that season was really a luxury; and they abounded in choice fruits. I there formed an attachment to a mulberry-tree, which is still fondly cherished in my remembrance.

We reached the scene of our former operations, in the north, towards the end of August.

The French had advanced and blockaded Almeida, during our absence, but they retired again on our approach, and we took up a more advanced position than before, for the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo.

Our battalion occupied Atalya, a little village at the foot of the Sierra de Gata, and in front of the River Vadilla. On taking possession of my quarter, the people showed me an outhouse, which, they said, I might use as a stable, and I took my horse into it, but, seeing the floor strewn with what appeared to be a small brown seed, heaps of which lay in each corner, as if shovelled together in readiness to take to market, I took up a handful, out of curiosity, and, truly, they were a curiosity, for I found that they were all regular fleas, and that they were proceeding to eat both me and my horse, without the smallest ceremony. I rushed out of the place, and knocked them down by fistfuls, and never yet could comprehend the cause of their congregating together in such a place.

This neighbourhood had been so long the theatre of war, and alternately forced to supply both armies, that the inhabitants, at length, began to dread starvation themselves, and concealed, for their private use, all that remained to them; so that, although they were bountiful in their assurances of good wishes, it was impossible to extract a loaf of their good bread, of which we were so wildly in want that we were obliged to conceal patrols on the different roads and foot-paths, for many miles around, to search the peasants passing between the different villages, giving them an order on the commissary for whatever we took from them; and we were

not too proud to take even a few potatoes out of an old woman's basket.

On one occasion, when some of us were out shooting, we discovered about twenty hives of bees, in the face of a glen, concealed among the guncestus, and, stopping the mouth of one of them, we carried it home on our shoulders, bees and all, and continued to levy contributions on the *depot* as long as we remained there.

Towards the end of September, the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo began to get on such "short commons" that Marmont, who had succeeded Massena, in the command of the French army, found it necessary to assemble the whole of his forces, to enable him to throw provisions into it.

Lord Wellington was still pursuing his defensive system, and did not attempt to oppose him; but Marmont, after having effected his object, thought that he might as well take that opportunity of beating up our quarters, in return for the trouble we had given him; and, accordingly, on the morning of the 25th, he attacked a brigade of the third division, stationed at El Bedon, which, after a brilliant defence and retreat, conducted him opposite to the British position, in front of Fuente Guinaldo. He busied himself, the whole of the following day, in bringing up his troops for the attack. Our division, in the mean time, remained on the banks of the Vadillo, and had nearly been cut off, through the obstinacy of General Crawford, who did not choose to obey an order he received to retire the day before; but we, nevertheless, succeeded in joining the army, by a circuitous route, on the afternoon of the 26th; and, the whole of both armies being now assembled, we considered a battle on the morrow as inevitable.

Lord Wellington, however, was not disposed to accommodate them on this occasion; for, about the middle of the night, we received an order to stand to our arms, with as little noise as possible, and to commence retiring, the rest of the army having been already withdrawn, unknown to us; an instance of the rapidity and uncertainty of our movements which proved fatal to the liberty of several amateurs and followers of the army, who, seeing an army of sixty thousand men lying asleep around their camp-fires, at ten o'clock at night, naturally concluded that they might safely indulge in a bed in the village behind, until daylight, without the risk of being caught knapping; but, long ere that time, they found themselves on the high road to Ciudad Rodrigo, in the rude grasp of an enemy. Amongst others, was the chaplain of our division, whose outward man, as I have already said, conveyed no very exalted notion of the respectability of his profession, and who was treated with greater indignity than usually fell to the lot of prisoners, for, after keeping him a couple of days, and finding that, however gifted he might have been in spiritual lore, he was as ignorant as Dominic Simpson on military matters; and, conceiving good provisions to be thrown away upon him, they stripped him nearly naked and dismissed him, like the barber in Gil Blas, with a kick in the breech, and sent him in to us in a woful state.

September 27th.—General Crawford remained behind us this morning, with a troop of dragoons to reconnoitre; and, while we were marching carelessly along the road, he and his dragoons galloped right into a column, with a cloud of French ones at his heels. Luckily, the ground was in our favour; and, dispersing our men among the broken rocks, on both sides of the road, we sent them back somewhat faster than they came on. They were, however, soon replaced by their infantry, with whom we continued in an uninteresting skirmish all day. There was some sharp firing, the whole of the afternoon, to our left: and we retired, in the evening to Soito.

This affair terminated the campaign of 1811, as the enemy retired the same night, and we advanced next day to resume the blockade of Rodrigo; and were suffered to remain quietly in cantonments until the commencement of a new year.

In every interval between our active services, we indulged in all manner of childish trick and amusement, with an avidity and delight of which it is impossible to convey an adequate idea. We lived united, as men always are who are daily staring death in the face on the same side, and who, caring little about it, look upon each new day added to their lives as one more to rejoice in.

We invited the villagers, every evening, to a dance at our quarters alternately. A Spanish peasant girl has an address about her which I have never met with in the same class of any other country; and she at once enters into society with the ease and confidence of one who had been accustomed to it all her life. We used to flourish away at the bolero, fandango, and waltz, and wound up early in the evening with a supper of roasted chestnuts.

Our village *belles*, as already stated, made themselves perfectly at home in our society, and we, too, should have enjoyed theirs for a season; but, when month after month, and year after year, continued to roll along, without producing any change, we found that the cherry cheek and sparkling eye of rustic beauty furnished but a very poor apology for the illuminated portion of Nature's fairest works, and ardently longed for an opportunity of once more feasting our eyes on a *lady*.

In the month of December, we heard that the chief magistrate of Rodrigo, with whom we were personally acquainted, had, with his daughter, and two other young ladies, taken shelter in Robledillo, a little town in the Sierra de Gata, which, being within our range, presented an attraction not to be resisted.

Half-a-dozen of us immediately resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means. We had six months' pay due to us; so that the fandango might have been danced in either of our pockets without the smallest risk; but we had this consolation for our poverty, that there was nothing to be bought, even if we had the means. Our only resource, therefore, was to lighten the cares of such of our brother-officers as were fortunate enough to have anything to lose; and at this moment of doubt and difficulty, a small flock of turkeys, belonging to our major, presented themselves, most imprudently, grazing opposite the windows of our council-chamber, two of which were instantly committed to the bottom of a sack, as a foundation to go upon. One of our spies, soon after, apprehended a sheep, the property of another officer, which was committed to the same place; and, getting the commissary to advance us a few extra loaves of bread, some ration beef, and a pig-skin full of wine, we placed a servant on a mule, with the whole concern tackled to him, and proceeded on our journey.

In passing over the mountain, we saw a wild boar bowling along, in the midst of a snow-storm, and, voting them fitting companions, we suffered him to pass, (particularly as he did not come within shot.)

On our arrival at Robledillo, we met with the most cordial reception from the old magistrate; who, entering into the spirit of our visit, provided us with quarters, and filled our room in the evening with every body worth seeing in the place. We were malicious enough, by way of amusement, to introduce a variety of absurd pastimes, under the pretence of their being English, and which, by virtue thereof, were implicitly adopted. We, therefore, passed a regular romping evening; and, at a late hour, having conducted the ladies to their homes, some friars, who were of the party, very kindly intended doing us the same favour, and, with that view, had begun to precede us with their lanterns, but, in the frolic of the moment, we set upon them with snow-balls, some of which struck upon their broad shoulders, while others fizzed against their fiery faces, and, in their astonishment and alarm, all sanctimony was forgotten; their oaths flew as thick as our snow-balls, while they ran ducking their heads and dousing their lights, for better concealment; but we, nevertheless, persevered until we had pelted each to his own home.

We were, afterwards, afraid that we had carried the joke rather too far, and entertained some doubts as to the propriety of holding our parties for another day; but they set our minds at rest on that point, by paying us an early visit in the morning, and seemed to enjoy the joke in a manner that we could not have expected from the gravity of their looks.

We passed two more days much in the same manner, and on the third, returned to our cantonments, and found that our division had moved, during our absence, into some villages nearer to Ciudad Rodrigo, preparatory to the siege of that place.

On inquiry, we found that we had never been suspected for the abduction of the sheep and turkeys, but that the blame, on the contrary, had been attached to the poor soldiers, whose soup had been tasted every day to see if it savoured of such dainties. The proprietor of the turkeys was so particularly indignant that we thought it prudent not to acknowledge ourselves as the culprits until some time afterwards, when, as one of our party happened to be killed in action, we, very uncharitably, put the whole of it on his shoulders.

CHAPTER VII

Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo—The Garrison of an Outwork relieved—Spending an Evening abroad—A Musical Study—An Addition to Soup—A short Cut—Storming of the Town—A sweeping Clause—Advantage of leading a Storming Party—Looking for a Customer—Disadvantages of being a stormed Party—Confusion of all Parties—A waking Dream—Death of General Crawford—Accident—Deaths.

SIEGE OF CIUDAD RODRIGO, JANUARY 8th, 1812.

THE campaign of 1812 commenced with the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, which was invested by our division on the 8th of January.

There was a smartish frost, with some snow on the ground; and, when we arrived opposite the fortress, about midday, the garrison did not appear to think that we were in earnest, for a number of their officers came out, under the shelter of a stone-wall, within half musket-shot, and amused themselves in saluting and bowing to us in ridicule; but, ere the day was done, some of them had occasion to wear the laugh on the opposite side of the countenance.

We lay by our arms until dark, when a party, consisting of a hundred volunteers from each regiment, under Colonel Colborne, of the fifty-second, stormed and carried the Fort of St. Francisco, after a short sharp action, in which the whole of its garrison were taken or destroyed. The officer who commanded it was a chattering little fellow, and acknowledged himself to have been one of our saluting friends of the morning. He kept, incessantly, repeating a few words of English which he had picked up during the assault; and, in demanding the meaning of them, he required that we should, also, explain why we stormed a place without first besieging it; for, he said, that another officer would have relieved him of his charge at daylight, had we not relieved him of it sooner.

The enemy had calculated that this outwork would have kept us at bay for a fortnight or three weeks; whereas, its capture, the first night, enabled us to break ground at once, within breaching distance of the walls of the town. They kept up a very heavy fire the whole night on the working parties; but, as they aimed at random, we did not suffer much; and made such good use of our time that, when daylight enabled them to see what we were doing, we had dug ourselves under tolerable cover.

In addition to ours, the first, third, and fourth divisions were employed in the siege. Each took the duties for twenty-four hours alternately, and returned to their cantonments during the interval.

We were relieved by the first division, under Sir Thomas Graham, on the morning of the 9th, and marched to our quarters.

Jan. 12th.—At ten o'clock this morning we resumed the duties of the siege. It still continued to be dry frosty weather; and, as we were obliged to ford the Agueda, up to the middle, every man carried a pair of iced breeches into the trenches with him.

My turn of duty did not arrive until eight in the evening, when I was ordered to take thirty men with shovels to dig holes for ourselves, as near as possible to the walls, for the delectable amusement of firing at the embrasures for the remainder of the night. The enemy threw frequent fire-balls among us, to see where we were; but, as we always lay snug until their blaze was extinguished, they were not much the wiser, except by finding, from having some one popt off from their guns every instant, that they had got some neighbours whom they would have been glad to get rid of.

We were relieved as usual at ten next morning, and returned to our cantonments.

January 16th.—Entered on our third day's duty, and found the breaching batteries in full operation, and our approaches close to the walls on every side. When we arrived on the ground I was sent to take command of the highland company, which we had at that time in the regiment, and which was with the left wing, under Colonel Cameron. I found them on picket, between the right of the trenches and the river, half of them posted at a mud-cottage, and the other half in a ruined convent, close under the walls. It was a very tolerable post when at it; but it is no joke travelling by daylight up to within a stone's throw of a wall, on which there is a parcel of fellows who have no other amusement but to fire at every body they see.

We could not show our noses at any point without being fired at; but, as we were merely posted there to protect the right flank of the trenches from any sortie, we did not fire at

them, and kept as quiet as could be, considering the deadly blast that was blowing around us. There are few situations in life where something cannot be learnt, and I, myself, stand indebted to my twenty-four hours' residence there, for a more correct knowledge of martial sounds than in the study of my whole lifetime besides. They must be an unmusical pair of ears that cannot inform the wearer whither a cannon or a musket played last, but the various notes, emanating from their respective mouths, admit of nice distinctions. My party was too small, and too well sheltered to repay the enemy for the expense of shells and round shot; but the quantity of grape and musketry aimed at our particular heads, made a good concert of first and second whistles, while the more sonorous voice of the round shot, travelling to our friends on the left, acted as a thorough bass; and there was not a shell, that passed over us to the trenches, that did not send back a fragment among us as soon as it burst, as if to gratify a curiosity that I was far from expressing.

We went into the cottage soon after dark, to partake of something that had been prepared for dinner; and, when in the middle of it, a round shot passed through both walls, immediately over our heads, and garnished the soup with a greater quantity of our parent earth than was quite palatable.

We were relieved, as usual, by the first division, at ten next morning; and, to avoid as much as possible the destructive fire from the walls, they sent forward only three or four men at a time, and we sent ours away in the same proportions.

Everything is by comparison in this world, and it is curious to observe how men's feelings change with circumstances. In cool blood a man would rather go a little out of his way than expose himself to unnecessary danger; but we found, this morning, that by crossing the river where we then were, and running the gauntlet for a mile, exposed to the fire of two pieces of artillery, that we should be saved the distance of two or three miles in returning to our quarters. After coming out of such a furnace as we had been frying in, the other fire was not considered a fire at all, and passed without a moment's hesitation.

STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

January 19th, 1812.—We moved to the scene of operations, about two o'clock this afternoon; and, as it was a day before our regular turn, we concluded that we were called there to lend a hand in finishing the job we had begun so well; nor were we disappointed, for we found that two practicable breaches had been effected, and that the place was to be stormed in the evening by the third and light divisions, the former by the right breach, and the latter by the left, while some Portuguese troops were to attempt an escalade on the opposite sides of the town.

About eight o'clock in the evening our division was accordingly formed for the assault, behind a convent, near the left breach, in the following order:—viz.

1st. Four companies of our battalion, under Colonel Cameron, to line the crest of the glacis, and fire upon the ramparts.

2d. Some companies of Portuguese, carrying bags filled with hay and straw, for throwing into the ditch, to facilitate the passage of the storming party.

3d. The *forlorn hope*, consisting of an officer and twenty-five volunteers.

4th. The *storming party*, consisting of three officers and one hundred volunteers from each regiment, the officers from ours were Captain Mitchell, Mr. Johnstone, and myself, and the whole under the command of Major Napier, of the fifty-second.

5th. The main body of the division, under General Crawford, with one brigade, under Major-General Vandeleur, and the other under Colonel Barnard.

At a given signal the different columns advanced to the assault; the night was tolerably clear, and the enemy evidently expected us; for, as soon as we turned the corner of the convent-wall, the space between us and the breach became one blaze of light with their fire-balls, which, while they lighted us on to glory, lightened not a few of their lives and limbs; for the whole glacis was in consequence swept by a well directed fire of grape and musketry, and they are the devil's own brooms; but our gallant fellows walked through it, to the point of attack, with the most determined steadiness, excepting the Portuguese sack-bearers, most of whom lay down behind their bags, to wait the result, while the few that were thrown into the ditch looked so like dead bodies, that when I leapt into it, I tried to avoid them.

The advantage of being on a storming party is considered as

giving the prior claim to be *put out of pain*, for they receive the first fire, which is generally the best, not to mention that they are also expected to receive the earliest salutation from the beams of timber, hand-grenades, and other missiles, which the garrison are generally prepared to transfer from the top of the wall, to the top of the heads of their foremost visitors. But I cannot say that I, myself, experienced any such preference, for every ball has a considerable distance to travel, and I have generally found them equally ready to pick up their man at the end, as at the beginning of their flight; luckily, too, the other preparations cannot always be accommodated to the moment, so that, on the whole, the odds are pretty even, that, all concerned come in for an equal share of whatever happens to be going on.

We had some difficulty at first in finding the breach, as we entered the ditch opposite to a ravelin, which we mistook for a bastion. I tried first one side of it and then the other, and seeing one corner of it a good deal battered, with a ladder placed against it, I concluded that it must be a breach, and calling to the soldiers near me, to follow. I mounted with the most ferocious intent, carrying a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other; but, when I got up, I found nobody to fight with, except two of our own men, who were already laid dead across the top of the ladder. I saw, in a moment, that I had got into the wrong box, and was about to descend again, when I heard a shout from the opposite side, that the breach was there; and, moving in that direction, I dropped myself from the ravelin, and landed in the ditch, opposite to the foot of the breach, where I found the head of the storming party just beginning to fight their way into it. The combat was of short duration, and, in less than half an hour from the commencement of the attack, the place was in our possession.

After carrying the breach, we met with no further opposition, and moved round the ramparts to see that they were perfectly clear of the enemy, previous to entering the town. I was fortunate enough to take the left-hand circuit, by accident, and thereby escaped the fate which befel a great portion of those who went to the right, and who were blown up, along with some of the third division, by the accidental explosion of a magazine.

I was highly amused, in moving round the ramparts, to find some of the Portuguese troops just commencing their escalade, on the opposite side, near the bridge, in ignorance of the place having already fallen. Gallantly headed by their officers, they had got some ladders placed against the wall, while about two thousand voices from the rear were cheering, with all their might, for mutual encouragement; and, like most other troops, under similar circumstances, it appeared to me that their feet and their tongues went at a more equal pace after we gave them the hint. On going a little further, we came opposite to the ravelin, which had been my chief annoyance during my last day's picket. It was still crowded by the enemy, who had now thrown down their arms, and endeavoured to excite our pity by virtue of their being "*Pauvres Italiens*;" but our men had, somehow, imbibed a horrible antipathy to the Italians, and every appeal they made in that name was invariably answered with,—"You're Italians, are you? then, here's a shot for you!" and the action instantly followed the word.

A town taken by storm presents a frightful scene of outrage. The soldiers no sooner obtain possession of it, than they think themselves at liberty to do what they please. It is enough for them that there had been an enemy on the ramparts; and, without considering that the poor inhabitants may, nevertheless, be friends and allies, they, in the first moment of excitement, all share one common fate; and nothing but the most extraordinary exertions on the part of the officers can bring them back to a sense of their duty.

We continued our course round the ramparts until we met the head of the column which had gone by the right, and then descended into the town. At the entrance of the first street, a French officer came out of a door and claimed my protection, giving me his sword. He told me that there was another officer in the same house who was afraid to venture out, and entreated that I would go in for him. I accordingly, followed him up to the landing-place of a dark stair, and, while he was calling to his friend, by name, to come down, "as there was an English officer present who would protect him," a violent screaming broke through a door at my elbow. I pushed it open, and found the landlady struggling with an English soldier, whom I immediately transferred to the bottom of the stairs head foremost. The French officer had followed me in at the door, and was so astonished at all he saw, that he held up his hands, turned up the whites of his eyes, and resolved himself into a state of the most eloquent silence. When he

did recover the use of his tongue, it was to recommend his landlady to my notice, as the most amiable woman in existence. She, on her part, professed the most unbounded gratitude, and entreated that I would make her house my home for ever; but, when I called upon her, a few days after, she denied having ever seen me before, and stuck to it most religiously.

As the other officer could not be found, I descended into the street again with my prisoner; and, finding the current of soldiers setting towards the centre of the town, I followed the stream, which conducted me into the great square, on one side of which the late garrison were drawn up as prisoners, and the rest of it was filled with British and Portuguese intermixed, without any order or regularity. I had been there but a very short time, when they all commenced firing, without any ostensible cause; some fired in at the doors and windows, some at the roofs of houses, and others at the clouds; and, at last, some heads began to be blown from their shoulders in the general hurricane, when the voice of Sir Thomas Picton, with the power of twenty trumpets, began to proclaim damnation to every body, while Colonel Barnard and Colonel Cameron, and some other active officers, were carrying it into effect with a strong hand; for, seizing the broken barrels of muskets, which were lying about in great abundance, they belaboured every fellow, most unmercifully, about the head who attempted either to load or fire, and finally succeeded in reducing them to order. In the midst of the scuffle, however, three of the houses in the square were set on fire; and the confusion was such that nothing could be done to save them; but, by the extraordinary exertions of Colonel Barnard, during the whole of the night, the flames were prevented from communicating to the adjoining buildings.

We succeeded in getting a great portion of our battalion together by one o'clock in the morning, and withdrew with them to the ramparts, where we lay by our arms until daylight.

There is nothing in this life half so enviable as the feelings of a soldier after a victory. Previous to a battle, there is a certain sort of something that pervades the mind, which is not easily defined; it is neither akin to joy or fear, and, probably, *anxiety* may be nearer to it than any other word in the dictionary: but, when the battle is over, and crowned with victory, he finds himself elevated for awhile into the regions of absolute bliss! It had ever been the summit of my ambition to attain a post at the head of a storming party:—my wish had now been accomplished, and gloriously ended; and do think that, after all was over, and our men laid asleep on the ramparts, that I strutted about as important a personage, in my own opinion, as ever trod the face of the earth; and, had the ghost of the renowned Jack-the-giant-killer itself passed that way at the time, I'll venture to say, that I would have given it a kick in the breech without the smallest ceremony. But, as the sun began to rise, I began to fall from the heroics; and, when he showed his face, I took a look at my own, and found that I was too unclean a spirit to worship, for I was covered with mud and dirt, with the greater part of my dress torn to rags.

The fifth division, which had not been employed in the siege, marched in, and took charge of the town, on the morning of the 20th, and we prepared to return to our cantonments. Lord Wellington happened to be riding in at the gate at the time that we were marching out, and had the curiosity to ask the officer of the leading company, what regiment it was, for there was scarcely a vestige of uniform among the men, some of whom were dressed in Frenchmen's coats, some in white breeches, and huge jack-boots, some with cocked hats and queues; most of their swords were fixed on the rifles, and stuck full of hams, tongues, and loaves of bread, and not a few were carrying bird-cages! There never was a better masked corps.

General Crawford fell on the glacis, at the head of our division, and was buried at the foot of the breach which they so gallantly carried. His funeral was attended by Lord Wellington, and all the officers of the division, by whom he was, ultimately much liked. He had introduced a system of discipline into the light division which made them unrivalled. A very rigid exaction of the duties pointed out in his code of regulations made him very unpopular at its commencement, and it was not until a short time before he was lost to us for ever, that we were capable of appreciating his merits, and fully sensible of the incalculable advantages we derived from the perfection of his system.

Among other things carried from Ciudad Rodrigo, one of our men had the misfortune to carry his death in his hands, under the mistaken shape of amusement. He thought that it was

a cannon-ball, and took it for the purpose of playing at the game of nine-holes, but it happened to be a live shell. In rolling it along it went over a bed of burning ashes, and ignited without his observing it. Just as he had got it between his legs, and was in the act of discharging it a second time, it exploded, and nearly blew him to pieces.

Several men of our division, who had deserted while we were blockading Ciudad Rodrigo, were taken when it fell, and were sentenced to be shot. Lord Wellington extended mercy to every one who could procure anything like a good character from his officers; but six of them, who could not, were paraded and shot, in front of the division, near the village of Ituera. Shooting appears to me to be a cruel kind of execution, for twenty balls may pierce a man's body without touching a vital spot. On the occasion alluded to, two of the men remained standing after the first fire, and the Provost-Marshal was obliged to put an end to their sufferings, by placing the muzzle of a piece at each of their heads.

CHAPTER VIII.

March to Estremadura—A Deserter shot—Riding for an Appetite—Effect the Cure of a sick Lady—Siege of Badajoz—Trench-Work—Varieties during the Siege—Taste of the Times—Storming of the Town—Its Fall—Officers of a French Battalion—Not shot by Accident—Military Shopkeepers—Lost Legs and cold Hearts—Affecting Anecdote—My Servant—A Consignment to Satan—March again for the North—Sir Sidney Beckwith.

We remained about six weeks in cantonments, after the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo; and, about the end of February, were again put in motion towards Estremadura.

March 7th.—Arrived near Castello de Vide, and quartered in the neighbouring villages. Another deserter, who had also been taken at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, was here shot, under the sentence of a court martial. When he was paraded for that purpose, he protested against their right to shoot him, until he first received the arrears of pay which was due at the time of his desertion.

March 14th.—Two of us rode out this afternoon to kill time until dinner hour (six); but, when we returned to our quarters, there was not a vestige of the regiment remaining, and our appetites were considerably whetted, by having an additional distance of fourteen miles to ride, in the dark, over roads on which we could not trust our horses out of a walk. We joined them, at about eleven at night, in the town of Portalegre.

March 16th.—Quartered in the town of Elvas.

I received a billet on a neat little house, occupied by an old lady and her daughter, who were very desirous of evading such an incumbrance. For, after resisting my entrance, until successive applications of my foot had reduced the door to a condition which would no longer second their efforts, the old lady resolved to try me on another tack; and, opening the door, and making a sign for me to make no noise, she told me, in a whisper, that her daughter was lying dangerously ill of a fever, in the only bed in the house, and that she was, therefore, excessively sorry that she could not accommodate me. As this information did not at all accord with my notions of consistency, after their having suffered the preceding half hour's bombardment, I requested to be shown to the chamber of the invalid, saying that I was a *medico*, and might be of service to her. When she found remonstrance unavailing, she at length showed me into a room up-stairs, where there was a very genteel-looking young girl, the very picture of Portuguese health, lying with her eyes shut, in full dress, on the top of the bed-clothes, where she had hurriedly thrown herself.

Seeing, at once, how matters stood, I walked up to the bed-side, and hit her a slap on the thigh with my hand, asking her, at the same time, how she felt herself? and never did Prince Hohenloe, himself, perform a miracle more cleverly; for she bounced almost as high as the ceiling, and flounced about the room, as well and as actively as ever she did, with a countenance in which shame, anger, and a great portion of natural humour were so amusingly blended, that I was tempted to provoke her still further by a salute. Having thus satisfied the mother that I had been the means of restoring her daughter to her usual state of health, she thought it prudent to put the best face upon it, and, therefore, invited me to partake of their family dinner; in the course of which I

succeeded so well in eating my way into their affections, that we parted next morning with mutual regret; they told me that I was the best officer they had ever seen, and begged that I would always make their house my home; but I was never fated to see them again. We marched in the morning for Badajos.

SIEGE OF BADAJOS.

On the 17th of March, 1812, the *third, fourth, and light divisions*, encamped around Badajos, embracing the whole of the inland side of the town on the left bank of the Guadiana, and commenced breaking ground before it immediately after dark the same night.

The elements, on this occasion, adopted the cause of the besieged; for we had scarcely taken up our ground, when a heavy rain commenced, and continued, almost without intermission, for a fortnight; in consequence thereof, the pontoon-bridge, connecting us with our supplies from Elvas, was carried away, by the rapid increase of the river, and the duties of the trenches were otherwise rendered extremely harassing. We had a smaller force employed than at Rodrigo; and the scale of operations was so much greater, that it required every man to be actually in the trenches six hours every day, and the same length of time every night, which, with the time required to march to and from them, through fields more than ankle deep in a stiff mud, left us never more than eight hours out of the twenty-four in camp, and we never were dry the whole time.

One day's trench-work is as like another as the days themselves; and like nothing better than serving an apprenticeship to the double calling of grave-digger and game-keeper, for we found ample employment both for the spade and the rifle.

The only varieties during the siege were,—First, The storming of *Picuvina*, a formidable outwork, occupying the centre of our operations. It was carried one evening in the most gallant style, by Major-General Sir James Kempt, at the head of the covering parties. Secondly, A sortie made by the garrison, which they got the worst of, although they succeeded in stealing some of our pickaxes and shovels. Thirdly, A *circumbendibus* described by a few daring French dragoons, who succeeded in getting into the rear of our engineers' camp, at that time unguarded, and lightened some of our officers of their epaulettes. Lastly, Two field-pieces taken by the enemy to the opposite side of the river, enfilading one of our parallels, and materially disturbing the harmony within, as a cannon-shot is no very welcome guest among gentlemen who happen to be lodged in a straight ditch, without the power of cutting it.

Our batteries were supplied with ammunition, by the Portuguese militia, from Elvas, a string of whom used to arrive every day, reaching nearly from the one place to the other (twelve miles), each man carrying a twenty-four pound shot, and cursing all the way and back again.

The Portuguese artillery, under British officers, was uncommonly good. I used to be much amused in looking at a twelve-gun breaching-battery of theirs.

They knew the position of all the enemy's guns which could bear upon them, and had one man posted to watch them, to give notice of what was coming, whether a shot or a shell, who, accordingly, kept calling out, "*bomba, balla, balla, bomba*;" and they ducked their heads until the missile past: but, sometimes he would see a general discharge from all arms, when he threw himself down, screaming out "*Jesus, todos, todos!*" meaning "everything."

An officer of ours sent one morning, before day-light, with ten men, to dig holes for themselves, opposite to one of the enemy's guns, which had been doing a great deal of mischief the day before, and he had soon the satisfaction of knowing the effect of his practice, by seeing them stopping up the embrasure with sand-bags. After waiting a little, he saw them beginning to remove the bags, when he made his men open upon it again, and they were instantly replaced without the guns being fired; presently he saw the huge cocked hat of a French officer make its appearance on the rampart, near to the embrasure; but knowing, by experience, that the head was somewhere in the neighbourhood, he watched until the flash of a musket, through the long grass, showed the position of the owner, and, calling one of his best shots, he desired him to take deliberate aim at the spot, and lent his shoulder as a rest, to give it more elevation. Bang went the shot, and it was the finishing flash of the Frenchman, for they saw no more of him, although his cocked hat maintained its post until dark.

In proportion as the grand crisis approached, the anxiety of the soldiers increased; not on account of any doubt or dread as to the result, but for fear that the place should be surrendered without standing an assault; for, singular as it may appear, although there was a certainty of about one man out of every three being knocked down, there were, perhaps, not three men, in the three divisions, who would not rather have braved all the chances than receive it tamely from the hands of the enemy. So great was the rage for passports into eternity, in our battalion, on that occasion, that even the officers' servants insisted on taking their places in the ranks; and I was obliged to leave my baggage in charge of a man who had been wounded some days before.

On the 6th of April, three practicable breaches had been effected, and arrangements were made for assaulting the town that night. The third division, by *escalade*, at the castle; a brigade of the fifth division, by *escalade*, at the opposite side of the town; while the fourth and light divisions were to storm the breaches. The whole were ordered to be formed for the attack at eight o'clock.

STORMING OF BADAJOS, APRIL 6th, 1812.

Our division formed for the attack of the left breach in the same order as at Ciudad Rodrigo; the command of it had now devolved upon our commandant, Colonel Barnard. I was then the acting adjutant of four companies, under Colonel Cameron, who were to line the crest of the glacis, and to fire at the ramparts and the top of the left breach.

The enemy seemed aware of our intentions. The fire of artillery and musketry, which, for three weeks before, had been incessant, both from the town and trenches, had now entirely ceased, as if by mutual consent, and a death-like silence, of nearly an hour, preceded the awful scene of carnage.

The signal to advance was made about nine o'clock, and our four companies led the way. Colonel Cameron and myself had reconnoitred the ground so accurately by day-light, that we succeeded in bringing the head of our column to the very spot agreed on, opposite to the left breach, and then formed line to the left, without a word being spoken, each man lying down as he got into line, with the muzzle of his rifle over the edge of the ditch, between the palisades, all ready to open. It was tolerably clear above, and we distinctly saw their heads lining the ramparts; but there was a sort of haze on the ground which, with the colour of our dress, prevented them from seeing us, although only a few yards asunder. One of their sentries, however, challenged us twice, "*qui vive*," and, receiving no reply, he fired off his musket, which was followed by their drums beating to arms; but we still remained perfectly quiet, and all was silence again for the space of five or ten minutes, when the head of the forlorn hope at length came up, and we took advantage of the first fire, while the enemy's heads were yet visible.

The scene that ensued furnished as respectable a representation of hell itself as fire, and sword, and human sacrifices could make it; for, in one instant, every engine of destruction was in full operation.

It is in vain to attempt a description of it. We were entirely excluded from the right breach by an inundation which the heavy rains had enabled the enemy to form; and the two others were rendered totally impracticable by their interior defences.

The five succeeding hours were therefore past in the most gallant and hopeless attempts, on the part of individual officers, forming up fifty or a hundred men at a time at the foot of the breach, and endeavouring to carry it by desperate bravery; and, fatal as it proved to each gallant band, in succession, yet, fast as one dissolved, another was formed. We were informed, about twelve at night, that the third division had established themselves in the castle; but, as its situation and construction did not permit them to extend their operations beyond it at the moment, it did not in the least affect our opponents at the breach, whose defence continued as obstinate as ever.

I was near Colonel Barnard after midnight, when he received repeated messages from Lord Wellington, to withdraw from the breach, and to form the division for a renewal of the attack at day-light; but, as fresh attempts continued to be made, and the troops were still pressing forward into the ditch, it went against his gallant soul to order a retreat while yet a chance remained; but, after heading repeated attempts himself, he saw that it was hopeless, and the order was reluctantly given about two o'clock in the morning. We fell back about three hundred yards, and re-formed all that remained to us.

Our regiment, alone, had to lament the loss of twenty-two officers killed and wounded, ten of whom were killed, or afterwards died of their wounds. We had scarcely got our men together when we were informed of the success of the fifth division in their escalade, and that the enemy were, in consequence, abandoning the breaches, and we were immediately ordered forward to take possession of them. On our arrival, we found them entirely evacuated, and had not occasion to fire another shot; but we found the utmost difficulty, and even danger, in getting in in the dark, even without opposition. As soon as we succeeded in establishing our battalion inside, we sent pickets into the different streets and lanes leading from the breach, and kept the remainder in hand until day should throw some light on our situation.

When I was in the act of posting one of the pickets, a man of ours brought me a prisoner, telling me that he was the governor; but the other immediately said that he had only called himself so, the better to ensure his protection; and then added, that he was the colonel of one of the French regiments, and that all his surviving officers were assembled at his quarters, in a street close by, and would surrender themselves to any officer who would go with him for that purpose. I accordingly took two or three men with me, and, accompanying him there, found fifteen or sixteen of them assembled, and all seeming very much surprised at the unexpected termination of the siege. They could not comprehend under what circumstances the town had been lost, and repeatedly asked me how I had got in; but I did not choose to explain further than simply telling them that I had entered at the breach, coupling the information with a look which was calculated to convey somewhat more than I knew myself; for, in truth, when I began to recollect that a few minutes before had seen me retiring from the breach, under a fanciful overload of degradation, I thought that I had now as good a right as any man to be astonished at finding myself *lorded* it over the officers of a French battalion; nor was I much wiser than they were, as to the manner of its accomplishment. They were all very much dejected, except their major, who was a big jolly-looking Dutchman, with medals enough, on his left breast, to have furnished the window of a tolerable toy-shop. His accomplishments were after the manner of Captain Dougal Dalgetty; and, while he cracked his joke, he was not inattentive to the cracking of the corks from the many wine-bottles which his colonel placed on the table successively, along with some cold meat, for general refreshment, prior to marching into captivity, and which I, though a free man, was not too proud to join them in.

When I had allowed their chief a reasonable time to secure what valuables he wished, about his person, he told me he had two horses in the stable, which, as he would no longer be permitted to keep, he recommended me to take; and, as a horse is the only thing on such occasions that an officer can permit himself to consider a legal prize, I caused one of them to be saddled, and his handsome black mare thereby became my charger during the remainder of the war.

In proceeding with my prisoners towards the breach, I took, by mistake, a different road to that I came; and, as numbers of Frenchmen were lurking about for a safe opportunity of surrendering themselves, about a hundred additional ones added themselves to my column, as we moved along, *jabbering* their native dialect so loudly, as nearly to occasion a dire catastrophe, as it prevented me from hearing some one challenge in my front; but, fortunately, it was repeated, and I instantly answered; for Colonel Barnard and Sir Colonel Campbell had a picket of our men, drawn across the street, on the point of sending a volley into us, thinking that we were a rallied body of the enemy.

The whole of the garrison were marched off, as prisoners, to Elvas, about ten o'clock in the morning, and our men were then permitted to fall out, to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the day, as a reward for having kept together so long as they were wanted. The whole of the three divisions were, by this time, loose in the town; and the usual frightful scene of plunder commenced, which the officers thought it necessary to avoid for the moment, by retiring to the camp.

We went into the town on the morning of the 8th, to endeavour to collect our men, but only succeeded in part, as the same extraordinary scene of plunder and rioting still continued. Wherever there was anything to eat or drink, the only saleable commodities, the soldiers had turned the shopkeepers out of doors, and placed themselves regularly behind the counter, selling off the contents of the shop. By and bye, another and a stronger party would kick those out in their turn, and there was no end to the succession of self-elected shopkeepers, until Lord Wellington found that, to restore order, severe measures must be resorted to. On the third day, he caused

a Portuguese brigade to be marched in, and kept standing to their arms, in the great square, where the provost-marshal erected a gallows, and proceeded to suspend a few of the delinquents, which very quickly cleared the town of the remainder, and enabled us to give a more satisfactory account of our battalion than we had hitherto been able to do.

It is wonderful how such scenes as these will deaden men's finer feelings, and with what apathy it enables them to look upon the sufferings of their fellow creatures! The third day after the fall of the town, I rode, with Colonel Cameron, to take a bathe in the Guadiana, and, in passing the verge of the camp of the fifth division, we saw two soldiers standing at the door of a small shed, or outhouse, shouting, waving their caps, and making signs that they wanted to speak to us. We rode up to see what they wanted, and found that the poor fellows had each lost a leg. They told us that a surgeon had dressed their wounds on the night of the assault, but that they had ever since been without food or assistance of any kind, although they, each day, had opportunities of soliciting the aid of many of their comrades, from whom they could obtain nothing but promises. In short, surrounded by thousands of their countrymen within call, and not more than three hundred yards from their own regiment, they were unable to interest any one in their behalf, and were literally starving.

It is unnecessary to say that we instantly galloped back to the camp and had them removed to the hospital.

On the morning of the 7th, when some of our officers were performing the last duties to their falling comrades, one of them had collected the bodies of four of our young officers, who had been slain. He was in the act of digging a grave for them, when an officer of the guards, arrived on the spot, from a distant division of the army, and demanded tidings of his brother, who was at that moment lying a naked lifeless corpse, under his very eyes. The officer had the presence of mind to see that the corpse was not recognized, and, wishing to spare the other's feelings, told him that his brother was dangerously wounded, but that he would hear more of him by going out to the camp; and thither the other immediately bent his steps, with a seeming *presentiment* of the sad intelligence that awaited him.

April 9th.—As I had not seen my domestic since the storming of the town, I concluded that he had been killed; but he turned up this morning, with a tremendous *gash* on his head, and mounted on the top of a horse nearly twenty feet high, carrying under his arm one of those glass cases which usually stand on the counters of jewellers' shops, filled with all manner of trinkets. He looked exactly like the ghost of a horse pedlar.

April 10th.—The devil take the man who stole my donkey last night.

April 11th.—Marched again for the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, with the long-accustomed sounds of cannon and musketry ringing in my fanciful ears as merrily as if the instruments themselves were still playing.

Sir Sidney Beckwith, one of the fathers of the rifles, was, at this time, obliged to proceed to England for the recovery of health, and did not again return to the Peninsula. In his departure, that army lost one of the ablest of its outpost generals. Few officers knew so well how to make the most of a small force. His courage, coupled with his thorough knowledge of the soldier's character, was of that cool intrepid kind, that would, at any time, convert a routed rabble into an orderly effective force. A better officer, probably, never led a brigade into the field!

CHAPTER X.

A Farewell Address to Portalegre.—History of a night in Castello Branco.—Regimental colours lost, with directions where to find them.—Cases in which a victory is sometimes won by those who lost it.—Advance to Salamanca.—The City.—The British position on St. Christoval.—Affair in position.—Marmont's change of position and retreat.—A case of bad luck.—Advance to Rueda, and customs there.—Retire to Castrejon.—Affairs on the 18th and 19th of July.—Battle of Salamanca, and defeat of the enemy.

April 13th, 1812.—Quartered at Portalegre.

DEAR PORTALEGRE!

I CANNOT quit thee, for the fourth and last time, without a parting tribute to the remembrance of thy wild romantic

scenery, and to the kindness and hospitality of thy worthy citizens! May thy gates continue shut to thine enemies as heretofore, and, as heretofore, may they ever prove those of happiness to thy friends! Dear nuns of Santa Clara! I thank thee for the enjoyment of many an hour of nothingness; and thine, Santa Barbara, for many of a more intellectual cast! May the voice of thy chapel-organ continue unrivalled but by the voices of thy lovely choristers! and may the piano in thy refectory be replaced by a better, in which the harmony of strings may supersede the clattering of ivories! May the sweets which thou hast lavished on us be showered upon thee ten thousand fold! And may those accursed iron bars divide thee as effectually from death as they did from us!!!

April 15th.—Quartered at Castello Branco.

This town had been so often visited by the French and us, alternately, that the inhabitants, at length, confounded their friends with their foes; and by treating both sides as enemies, they succeeded in making them so.

When I went this evening to present my billet on a respectable looking house, the door was opened by the lady of it, wearing a most gingerly aspect. She told me, with an equivocal sort of look, that she had two spare beds in the house, and that either of them were at my service; and, by way of illustration, shewed me into a sort of servant's room, off the kitchen, half full of apples, onions, potatoes, and various kinds of lumber, with a dirty looking bed in one corner; and, on my requesting to see the other, she conducted me up to the garret, into the very counterpart of the one below, though the room was somewhat differently garnished. I told her, that they were certainly two capital beds; but, as I was a modest person, and disliked all extremes, that I should be quite satisfied with any one on the floor which I had not yet seen. This, however, she told me, was impossible, as every one of them were required by her own family. While we were descending the stair, disputing the point, I caught the handle of the first door that I came to, twisted it open, and seeing it a neat little room, with nothing but a table and two or three chairs, I told her that it would suit me perfectly; and, desiring her to have a good mattress with clean linen, laid in one corner of it, by nine o'clock; adding a few hints, to satisfy her that I was quite in earnest, I went to dine with my messmates.

When I returned to the house, about ten o'clock, I was told that I should find a light in the room and my bed ready. I accordingly ascended, and found everything as represented; and, in addition thereto, I found another bed lying alongside of mine, containing a huge fat friar, with a bald pate, fast asleep, and blowing the most tremendous nasal trumpet that I ever heard! As my friend had evidently been placed there for my annoyance, I did not think it necessary to use much ceremony in getting rid of him; and, catching him by the two ears, I raised him up on his legs, while he groaned in a seeming agonized doubt, whether the pain was inflicted by a man or a nightmare; and before he had time to get himself broad awake, I had chucked him and his clothing, bed and bedding, out of the door, which I locked, and enjoyed a sound sleep the remainder of the night.

They offered me no further molestation; but, in taking my departure, at daylight, next morning, I observed my landlady reconnoitring me from an up-stairs window, and thought it prudent not to go too near it.

While we had been employed at Badajos, Marmont had advanced in the north, and blockaded Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, sending advanced parties into the frontier towns of Portugal, to the confusion and consternation of the Portuguese militia, who had been stationed for their protection; and who, quite satisfied with the report of their coming, did not think it necessary to wait the report of their cannon. Marshal Beresford, in his paternal address to "*Los Valerosos*," in commemoration of their conduct on this occasion, directed that the colours of each regiment should be lodged in the town-halls of their respective districts, until they each provided themselves with a pair out of the ranks of the enemy; but I never heard that any of them were redeemed in the manner prescribed.

The French retired upon Salamanca on our approach; and we resumed our former quarters without opposition.

Hitherto we had been fighting the description of battle in which John Bull glories so much—gaining a brilliant and useless victory against great odds. But we were now about to contend for fame on equal terms; and, having tried both, I will say, without partiality, that I would rather fight one man than two any day; for I have never been quite satisfied that the additional quantum of glory altogether compensated for the proportionate loss of substance; a victory of that kind

being a doubtful and most unsatisfactory one to the performers, with each occupying the same ground *after*, that they did *before*; and the whole merit resting with the side which did not happen to begin it.

We remained about two months in cantonments, to recover the effects of the late sieges; and as by that time all the perforated skins and repairable cracked limbs had been mended, the army was assembled in front of Ciudad Rodrigo, to commence what may be termed the second campaign of 1812.

The enemy retired from Salamanca on our approach, leaving garrisons in three formidable little forts, which they had erected on the most commanding points of the city, and which were immediately invested by a British division.

Salamanca, as a city, appeared to me to be more ancient than respectable; for, excepting an old cathedral and a new square, I saw nothing in it worth looking at, always saving and excepting their pretty little girls, who (the deuce take them) cost me two night's good sleep. For, by way of *doing a little dandy* in passing through such a celebrated city, I disencumbered the under part of my saddle of the blanket, and the upper part of the boat-cloak with which it was usually adorned; and the penalty which I paid for my gentility was, sleeping the next two nights in position two miles in front of the town, while these useful appendages were lying on the baggage two miles in rear of it.

The heights of St. Christoval, which we occupied as a position to cover the siege, were strong, but quite unsheltered, and unfurnished with either wood or water. We were indebted for our supplies of the latter to the citizens of Salamanca; while stubbles and dry grass were our only fuel.

Marmont came down upon us the first night with a thundering cannonade, and placed his army *en masse* on the plain before us, almost within gun shot. I was told that, while Lord Wellington was riding along the line, under a fire of artillery, and accompanied by a numerous staff, that a brace of greyhounds, in pursuit of a hare, passed close to him. He was, at the moment, in earnest conversation with General Castanos; but the instant he observed them, he gave the view halloo, and went after them at full speed, to the utter astonishment of his foreign accompaniments. Nor did he stop until he saw the hare killed; when he returned, and resumed the commander-in-chief, as if nothing had occurred.

The enemy, next morning, commenced a sharp attack on our advanced post, in the village of Moresco; and, as it continued to be fed by both sides, there was every appearance of its bringing on a general action; but they desisted towards the afternoon, and the village remained divided between us.

Marmont, after looking at us for several days, did not think it prudent to risk an attack on our present post; and, as the telegraph-rockets from the town told him that his garrison was reduced to extremity, he crossed the Tormes, on the night of the 26th June, in the hopes of being able to relieve them from that side of the river. Our division followed his movement, and took post, for the night, at Alda Lingua. They sent forward a strong reconnoitring party at daylight next morning, but they were opposed by General Bock's brigade of heavy German dragoons, who would not permit them to see more than was necessary; and, as the forts fell into our hands the same night, Marmont had no longer an object in remaining there, and fell back, behind the Douro, occupying the line of Toro and Torodesillas.

By the accidental discharge of a musket, one day last year, the ramrod entered the belly, passed through the body, and the end of it stuck in the back-bone of one of the soldiers of our division, from whence it was actually hammered out with a stone. The poor fellow recovered, and joined his regiment, as well as ever he had been, and was, last night, unfortunately drowned, while bathing in the Tormes.

When the enemy retired, our division advanced and occupied Rueda, a handsome little town, on the left bank of the Douro.

It abounded in excellent wines, and our usual evening dances began there to be graced by a superior class of females to what they had hitherto been accustomed. I remember that, in passing the house of the sexton, one evening, I saw his daughter baking a loaf of bread; and, falling desperately in love with both her and the loaf, I carried the one to the ball and the other to my quarters. A woman was a woman in those days; and every officer made it a point of duty to marshal as many as he could to the general assembly, no matter whether they were countesses or *sextonesses*; and although we, in consequence, frequently incurred the most indelible disgrace among the better orders of our indiscriminate collection, some of whom would retire in disgust; yet, as a suffi-

cient number generally remained for our evening's amusement, and we were only birds of passage, it was a matter of the most perfect indifference to us what they thought; we followed the same course wherever we went.

The French army having, in the mean time, been largely reinforced; and, as they commanded the passage of the Douro, we were in hourly expectation of an offensive movement from them. As a precautionary measure, one-half of our division bivouacked, every night, in front of the town. On the evening of the 16th of July, it was our turn to be in quarters, and we were in the full enjoyment of our usual evening's amusement, when the bugles sounded to arms.

As we had previously experienced two false alarms in the same quarters, we thought it more than probable that this might prove one also; and, therefore, prevailed upon the ladies to enjoy themselves, until our return, upon the good things which we had provided for their refreshment, and out of which I hope they drew enough of consolation for our absence, as we have not seen them since.

After forming on our alarm-post, we were moved off, in the dark, we knew not whither; but every man following the one before him, with the most implicit confidence, until, after marching all night, we found ourselves, on the following morning, at daylight, near the village of Castrejon, where we bivouacked for the day.

I was sent on piquet on the evening of the 17th, to watch a portion of the plain before us; and, soon after sunrise on the following morning, a cannonade commenced, behind a hill, to my right; and, though the combatants were not visible, it was evident that they were not dealing in blank-cartridge, as mine happened to be the pitching-post of all the enemy's round shot. While I was attentively watching its progress, there arose, all at once, behind the rising ground to my left, a yell of the most terrific import; and, convinced that it would give instantaneous birth to as hideous a body, it made me look, with an eye of lightning, at the ground around me; and seeing a broad deep ditch within a hundred yards, I lost not a moment in placing it between my piquet and the extraordinary sound. I had scarcely effected the movement, when Lord Wellington, with his staff, and a cloud of French and English dragoons and horse-artillery intermixed, came over the hill at full cry, and all hammering at each others' heads in one confused mass, over the very ground I had that instant quitted. It appeared that his Lordship had gone there to reconnoitre, covered by two guns and two squadrons of cavalry, who, by some accident, were surprised, and charged by a superior body of the enemy, and sent tumbling in upon us in the manner described. A piquet of the forty-third had formed on our right, and we were obliged to remain passive spectators of such an extraordinary scene going on within a few yards of us, as we could not fire without an equal chance of shooting some of our side. Lord Wellington and his staff, with the two guns, took shelter, for the moment, behind us, while the cavalry went sweeping along our front, where, I suppose, they picked up some reinforcement, for they returned, almost instantly, in the same confused mass; but the French were now the flyers; and, I must do them the justice to say, that they got off in a manner highly creditable to themselves. I saw one, in particular, defending himself against two of ours; and he would have made his escape from both, but an officer of our dragoons came down the hill, and took him in flank, at full speed, sending man and horse rolling, headlong, on the plain.

I was highly interested, all this time, in observing the distinguished characters which this unlooked-for *turn-up* had assembled around us. Marshal Beresford and the greater part of the staff remained with their swords drawn, and the Duke himself did not look more than half-pleased, while he silently despatched some of them with orders. General Alten, and his huge German orderly dragoon, with their swords drawn, cursed, the whole time, to a very large amount; but, as it was in German, I had not the full benefit of it. He had an opposition swearer in Captain Jenkinson, of the artillery, who commanded the two guns, and whose oaths were chiefly aimed at himself for his folly, as far as I could understand, in putting so much confidence in his covering party, that he had not thought it necessary to unfix the catch which horse-artillerymen, I believe, had to prevent their swords quitting the scabbards when they are not wanted, and which, on this occasion, prevented their jumping forth when they were so unexpectedly called for.

The straggling enemy had scarcely cleared away from our front, when Lord Combermere came, from the right, with a reinforcement of cavalry; and our piquet was, at the same moment ordered to join the battalion.

The movements which followed presented the most beauti-

ful military spectacle imaginable. The enemy were endeavouring to turn our left; and, in making a counteracting movement, the two armies were marching in parallel lines, close to each other, on a perfect plain, each ready to take advantage of any opening of the other, and exchanging round shot as they moved along. Our division brought up the rear of the infantry, marching with the order and precision of a field-day, in open column of companies, and in perfect readiness to receive the enemy in any shape; who, on their part, had a huge cavalry force close at hand, and equally ready to pounce upon us. Our movement was supported by a formidable body of our own dragoons; and, as we drew near the bank of the small river Guernena, our horse-artillery continued to file in the same line, to attract the attention of the enemy, while we gradually distanced them a little, and crossed the river into a position on the high grounds beyond it. The enemy passed the river, on our left, and endeavoured to force that part of the position; but the troops who were stationed there drove them back, with great loss; and at dark the firing ceased.

During the early part of the 19th there appeared to be no movements on either side; but, in the afternoon, having fallen asleep in my tent, I was awoken by the whistling of a cannon shot; and was just beginning to abuse my servant for not having called me sooner, when we were ordered to stand to our arms; and, as the enemy were making a movement to our right, we made a corresponding one. The cannonade did not cease until dark, when we lay down by our arms, the two armies very near to each other, and fully expecting a general action on the morrow.

July 20th.—We stood to our arms an hour before daylight, and Lord Wellington held out every inducement for his opponent to attack him; but Marmont evaded it, and continued his movement on our right, which obliged us to continue ours, towards Salamanca; and we were a great part of this day in parallel lines with them, the same as on the 18th.

July 21st.—We crossed the Tormes just before dark this evening, about two miles above Salamanca, the enemy having passed it higher up. Before reaching our ground, we experienced one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that I ever witnessed. A sheet of lightning struck the head of our column, where I happened to be riding, and deprived me of the use of my optics for at least ten minutes. A great many of our dragoon horses broke from their piqueting during the storm, and galloped past us into the French lines. We lay by our arms on the banks of the river, and it continued to rain in torrents the whole of the night.

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

July 22d.—A sharp fire of musketry commenced at daylight in the morning; but, as it did not immediately concern us, and was nothing unusual, we took no notice of it; but busied ourselves in getting our arms and our bodies disengaged from the rust and the wet, engendered by the storm of the past night.

About ten o'clock, our division was ordered to stand to their arms, and then moved into position, with our left resting on the Tormes, and our right extending along a ridge of rising ground, thinly interspersed with trees, beyond which the other divisions were formed in continuation, with the exception of the third, which still remained on the opposite bank of the river.

The enemy were to be seen in motion on the opposite ridges, and a straggling fire of musketry, with an occasional gun, acted as a sort of prelude to the approaching conflict. We heard, about this time, that Marmont had just sent to his *civdevant* landlord, in Salamanca, to desire that he would have the usual dinner ready for himself and staff at six o'clock; and so satisfied was "mine host" of the infallibility of the French Marshal, that he absolutely set about making the necessary preparations.

There assuredly never was an army so anxious as ours was to be brought into action on this occasion. They were a magnificent body of well-trying soldiers, highly equipped, and in the highest health and spirits, with the most devoted confidence in their leader, and an invincible confidence in themselves. The retreat of the four preceding days had annoyed us beyond measure, for we believed that we were nearly equal to the enemy in point of numbers; and the idea of our retiring before an equal number of any troops in the world was not to be endured with common patience.

We were kept the whole of the forenoon in the most torturing state of suspense through contradictory reports. One passing officer telling us that he had just heard the order given

to attack, and the next asserting, with equal confidence, that he had just heard the order to retreat; and it was not until about two o'clock in the afternoon, that affairs began to wear a more decided aspect; and when our own eyes and ears at length conveyed the wished-for tidings that a battle was inevitable; for we saw the enemy beginning to close upon our right, and the cannonade had become general along the whole line. Lord Wellington, about the same time, ordered the movement which decided the fate of the day—that of bringing the third division, from beyond the river on our left, rapidly to our extreme right, turning the enemy, in their attempt to turn us, and commencing the offensive with the whole of his right wing. The effect was instantaneous and decisive, for although some obstinate and desperate fighting took place in the centre, with various success, yet the victory was never for a moment in doubt; and the enemy were soon in full retreat, leaving seven thousand prisoners, two eagles, and eleven pieces of artillery in our hands. Had we been favoured with two hours more daylight, their loss would have been incalculable, for they committed a blunder at starting, which they never got time to retrieve; and, their retreat was, therefore, commenced in such disorder, and with a river in their rear, that nothing but darkness could have saved them.

CHAPTER X.

Distinguished Characters—A charge of Dragoons—A charge against the Nature of Things—Olmeda and the French General, Perez—Advance towards Madrid—Adventures of my Dinner—The Town of Segovia—El Palacio del Rio Frio—The Escorial—Enter Madrid—Rejoicings—Nearly happy—Change of a horse—Change of Quarters—A change confounded—Retire towards Salamanca—Boar-Hunt, Dinner-Hunt, and Bull-Hunt—A Portuguese Funeral conducted by Rifle Undertakers.

THE third division, under Sir Edward Pakenham, the artillery, and some regiments of dragoons, particularly distinguished themselves. But our division, very much to our annoyance, came in for a very slender portion of this day's glory. We were exposed to a cannonade the whole of the afternoon; but, as we were not permitted to advance until very late, we had only an opportunity of throwing a few straggling shot at the fugitives, before we lost sight of them in the dark; and then bivouacked for the night near the village of Huerta, (I think it was called.)

We started after them at daylight next morning; and, crossing at a ford of the Tormes, we found their rear-guard, consisting of three regiments of infantry, with some cavalry and artillery, posted on a formidable height above the village of Serna. General Bock, with his brigade of heavy German dragoons, immediately went at them; and, putting their cavalry to flight, he broke through their infantry, and took or destroyed the whole of them. This was one of the most gallant charges recorded in history. I saw many of these fine fellows lying dead along with their horses, on which they were still astride, with the sword firmly grasped in the hand, as they had fought the instant before; and several of them still wearing a look of fierce defiance, which death itself had been unable to quench.

We halted for the night at a village near Penaranda. I took possession of the church; and finding the floor strewn with the paraphernalia of priesthood, I selected some silk gowns, and other gorgeous trappings, with which I made a bed for myself in the porch, and where, "if all had been gold that glittered," I should have looked a jewel indeed; but it is lamentable to think, that, among the multifarious blessings we enjoy in this life, we should never be able to get a dish of glory and a dish of beef-steak on the same day; in consequence of which, the heart, which ought properly to be soaring in the clouds, or, at all events, in a castle half way up, is more generally to be found grovelling about a hen-roost, in the vain hope, that, if it cannot get hold of the hen herself, it may at least hit upon an egg; and such, I remember, was the state of my feelings on this occasion, in consequence of my having dined the three preceding days on the half of my inclinations.

We halted the next night in the handsome little town of Olmeda, which had just been evacuated by the enemy. The French General, Perez, died there, in consequence of the wounds which he received at the battle of Salamanca, and his remains had, the night before, been consigned to the earth,

with the highest honours, and a canopy of laurel placed over his grave: but the French had no sooner left the town, than the inhabitants exhumed the body, cut off the head, and spurned it with the greatest indignity. They were in hopes that this line of conduct would have proved a passport to our affections, and conducted us to the spot, as to a trophy that they were proud of; but we expressed the most unfeigned horror and indignation at their proceeding; and, getting some soldiers to assist us, we carefully and respectfully replaced his remains in the grave. His *was* a noble head; and, even in death, it looked the brave, the gallant soldier. Our conduct had such an effect on the Spaniards, that they brought back the canopy, of their own accord, and promised, solemnly, that the grave should, henceforth, rest undisturbed.

July 26th.—We arrived on the banks of the Duero, within a league of Valladolid, where we halted two days; and Lord Wellington, detaching a division of infantry and some cavalry to watch the movements of the defeated army, proceeded with the remainder of us towards Madrid.

August 1st.—On approaching near to our bivouac this afternoon, I saw a good large farm-house, about a mile off the road; and, getting permission from my commandant, I made a cast thereto, in search of something for dinner. There were two women belonging to the German Legion, smoking their pipes in the kitchen, when I arrived; and, having the highest respect for their marauding qualifications, I began to fear that nothing was to be had, as they were sitting there so quietly. I succeeded, however, in purchasing two pair of chickens; and, neglecting the precaution of unscrewing their necks, I grasped a handful of their legs, and, mounting my horse, proceeded towards the camp; but I had scarcely gone a couple of hundred yards, when they began opening their throats and flapping with their wings, which startled my horse and sent him off at full speed. I lost the rein on one side, and, in attempting to pull him up with the other, I brought his foot into a rut, and down he came, sending me head-foremost into a wet ditch! When I got on my legs, and shook myself a little, I saw each particular hen galloping across the field, screeching with all its might, while the horse was off in a different direction; and, casting a rueful look at the chickens, I naturally followed him, as the most valuable of the collection. Fortunately, a heavy boat-cloak caused the saddle to roll under his belly; and finding that he could not make way in consequence, he quietly waited for me about a quarter of a mile off. When I had remounted, I looked back to the scene of my disaster, and saw my two German *friends* busily employed in catching the chickens. I rode towards them, and they were, no doubt, in hopes that I had broken my neck, that they might have the sacking of me, also; for, as I approached, I observed them concealing the fowls under their clothes, while the one took up a position behind the other. After reconnoitring them a short time, I rode up and demanded the fowls, when the one looked at the other, and, in well-feigned astonishment, asked, in *Dutch*, what I could possibly mean! then gave me to understand that they could not comprehend English; but I immediately said, "Come, come! none of your gammon; you have got my fowls, here's half a dollar for your trouble in catching them, so hand them out." "Oh!" said one of them, in English, "it is de fowl you want," and they then produced them. After paying them the stipulated sum, I wished them all the compliments of the season, and thought myself fortunate in getting off so well; for they were each six feet high, and as strong as a horse, and I felt convinced that they had often thrashed a better man than myself in the course of their military career.

August 7th.—Halted near the ancient town of Segovia, which bears a strong resemblance to the old town of Edinburgh, built on a lofty ridge, that terminates in an abrupt summit, on which stands the fortified tower, celebrated in the *Adventures of Gil Blas*. It is a fine old town, boasts of a superb Roman aqueduct, and is famous for ladies' shoes.

Our bivouac, this evening, was on the banks of El Rio Frio, near to a new hunting-palace of the King of Spain. It was a large quadrangular building, each side full of empty rooms, with nothing but their youth to recommend them.

On the 9th, we crossed the Guadarama mountains, and halted, for the night, in the park of the Escorial.

I had, from childhood upwards, considered this palace as the eighth wonder of the world, and was, therefore, proportionately disappointed at finding it a huge, gloomy, unmeaning pile of building, looking somewhat less interesting than the wild craggy mountain opposite, and without containing a single room large enough to flog a cat in. The only apartment that I saw worth looking at was the one in which their *dead kings live*!

ENTERED MADRID, AUGUST 13th, 1812.

As we approached the capital, imagination was busy in speculating on the probable nature of our reception. The peasantry, with whom we had hitherto been chiefly associated, had imbibed a rooted hatred to the French, caused by the wanton cruelties experienced at their hands, both in their persons and their property; otherwise they were a cheerful, hospitable, and orderly people, and had they been permitted to live in peace and quietness, it was a matter of the most perfect indifference to them whether Joseph, Ferdinand, or the ghost of Don Quixote was their king. But the citizens of Madrid had been living four years in comparative peace, under the dominion of a French government, and in the enjoyment of all the gaieties of that luxurious court; to which, if I add that we entertained, at the same time, some slight jealousy regarding the pretensions of the French officers to the favours of the fair, I believe the prevailing opinion was that we should be considered as the intruders. It was, therefore, a matter of the most unexpected exultation, when we entered it, on the afternoon of the 13th of August, to find ourselves hailed as liberators, with the most joyous acclamations, by surrounding multitudes, who continued their rejoicings for three successive days. By day, the riches of each house were employed in decorations to its exterior; and, by night, they were brilliantly illuminated, during which time all business was suspended, and the whole population of the city crowded the streets, emulating each other in heaping honours and caresses upon us.

King Joseph had retired on our approach, leaving a garrison in the fortified palace of El Retiro; but they surrendered some days afterwards, and we remained there for three months, basking in the sunshine of beauty, harmony, and peace. I shall ever look back to that period as the most pleasing event of my military life.

The only bar to our perfect felicity was the want of money, as, independent of long arrears, already due, the military chest continued so very poor that it could not afford to give us more than a fortnight's pay during these three months; and, as nobody could, would, or should give cash for bills, we were obliged to sell silver spoons, watches, and everything of value that we stood possessed of, to purchase the common necessities of life.

My Irish *criado*, who used to take uncommon liberties with my property, having been two or three days in the rear, with the baggage, at the time of the battle of Salamanca, took upon himself to exchange my baggage-horse for another; and his apology for so doing was, that the one he had got was twice as big as the one he gave! The additional size, however, so far from being an advantage, proved quite the reverse; for I found that he could eat as much as he could carry, and, as he was obliged to carry all that he had to eat, I was forced to put him on half allowance, to make room for my baggage; in consequence of which, every bone in his body soon became so *pointed* that I could easily have hung my hat on any part of his hind quarters. I therefore took advantage of our present repose to let him have the benefit of a full allowance, that enabled me to effect an exchange between him and a mule, getting five dollars to the bargain, which made me one of the happiest and, I believe, also, one of the richest men in the army. I expended the first dollar next day, in getting admission to a bull-fight, in their national amphitheatre, where the first thing that met my astonished eyes was a mad bull giving the finishing *prude* to my unfortunate big horse.

Lord Wellington, with some divisions of the army, proceeded, about the beginning of September, to undertake the siege of Burgos, leaving those at Madrid, under the orders of Sir Rowland Hill, so that, towards the end of October, our delightful sojourn there drew perceptibly to a close, for it was known that King Joseph, with the forces under Soult and Jourdan, now united, were moving upon Aranjuez, and that all, excepting our own division, were already in motion, to dispute the passage of the Tagus, and to cover the capital. About four o'clock on the morning of the 23d of October, we received orders to be on our alarm-posts at six, and, as soon as we had formed, we were marched to the city of Alcalá.

October 27th.—We were all this day marching to Arganda, and all night marching back again. If any one thing is more particularly annoying than another, it is a march of this kind.

October 30th.—An order arrived from Lord Wellington, for our corps of the army to fall back upon Salamanca; we, therefore, returned to Madrid, and, after halting outside the gates until we were joined by Skerret's division, from Cadiz, we bade a last sorrowful adieu to our friends in the city, and commenced our retreat.

October 31st.—Halted for the night in the park of the Escurial. It is amusing, on a division's first taking up its ground, to see the numbers of hares that are, every instant, starting up among the men, and the scrambling and shouting of the soldiers for the prize. This day, when the usual shout was given, every man ran, with his cap in his hand, to endeavour to capture poor *puss*, as he imagined, but which turned out to be two wild boars, who contrived to make room for themselves so long as there was nothing but men's caps to contend with; but they very soon had as many bayonets as bristles in their backs. We re-crossed the Guadarama mountains next morning.

November 2d.—Halted, this night, in front of a small town, the name of which I do not recollect. It was beginning to get dark by the time I had posted our guards and piquets, when I rode into it, to endeavour to find my messmates, who, I knew, had got a dinner waiting for me somewhere.

I entered a large square, or market-place, and found it crowded with soldiers of all nations, most of them three-parts drunk, and in the midst of whom a mad bull was performing the most extraordinary feats, quite unnoticed, excepting by those who had the misfortune to attract his attention. The first intimation that I had of him was his charging past me, and making a thrust at our quarter-master, carrying off a portion of his regimental trowsers. He next got a fair toss at a Portuguese soldier, and sent him spinning three or four turns up in the air. I was highly amused in observing the fellow's astonishment when he alighted, to see that he had not the remotest idea to what accident he was indebted for such an evolution, although he seemed fully prepared to quarrel with any one who chose to acknowledge any participation in the deed; but the cause of it was, all the time, finding fresh customers, and, making the grand tour of the square with such velocity, I began to fear that I should soon be on his list also, if I did not take shelter in the nearest house, a measure no sooner thought of than executed. I therefore, opened a door, and drove my horse in before me; but there instantly arose such an uproar within, that I began to wish myself once more on the outside on any terms, for it happened to be occupied by English, Portuguese, and German bullock-drivers, who had been seated round a table, scrambling for a dinner, when my horse upset the table, lights, and everything on it. The only thing I could make out amid their confused curses was, that they had come to the determination of putting the cause of the row to death; but as I begged to differ with them on that point, I took the liberty of knocking one or two of them down, and finally succeeded in extricating my horse, with whom I retraced my way to the camp, weary, angry, and hungry. On my arrival there, I found an orderly waiting to show me the way to dinner, which once more restored me to good humour with myself and all the world; while the adventure afforded my companions a hearty laugh, at my expense.

November 6th.—In the course of this day's march, while our battalion formed the rear-guard, at a considerable distance in the rear of the column, we found a Portuguese soldier, who had been left by his regiment, lying in the middle of the road, apparently dead; but, on examining him more closely, we had reason to think that he was merely in a state of stupor, arising from fatigue and the heat of the weather,—an opinion which caused us no little uneasiness. Although we did not think it quite fair to bury a living man, yet we had no means whatever of carrying him off; and to leave him where he was, would, in all probability, have cost us a number of better lives than his had ever been, for the French, who were then in sight, had hitherto been following us at a very respectable distance; and, had they found that we were retiring in such a hurry as to leave our half-dead people on the road, they would not have been Frenchmen if they did not give us an extra push, to help us along. Under all the circumstances of the case, therefore, although our doctor was of opinion that, with time and attention, he might recover, and not having either the one or the other to spare, the remainder of us, who had voted ourselves into a sort of board of survey, thought it most prudent to find him dead; and, carrying him a little off the road to the edge of a ravine, we scraped a hole in the sand with our swords, and placed him in it. We covered him but very lightly, and left his head and arms at perfect liberty; so that, although he might be said to have had both feet in the grave, yet he might still have scrambled out of it, if he could.

CHAPTER XI.

Reach Salamanca—Retreat from it—Pig Hunting, an Enemy to Sleep Hunting—Putting one's foot in it—Affair on the 17th of November—Bad Legs sometimes last longer than good ones—A Wet Birth—Prospectus of a Day's Work—A lost *déjeuner* better than a found one—Advantages not taken—A Disagreeable Amusement—End of the Campaign of 1812—Winter Quarters—Orders and Disorders treated—Farewell Opinion of Ancient Allies—My House.

November 7th.—HALTED this night at Alba de Tormes, and next day marched into quarters in Salamanca, where we rejoined Lord Wellington with the army from Burgos.

On the 14th, the British army concentrated on the field of their former glory, in consequence of a part of the French army having effected the passage of the river, above Alba de Tormes. On the 15th, the whole of the enemy's force having passed the river, a cannonade commenced early in the day; and it was the general belief that, ere night, a second battle of Salamanca would be recorded. But, as all the French armies in Spain were now united in our front, and out-numbered us so far, Lord Wellington, seeing no decided advantage to be gained by risking a battle, at length ordered a retreat, which we commenced about three in the afternoon. Our division halted for the night at the entrance of a forest about four miles from Salamanca.

The heavy rains which usually precede the Spanish winter had set in the day before; and, as the roads in that part of the country cease to be roads for the remainder of the season, we were now walking nearly knee deep, in a stiff mud, into which no man could thrust his foot, with the certainty of having a shoe at the end of it when he pulled it out again; and, that we might not be miserable by halves, we had, this evening, to regale our chops with the last morsel of biscuit that they were destined to grind during the retreat.

We cut some boughs of trees to keep us out of the mud, and lay down to sleep on them, wet to the skin; but the cannonade in the afternoon had been succeeded, after dark, by a continued fire of musketry, which led us to believe that our piquets were attacked, and, in momentary expectation of an order to stand to our arms, we kept ourselves awake the whole night, and were not a little provoked when we found, next morning, that it had been occasioned by numerous stragglers from the different regiments, shooting at the pigs belonging to the peasantry, which were grazing in the wood.

November 16th.—Retiring from daylight until dark through the same description of roads. The French dragoons kept close behind, but did not attempt to molest us. It still continued to rain hard, and we again passed the night in a wood. I was very industriously employed, during the early part of it, feeling, in the dark, for acorns, as a substitute for bread.

November 17th.—At daylight this morning the enemy's cavalry advanced in force; but they were kept in check by the skirmishers of the 14th light dragoons, until the road became open, when we continued our retreat. Our brigademajor was at this time obliged to go to the rear, sick, and I was appointed to act for him.

We were much surprised, in the course of the forenoon, to hear a sharp firing commence behind us, on the very road by which we were retiring; and it was not until we reached the spot, that we learnt that the troops who were retreating, by a road parallel to ours, had left it too soon, and enabled some French dragoons, under cover of the forest, to advance unperceived to the flank of our line of march, who, seeing an interval between two divisions of infantry, which was filled with light baggage and some passing officers, dashed at it, and made some prisoners in the scramble of the moment, amongst whom was Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Paget.

Our division formed on the heights above Samunoz to cover the passage of the rivulet, which was so swollen with the heavy rains, as only to be passable at particular fords. While we waited there for the passage of the rest of the army, the enemy, under cover of the forest, was, at the same time, assembling in force close around us; and the moment that we began to descend the hill, towards the rivulet, we were assailed by a heavy fire of cannon and musketry, while their powerful cavalry were in readiness to take advantage of any confusion which might have occurred. We effected the passage, however, in excellent order, and formed on the opposite bank of the stream, where we continued under a cannonade, and engaged in a dark skirmish until dark.

Our loss on this occasion was considerable, but it would have been much greater, had not the enemy's shells buried themselves so deep in the soft ground, that their explosion did lit-

tle the injury. It appeared singular to us, who were not medical men, that an officer and several of our division, who were badly wounded on this occasion, in the leg, and who were sent to the rear on gun-carriages, should have died of a mortification of the limb which was not wounded.

When the firing ceased, we received the usual order "to make ourselves comfortable for the night," and I never remember an instance in which we had so much difficulty in obeying it; for the ground we occupied was a perfect flat, flooded more than ankle deep with water, excepting here and there, where the higher ground around the roots of trees, presented circles of a few feet of visible earth, upon which we grouped ourselves. Some few fires were kindled, at which we roasted some bits of raw beef on the points of our swords, and eat them by way of a dinner. There was plenty of water to apologize for the want of better fluids, but bread sent no apology at all.

Some divisions of the army had commenced retiring as soon as it was dark, and the whole had been ordered to move, so that the roads might be clear for us before daylight. I was sent twice in the course of the night to see what progress they had made; but such was the state of the roads, that even within an hour of daylight, two divisions, besides our own, were still unmoved, which would consequently delay us so long, that we looked forward to a severe harassing day's fighting; a kind of fighting, too, that is the least palatable of any, where much might be lost, and nothing was to be gained. With such prospects before us, it made my very heart rejoice to see my brigadier's servant commence boiling some chocolate and frying a beef-steak. I watched its progress with a keenness which intense hunger alone could inspire, and was on the very point of having my desires consummated, when the general, getting uneasy at not having received any communication relative to the movements of the morning, and, without considering how feelingly my stomach yearned for a better acquaintance with the contents of his frying-pan, desired me to ride to General Alten for orders. I found the general at a neighbouring tree; but he cut off all hopes of my timely return, by desiring me to remain with him until he received the report of an officer whom he had sent to ascertain the progress of the other divisions.

While I was toasting myself at his fire, so sharply set that I could have eaten one of my boots, I observed his German-ordered dragoon, at an adjoining fire, stirring up the contents of a camp-kettle, that once more revived my departing hopes, and I presently had the satisfaction of seeing him dipping in some basins, presenting one to the general, one to the aide-camp, and a third to myself. The mess which it contained I found, after swallowing the whole at a draught, was neither more nor less than the produce of a piece of beef boiled in plain water; and, though it would have been enough to have pickled a dromedary at any other time, yet, as I could then have made a good hole in the dromedary himself, it sufficiently satisfied my cravings to make me equal to anything for the remainder of the day.

We were soon after ordered to stand to our arms, and, as day lit up, a thick haze hung on the opposite hills, which prevented our seeing the enemy; and, as they did not attempt to feel for us, we, contrary to our expectations, commenced our retreat unmolested; nor could we quite believe our good fortune when, towards the afternoon, we had passed several places where they could have assailed us, in flank, with great advantage, and caused us a severe loss, almost in spite of fate; but it afterwards appeared that they were quite knocked up with their exertions in overtaking us the day before, and were unable to follow further. We halted on a swampy height, behind St. Espiritu, and experienced another night of starvation and rain.

I now felt considerably more for my horse than myself, as he had been three days and nights without a morsel of any kind to eat. Our baggage-animals, too, we knew were equally ill off, and, as they always preceded us a day's march, it was highly amusing, whenever we found a dead horse, or a mule, lying on the road-side, to see the anxiety with which every officer went up to reconnoitre him, each fearing that he should have the misfortune to recognize it as his own.

On the 19th of November we arrived at the convent of Caridad, near Ciudad Rodrigo, and once more experienced the comforts of our baggage and provisions. My boots had not been off since the 13th, and I found it necessary to cut them to pieces, to get my swollen feet out of them.

This retreat terminated the campaign of 1812. After a few day's delay, and some requisite changes about the neighbourhood, while all the world were getting shook into their places, our battalion finally took possession of the village of Alameida

for the winter, where, after forming a regimental mess, we detached an officer to Lamego, and secured to ourselves a bountiful supply of the best juice of the grape which the neighbouring banks of the Douro afforded. The quarter we now occupied was naturally pretty much upon a par with those of the last two winters, but it had the usual advantages attending the march of intellect. The officers of the division united in fitting up an empty chapel, in the village of Galegos, as an amateur theatre, for which, by the by, we were all regularly cursed, from the altar, by the bishop of Rodrigo. Lord Wellington kept a pack of fox-hounds, and the Hon. Captain Stewart, of ours, a pack of harriers, so that these, in addition to our old *Bolero* meetings, enabled us to pass a very tolerable winter.

The neighbouring plains abounded with hares; it was one of the most beautiful coursing countries, perhaps, in the world; and there was, also, some shooting to be had at the numerous vultures preying on the dead carcasses which strewed the road-side on the line of our last retreat.

Up to this period Lord Wellington had been adored by the army, in consideration of his brilliant achievements, and for his noble and manly bearing in all things; but, in consequence of some disgraceful irregularities which took place during the retreat, he immediately after issued an order, conveying a sweeping censure on the whole army. His general conduct was too upright for even the finger of malice itself to point at; but as his censure, on this occasion, was not strictly confined to the guilty, it afforded a handle to disappointed persons, and excited a feeling against him, on the part of individuals, which has probably never since been obliterated.

It began by telling us that we had suffered no privations; and, though this was hard to be digested on an empty stomach, yet, taking it in its more liberal meaning, that our privations were not of an extent to justify any irregularities, which I readily admit; still, as many regiments were not guilty of any irregularities, it is not to be wondered if such should have felt, at first, a little sulky to find, in the general reproof, that no loop-hole whatever had been left for them to creep through; for, I believe I am justified in saying that neither our own, nor the two gallant corps associated with us, had a single man absent that we could not satisfactorily account for. But it touched us still more tenderly in not accepting us from his general charge of inexperience in camp arrangements; for, it was *our belief*, and in which we were in some measure borne out by circumstances, that, had he placed us, at the same moment, in the same field, with an equal number of the best troops in France, that he would not only have seen our fires as quickly lit, but every Frenchman roasting on them to the bargain, if they waited long enough to be *dressed*; for there, perhaps, never was, nor ever again will be, such a war-brigade as that which was composed of the forty-third, fifty-second, and the rifles.

That not only censure, but condign punishment was merited, in many instances, is certain; and, had his lordship dismissed some officers from his service, and caused some of the disorderly soldiers to be shot, it would not only have been an act of justice, but, probably, a necessary example. Had he hanged every commissary, too, who failed to issue the regular rations to the troops dependent on him, unless they proved that they were starved themselves, it would only have been a just sacrifice to the offended stomachs of many thousand of gallant fellows.

In our brigade, I can safely say, that the order in question excited "more of sorrow than of anger;" we thought that, had it been *particular*, it would have been just; but, as it was *general*, that it was inconsiderate; and we, therefore, regretted that he who had been, and still was, the god of our idolatry, should thereby have laid himself open to the attacks of the ill-natured.

Alameda is a Spanish village, situated within a stone's throw of the boundary-line of the sister-kingdom; and, as the head-quarters of the army, as well as the nearest towns, from whence we drew our supplies, lay in Portugal, our connexions, while we remained there, were chiefly with the latter kingdom; and, having passed the three last winters on their frontier, we, in the month of May, 1813, prepared to bid it a final adieu, with very little regret. The people were kind and hospitable, and not destitute of intelligence; but, somehow, they appeared to be the creatures of a former age, and showed an indolence and want of enterprise which marked them born for slaves; and, although the two cadastre regiments attached to our division were, at all times, in the highest order, and conducted themselves gallantly in the field, yet, I am of opinion that, as a nation, they owe their charac-

ter for bravery almost entirely to the activity and gallantry of the British officers who organized and led them. The veriest cowards in existence must have shown the same front under such discipline. I did not see enough of their gentry to enable me to form an opinion about them; but the middling and lower orders are extremely filthy both in their persons and in their houses, and they have all an intolerable itch for gambling. The soldiers, though fainting with fatigue on the line of march, invariably group themselves in card-parties whenever they are allowed a few minutes' halt; and a non-commissioned officer, with half-a-dozen men on any duty of fatigue, are very generally to be seen as follows, viz. one man as a sentry, to watch the approach of the superintending officer, one man at work, and the non-commissioned officer, with the other four, at cards.

The cottages in Alameda, and, indeed, in all the Spanish villages, generally contain two mud-floored apartments: the outer one, though more cleanly than the Irish, is, nevertheless, fashioned after the same manner, and is common alike to the pigs and the people; while the inner looks more like the gun-room of a ship-of-war, having a sitting-apartment in the centre, with small sleeping-cabins branching from it, each illuminated by a port-hole, about a foot square. We did not see daylight "through a glass darkly," as on London's Ludgate-hill, for there the air circulated freely, and mild it came, and pure, and fragrant, as if it had just stolen over a bed of roses. If a man did not like *that*, he had only to shut his port, and remain in darkness, inhaling his own preferred sweetness! The outside of my sleeping-cabin was interwoven with ivy and honeysuckle, and, among the branches, a nightingale had established itself, and sung sweetly, night after night, during the whole of the winter. I could not part from such a pleasing companion, and from a bed in which I had enjoyed so many tranquil slumbers, without a sigh, though I was ungrateful enough to accompany it with a fervent wish that I might never see them again; for I looked upon the period that I had spent there as so much time lost.

CHAPTER XII.

A Review—Assembly of the Army—March to Salamanca—To Aldea Nueva—To Toro—An Affair of the Hussar Brigade—To Palencia—To the Neighbourhood of Burgos—To the Banks of the Ebro—Fruitful sleeping place—To Medina—A Dance before it was due—Smell the Fox—Affair at St. Milan—A Physical River.

May, 1813.—In the early part of this month our division was reviewed by Lord Wellington, preparatory to the commencement of another campaign: and I certainly never saw a body of troops in a more highly-efficient state. It did one's heart good to look at our battalion that day, seeing each company standing a hundred strong, and the intelligence of several campaigns stamped on each daring, bronzed countenance, which looked you boldly in the face, in the fulness of vigour and confidence, as if it cared neither for man nor devil.

On the 21st of May, our division broke up from winter-quarters, and assembled in front of Ciudad Rodrigo, with all excepting the left wing of the army, which, under Sir Thomas Graham, had already passed the Duoro, and was ascending its right bank.

An army which has seen some campaigns in the field, affords a great deal of amusement in its assembling after winter-quarters. There is not only the greeting of long-parted friends and acquaintances in the same walks of life, but, among the different divisions which the nature of the service generally threw a good deal together, there was not so much as a mule or donkey that was not known to each individual, and its absence noticed; nor a scamp of a boy, or a common Portuguese trull, who was not as particularly inquired after, as if the fate of the campaign depended on their presence.

On the 22d, we advanced towards Salamanca, and the next day, halted at Samunoz, on our late field of action. With what different feelings did we now view the same spot! In our last visit, winter was on the face of the land, as well as on our minds; we were worn out with fatigue, mortification, and starvation; now, all was summer and sunshine. The dismal swamps had now become verdant meadows; we had plenty in the camp, vigour in our limbs, and hope in our bosoms.

We were, this day, joined by the household brigade of ca-

valry from England; and, as there was a report in the morning that the enemy were in the neighbourhood, some of the life-guards concluded that everything in front of their camp must be a part of them, and they, accordingly, apprehended some of the light dragoon horses, which happened to be grazing near. One of their officers came to dine with me that day, and he was in the act of reporting their capture, when my orderly-book was brought at the moment, containing an offer of reward for the detection of the thieves!

On the 27th, we encamped on the banks of the Tormes, at a ford, about a league below Salamanca. A body of the enemy, who had occupied the city, suffered severely before they got away, in a brush with some part of Sir Rowland Hill's corps; chiefly, I believe, from some of his artillery.

On the 28th, we crossed the river, and marched near to Aldea Nueva, where we remained stationary for some days, under Sir Rowland Hill; Lord Wellington having proceeded from Salamanca to join the left wing of the army, beyond the Duoro.

On the 2d of June, we were again put in motion; and, after a very long march, encamped near the Duoro, opposite the town of Toro.

Lord Wellington had arrived there the day before, without being opposed by the enemy; but there had been an affair of cavalry, a short distance beyond the town, in which the hussar brigade particularly distinguished themselves, and took about three hundred prisoners.

On the morning of the 3d, we crossed the river; and, marching through the town of Toro, encamped about half a league beyond it. The enemy had put the castle in a state of repair, and constructed a number of other works to defend the passage of the river; but the masterly eye of our chief, having seen his way round the town, spared them the trouble of occupying the works; yet, loth to think that so much labour should be altogether lost, he garrisoned their castle with the three hundred taken by the hussar brigade, for which it made a very good jail.

On the 4th, we were again in motion, and had a long, warm, fatiguing march; as, also, on the 5th and 6th. On the 7th, we encamped outside of Palencia, a large rickety-looking old town; with the front of every house supported by pillars, like so many worn out old bachelors on crutches.

The French did not interfere with our accommodation in the slightest, but made it a point to leave every place an hour or two before we came to it; so that we quietly continued our daily course, following nearly the line of the Canal de Castile, through a country luxuriant in corn-fields and vineyards, until the 12th, when we arrived within two or three leagues of Burgos, (on its left,) and where we found a body of the enemy in position, whom we immediately proceeded to attack; but they evaporated on our approach, and fell back upon Burgos. We encamped for the night on the banks of a river, a short distance to the rear. Next morning, at daylight, an explosion shook the ground like an earthquake, and made every man jump upon his legs; and it was not until some hours after, when Lord Wellington returned from reconnoitring, that we learnt that the castle of Burgos had been just blown up, and the town evacuated by the enemy.

We continued our march on the 13th, through a very rich country.

On the 14th, we had a long harassing day's march, through a rugged mountainous country, which afforded only an occasional glimpse of fertility, in some pretty little valleys with which it was intersected.

We started at daylight on the 15th, through a dreary region of solid rock, bearing an abundant crop of loose stones, without a particle of soil or vegetation visible to the naked eye in any direction. After leaving nearly twenty miles of this horrible wilderness behind us, our weary minds clogged with an imaginary view of nearly as much more of it in our front, we found ourselves, all at once, looking down upon the valley of the Ebro, near the village of Aremas, one of the richest, loveliest, and most romantic spots that I ever beheld. The influence of such a scene on the mind can scarcely be believed. Five minutes before we were all as *lively* as stones. In a moment we were all fruits and flowers; and many a pair of legs, that one would have thought had not a kick left in them, were, in five minutes after, seen dancing across the bridge, to the tune of "the downfall of Paris," which struck up from the bands of the different regiments.

I lay down that night in a cottage garden, with my head on a melon, and my eye on a cherry-tree, and resigned myself to a repose which did not require a long courtship.

We resumed our march at daybreak on the 16th. The road, in the first instance, wound through orchards and luxu-

rious gardens, and then closed in to the edge of the river, through a difficult and formidable pass, where the rocks on each side, arising to a prodigious height, hung over each other in fearful grandeur, and in many places nearly met together over our heads.

After following the course of the river for nearly two miles, the rocks on each side gradually expanded into another valley, lovely as the one we had left, and where we found the fifth division of our army lying encamped. They were still asleep; and the rising sun, and a beautiful morning, gave additional sublimity to the scene; for there was nothing but the tops of the white tents peeping above the fruit trees; and an occasional sentinel pacing his post, that gave any indication of what a nest of hornets, the blast of a bugle could bring out of that apparently peaceful solitude.

Our road now wound up the mountain to our right; and, almost satiated with the continued grandeur around us, we arrived, in the afternoon, at the town of Medina, and encamped a short distance beyond it.

We were welcomed into every town or village through which we passed, by the peasant girls, who were in the habit of meeting us with garlands of flowers, and dancing before us in a peculiar style of their own; and it not unfrequently happened, that while they were so employed with one regiment, the preceding one was diligently engaged in pulling down some of their houses for firewood—a measure which we were sometimes obliged to have recourse to, where no other fuel could be had, and for which they were, ultimately, paid by the British Government; but it was a measure that was more likely to have set the poor souls dancing mad than for joy, had they foreseen the consequences of our visit.

June 17th.—We had not seen anything of the enemy since we left the neighbourhood of Burgos; but, after reaching our ground this evening, we were aware that some of their videttes were feeling for us.

On the morning of the 18th, we were ordered to march to San Milan, a small town, about two leagues off; and where, on our arrival on the hill above it, we found a division of French infantry, as strong as ourselves, in the act of crossing our path. The surprise, I believe, was mutual, though I doubt whether the pleasure was equally so; for we were red hot for an opportunity of retaliating for the Salamanca retreat; and, as the old saying goes, "there is no opportunity like the present." Their leading brigade had nearly passed before we came up, but not a moment was lost after we did. Our battalion dispersing among the brushwood, went down the hill upon them; and, with a destructive fire, broke through their line of march, supported by the rest of the brigade. Those that had passed made no attempt at a stand, but continued their flight, keeping up as good a fire as their circumstances would permit; while we kept hanging on their flank and rear, through a good rifle country, which enabled us to make considerable havoc among them. Their general's aide-de-camp, amongst others, was mortally wounded; and a lady, on a white horse, who probably was his wife, remained beside him, until we came very near. She appeared to be in great distress; but, though we called to her to remain, and not to be alarmed, yet she galloped off as soon as a decided step became necessary. The object of her solicitude did not survive many minutes after we reached him. We followed the retreating foe until late in the afternoon. On this occasion, our brigade came in for all the blows, and the other for all the baggage, which was marching between the two French brigades; the latter of which, seeing the scrape into which the first had fallen, very prudently left it to its fate, and dispersed on the opposite mountains, where some of them fell into the hands of a Spanish force that was detached in pursuit; but, I believe, the greater part succeeded in joining their army the day after the battle of Vittoria.

We heard a heavy cannonade all day to our left, occasioned, as we understood, by the fifth division falling in with another detachment of the enemy, which the unexpected and rapid movements of Lord Wellington was hastening to their general point of assembly.

On the early part of the 19th, we were fagging up the face of a mountain, under a sultry hot sun, until we came to a place where a beautiful clear stream was dashing down the face of it, when the division was halted, to enable the men to refresh themselves. Every man carries a cup, and every man ran and swallowed a cup full of it—it was salt water from the springs of Salinas;—and it was truly ludicrous to see their faces after taking such a voluntary dose. I observed an Irishman, who, not satisfied with the first trial, and believing that his cup had been infected by some salt breaking loose in his haversack, he washed it carefully and then drank a second

one, when, finding no change, he exclaimed,—"by J—s, boys, we must be near the sea, for the water's getting salt!" We, soon after, passed through the village of Salinas, situated at the source of the stream, where there is a considerable salt manufactory. The inhabitants were so delighted to see us, that they placed buckets full of it at the doors of the different houses, and entreated our men to help themselves as they passed along. It rained hard in the afternoon, and it was late before we got to our ground. We heard a good deal of firing in the neighbourhood in the course of the day, but our division was not engaged.

We retained the same bivouac all day on the 20th; it was behind a range of mountains within a short distance of the left of the enemy's position, as we afterwards discovered; and though we heard an occasional gun, from the other side of the mountain in the course of the day, fired at Lord Wellington's reconnoitring party, the peace of our valley remained undisturbed.

CHAPTER XIII.

Battle of Vittoria—Defeat of the Enemy—Confusion among their Followers—Plunder—Colonel Cameron—Pursuit, and the Capture of their last Gun—Arrive near Pampeluna—At Villalba—An Irish method of making a useless Bed useful.

BATTLE OF VITTORIA, JUNE 21st, 1813.

OUR division got under arms this morning before daylight, passed the base of the mountain by its left, through the camp of the fourth division, who were still asleep in their tents, to the banks of the river Zadora, at the village of Tres Puentes. The opposite side of the river was occupied by the enemy's advanced posts, and we saw their army on the hills beyond, while the spires of Vittoria were visible in the distance. We felt as if there was likely to be a battle; but as that was an event we were never sure of, until we found ourselves actually in it, we lay for some time just out of musket shot, uncertain what was likely to turn up, and waiting for orders. At length a sharp fire of musketry was heard to our right; and, on looking in that direction, we saw the head of Sir Rowland Hill's corps, together with some Spanish troops, attempting to force the mountain which marked the enemy's left. The three battalions of our regiment were, at the same moment, ordered forward to feel the enemy, who lined the opposite banks of the river, with whom we were quickly engaged in a warm skirmish. The affair with Sir Rowland Hill became gradually warmer, but ours had apparently no other object than to amuse those who were opposite to us, for the moment; so that, for about two hours longer, it seemed as if there would be nothing but an affair of outposts. About twelve o'clock, however, we were moved rapidly to our left, followed by the rest of the division, till we came to an abrupt turn of the river, where we found a bridge, unoccupied by the enemy, which we immediately crossed, and took possession of, what appeared to me to be, an old field-work, on the other side. We had not been many seconds there before we observed the bayonets of the third and seventh divisions glittering above the standing corn, and advancing upon another bridge, which stood about a quarter of a mile further to our left, and where, on their arrival, they were warmly opposed by the enemy's light troops, who lined the bank of the river, (which we ourselves were now on,) in great force, for the defence of the bridge. As soon as this was observed by our division, Colonel Barnard advanced with our battalion, and took them in flank with such a furious fire as quickly dislodged them, and thereby opened a passage for these two divisions free of expense, which must otherwise have cost them dearly. What with the rapidity of our movement, the colour of our dress, and our close contact with the enemy, before they would abandon their post, we had the misfortune to be identified with them for some time, by a battery of our own guns, who, not observing the movement, continued to serve it out indiscriminately, and all the while admiring their practice upon us; nor was it until the red coats of the third division joined us, that they discovered their mistake.

The battle now commenced in earnest; and this was perhaps the most interesting moment of the whole day. Sir Thomas Graham's artillery, with the first and fifth divisions, began to be heard far to our left, beyond Vittoria. The bridge, which we had just cleared, stood so near to a part of the ene-

my's position, that the seventh division was instantly engaged in close action with them at that point.

On the mountain to our extreme right the action continued to be general and obstinate, though we observed that the enemy were giving ground slowly to Sir Rowland Hill. The passage of the river by our division had turned the enemy's outpost, at the bridge, on our right, where we had been engaged in the morning, and they were now retreating, followed by the fourth division. The plain between them and Sir Rowland Hill was occupied by the British cavalry, who were now seen filing out of a wood, squadron after squadron, galloping into form as they gradually cleared it. The hills behind were covered with spectators, and the third and the light divisions, covered by our battalion, advanced rapidly, upon a formidable hill, in front of the enemy's centre, which they had neglected to occupy in sufficient force.

In the course of our progress, our men kept picking off the French videttes, who were imprudent enough to hover too near us; and many a horse, bounding along the plain, dragging his late rider by the stirrup-irons, contributed in making it a scene of extraordinary and exhilarating interest.

Old Picton rode at the head of the third division, dressed in a blue coat and a round hat, and swore as roundly all the way as if he had been wearing two cocked ones. Our battalion soon cleared the hill in question of the enemy's light troops; but we were pulled up on the opposite side of it by one of their lines, which occupied a wall at the entrance of a village immediately under us. During the few minutes that we stopped there, while a brigade of the third division was deploying into line, two of our companies lost two officers and thirty men, chiefly from the fire of artillery bearing on the spot from the French position. One of their shells burst immediately under my nose, part of it struck my boot and stirrup-iron, and the rest of it kicked up such a dust about me that my charger refused to obey orders; and, while I was spurring and he capering, I heard a voice behind me, which I knew to be Lord Wellington's, calling out, in a tone of reproof, "look to keeping your men together, sir;" and though, God knows, I had not the remotest idea that he was within a mile of me at the time, yet so sensible was I that circumstances warranted his supposing that I was a young officer, cutting a caper, by way of bravado, before him, that worlds would not have tempted me to look round at the moment. The French fled from the wall as soon as they received a volley from a part of the third division, and we instantly dashed down the hill, and charged them through the village, capturing three of their guns; the first, I believe, that were taken that day. They received a reinforcement, and drove us back before our supports could come to our assistance; but, in the scramble of the moment, our men were knowing enough to cut the traces, and carry off the horses, so that, when we retook the village, immediately after, the guns still remained in our possession. The battle now became general along the whole line, and the cannonade was tremendous. At one period, we held one side of a wall, near the village, while the French were on the other, so that any person who chose to put his head over from either side was sure of getting a sword or a bayonet up his nostrils. This situation was, of course, too good to be of long endurance. The victory, I believe, was never for a moment doubtful. The enemy were so completely out-generalled, and the superiority of our troops was such, that to carry their positions required little more than the time necessary to march to them. After forcing their centre, the fourth division and our own got on the flank and rather in rear of the enemy's left wing, who were retreating before Sir Rowland Hill, and who, to effect their escape, were now obliged to fly in one confused mass. Had a single regiment of our dragoons been at hand, or even a squadron, to have forced them into shape for a few minutes, we must have taken from ten to twenty thousand prisoners. After marching along side of them for nearly two miles, and as a disorderly body will always move faster than an orderly one, we had the mortification to see them gradually heading us, until they finally made their escape. I have no doubt but that our mounted gentlemen were doing their duty as they ought in another part of the field; yet it was impossible to deny ourselves the satisfaction of cursing them all, because a portion had not been there at such a critical moment. Our elevated situation, at this time, afforded a good view of the field of battle to our left, and I could not help being struck with an unusual appearance of unsteadiness and want of confidence among the French troops. I saw a dense mass of many thousands occupying a good defensible post, who gave way in the greatest confusion, before a single line of the third division, almost without feeling them. If there was nothing in any other part of the position to justify the movement,

and I do not think there was, they ought to have been flogged, every man, from the general downwards.

The ground was particularly favourable to the retreating foe, as every half-mile afforded a fresh and formidable position, so that, from the commencement of the action to the city of Vittoria, a distance of six or eight miles, we were involved in one continued hard skirmish. On passing Vittoria, however, the scene became quite new and infinitely more amusing, as the French had made no provision for a retreat; and, Sir Thomas Graham having seized upon the great road to France, the only one left open was that leading by Pampeluna; and it was not open long, for their fugitive army, and their myriads of followers, with baggage, guns, carriages, &c. being all precipitated upon it at the same moment, it got choked up about a mile beyond the town, in the most glorious state of confusion; and the drivers, finding that one pair of legs was worth two pair of wheels, abandoned it all to the victors.

Many of their followers who had light carriages, endeavoured to make their escape through the fields; but it only served to prolong their misery.

I shall never forget the first that we overtook: it was in the midst of a stubble-field, for some time between us and the French skirmishers, the driver doing all he could to urge the horses along; but our balls began to whistle so plentifully about his ears, that he at last dismounted in despair, and, getting on his knees, under the carriage, began praying. His place on the box was quickly occupied by as many of our fellows as could stick on it, while others were scrambling in at the doors on each side, and not a few on the roof, handling the baskets there so roughly, as to occasion loud complaints from the fowls within. I rode up to the carriage, to see that the people inside were not improperly treated; but the only one there was an old gouty gentleman, who, from the nature of his cargo, must either have robbed his own house, or that of a very good fellow, for the carriage was literally laden with wines and provisions. Never did victors make a more legal or useful capture; for it was now six in the evening, and it had evidently been the old gentleman's fault if he had not already dined, whereas it was our misfortune, rather than our fault, that we had not tasted anything since three o'clock in the morning, so that when one of our men knocked the neck off a bottle, and handed it to me, to take a drink, I nodded to the old fellow's health, and drank it off without the smallest scruple of conscience. It was excellent claret, and if he still lives to tell the story, I fear he will not give us the credit of having belonged to such a *civil* department as his appeared.

We did not cease the pursuit until dark, and then halted in a field of wheat, about two miles beyond Vittoria. The victory was complete. They carried off only one howitzer out of their numerous artillery, which, with baggage, stores, provisions, money, and everything that constitutes the *matériel* of an army, fell into our hands.

It is much to be lamented, on those occasions, that the people who contribute most to the victory should profit the least by it; not that I am an advocate for plunder—on the contrary, I would much rather that all our fighting was for pure *loot*; but, as everything of value falls into the hands of the followers, and scoundrels who skulk from the ranks for the double purpose of plundering and saving their dastardly carcasses, what I regret is, that the man who deserts his post should thereby have an opportunity of enriching himself with impunity, while the true man gets nothing; but the evil I believe is irremediable. Sir James Kempt, who commanded our brigade, in passing one of the captured wagons in the evening, saw a soldier loading himself with money, and was about to have him conveyed to the camp as a prisoner, when the fellow begged hard to be released, and to be allowed to retain what he had got, telling the general that all the boxes in the wagon were filled with gold. Sir James, with his usual liberality, immediately adopted the idea of securing it, as a reward to his brigade, for their gallantry; and, getting a fatigue party, he caused the boxes to be removed to his tent, and ordered an officer and some men from each regiment to parade there next morning, to receive their proportions of it; but, when they opened the boxes, they found them filled with *hammers, nails, and horse-shoes!*

Among the evil chances of that glorious day, I had to regret the temporary loss of Colonel Cameron,—a bad wound in the thigh having obliged him to go to England. Of him I can truly say, that, as a *friend*, his heart was in the right place, and, as a *soldier*, his right place was at the head of a regiment in the face of an enemy. I never saw an officer feel more at home in such a situation, nor do I know any one who could fill it better.

A singular accident threw me in the way of a dying French

officer, who gave me a group of family portraits to transmit to his friends; but, as it was not until the following year that I had an opportunity of making the necessary inquiries after them, they had then left their residence, and were now nowhere to be heard of.

As not only the body, but the mind, had been in constant occupation since three o'clock in the morning, circumstances no sooner permitted (about ten at night) than I threw myself on the ground, and fell into a profound sleep, from which I did not awake until broad daylight, when I found a French soldier squatted near me, intensely watching for the opening of my *shutters*. He had contrived to conceal himself there during the night; and when he saw that I was awake, he immediately jumped on his legs, and very obsequiously presented me with a map of France, telling me that as there was now a probability of our visiting his native country, he could make himself very useful, and would be glad if I would accept of his services. I thought it unfair, however, to deprive him of the present opportunity of seeing a little more of the world himself, and, therefore, sent him to join the rest of the prisoners, which would insure him a trip to England, free of expense.

About midday, on the 22d, our three battalions, with some cavalry and artillery, were ordered in pursuit of the enemy.

I do not know how it is, but I have always had a mortal objection to be killed the day after a victory. In the actions preceding a battle, or in the battle itself, it never gave me much uneasiness, as being all in the way of business; but, after surviving the great day, I always felt as if I had a right to live to tell the story; and I, therefore, did not find the ensuing three days' fighting half so pleasant as they otherwise would have been.

Darkness overtook us this night without our overtaking the enemy; and we halted in a grove of pines, exposed to a very heavy rain. In imprudently shifting my things from one tree to another, after dark, some rascal contrived to steal the velisse containing my dressing things, than which I do not know a greater loss, when there is no possibility of replacing any part of them.

We overtook their rear-guard early on the following day, and, hanging in on their line of march until dark, we did them all the mischief that we could. They burnt every village through which they passed, under the pretence of impeding our movements; but, as it did not make the slightest difference in that respect, we could only view it as a wanton piece of cruelty.

On the 24th, we were again engaged in pressing their rear the greater part of the day; and, ultimately, in giving them the last kick, under the walls of Pampeluna, where we had the glory of capturing their last gun, which literally sent them into France without a single piece of ordnance.

Our battalion occupied, that night, a large, well-furnished, but, uninhabited chateau, a short distance from Pampeluna.

We got under arms early on the morning of the 25th; and, passing by a mountain-path, to the left of Pampeluna, within range of the guns, though they did not fire at us, circled the town, until we reached the village of Villalba, where we halted for the night. Since I joined that army, I had never, up to that period, been master of anything in the shape of a bed; and, though I did not despise a bundle of straw, when it could conveniently be had, yet my boat-cloak and blanket were more generally to be seen, spread out for my reception on the bare earth. But in proceeding to turn into them, as usual, this evening, I was not a little astonished to find, in their stead, a comfortable mattress, with a suitable supply of linen, blankets, and pillows; in short, the very identical bedding on which I had slept, the night before, in the chateau, three leagues off, and which my rascal of an Irishman had bundled altogether on the back of my mule, without giving me the slightest hint of his intentions. On my taking him to task about it, and telling him that he would certainly be hanged, all that he said in reply was, "they had more than a hundred beds in that house, and not a single soul to sleep in them." I was very much annoyed, at the time, that there was no possibility of returning them to their rightful owner, as, independent of its being nothing short of a regular robbery, I really looked upon them as a very unnecessary encumbrance; but being forced, in some measure, to indulge in their comforts, I was not long in changing my mind; and was, ultimately, not very sorry that the possibility of restoration never did occur.

CHAPTER XIV.

March to intercept Clausel—Tafalla—Olite—The Dark End of a Night March to Casada—Clausel's Escape—Sanguessa—My Tent struck—Return to Villalba—Weighty Considerations on Females—St. Estaban—A Severe Dance—Position at Bera—Soul's Advance, and Battle of the Pyrenees—His defeat and subsequent Actions—A morning's ride.

June 26th, 1813.—Our division fell in this morning, at daylight, and, marching out of Villalba, circled round the southern side of Pampeluna, until we reached the great road leading to Tafalla, where we found ourselves united with the third and fourth divisions, and a large body of cavalry; the whole under the immediate command of Lord Wellington, proceeded southward, with a view to intercept General Clausel, who, with a strong division of the French army, had been at Logrona, on the day of the battle of Vittoria, and was now endeavouring to pass into the Pyrenees by our right. We marched until sunset, and halted for the night in a wood.

On the morning of the 27th we were again in motion, and passing through a country abounding in fruits, and all manner of delightful prospects; and through the handsome town of Tafalla, where we were enthusiastically cheered by the beauteous occupants of the numerous balconies overhanging the streets. We halted, for the night, in an olive-grove, a short distance from Olite.

At daylight next morning we passed through the town of Olite, and continued our route until we began to enter among the mountains, about mid-day, when we halted two hours, to enable the men to cook, and again resumed our march. Darkness overtook us, while struggling through a narrow rugged road, which wound its way along the bank of the Arragon; and we did not reach our destination, at Casada, until near midnight, where, amid torrents of rain, and in the darkness of the night, we could find nothing but ploughed fields on which to repose our weary limbs, nor could we find a particle of fuel to illuminate the cheerless scene.

Breathed there a man of soul so dead,
Who would not to himself have said,
This is—a confounded comfortless dwelling.

Dear Sir Walter,—pray excuse the *Casadians*, from your curse entailed on home haters, for if any one of them ever succeeds in getting beyond the mountain, by the road which I traversed, he ought to be anathematized if ever he seek his home again.

We passed the whole of the next day in the same place. It was discovered that Clausel had been walking blindly into the *lion's den*, when the *alcaldé* of a neighbouring village had warned him of his danger, and he was thereby enabled to avoid us, by turning off towards Zaragossa. We heard that Lord Wellington had caused the informer to be hanged. I hope he did, but I don't believe it.

On the 30th we began to retrace our steps to Pampeluna, in the course of which we halted two nights at Sanguessa, a populous mountain town, full of old rattle-trap houses, a good many of which were pulled down for firewood, by way of making room for improvements.

I was taking advantage of this extra day's halt to communicate to my friends the important events of the past fortnight, when I found myself all at once wrapped into a bundle, with my tent-pole, and sent rolling upon the earth, mixed up with my portable table and writing utensils, while the devil himself seemed to be dancing a hornpipe over my body! Although this is a sort of thing that one will sometimes submit to, when it comes by way of illusion, at its proper time and place, such as a midnight visit from a night-mare; yet, as I seemed now to be visited by a horse as well as a mare, and that, too, in the middle of the day, and in the midst of a crowded camp, it was rather too much of a joke, and I therefore sung out most lustily. I was not long in getting extricated, and found that the whole scene had been arranged by two rascally donkeys, who, in a frolicsome humour, had been chasing each other about the neighbourhood, until they finally tumbled into my tent, with a force which drew every peg, and rolled the whole of it over on the top of me! It might have been good sport to them, but it was none to me!

On the 3d of July, we resumed our quarters in Villalba, where we halted during the whole of the next day; and were well supplied with fish, fresh-butter, and eggs, brought by the peasantry of Biscay, who are the most *manly* set of *women* that I ever saw. They are very square across the shoulders; and, what between the quantity of fish and the quantity of

yellow petticoats, they carry a load which an ordinary mule might boast of.

A division of Spaniards having relieved us in the blockade of Pampeluna, our division, on the 5th of July, advanced into the Pyrenees.

On the 7th, we took up our quarters in the little town of St. Esteban, situated in a lovely valley, watered by the Bidassoa. The different valleys in the Pyrenees are very rich and fertile. The towns are clean and regular, and the natives very handsome. They are particularly smart about the limbs, and in no other part of the world have I seen anything, natural or artificial, to rival the complexion of the ladies, *i. e.* to the admirers of pure red and white.

We were allowed to remain several days in this enchanting spot, and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. They had an extraordinary style of dancing, peculiar to themselves. At a particular part of the tune, they all began thumping the floor with their feet, as hard and as fast as they were able, not in the shape of a figure or flourish of any kind, but even down pounding. I could not, myself, see anything either graceful or difficult in the operation; but they seemed to think that there was only one lady amongst them who could do it in perfection; she was the wife of a French Colonel, and had been left in the care of her friends, (and his enemies): she certainly could pound the ground both harder and faster than any one there, eliciting the greatest applause after every performance; and yet I do not think that she could have caught a French husband by her superiority in that particular step.

After our few days halt, we advanced along the banks of the Bidassoa, through a succession of beautiful little fertile valleys, thickly studded with clean respectable looking farm-houses and little villages, and bounded by stupendous, picturesque, and well wooded mountains, until we came to the hill next to the village of Bera, which we found occupied by a small force of the enemy, who, after receiving a few shots from our people, retired through the village into their position behind it. Our line of demarcation was then clearly seen. The mountain which the French army occupied was the last ridge of the Pyrenees; and their sentries stood on the face of it, within pistol shot of the village of Bera, which now became the advanced post of our division. The Bidassoa takes a sudden turn to the left at Bera, and formed a natural boundary between the two armies from thence to the sea; but all to our right was open, and merely marked a continuation of the valley of Bera, which was a sort of neutral ground, in which the French foragers and our own frequently met and helped themselves, in the greatest good humour, while any forage remained, without exchanging either words or blows. The left wing of the army, under Sir Thomas Graham, now commenced the siege of St. Sebastian; and as Lord Wellington had, at the same time, to cover both that and the blockade of Pampeluna, our army occupied an extended position of many miles.

Marshal Soult having succeeded to the command of the French army, and finding, towards the end of July, that St. Sebastian was about to be stormed, and that the garrison of Pampeluna were beginning to get on short allowance, he determined on making a bold push for the relief of both places; and, assembling the whole of his army, he forced the pass of Maya, and advanced rapidly upon Pampeluna. Lord Wellington was never to be caught napping. His army occupied too extended a position to offer effectual resistance at any of their advanced posts; but, by the time that Marshal Soult had worked his way up to the last ridge of the Pyrenees, and within sight of "the haven of his wishes," he found his lordship waiting for him, with four divisions of the army, who treated him to one of the most signal and sanguinary defeats that he ever experienced.

Our division, during the important movements on our right, was employed in keeping up the communication between the troops under the immediate command of Lord Wellington and those under Sir Thomas Graham, at St. Sebastian. We retired, the first day, to the mountains behind Le Secca; and, just as we were about to lie down for the night, we were again ordered under arms, and continued our retreat in utter darkness, through a mountain path, where, in many places, a false step might have rolled a fellow as far as the other world. The consequence was, that, although we were kept on our legs during the whole of the night, we found, when daylight broke, that the tail of the column had not got a quarter of a mile from their starting-post.

On a good broad road it is all very well; but, on a narrow bad road, a night march is like a night-mare, harassing a man to no purpose.

On the 26th, we occupied a ridge of mountain near enough

to hear the battle, though not in a situation to see it; and remained the whole of the day in the greatest torture, for want of news. About midnight we heard the joyful tidings of the enemy's defeat, with the loss of four thousand prisoners. Our division proceeded in pursuit, at daylight, on the following morning.

We moved rapidly by the same road on which we had retired; and, after a forced march, found ourselves near sunset, on the flank of their retiring column, on the Bidassoa, near the bridge of Janca, and immediately proceeded to business.

The sight of a Frenchman always acted like a cordial on the spirits of a rifleman; and the fatigues of the day were forgotten, as our three battalions extended among the brushwood, and went down to "knock the dust out of their hairy knapsacks,"* as our men were in the habit of expressing themselves; but in place of knocking the dust out of them, I believe that most of their knapsacks were knocked in the dust; for the greater part of those who were not *floored* along with their knapsacks, shook them off, by way of enabling the owner to make a smarter scramble across that portion of the road on which our leaden shower was pouring; and, foes as they were, it was impossible not to feel a degree of pity for their situation: pressed by an enemy in the rear, an inaccessible mountain on their right, and a river on their left, lined by an invisible foe, from whom there was no escape, but the desperate one of running the gauntlet. However, "as every — has his day," and this was ours, we must stand excused for making the most of it. Each company, as they passed, gave us a volley; but as they had nothing to guide their aim, except the smoke from our rifles, we had very few men hit.

Amongst other papers found on the road that night, one of our officers discovered the letter-book of the French military secretary, with his correspondence included to the day before. It was immediately sent to Lord Wellington.

We advanced, next morning, and occupied our former post at Bera. The enemy still continued to hold the mountain of Echelar, which, as it rose out of the right end of our ridge, was, properly speaking, a part of our property; and we concluded, that a sense of justice would have induced them to leave it of their own accord in the course of the day; but when, towards the afternoon, they showed no symptoms of quitting, our division, leaving their kettles on the fire, proceeded to eject them. As we approached the mountain, the peak of it caught a passing cloud, that gradually descended in a thick fog, and excluded them from our view. Our three battalions, however, having been let loose, under Colonel Barnard, we soon made ourselves "Children of the Mist;" and, guided to our opponents by the whistling of their balls, and made them descend from their "high estate;" and, handing them across the valley into their own position, we then retired to ours, where we found our tables ready spread, and a comfortable dinner waiting for us.

This was one of the most gentleman-like day's fighting that I ever experienced, although we had to lament the vacant seats of one or two of our messmates.

August 22d.—I narrowly escaped being taken prisoner this morning, very foolishly. A division of Spaniards occupied the ground to our left, beyond the Bidassoa; and, having mounted my horse to take a look at their post, I passed through a small village, and then got on a rugged path winding along the edge of the river, where I expected to find their outposts. The river, at that place, was not above knee-deep, and about ten or twelve yards across; and though I saw a number of soldiers gathering chestnuts from a row of trees which lined the opposite bank, I concluded that they were Spaniards, and kept moving onwards; but, observing, at last, that I was an object of greater curiosity than I ought to be, to a people who had been in the daily habit of seeing the uniform, it induced me to take a more particular look at my neighbours; when, to my consternation, I saw the French eagle ornamenting the front of every cap. I instantly wheeled my horse to the right about; and seeing that I had a full quarter of a mile to traverse at a walk, before I could get clear of them, I began to whistle, with as much unconcern as I could muster, while my eye was searching, like lightning, for the means of escape, in the event of their trying to cut me off. I had soon the satisfaction of observing that none of them had firelocks, which reduced my capture to the chance of a race; for, though the hill on my right was inaccessible to a horseman, it was not so to a dismounted Scotchman; and I, therefore, determined, in case of necessity, to abandon my horse, and show them what I could do on my own bottom at a pinch. Fortunately,

they did not attempt it; and I could scarcely credit my good luck, when I found myself once more in my own tent.

CHAPTER XV.

An Anniversary dinner—Affair with the enemy, and Fall of St. Sebastian—A Building speculation—A Fighting one, storming the Heights of Bera—A Picture of France from the Pyrenees—Returns after an Action—Sold by my Pay-Sergeant—A Recruit born at his post—Between two Fires, a sea and a land one—Position of La Rhune—My Picture taken in a storm—Refreshing Invention for wintry weather.

THE 25th of August, being our regimental anniversary, was observed by the officers of our three battalions with all due conviviality. Two trenches, calculated to accommodate seventy gentlemen's legs, were dug in the green sward; the earth between them stood for a table, and behind was our seat, and though the table could not boast of *all* the delicacies of a civic entertainment, yet

"The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,"

As the earth almost quaked with the weight of the feast, and the enemy certainly did from the noise of it. For so many fellows holding such precarious tenures of their lives could not meet together in commemoration of such an event, without indulging in an occasional cheer—not a whispering cheer, but one that echoed far and wide into the French lines, and as it was a sound that had often pierced them before, and never yet boded them any good, we heard afterwards that they were kept standing at their arms the greater part of the night in consequence.

At the time of Soult's last irruption into the Pyrenees, Sir Thomas Graham had made an unsuccessful attempt to carry St. Sebastian by storm, and having, ever since, been prosecuting the siege with unremitting vigour, the works were now reduced to such a state as to justify a second attempt, and our division sent forth their three hundred volunteers to join the storming party.* The morning on which we expected the assault to take place, we had turned out before daylight, as usual, and as a thick fog hung on the French position, which prevented our seeing them, we turned in again at the usual time, but had scarcely done so, when the mist rode off on a passing breeze, showing us the opposite hills bristling with their bayonets, and their columns descending rapidly towards us. The bugles instantly sounded to arms, and we formed on our alarm posts. We thought at first that the attack was intended for us, but they presently began to pass the river, a little below the village of Bera, and to advance against the Spaniards on our left. They were covered by some mountain guns, from which their first shell fell short, and made such a breach in their own leading column, that we could not resist giving three cheers to their marksman. Leaving a strong covering party to keep our division in check at the bridge of Bera, their main body followed the Spaniards, who, offering little opposition, continued retiring towards St. Sebastian.

We remained quiet the early part of the day, under a harmless fire from their mountain guns; but, towards the afternoon, our battalion, with part of the forty-third, and supported by a brigade of Spaniards, were ordered to pass by the bridge of Le Secca, and to move in a parallel direction with the French, along the same ridge of hills.

The different flanking-posts of the enemy permitted the forty-third and us to pass them quietly, thinking, I suppose, that it was their interest to keep the peace; but not so with the Spaniards, whom they kept in a regular fever, under a smart fire, the whole way. We took up a position at dark, on a pinnacle of the same mountain, within three or four hundred yards of them. There had been a heavy firing all day to our left, and we heard, in the course of the night, of the fall of St. Sebastian, as well as of the defeat of the force which we had seen following the Spaniards in that direction.

As we always took the liberty of abusing our friends, the commissaries, whether with or without reason, whenever we happened to be on short allowance, it is but fair to say that when our supporting Spanish brigadier came to compare notes with us here, we found that we had three days rations in the

* The French knapsack is made of unshorn goat-skin.

* Lieutenants Perceval and Hamilton commanded those from our battalion, and were both desperately wounded.

haversack against his none. He very politely proposed to relieve us from half of ours, and to give a receipt for it, but we told him that the trouble in carrying it was a pleasure!

At daylight next morning we found that the enemy had altogether disappeared from our front. The heavy rains during the past night had rendered the Bidassoa no longer fordable, and the bridge of Bera being the only retreat left open, it was fortunate for them that they took advantage of it before we had time to occupy the post with a sufficient force to defend the passage, otherwise they would have been compelled, in all probability, to have laid down their arms.

As it was, they suffered very severely from two companies of our second battalion, who were on picket there. The two captains commanding them were, however, killed in the affair.

We returned in the course of the day and resumed our post at Bera, the enemy continuing to hold theirs beyond it.

The ensuing month passed by, without producing the slightest novelty, and we began to get heartily tired of our situation. Our souls, in fact, were strung for war, and peace afforded no enjoyment, unless the place did, and there was none to be found in a valley of the Pyrenees, which the ravages of contending armies had reduced to a desert. The labours of the French on the opposite mountain had, in the first instance, been confined to fortification; but, as the season advanced, they seemed to think that the branch of a tree, or a sheet of canvass, was too slender a barrier between them and a frosty night, and their fortified camp was gradually becoming a fortified town, of regular brick and mortar. Though we were living under the influence of the same sky, we did not think it necessary to give ourselves the same trouble, but reasoned on their proceedings like philosophers, and calculated, from the aspect of the times, that there was a probability of a speedy transfer of property, and that it might still be reserved for us to give their town a name; nor were we disappointed. Late on the night of the 7th of October, Colonel Barnard arrived from head-quarters, with the intelligence that the next was to be the day of trial. Accordingly, on the morning of the 8th, the fourth division came up to support us, and we immediately marched down to the foot of the enemy's position, shook off our knapsacks before their faces, and went at them.

The action commenced by five companies of our third battalion advancing, under Colonel Ross, to dislodge the enemy from a hill which they occupied in front of their entrenchments; and there never was a movement more beautifully executed, for they walked quietly and steadily up, and swept them regularly off without firing a single shot until the enemy had turned their backs, when they then served them out with a most destructive discharge. The movement excited the admiration of all who witnessed it, and added another laurel to the already crowded wreath which adorned the name of that distinguished officer.

At the first look of the enemy's position, it appeared as if our brigade had got the most difficult task to perform; but, as the capture of this hill showed us a way round the flank of their entrenchments, we carried one after the other, until we finally gained the summit, with very little loss. Our second brigade, however, were obliged to take "the bull by the horns," on their side, and suffered more severely; but they rushed at everything with a determination that defied resistance, carrying redoubt after redoubt at the point of the bayonet, until they finally joined us on the summit of the mountain, with three hundred prisoners in their possession.

We now found ourselves firmly established within the French territory, with a prospect before us that was truly refreshing, considering that we had not seen the sea for three years, and that our views, for months, had been confined to fogs and the peaks of mountains. On our left, the Bay of Biscay lay extended as far as the horizon, while several of our ships of war were seen sporting upon her bosom. Beneath us lay the pretty little town of St. Jean de Luz, which looked as if it had just been framed out of the Lilliputian scenery of a toy-shop. The town of Bayonne, too, was visible in the distance; and the view to the right embraced a beautiful well-wooded country, thickly studded with towns and villages, as far as the eye could reach.

Sir Thomas Graham, with the left wing of the army, had, the same morning, passed the Bidassoa, and established them, also, within the French boundary. A brigade of Spaniards, on our right, had made a simultaneous attack on La Rhune, the highest mountain on this part of the Pyrenees, and which, since our last advance, was properly now a part of our position. The enemy, however, refused to quit it; and the firing between them did not cease until long after dark.

The affair in which we were engaged terminated, properly

speaking, when we had expelled the enemy from the mountain; but some of our straggling skirmishers continued to follow the retiring foe into the valley beyond, with a view, no doubt, of seeing what a French house contained.

Lord Wellington, preparatory to this movement, had issued an order requiring that private property, of every kind, should be strictly respected; but we had been so long at war with France, that our men had been accustomed to look upon them as their natural enemies, and could not, at first, divest themselves of the idea that they had not a right to partake of the good things abounding about the cottage doors. Our commandant, however, was determined to see the order rigidly enforced, and it was, therefore, highly amusing to watch the return of the depredators. The first who made his appearance was a bugler, carrying a goose, which, after he had been well beaten about the head with it, was transferred to the provost-marshal. The next was a soldier, with a calf; the soldier was immediately sent to the quarter-guard, and the calf to the provost-marshal. He was followed by another soldier, mounted on a horse, who were, also, both consigned to the same keeping; but, on the soldier stating that he had only got the horse in charge from a volunteer, who was at that time attached to the regiment, he was set at liberty. Presently the volunteer himself came up, and, not observing the colonel lying on the grass, called out among the soldiers, "Who is the rascal that sent my horse to the provost-marshal?" "It was I!" said the colonel, to the utter confusion of the querist. Our chief was a good deal nettled at these irregularities; and, some time after, on going to his tent, which was pitched between the roofless walls of a house, conceive his astonishment at finding the calf and the goose hanging in his own larder! He looked serious for a moment, but, on receiving an explanation, and after the row he had made about them, the thing was too ridiculous, and he burst out laughing. It is due to all concerned to state that they had, at last, been honestly come by, for I, as one of his messmates, had purchased the goose from the proper quarter, and another had done the same by the calf.

Not anticipating this day's fight, I had given my pay-sergeant twenty-five guineas, the day before, to distribute among the company; and I did not discover, until too late, that he had neglected to do it, as he disappeared in the course of the action, and was never afterwards heard of. If he was killed, or taken prisoner, he must have been a prize to somebody, though he left me a blank.

Among other incidents of the day, one of our men had a son and heir presented to him by his Portuguese wife, soon after the action. She had been taken in labour while ascending the mountain; but it did not seem to interfere with her proceedings in the least, for she, and her child, and her donkey, came all three screeching into the camp, immediately after, telling the news, as if it had been something very extraordinary, and none of them a bit the worse.

On the morning of the 9th, we turned out, as usual, an hour before daylight. The sound of musketry, to our right, in our own hemisphere, announced that the French and Spaniards had resumed their unfinished argument of last night, relative to the occupation of La Rhune; while, at the same time, "from our throne of clouds," we had an opportunity of contemplating, with some astonishment, the proceedings of the nether world. A French ship of war, considering St. Jean de Luz no longer a free port, had endeavoured, under cover of the night, to steal along shore to Bayonne; and, when daylight broke, they had an opportunity of seeing that they were not only within sight of their port, but within sight of a British gun-brig, and, if they entertained any doubts as to which of the two was nearest, their minds were quickly relieved, on that point, by finding that they were not within reach of their port, and strictly within reach of the guns of the brig, while two British frigates were bearing down with a press of canvass. The Frenchman returned a few broadsides; he was double the size of the one opposed to him, but conceiving his case to be hopeless, he at length set fire to the ship, and took to his boats. We watched the progress of the flames until she finally blew up, and disappeared in a column of smoke. The boats of our gun-brig were afterwards seen employed in picking up the odds and ends.

Our friends, the Spaniards, I have no doubt, would have been very glad to have got rid of their opponents in the same kind of way, either by their going without the mountain, or by their taking it with them. But the mountain stood, and the French stood, until we began to wish the mountain, the French, and the Spaniards at the devil; for, although we knew that the affair between them was of no consequence whichever way it went, yet it was impossible for us to feel quite at ease,

while a fight was going on so near; it was, therefore a great relief when, in the afternoon, a few companies of our second brigade were sent to their assistance, as the French then retired without firing another shot. Between the French and us there was no humbug, it was either peace or war. The war, on both sides, was conducted on the grand scale, and, by a tacit sort of understanding, we never teased each other unnecessarily.

The French, after leaving La Rhune, established their advanced post on Petite La Rhune, a mountain that stood as high as most of its neighbours; but, as its name betokens, it was but a child to its gigantic namesake, of which it seemed as if it had, at a former period, formed a part; but, having been shaken off, like a useless *galloche*, it now stood gaping, open-mouthed, at the place it had left, (and which had now become our advanced post,) while the enemy proceeded to furnish its jaws with a set of teeth, or, in other words, to face it with breast-works, &c., a measure which they invariably had recourse to in every new position.

Encamped on the face of La Rhune, we remained a whole month idle spectators of their preparations, and dearly longing for the day that should afford us an opportunity of penetrating into the more hospitable-looking low country beyond them; for the weather had become excessively cold, and our camp stood exposed to the utmost fury of the almost nightly tempest. Oft have I, in the middle of the night, awoke from a sound sleep, and found my tent on the point of disappearing in the air, like a balloon; and, leaving my warm blankets, been obliged to snatch the mallet, and rush out in the midst of a hail-storm, to peg it down. I think that I now see myself looking like one of those gay creatures of the elements who dwelt (as Shakspeare has it) among the rainbows!

By way of contributing to the warmth of my tent, I dug a hole inside, which I arranged as a fire-place, carrying the smoke underneath the walls, and building a turf-chimney outside. I was not long in proving the experiment, and, finding that it went exceedingly well, I was not a little vain of the invention. However, it came on to rain very hard while I was dining at a neighbouring tent, and, on my return to my own, I found the fire not only extinguished, but a fountain playing from the same place, up to the roof, watering my bed and baggage, and all sides of it, most refreshingly. This showed me, at the expense of my night's repose, that the rain oozed through the thin spongy surface of earth, and, in particular places, rushed down in torrents between the earth and the rock which it covered; and any incision in the former was sure to produce a fountain.

It is very singular that, notwithstanding our exposure to all the severities of the worst of weather, that we had not a single sick man in the battalion while we remained there.

CHAPTER XVI.

Battle of the Nivelle, and Defeat of the Enemy—A bird of Evil Omen—Chateau D'Arcangues—Prudence—An Enemy's Gratitude—Passage of the Nive, and Battles near Bayonne, from 9th to 13th December.

BATTLE OF THE NIVELLE, NOVEMBER 10TH, 1813.

THE fall of Pampeluna having, at length, left our further movements unshackled by an enemy in the rear, preparations were made for an attack on their position, which, though rather too extended, was formidable by nature, and rendered doubly so by art.

Petite La Rhune was allotted to our division, as their first point of attack; and, accordingly, the 10th being the day fixed, we moved to our ground at midnight, on the 9th. The abrupt ridges in the neighbourhood enabled us to lodge ourselves, unperceived, within half-musket-shot of their piquets; and we had left every description of animal behind us in camp, in order that neither the barking of dogs nor the neighing of steeds should give indication of our intentions. Our signal of attack was to be a gun from Sir John Hope, who had now succeeded Sir Thomas Graham in the command of the left wing of the army.

We stood to our arms at dawn of day, which was soon followed by the signal-gun; and each commanding officer, according to previous instructions, led gallantly off to his point of attack. The French must have been, no doubt, astonished

to see such an armed force spring out of the ground almost under their noses; but they were, nevertheless, prepared behind their entrenchments, and caused us some loss in passing the short space between us; but the whole place was carried within the time required to walk over it; and, in less than half-an-hour from the commencement of the attack, it was in our possession, with all their tents left standing.

Petite La Rhune was more of an outpost than a part of their position, the latter being a chain of stupendous mountains in its rear; so that while our battalion followed their skirmishers into the valley between, the remainder of our division were forming for the attack on the main position, and waiting for the co-operation of the other divisions, the thunder of whose artillery, echoing along the valleys, proclaimed that they were engaged, far and wide, on both sides of us. About midday our division advanced to the grand attack on the most formidable looking part of the whole of the enemy's position, and, much to our surprise, we carried it with more ease and less loss than the outpost in the morning, a circumstance which we could only account for by supposing that it had been defended by the same troops, and that they did not choose to sustain two hard beatings on the same day. The attack succeeded at every point; and, in the evening, we had the satisfaction of seeing the left wing of the army marching into St. Jean de Luz.

Towards the end of the action, Colonel Barnard was struck with a musket-ball, which carried him clean off his horse. The enemy, seeing that they had shot an officer of rank, very maliciously kept up a heavy firing on the spot, while we were carrying him under the brow of the hill. The ball having passed through the lungs, he was spitting blood, and, at the moment, had every appearance of being in a dying state; but, to our joy and surprise, he, that day month, rode up to the battalion, when it was in action, near Bayonne; and, I need not add, that he was received with three hearty cheers.

A curious fact occurred in our regiment at this period. Prior to the action of the Nivelle, an owl had perched itself on the tent of one of our officers (Lieut. Doyle). This officer was killed in the battle, and the owl was afterwards seen on Capt. Duncan's tent. His brother-officers quizzed him on the subject, by telling him that he was the next on the list; a joke which Capt. D. did not much relish, and it was prophetic, as he soon afterwards fell at Tarbes.

The movements of the two or three days following placed the enemy within their entrenchments at Bayonne, and the head-quarters of our battalion in the Chateau d'Arcangues, with the outposts of the division at the village of Bassasarry and its adjacents.

I now felt myself both in a humour and a place to enjoy an interval of peace and quietness. The country was abundant in every comfort; the chateau was large, well-furnished, and unoccupied, except by a bed-ridden grandmother, and young Arcangues, a gay rattling young fellow, who furnished us with plenty of good wine, (by our paying for the same,) and made one of our mess.

On the 20th of November a strong reconnoitring party of the enemy examined our chain of posts. They remained a considerable time within half-musket-shot of one of our piquets, but we did not fire, and they seemed at last as if they had all gone away. The place where they had stood bounded our view in that direction, as it was a small sand-hill with a mud-cottage at the end of it; after watching the spot intensely for nearly an hour, and none showing themselves, my curiosity would keep no longer, and, desiring three men to follow, I rode forward to ascertain the fact. When I cleared the end of the cottage, I found myself within three yards of at least a dozen of them, who were seated in a group behind a small hedge, with their arms laid against the wall of the cottage, and a sentry with sloped arms, and his back towards me, listening to their conversation.

My first impulse was to gallop in amongst them, and order them to surrender; but my three men were still twenty or thirty yards behind, and, as my only chance of success was by surprise, I thought the risk of the delay too great, and, reining back my horse, I made a signal to my men to retire, which, from the soil being a deep sand, we were enabled to do without the slightest noise; but all the while I had my ears pricked up, expecting every instant to find a ball whistling through my body; however, as none of them afterwards showed themselves past the end of the cottage, I concluded that they had remained ignorant of my visit.

We had an affair of some kind, once a week, while we remained there; and as they were generally trifling, and we always found a good dinner and a good bed in the chateau on our return, we considered them rather a relief than otherwise.

The only instance of a want of professional generosity that I ever had occasion to remark in a French officer, occurred on one of these occasions. We were about to push in their outposts, for some particular purpose, and I was sent with an order for Lieutenant Gardiner of ours, who was on piquet, to attack the post in his front, as soon as he should see a corresponding movement on his flank, which would take place almost immediately. The enemy's sentries were so near, as to be quite at Mr. Gardiner's mercy, who immediately said to me, "Well, I won't kill these unfortunate rascals at all events, but shall tell them to go in and join their piquet." I applauded his motives, and rode off; but I had only gone a short distance when I heard a volley of musketry behind me; and, seeing that it had come from the French piquet, I turned back to see what had happened, and found that the officer commanding it had no sooner got his sentries so generously restored to him, than he instantly formed his piquet and fired a volley at Lieutenant Gardiner, who was walking a little apart from his men, waiting for the expected signal. The balls all fell near, without touching him, and, for the honour of the French army, I was glad to hear afterwards that the officer alluded to was a militia-man.

BATTLES NEAR BAYONNE, DECEMBER 9TH, 10TH, 11TH, 12TH, AND 13TH, 1813.

The centre and left wing of our army advanced on the morning of the 9th of December, and drove the enemy within their entrenchments, threatening an attack on their lines. Lord Wellington had the double object, in this movement, of reconnoitring their works, and effecting the passage of the Nive with his right wing. The rivers Nive and Adour unite in the town of Bayonne, so that while we were threatening to storm the works on one side, Sir Rowland Hill passed the Nive, without opposition, on the other, and took up his ground, with his right on the Adour and his left on the Nive, on a contracted space, within a very short distance of the walls of the town. On our side we were engaged in a continued skirmish until dark, when we retired to our quarters, under the supposition that we had got our usual week's allowance, and that we should remain quiet again for a time.

We turned out at daylight on the 10th; but, as there was a thick drizzling rain which prevented us from seeing anything, we soon turned in again. My servant soon after came to tell me that Sir Lowry Cole, and some of his staff, had just ascended to the top of the chateau, a piece of information which did not quite please me, for I fancied that the general had just discovered our quarter to be better than his own, and had come for our purpose of taking possession of it. However, in less than five minutes, we received an order for our battalion to move up instantly to the support of the piquets; and, on my descending to the door, to mount my horse, I found Sir Lowry standing there, who asked if we had received any orders; and, on my telling him that we had been ordered up to support the piquets, he immediately desired a staff-officer to order up one of his brigades to the rear of the chateau. This was one of the numerous instances in which we had occasion to admire the prudence and forethought of the great Wellington! He had foreseen the attack that would take place, and had his different divisions disposed to meet it. We no sooner moved up, than we found ourselves a party engaged along with the piquets; and, under a heavy skirmishing fire, retiring gradually from hedge to hedge, according as the superior force of the enemy compelled us to give ground, until we finally retired within our home, the chateau, which was the first part of our position that was meant to be defended in earnest. We had previously thrown up a mud rampart around it, and loop-holed the different out-houses, so that we had nothing now to do, but to line the walls and show determined fight. The forty-third occupied the church-yard to our left, which was also partially fortified: and the third Cécadores and our third battalion, occupied the space between, behind the hedge-rows, while the fourth division was in readiness to support us from the rear. The enemy came up to the opposite ridge, in formidable numbers, and began blazing at our windows and loop-holes, and showing some disposition to attempt it by storm; but they thought better of it and withdrew their columns a short distance to the rear, leaving the nearest hedge lined with their skirmishers. An officer of ours, Mr. Hopwood, and one of our sergeants, had been killed in the field opposite, within twenty yards of where the enemy's skirmishers now were. We were very anxious to get possession of their bodies, but had not force enough to effect it. Several French soldiers came through the hedge, at different times, with the intention, as we thought, of plundering, but our men

shot every one who attempted to go near them, until towards evening, when a French officer approached, waving a white handkerchief and pointing to some of his men who were following him with shovels. Seeing that his intention was to bury them, we instantly ceased firing, nor did we renew it again that night.

The forty-third, from their post at the church, kept up an incessant shower of musketry the whole of the day, at what was conceived, at the time, to be a very long range; but from the quantity of balls which were afterwards found sticking in every tree, where the enemy stood, it was evident that their birth must have been rather uncomfortable.

One of our officers, in the course of the day, had been passing through a deep road-way, between two banks, with hedge-rows, when, to his astonishment, a dragoon and his horse tumbled heels over head into the road, as if they had been fired out of a cloud. Neither of them were the least hurt; but it must have been no joke that tempted him to take such a flight.

Soult expected, by bringing his whole force to bear on our centre and left wing, that he would have succeeded in forcing it, or, at all events, of obliging Lord Wellington to withdraw Sir Rowland Hill from beyond the Nive; but he effected neither, and darkness left the two armies on the ground which they had fought on.

General Alten and Sir James Kempt took up their quarters with us in the chateau: our sentries and those of the enemy stood within pistol-shot of each other in the ravine below.

Young Arcangues, I presume, must have been rather disappointed at the result of the day; for, even giving him credit for every kindly feeling towards us, his wishes must still have been in favour of his countrymen; but when he found that his chateau was to be a bone of contention, it then became his interest that we should keep possession of it; and he held out every inducement for us to do so; which, by the by, was quite unnecessary, seeing that our own comfort so much depended on it. However, though his supplies of claret had failed some days before, he now discovered some fresh cases in the cellar, which he immediately placed at our disposal; and, that our dire resolve to defend the fortress should not be melted by weak woman's wailings, he fixed an arm-chair on a mule, mounted his grandmother on it, and sent her off to the rear, while the balls were whizzing about the neighbourhood in a manner to which even she, poor old lady, was not altogether insensible, though she had become a mounted heroine at a period when she had given up all idea of ever sitting on anything more lively than a coffin.

During the whole of the 11th each army retained the same ground, and though there was an occasional exchange of shots at different points, yet nothing material occurred.

The enemy began throwing up a six-gun battery opposite our chateau; and we employed ourselves in strengthening the works, as a precautionary measure, though we had not much to dread from it, as they were so strictly within range of our rifles, that he must have been a lucky artilleryman who stood there to fire a second shot.

In the course of the night a brigade of Belgians, who were with the French army, having heard that their country had declared for their legitimate king, passed over to our side, and surrendered.

On the 12th there was heavy firing and hard fighting, all day, to our left, but we remained perfectly quiet. Towards the afternoon, Sir James Kempt formed our brigade, for the purpose of expelling the enemy from the hill next the chateau, to which he thought them rather too near; but, just as we reached our different points for commencing the attack, we were recalled, and nothing further occurred.

I went, about one o'clock in the morning, to visit our different piquets; and seeing an unusual number of fires in the enemy's lines, I concluded that they had lit them to mask some movement; and taking a patrol with me, I stole cautiously forward, and found that they had left the ground altogether. I immediately returned, and reported the circumstance to General Alten, who sent off a despatch to apprise Lord Wellington.

As soon as day began to dawn, on the morning of the 13th, a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry was heard to our right. Soult had withdrawn everything from our front in the course of the night, and had now attacked Sir Rowland Hill with his whole force. Lord Wellington, in expectation of this attack, had, last night, reinforced Sir Rowland Hill with the sixth division; which enabled him to occupy his contracted position so strongly, that Soult, unable to bring more than his own front to bear upon him, sustained a signal and sanguinary defeat.

Lord Wellington galloped into the yard of our chateau, soon after the attack had commenced, and demanded, with his usual quickness, what was to be seen? Sir James Kempt, who was spying at the action from an upper window, told him; and, after desiring Sir James to order Sir Lowry Cole to follow him with the fourth division, he galloped off to the scene of action. In the afternoon, when all was over, he called in again, on his return to head-quarters, and told us, "that it was the most glorious affair that he had ever seen; and that the enemy had absolutely left upwards of five thousand men, killed and wounded, on the ground."

This was the last action in which we were concerned, near Bayonne. The enemy seemed quite satisfied with what they had got; and offered us no further molestation, but withdrew within their works.

CHAPTER XVII.

Change of Quarters—Change of Diet—Suttlers—Our new Quarter—A long-going Horse gone—New Clothing—Adam's lineal Descendants—St. Palais—Action at Tarbes—Faubourg of Toulouse—The green Man—Passage of the Garonne—Battle of Toulouse—Peace—Castle Sarrazin—A tender Point.

TOWARDS the end of the month, some divisions of the French army having left Bayonne, and ascended the right bank of the Adour, it produced a corresponding movement on our side, by which our division then occupied Ustaritz, and some neighbouring villages; a change of quarters we had no reason to rejoice in.

At Arcangues, notwithstanding the influence of our messmate, "the Seigneur du Village," our table had, latterly, exhibited gradual symptoms of decay. But *here*, our voracious predecessors had not only swallowed the calf, but the cow, and, literally, left us nothing; so that, from an occasional turkey, or a pork-pie, we were now, all at once, reduced to our daily ration of a withered pound of beef. A great many necessities of life could certainly be procured from St. Jean de Luz, but the prices there were absolutely suicidal. The suttlers' shops were too small to hold both their goods and their consciences; so that, every pin's worth they sold cost us a dollar; and as every dollar cost us seven shillings, they were, of course, not so plenty as bad dinners. I have often regretted that the enemy never got an opportunity of having the run of their shops for a few minutes, that they might have been, in some measure, punished for their sins, even in this world.

The house that held our table, too, was but a wretched apology for the one we had left. A bitter wind continued to blow; and as the granary of a room which we occupied, on the first floor, had no fire-place, we immediately proceeded to provide it with one, and continued filling it up with such a load of bricks and mortar that the first floor was on the point of becoming the ground one; and having only a choice of evils, on such an emergency, we, as usual, adopted that which appeared to us to be the least, cutting down the only two fruit-trees in the garden to prop it up with. We were rather on doubtful terms with the landlord before, but this put us all square—no terms at all.

Our animals, too, were in a woful plight, for want of forage. We were obliged to send our baggage ones, every week, for their rations of corn, three days' march, through oceans of mud, which ought, properly to have been navigated with boats. The whole cavalcade always moved under the charge of an officer, and many were the anxious looks that we took with our spy-glasses, from a hill overlooking the road, on the days of their expected return, each endeavouring to descry his own. Mine came back to me twice; but "the pitcher that goes often to the well" was verified in his third trip, for—he perished in a muddy grave.

His death, however, was not so unexpected as it might have been, for, although I cannot literally say that he had been dying by inches, seeing that he had walked all the way from the frontiers of Portugal, yet he had, nevertheless, been doing it on the grand scale—by miles. I only fell in with him the day before the commencement of the campaign, and, after reconnoitring him with my usual judgment, and seeing that he was in possession of the regulated quantity of eyes, legs, and mouth, and concluding that they were all calculated to perform their different functions, I took him, as a man does his wife, for better and for worse; and it was not until the end of the first day's march that I found he had a broken jaw-bone, and

could not eat, and I had, therefore, been obliged to support him all along on spoon diet; he was a capital horse, only for that!

It has already been written, in another man's book, that we always require just a little more than we have got to make us perfectly happy; and, as we had given this neighbourhood a fair trial, and *that* little was not to be found in it, we were very glad when, towards the end of February, we were permitted to look for it a little further on. We broke up from quarters on the 21st, leaving Sir John Hope, with the left wing of the army, in the investment of Bayonne, Lord Wellington followed Soult with the remainder.

The new clothing for the different regiments of the army had, in the mean time, been gradually arriving at St. Jean de Luz; and, as the commissariat transport was required for other purposes, not to mention that a man's new coat always looks better on his own back than it does on a mule's, the different regiments marched there for it in succession. It did not come to our turn until we had taken a stride to the front, as far as La Bastide; our retrograde movement, therefore, obliged us to bid adieu to our division for some time.

On our arrival at St. Jean de Luz, we found our new clothing, and some new friends in the family of our old friend, Arcangues, which was one of the most respectable in the district, and who showed us a great deal of kindness. As it happened the commencement of Lent, the young ladies were, at first, doubtful as to the propriety of joining us in any of the gaieties; but, after a short consultation, they arranged it with their consciences, and joined in the waltz right merrily. Mademoiselle was really an exceedingly nice girl, and the most lively companion in arms (in a waltz) that I ever met.

Our clothing detained us there two days; on the third, we proceeded to rejoin the division.

The pride of ancestry is very tenaciously upheld among the Basques, who are the mountaineers of that district. I had a fancy that most of them grew wild, like their trees, without either fathers or mothers, and was, therefore, much amused, one day, to hear a fellow, with a Tam O'Shanter's bonnet, and a pair of bare legs, tracing his descent from the first man, and maintaining that he spoke the same language too. He might have added, if further proof were wanting, that he, also, wore the same kind of shoes and stockings.

On the 27th of February, 1814, we marched, all day, to the tune of a cannonade; it was the battle of Orthes; and, on our arrival, in the evening, at the little town of St. Palais, we were much annoyed to find the seventy-ninth regiment stationed there, who handed us a general order, desiring that the last-arrived regiment should relieve the preceding one in charge of the place. This was the more vexatious, knowing that there was no other regiment behind to relieve us. It was a nice little town, and we were treated, by the inhabitants, like friends and allies, experiencing much kindness and hospitality from them; but a rifleman, in the rear, is like a fish out of the water; he feels that he is not in his place. Seeing no other mode of obtaining a release, we, at length, began detaching the different detachments who were proceeding to join their regiments, with the view of forming a battalion of them; but, by the time that we had collected a sufficient number for that purpose, we received an order, from head-quarters, to join the army; when, after a few days' forced marches, we had, at length, the happiness of overtaking our division at a short distance beyond the town of Aire. The battle of Orthes was the only affair of consequence that had taken place during our absence.

We remained stationary, near Aire, until the middle of March, when the army was again put in motion.

On the morning of the 19th, while we were marching along the road, near the town of Tarbes, we saw what appeared to be a small piquet of the enemy, on the top of a hill to our left, looking down upon us, when a company of our second battalion was immediately sent to dislodge them. The enemy, however, increased in number, in proportion to those sent against them, until not only the whole of the second, but our own, and the third battalion were eventually brought into action; and still we had more than double our number opposed to us; but we, nevertheless, drove them from the field with great slaughter, after a desperate struggle of a few minutes, in which we had eleven officers killed and wounded. As this fight was purely a rifle one, and took place within sight of the whole army, I may be justified in giving the following quotation from the author of "Twelve Years Military Adventure," who was a spectator, and who, in allusion to this affair, says, "Our rifles were immediately sent to dislodge the French from the hills on our left, and our battalion was ordered to support them. Nothing could exceed the manner in which the ninety-

fifth set about the business Certainly I never saw such skirmishers as the ninety-fifth, now the rifle brigade. They could do the work much better and with infinitely less loss than any other of our best light troops. They possessed an individual boldness, a mutual understanding, and a quickness of eye, in taking advantage of the ground, which, taken altogether, I never saw equalled. They were, in fact, as much superior to the French *voltiguers*, as the latter were to our skirmishers in general. As our regiment was often employed in supporting them, I think I am fairly qualified to speak of their merits."

We followed the enemy until dark, when, after having taken up our ground and lit our fires, they rather maliciously opened a cannonade upon us; but, as few of their shots took effect, we did not put ourselves to the inconvenience of moving, and they soon desisted.

We continued in pursuit daily, until we finally arrived on the banks of the Garonne, opposite Toulouse. The day after our arrival an attempt was made, by our engineers, to throw a bridge across the river, above the town; and we had assembled one morning, to be in readiness to pass over, but they were obliged to abandon it for the want of the necessary number of pontoons, and we returned again to quarters.

We were stationed, for several days, in the suburb of St. Ciprien, where we found ourselves exceedingly comfortable. It consisted chiefly of the citizens' country houses, and an abundance of the public tea and fruit accommodations, with which every large city is surrounded, for the temptation of Sunday-parties; and, as the inhabitants had all fled hurriedly into town, leaving their cellars, generally speaking, well stocked with a tolerable kind of wine, we made ourselves at home.

It was finally determined that the passage of the river should be tried below the town, and, preparatory thereto, we took ground to our left, and got lodged in the chateau of a rich old West-India-man. He was a tall ramrod of a fellow, upwards of six feet high, withered to a cinder, and had a pair of green eyes, which looked as if they belonged to somebody else, who was looking through his eye-holes; but, despite his imperfections, he had got a young wife, and she was nursing a young child. The "Green Man" (as we christened him) was not, however, so bad as he looked; and we found our billet such a good one, that when we were called away to fight, after a few days' residence with him, I question, if left to our choice, whether we would not rather have remained where we were!

A bridge having, at length been established, about a league below the town, two British divisions passed over; but the enemy, by floating timber, and other things down the stream, succeeded in carrying one or two of the pontoons from their moorings, which prevented any more from crossing either that day or the succeeding one. It was expected that the French would have taken advantage of this circumstance, to attack the two divisions on the other side; but they thought it more prudent to wait the attack in their own strong hold, and in doing so I believe they acted wisely, for these two divisions had both flanks secured by the river, their position was not too extended for their numbers, and they had a clear space in their front, which was flanked by artillery from the commanding ground on our side of the river; so that, altogether, they would have been found ugly customers to anybody who chose to meddle with them.

The bridge was re-established on the night of the 9th, and at daylight next morning, we bade adieu to the *Green Man*, inviting him to come and see us in Toulouse, in the evening. He laughed at the idea, telling us that we should be lucky fellows if ever we got in; and, at all events, he said, that he would bet a *déjeûné à la fourchette* for a dozen, that we did not enter it in three days from that time. I took the bet, and won, but the old rogue never came to pay me.

We crossed the river, and advanced sufficiently near to the enemy's position to be just out of the reach of their fire, where we waited until dispositions were made for the attack, which took place as follows:—

Sir Rowland Hill, who remained on the left bank of the Garonne, made a show of attacking the bridge and suburb of the town on that side.

On our side of the river the Spanish army, which had never hitherto taken an active part in any of our general actions, now claimed the post of honour, and advanced to storm the strongest part of the heights. Our division was ordered to support them in the low grounds, and, at the same time, to threaten a point of the canal; and Picton, who was on our right, was ordered to make a false attack on the canal. These were all that were visible to us. The remaining divisions of the army were in continuation to the left.

The Spaniards, anxious to monopolize all the glory, I rather think, moved on to the attack a little too soon, and before the British divisions on their left were in readiness to co-operate; however, be that as it may, they were soon in a blaze of fire, and began walking through it, at first, with a great show of gallantry and determination; but their courage was not altogether screwed up to the sticking point, and the nearer they came to the critical pass, the less prepared they seemed to meet it, until they all finally faced to the right-about, and came back upon us as fast as their heels could carry them, pursued by the enemy.

We instantly advanced to their relief, and concluded that they would have rallied behind us; but they had no idea of doing anything of the kind; for, when with *Cuesta* and some of the other Spanish generals, they had been accustomed, under such circumstances, to run a hundred miles at a time; so that, passing through the intervals of our division, they went clear off to the rear, and we never saw them more. The moment the French found us interpose between them and the Spaniards they retired within their works.

The only remark that Lord Wellington was said to have made on their conduct, after waiting to see whether they would stand after they got out of reach of the enemy's shot, was, "well, if ever I saw ten thousand men run a race before!" However, notwithstanding their disaster, many of their officers certainly evinced great bravery, and on their account it is to be regretted that the attack was made so soon, for they would otherwise have carried their point with little loss, either of life or credit, as the British divisions on the left soon after stormed and carried all the other works, and obliged those who had been opposed to the Spaniards, to evacuate theirs without firing another shot.

When the enemy were driven from the heights, they retired within the town, and the canal then became the line of defence, which they maintained the whole of the next day; but in the course of the following night they left the town altogether, and we took possession of it on the morning of the 12th.

The inhabitants of Toulouse hoisted the white flag, and declared for the Bourbons the moment that the French army had left it; and, in the course of the same day, Colonel Cooke arrived from Paris, with the extraordinary news of Napoleon's abdication. Soult has been accused of having been in possession of that fact prior to the battle of Toulouse; but, to disprove such an assertion, it can only be necessary to think, for a moment, whether he would not have made it public the day after the battle, while he yet held possession of the town, as it would not only have enabled him to keep it, but, to those who knew no better, it might have given him a shadow of claim to the victory, if he chose to avail himself of it; and I have known a victory claimed by a French marshal on more slender grounds. In place of knowing it then, he did not even believe it now; and we were absolutely obliged to follow him a day's march beyond Toulouse before he agreed to an armistice.

The news of the peace, at this period, certainly sounded as strangely in our ears as it did in those of the French marshal, for it was a change that we never had contemplated. We had been born in war, reared in war, and war was our trade; and what soldiers had to do in peace, was a problem yet to be solved among us.

After remaining a few days at Toulouse, we were sent into quarters, in the town of Castle-Sarazin, along with our old companions in arms, the fifty-second, to wait the necessary arrangements for our final removal from France.

Castle-Sarazin is a respectable little town, on the right bank of the Garonne; and its inhabitants received us so kindly, that every officer found in his quarter a family home. We there, too, found both the time and the opportunity of exercising one of the agreeable professions to which we had long been strangers, that of making love to the pretty little girls with which the place abounded; when, after a three months' residence among them, the fatal order arrived for our march to Bordeaux, for embarkation, the buckets full of salt tears that were shed by men who had almost forgotten the way to weep, was quite ridiculous. I have never yet, however, clearly made out whether people are most in love when they are laughing or when they are crying. Our greatest love writers certainly give the preference to the latter. *Scott* thinks that "love is loveliest when it's bathed in tears;" and *Moore* tells his mistress to "give smiles to those who love her less, but to keep her tears for him;" but what pleasure he can take in seeing her in affliction, I cannot make out; nor, for the soul of me, can I see why a face full of smiles should not be every bit as valuable as one of tears, seeing that it is so much more pleasant to look at.

I have rather wandered, in search of an apology for my own countenance not having gone into mourning on that melancholy occasion; for, to tell the truth, (and if I had a visage sensible to such an impression, I should blush while I tell it,) I was as much in love as anybody, up nearly to the last moment, when I fell out of it, as it were, by a miracle; but, probably, a history of love's last look may be considered as my justification. The day before our departure, in returning from a ride, I overtook my love and her sister, strolling by the river's side, and, instantly dismounting, I joined in their walk. My horse was following, at the length of his bridle-reins, and, while I was engaged in conversation with the sister, the other dropped behind, and, when I looked round, I found her mounted *astride* of my horse! and with such a pair of legs, too! It was rather too good; and "Richard was himself again."

Although released, under the foregoing circumstances, from individual attachment, that of a general nature continued strong as ever; and, without an exception on either side, I do believe, that we parted with mutual regret, and with the most unbounded love and good feeling towards each other. We exchanged substantial proofs of it while together; we continued to do so after we had parted; nor were we forgotten when we were *no more*! It having appeared, in some of the newspapers, a year afterwards, that every one of our officers had been killed at Waterloo, that the regiment had been brought out of the action by a volunteer, and the report having come to the knowledge of our Castle-Sarazin friends, they drew up a letter, which they sent to our commanding officer, signed by every person of respectability in the place, lamenting our fate, expressing a hope that the report might have been exaggerated, and entreating to be informed as to the particular fate of each individual officer, whom they mentioned by name. They were kind good-hearted souls, and may God bless them!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Commencement of the War of 1815—Embark for Rotterdam—Ship's Stock—Ship struck—A Pilot, a Smuggler, and a Lawyer—A Boat without Stock—Join the Regiment at Brussels.

I HAVE endeavoured, in this book of mine, to measure out the peace and war in due proportions, according to the spirit of the times it speaks of; and, as there appears to me to be as much peace in the last chapter as occurred in Europe between 1814 and 1815, I shall, with the reader's permission, lodge my regiment, at once, on Dover-heights, and myself in Scotland, taking a shot at the last of the woodcocks, which happened to be our relative positions, when Buonaparte's escape from Elba once more summoned the army to the field.

The first intimation I had of it was by a letter, informing me of the embarkation of the battalion for the Netherlands, and desiring me to join them there, without delay; and, finding that a brig was to sail, the following day, from Leith to Rotterdam, I took a passage on board of her. She was an odd one to look at, but the captain assured me that she was a good one to go; and, besides, that he had provided everything that was elegant for our entertainment. The latter piece of information I did not think of questioning until too late to profit by it, for I had the mortification to discover, the first day, that his whole stock consisted in a quarter of lamb, in addition to the ship's own, with a few cabbages, and five gallons of whiskey.

After having been ten days at sea, I was awake, one morning before daylight, with the ship's grinding over a sand-bank, on the coast of Holland; fortunately, it did not blow hard, and a pilot soon after came alongside, who, after exacting a reward suitable to the occasion, at length consented to come on board, and extricated us from our perilous situation, carrying the vessel into the entrance of one of the small branches of the river leading up to Rotterdam, where we came to anchor. The captain was very desirous of appealing to a magistrate for a reduction in the exorbitant demand of the pilot; and I accompanied him on shore for that purpose. An Englishman made up to us at the landing-place, and said that his name was C—, that he had made his fortune by smuggling, and, though he was not permitted to spend it in his native country, that he had the greatest pleasure in being of service to his countrymen. As this was exactly the sort of person we were in search of, the Captain explained his grievance; and the

other said that he would conduct him to a gentleman who would soon put that to rights. We, accordingly, walked to the adjoining village, in one of the houses of which he introduced us, formally, to a tall Dutchman, with a pipe in his mouth and a pen behind his ear, who, after hearing the story, proceeded to commit it, in large characters, to a quire of foolscap.

The cautious nature of the Scotchman did not altogether like the appearance of the man of business, and demanding, through the interpreter, whether there would be anything to pay for his proceedings! he was told that it would cost five guineas. "Five devils," said Saunders; "What is it for?" "For a protest," said the other. "Curse the protest," said the captain; "I came here to save five guineas, and not to pay five more." I could stand the scene no longer, and rushed out of the house, under the pretence of seeing the village; and on my return to the ship, half an hour afterwards, I found the captain fast asleep. I know not whether he swallowed the remainder of the five gallons of whiskey, in addition to his five-guinea grievance, but I could not shake him out of it, although the mate and I tried, alternately, for upwards of two hours; and indeed I never heard whether he ever got out of it,—for when I found that they had to go outside to find another passage up to Rotterdam, I did not think it prudent to trust myself any longer in the hands of such artists, and, taking leave of the sleeper, with a last ineffectual shake, I hired a boat to take me through the passage in which we then were.

We started with a stiff fair wind, and the boatman assured me that we should reach Rotterdam in less than five hours (forty miles); but it soon lulled to a dead calm, which left us to the tedious operation of tiding it up; and, to mend the matter, we had not a fraction of money between us, nor anything to eat or drink. I bore starvation all that day and night, with the most christian-like fortitude; but, the next morning, I could stand it no longer, and sending the boatman on shore, to a neighbouring house, I instructed him either to beg or steal something, whichever he should find the most prolific; but he was a clumsy hand at both, and came on board again with only a very small quantity of coffee. It, however, afforded some relief, and in the afternoon we reached the town of Dort, and, on lodging my baggage in pawn with a French inn-keeper, he advanced me the means of going on to Rotterdam, where I got cash for the bill which I had on a merchant there. Once more furnished with the "sinews of war," with my feet on *terra firma*, I lost no time in setting forward to Antwerp, and from thence to Brussels, when I had the happiness of rejoining my battalion, which was then quartered in the city.

Brussels was at this time, a scene of extraordinary preparation, from the succession of troops who were hourly arriving, and in their formation into brigades and divisions. We had the good fortune to be attached to the brigade of our old favourite commander, Sir James Kempt, and in the fifth division, under Sir Thomas Picton. It was the only division quartered in Brussels, the others being all towards the French frontier, except the Duke of Brunswick's corps, which lay on the Antwerp road.

CHAPTER XIX.

Relative Situation of the Troops—March from Brussels—The Prince and the Beggar—Battle of Quatre-Bras.

As our division was composed of crack regiments, under crack commanders, and headed by fire-eating generals, we had little to do the first fortnight after my arrival, beyond indulging in all the amusements of our delightful quarter; but, as the middle of June approached, we began to get a little more on the *qui vive*, for we were aware that Napoleon was about to make a dash at some particular point; and, as he was not the sort of general to give his opponent an idea of the when and the where, the greater part of our army was necessarily disposed along the frontier, to meet him at his own place. They were of course too much extended to offer effectual resistance in their advanced position; but as our division and the Duke of Brunswick's corps were held in reserve, at Brussels, in readiness to be thrust at whatever point might be attacked, they were a sufficient additional force to check the enemy for the time required to concentrate the army.

On the 14th of June it was generally known, among the

military circles in Brussels, that Buonaparte was in motion, at the head of his troops; and though his movement was understood to point at the Prussians, yet he was not sufficiently advanced to form a correct clue to his intentions.

We were, the whole of the 15th, on the most anxious look out for news from the front; but no report had been received prior to the hour of dinner. I went, about seven in the evening, to take a stroll in the park, and meeting one of the Duke's staff, he asked me, *en passant*, whether my pack-saddles were all ready! I told him that they were nearly so, and added, "I suppose they won't be wanted, at all events, before to-morrow!" to which he replied, in the act of leaving me, "If you have any preparation to make, I would recommend you not to delay so long." I took the hint, and returning to quarters, remained in momentary expectation of an order to move. The bugles sounded to arms about two hours after.

To the credit of our battalion, be it recorded, that, although the greater part were in bed when the assembly sounded, and billeted over the most distant parts of that extensive city, every man was on his alarm-post before eleven o'clock, in a complete state of marching order: whereas, it was nearly two o'clock in the morning before we were joined by the others.

As a grand ball was to take place the same night, at the Duchess of Richmond's, the order for the assembling of the troops was accompanied by permission for any officer who chose to remain for the ball, provided that he joined his regiment early in the morning. Several of ours took advantage of it.

Brussels was, at that time, thronged with British temporary residents; who, no doubt, in the course of the two last days, must have heard, through their military acquaintance, of the immediate prospect of hostilities. But, accustomed, on their own ground, to hear of those things as a piece of news in which they were not personally concerned; and never dreaming of danger, in streets crowded with the gay uniforms of their countrymen; it was not until their defenders were summoned to the field, that they were fully sensible of their changed circumstances; and the suddenness of the danger multiplying its horrors, many of them were now seen running about in the wildest state of distraction.

Waiting for the arrival of the other regiments, we endeavoured to snatch an hour's repose on the pavement; but we were every instant disturbed, by ladies as well as gentlemen; some stumbling over us in the dark—some shaking us out of our sleep, to be told the news—and not a few, conceiving their immediate safety depending upon our standing in place of lying. All those who applied for the benefit of my advice, I recommended to go to bed, to keep themselves perfectly cool, and to rest assured that, if their departure from the city became necessary, (which I very much doubted,) they would have at least one whole day to prepare for it, as we were leaving some beef and potatoes behind us, for which, I was sure, we would fight, rather than abandon!

The whole of the division having, at length, assembled, we were put in motion about three o'clock on the morning of the 16th, and advanced to the village of Waterloo, where, forming in a field adjoining the road, our men were allowed to prepare their breakfasts. I succeeded in getting mine, in a small inn, on the left hand side of the village.

Lord Wellington joined us about nine o'clock; and, from his very particular orders, to see that the roads were kept clear of baggage, and everything likely to impede the movements of the troops, I have since been convinced that his lordship had thought it probable that the position of Waterloo might, even that day, have become the scene of action; for it was a good broad road, on which there were neither the quantity of baggage nor of troops moving at the time, to excite the slightest apprehension of confusion. Leaving us halted, he galloped on to the front, followed by his staff; and we were soon after joined by the Duke of Brunswick, with his corps of the army.

His highness dismounted near the place where I was standing, and seated himself on the road-side, along with his adjutant-general. He soon after despatched his companion on some duty; and I was much amused to see the vacated place immediately filled by an old beggar-man; who, seeing nothing in the black hussar uniform beside him denoting the high rank of the wearer, began to grunt and scratch himself most luxuriously! The duke showed a degree of courage which few would, under such circumstances; for he maintained his post until the return of his officer, when he very jocularly said, "Well, O——n, you see that your place was not long unoccupied!"—How little idea had I, at the time, that the life of the illustrious speaker was limited to three short hours!

About twelve o'clock an order arrived for the troops to advance, leaving their baggage behind; and though it sounded warlike, yet we did not expect to come in contact with the enemy, at all events, on that day. But, as we moved forward, the symptoms of their immediate presence kept gradually increasing; for we presently met a cart-load of wounded Belgians; and, after passing through Genappe, the distant sound of a solitary gun struck on the listening ear. But all doubt on the subject was quickly removed; for, on ascending the rising ground, where stands the village of Quatre Bras, we saw a considerable plain in our front, flanked on each side by a wood; and on another acclivity beyond, we could perceive the enemy descending towards us, in most imposing numbers.

Quatre Bras, at that time, consisted of only three or four houses; and, as its name betokens, I believe, stood at the junction of four roads; on one of which we were moving; a second, inclined to the right; a third, in the same degree, to the left; and the fourth, I conclude, must have gone backwards; but, as I had not an eye in that direction, I did not see it.

The village was occupied by some Belgians, under the Prince of Orange, who had an advanced post in a large farmhouse, at the foot of the road, which inclined to the right; and a part of his division, also, occupied the wood on the same side.

Lord Wellington, I believe, after leaving us at Waterloo, galloped on to the Prussian position at Ligny, where he had an interview with Blücher, in which they concerted measures for their mutual co-operation. When we arrived at Quatre Bras, however, we found him in a field near the Belgian outpost; and the enemy's guns were just beginning to play upon the spot where he stood, surrounded by a numerous staff.

We halted for a moment on the brow of the hill; and as Sir Andrew Barnard galloped forward to the head-quarter group; I followed, to be in readiness to convey any orders to the battalion. The moment we approached, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, separating himself from the duke, said, "Barnard, you are wanted instantly; take your battalion and endeavour to get possession of that village," pointing to one on the face of the rising ground, down which the enemy were moving; "but if you cannot do that, secure that wood on the left, and keep the road open for communication with the Prussians." We instantly moved in the given direction; but, ere we had got half-way to the village, we had the mortification to see the enemy throw such a force into it, as rendered any attempt to retake it, with our numbers, utterly hopeless; and as another strong body of them were hastening towards the wood, which was the second object pointed out to us, we immediately brought them to action, and secured it. In moving to that point, one of our men went raving mad, from excessive heat. The poor fellow cut a few extraordinary capers, and died in the course of a few minutes.

While our battalion-reserve occupied the front of the wood, our skirmishers lined the side of the road, which was the Prussian line of communication. The road itself, however, was crossed by such a shower of balls, that none but a desperate traveller would have undertaken a journey on it. We were presently reinforced by a small battalion of foreign light troops, with whose assistance we were in hopes to have driven the enemy a little further from it; but they were a raw body of men, who had never before been under fire; and, as they could not be prevailed upon to join our skirmishers, we could make no use of them whatever. Their conduct, in fact, was an exact representation of Mathews's ludicrous one of the American militia, for Sir Andrew Barnard repeatedly pointed out to them which was the French, and which our side; and, after explaining that they were not to fire a shot until they joined our skirmishers, the word "March!" was given; but *march*, to them, was always the signal to fire, for they stood fast, and began blazing away, chiefly at our skirmishers too; the officers commanding whom were every time sending back to say that we were shooting them; until we were, at last, obliged to be satisfied with whatever advantages their appearance could give, as even that was of some consequence, where troops were so scarce.

Buonaparte's attack on the Prussians had already commenced, and the fire of artillery and musketry, in that direction was tremendous; but the intervening higher ground prevented us from seeing any part of it.

The plain to our right, which we had just quitted, had, likewise, become the scene of a sanguinary and unequal contest. Our division, after we left it, deployed into line, and, in advancing, met and routed the French infantry; but, in following up their advantage, they encountered a furious

charge of cavalry, and were obliged to throw themselves into squares to receive it. With the exception of one regiment, however, which had two companies cut to pieces, they were not only successful in resisting the attack, but made awful havoc in the enemy's ranks, who, nevertheless, continued their forward career, and went sweeping past them, like a whirlwind, up to the village of Quatre Bras, to the confusion and consternation of the numerous useless appendages of our army, who were there assembled, waiting the result of the battle.

The forward movement of the enemy's cavalry gave their infantry time to rally; and, strongly reinforced with fresh troops, they again advanced to the attack. This was a crisis in which, according to Buonaparte's theory, the victory was theirs, by all the rules of war, for they held superior numbers, both before and behind us; but the gallant old Picton, who had been trained in a different school, did not choose to confine himself to rules in those matters; despising the force in his rear, he advanced, charged, and routed those in his front, which created such a panic among the others, that they galloped back through the intervals in his division, with no other object in view but their own safety. After this desperate conflict, the firing, on both sides, lulled almost to a calm for nearly an hour, while each was busy in renewing their order of battle. The Duke of Brunswick had been killed early in the action, endeavouring to rally his young troops, who were unable to withstand the impetuosity of the French; and as we had no other cavalry force in the field, the few British infantry regiments present, having to bear the full brunt of the enemy's superior force of both arms, were now considerably reduced in numbers.

The battle, on the side of the Prussians, still continued to rage in an unceasing roar of artillery. About four, in the afternoon, a troop of their dragoons came, as a patrol, to inquire how it fared with us, and told us, in passing, that they still maintained their position. Their day, however, was still to be decided, and, indeed, for that matter, so was our own; for, although the firing, for the moment, had nearly ceased, I had not yet clearly made up my mind which side had been the offensive, which the defensive, or which the winning. I had merely the satisfaction of knowing that we had not lost it; for we had met fairly in the middle of a field, (or, rather unfairly, considering that they had two to one,) and, after the scramble was over, our division still held the ground they fought on. All doubts on the subject, however, began to be removed about five o'clock. The enemy's artillery once more opened; and, on running to the brow of the hill, to ascertain the cause, we perceived our old light-division general, Count Alten, at the head of a fresh British division, moving gallantly down the road towards us. It was, indeed, a joyful sight; for, as already mentioned, our division had suffered so severely that we could not help looking forward to a renewal of the action, with such a disparity of force, with considerable anxiety; but this reinforcement gave us new life, and, as soon as they came near enough to afford support, we commenced the offensive, and, driving in the skirmishers opposed to us, succeeded in gaining a considerable portion of the position originally occupied by the enemy, when darkness obliged us to desist. In justice to the foreign battalion, which had been all day attached to us, I must say that, in this last movement, they joined us cordially, and behaved exceedingly well. They had a very gallant young fellow at their head; and their conduct, in the earlier part of the day, can, therefore, only be ascribed to its being their first appearance on such a stage.

Leaving General Alten in possession of the ground which we had assisted in winning, we returned in search of our division, and reached them about eleven at night, lying asleep in their glory, on the field where they had fought, which contained many a bloody trace of the day's work.

The firing, on the side of the Prussians, had altogether ceased before dark, but recommenced, with redoubled fury, about an hour after; and it was then, as we afterwards learnt, that they lost the battle.

We lay down by our arms, near the farm-house already mentioned, in front of Quatre Bras; and the deuce is in it if we were not in good trim for sleeping, seeing that we had been either marching or fighting for twenty-six successive hours.

An hour before daybreak, next morning, a rattling fire of musketry along the whole line of piquets made every one spring to his arms; and we remained looking as fierce as possible until daylight, when each side was seen expecting an attack, while the piquets were blazing at one another without any ostensible cause: it gradually ceased, as the day advanced, and appeared to have been occasioned by a patrol of

dragoons getting between the piquets by accident: when firing commences in the dark it is not easily stopped.

June 17th.—As last night's fighting only ceased with the daylight, the scene, this morning, presented a savage unsettled appearance; the fields were strewn with the bodies of men, horses, torn clothing, and shattered cuirasses; and, though no movements appeared to be going on on either side, yet, as occasional shots continued to be exchanged at different points, it kept every one wide awake. We had the satisfaction of knowing that the whole of our army had assembled on the hill behind in the course of the night.

About nine o'clock, we received the news of Blücher's defeat, and of his retreat to Wavre. Lord Wellington, therefore, immediately began to withdraw his army to the position of Waterloo.

Sir Andrew Barnard was ordered to remain as long as possible with our battalion, to mask the retreat of the others; and was told, if we were attacked, that the whole of the British cavalry were in readiness to advance to our relief. I had an idea, however, that a single rifle battalion in the midst of ten thousand dragoons, would come but indifferently off in the event of a general crash, and was by no means sorry when, between eleven and twelve o'clock, every regiment had got clear off, and we followed, before the enemy had put anything in motion against us.

After leaving the village of Quatre Bras, and passing through our cavalry, who were formed on each side of the road, we drew up, at the entrance of Genappe. The rain, at that moment, began to descend in torrents, and our men were allowed to shelter themselves in the nearest houses; but we were obliged to turn out again in the midst of it, in less than five minutes, as we found the French cavalry and ours already exchanging shots, and the latter were falling back to the more favourable ground behind Genappe; we, therefore, retired with them, *en masse*, through the village, and formed again on the rising ground beyond.

While we remained there, we had an opportunity of seeing the different affairs of cavalry; and it did one's heart good to see how cordially the life-guards went at the work: they had no idea of anything but straight-forward fighting, and sent their opponents flying in all directions. The only young thing they showed was in every one who got a roll in the mud, (and, owing to the slipperiness of the ground, there were many,) going off to the rear, according to their Hyde-Park custom, as being no longer fit to appear on parade! I thought, at first, that they had been all wounded, but, on finding how the case stood, I could not help telling them that theirs was now the situation to verify the old proverb, "the uglier the better soldier!"

The roads, as well as the fields, had now become so heavy, that our progress to the rear was very slow; and it was six in the evening before we drew into the position of Waterloo. Our battalion took post in the second line that night, with its right resting on the Namur-road, behind La Haye Sainte, near a small mud-cottage, which Sir Andrew Barnard occupied as a quarter. The enemy arrived in front, in considerable force, about an hour after us, and a cannonade took place in different parts of the line, which ended at dark, and we lay down by our arms. It rained excessively hard the greater part of the night; nevertheless, having succeeded in getting a bundle of hay for my horse, and one of straw for myself, I secured the horse to his bundle, by tying him to one of the men's swords stuck in the ground, and, placing mine under his nose, I laid myself down upon it, and never opened my eyes again until daylight.

CHAPTER XX.

Battle of Waterloo—"A Horse! a Horse!"—Breakfast—Position—Disposition—Meeting of particular Friends—Dish of Powder and Ball—Fricassee of Swords—End of First Course—Pounding—Brewing—Peppering—Cutting and Maiming—Fury—Tantalizing—Charging—Cheering—Chasing—Opinionizing—Anecdotes—The End.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO, 18TH JUNE, 1815.

WHEN I awoke, this morning, at daylight, I found myself drenched with rain. I had slept so long and so soundly that I had, at first, but a very confused notion of my situation; but

having a bright idea that my horse had been my companion when I went to sleep, I was rather startled at finding that I was now alone; nor could I rub my eyes clear enough to procure a sight of him, which was vexatious enough; for, independent of his value as a horse, his services were indispensable; and an adjutant might as well think of going into action without his arms as without a supporter. But whatever my feelings might have been towards him, it was evident that he had none for me, from having drawn his sword and marched off. The chances of finding him again, amid ten thousand others, were about equal to the odds against the needle in a bundle of hay; but for once the single chance was gained, as, after a diligent search of an hour, he was discovered between two artillery horses, about half a mile from where he broke loose.

The weather cleared up as the morning advanced; and, though everything remained quiet at the moment, we were confident that the day would not pass off without an engagement, and, therefore, proceeded to put our arms in order, as, also, to get ourselves dried and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

We made a fire against the wall of Sir Andrew Barnard's cottage, and boiled a huge camp-kettle full of tea, mixed up with a suitable quantity of milk and sugar, for breakfast; and, as it stood on the edge of the high road, where all the big-wigs of the army had occasion to pass, in the early part of the morning, I believe almost every one of them, from the Duke downwards, claimed a cupful.

About nine o'clock, we received an order to retain a quantity of spare ammunition, in some secure place, and to send everything in the shape of baggage and baggage-animals to the rear. It, therefore, became evident that the Duke meant to give battle in his present position; and it was, at the same time, generally understood that a corps of thirty thousand Prussians were moving to our support.

About ten o'clock, an unusual bustle was observable among the staff-officers, and we soon after received an order to stand to our arms. The troops who had been stationed in our front during the night were then moved off to the right, and our division took up its fighting position.

Our battalion stood on what was considered the left centre of the position. We had our right resting on the Namur-road, about a hundred yards in rear of the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, and our left extending behind a broken hedge, which ran along the ridge to the left. Immediately in our front, and divided from La Haye Sainte only by the great road, stood a small knoll, with a sand-hole in its farthest side, which we occupied, as an advanced post, with three companies. The remainder of the division was formed in two lines; the first, consisting chiefly of light troops, behind the hedge, in continuation from the left of our battalion reserve; and the second, about a hundred yards in its rear. The guns were placed in the intervals between the brigades, two pieces were in the road-way on our right, and a rocket-brigade in the centre.

The road had been cut through the rising ground, and was about twenty or thirty feet deep where our right rested, and, which, in a manner, separated us from all the troops beyond. The division, I believe, under General Alten occupied the ground next to us, on the right. He had a light battalion of the German legion, posted inside of La Haye Sainte, and the household brigade of cavalry stood under cover of the rising ground behind him. On our left there were some Hanoverians and Belgians, together with a brigade of British heavy dragoons, the royals, and Scotch greys.

These were all the observations on the disposition of our army that my situation enabled me to make. The whole position seemed to be a gently rising ground, presenting no obstacle at any point, excepting the broken hedge in the front of our division, and it was only one in appearance, as it could be passed in every part.

Shortly after we had taken up our ground, some columns, from the enemy's left, were seen in motion towards Hugamont, and were soon warmly engaged with the right of our army. A cannon ball, too, came from the Lord knows where, for it was not fired at us, and took the head off our right hand man. That part of their position, in our immediate front, next claimed our undivided attention. It had hitherto been looking suspiciously innocent, with scarcely a human being upon it; but innumerable black specks were now seen taking post at regular distances in its front, and recognizing them as so many pieces of artillery, I knew, from experience, although nothing else was yet visible, that they were unerring symptoms of our not being destined to be idle spectators.

From the moment we took possession of the knoll, we had

basied ourselves in collecting branches of trees and other things, for the purpose of making an *abatis* to block up the road between that and the farm-house, and soon completed one, which we thought looked sufficiently formidable to keep out the whole of the French cavalry; but it was put to the proof sooner than we expected, by a troop of our own light dragoons, who, having occasion to gallop through, astonished us not a little by clearing away every stick of it. We had just time to replace the scattered branches, when the whole of the enemy's artillery opened, and their countless columns began to advance under cover of it.

The scene at that moment was grand and imposing, and we had a few minutes to spare for observation. The column destined as our particular *friends*, first attracted our notice, and seemed to consist of about ten thousand infantry. A smaller body of infantry and one of cavalry moved on their right; and, on their left, another huge column of infantry, and a formidable body of cuirassiers, while beyond them it seemed one moving mass.

We saw Buonaparte himself take post on the side of the road, immediately in our front, surrounded by a numerous staff; and each regiment, as they passed him, rent the air with shouts of "*vive l'Empereur*," nor did they cease after they had passed; but, backed by the thunder of their artillery, and carrying with them the *rubidub* of drums, and the *tantarara* of trumpets, in addition to their increasing shouts, it looked, at first, as if they had some hopes of scaring us off the ground; for it was a singular contrast to the stern silence reigning on our side, where nothing, as yet, but the voices of our great guns, told that we had mouths to open when we chose to use them. Our rifles were, however, in a very few seconds, required to play their parts, and opened such a fire on the advancing skirmishers as quickly brought them to a stand still; but their columns advanced steadily through them, although our incessant *tiralade* was telling in their centre with fearful exactness, and our post was quickly turned in both flanks, which compelled us to fall back and join our comrades, behind the hedge, though not before some of our officers and theirs had been engaged in personal combat.

When the heads of their columns showed over the knoll which we had just quitted, they received such a fire from our first line, that they wavered, and hung behind it a little; but, cheered and encouraged by the gallantry of their officers, who were dancing and flourishing their swords in front, they at last boldly advanced to the opposite side of our hedge, and began to deploy. Our first line, in the mean time, was getting so thinned, that Picton found it necessary to bring up his second, but fell in the act of doing it. The command of the division, at that critical moment, devolved upon Sir James Kemp, who was galloping along the line, animating the men to steadiness. He called to me by name, where I happened to be standing on the right of our battalion, and desired "that I would never quit that spot." I told him that "he might depend upon it;" and in another instant I found myself in a fair way of keeping my promise more religiously than I intended; for, glancing my eye to the right, I saw the next field covered with the cuirassiers, some of whom were making directly for the gap in the hedge, where I was standing. I had not hitherto drawn my sword, as it was generally to be had at a moment's warning; but, from its having been exposed to the last night's rain, it had now got rusted in the scabbard, and refused to come forth! I was in a precious scrape. Mounted on my strong Flanders mare, and with my good old sword in my hand, I would have braved all the chances without a moment's hesitation; but, I confess, that I felt considerable doubts as to the propriety of standing there to be sacrificed, without the means of making a scramble for it. My mind, however, was happily relieved from such an embarrassing consideration, before my decision was required; for the next moment the cuirassiers were charged by our household brigade; and the infantry in our front giving way at the same time, under our terrific shower of musketry, the flying cuirassiers tumbled in among the routed infantry, followed by the life-guards, who were cutting away in all directions. Hundreds of the infantry threw themselves down, and pretended to be dead, while the cavalry galloped over them, and then got up and ran away. I never saw such a scene in all my life.

Lord Wellington had given orders that the troops were, on no account, to leave the position to follow up any temporary advantage; so that we now resumed our post, as we stood at the commencement of the battle, and with three companies again advanced on the knoll.

I was told, it was very ridiculous, at that moment, to see the number of vacant spots that were left nearly all along the whole of the line, where a great part of the dark dressed

foreign troops had stood, intermixed with the British, when the action began.

Our division got considerably reduced in numbers during the last attack; but Lord Wellington's fostering hand sent Sir John Lambert to our support, with the sixth division; and we now stood prepared for another and more desperate struggle.

Our battalion had already lost three officers killed, and six or seven wounded; among the latter were Sir Andrew Barnard and Colonel Cameron.

Some one asking me what had become of my horse's ear, was the first intimation I had of his being wounded; and I now found that, independent of one ear having been shaved close to his head, (I suppose by a cannon-shot,) a musket-ball had grazed across his forehead, and another gone through one of his legs, but he did not seem much the worse for either of them.

Between two and three o'clock we were tolerably quiet, except from a thundering cannonade; and the enemy had, by that time, got the range of our position so accurately that every shot brought a ticket for somebody's head.

An occasional gun, beyond the plain, far to our left, marked the approach of the Prussians; but their progress was too slow to afford a hope of their arriving in time to take any share in the battle.

On our right, the roar of cannon and musketry had been incessant from the time of its commencement; but the higher ground, near us, prevented our seeing anything of what was going on.

Between three and four o'clock, the storm gathered again in our front. Our three companies on the knoll were soon involved in a furious fire. The Germans, occupying La Haye Sainte, expended all their ammunition, and fled from the post. The French took possession of it; and, as it flanked our knoll, we were obliged to abandon it also, and fall back again behind the hedge.

The loss of La Haye Sainte was of the most serious consequence, as it afforded the enemy an establishment within our position. They immediately brought up two guns on our side of it, and began serving out some grape to us; but they were so very near, that we destroyed their artillerymen before they could give us a second round.

The silencing of these guns was succeeded by a very extraordinary scene, on the same spot. A strong regiment of Hanoverians advanced in line, to charge the enemy out of La Haye Sainte; but they were themselves charged by a brigade of cuirassiers, and, excepting one officer, on a little black horse, who went off to the rear, like a shot out of a shovel, I do believe that every man of them was put to death in about five seconds. A brigade of British light dragoons advanced to their relief, and a few, on each side, began exchanging thrusts; but it seemed likely to be a drawn battle between them, without much harm being done, when our men brought it to a crisis sooner than either side anticipated, for they previously had their rifles eagerly pointed at the cuirassiers, with a view of saving the perishing Hanoverians; but the fear of killing their friends withheld them, until the others were utterly overwhelmed, when they instantly opened a terrific fire on the whole concern, sending both sides to flight; so that, on the small space of ground, within a hundred yards of us, where five thousand men had been fighting the instant before, there was not now a living soul to be seen.

It made me mad to see the cuirassiers, in their retreat, stooping and stabbing at our wounded men, as they lay on the ground. How I wished that I had been blessed with Omnipotent power for a moment, that I might have blighted them!

The same field continued to be a wild one the whole of the afternoon. It was a sort of duelling-post between the two armies, every half hour showing a meeting of some kind upon it; but they never exceeded a short scramble, for men's lives were held very cheap there.

For the two or three succeeding hours there was no variety with us, but one continued blaze of musketry. The smoke hung so thick about, that, although not more than eighty yards asunder, we could only distinguish each other by the flashes of the pieces.

A good many of our guns had been disabled, and a great many more rendered unserviceable in consequence of the unprecedented close fighting; for, in several places, where they had been posted but a very few yards in front of the line, it was impossible to work them.

I shall never forget the scene which the field of battle presented about seven in the evening. I felt weary and worn out, less from fatigue than anxiety. Our division, which had stood upwards of five thousand men at the commencement of

the battle, had gradually dwindled down into a solitary line of skirmishers. The twenty-seventh regiment were lying literally dead, in square, a few yards behind us. My horse had received another shot through the leg, and one through the flap of the saddle, which lodged in his body, sending him a step beyond the pension-list. The smoke still hung so thick about us that we could see nothing. I walked a little way to each flank to endeavour to get a glimpse of what was going on; but nothing met my eye except the mangled remains of men and horses, and I was obliged to return to my post as wise as I went.

I had never yet heard of a battle in which everybody was killed; but this seemed likely to be an exception, as all were going by turns. We got excessively impatient under the tame similitude of the latter part of the process, and burned with desire to have a last thrust at our respective *vis-à-vis*; for, however desperate our affairs were, we had still the satisfaction of seeing that theirs were worse. Sir John Lambert continued to stand as our support, at the head of three good old regiments, one dead (the twenty-seventh) and two living ones; and we took the liberty of soliciting him to aid our views; but the Duke's orders on that head were so very particular that the gallant general had no choice.

Presently a cheer, which we knew to be British, commenced far to the right, and made every one prick up his ears;—it was Lord Wellington's long wished-for orders to advance; it gradually approached, growing louder as it grew near;—we took it up by instinct, charged through the hedge down upon the old knoll, sending our adversaries flying at the point of the bayonet. Lord Wellington galloped up to us at the instant, and our men began to cheer him; but he called out, "no cheering, my lads, but forward, and complete your victory!"

This movement had carried us clear of the smoke, and to people who had been for so many hours enveloped in darkness, in the midst of destruction, and naturally anxious about the result of the day, the scene which now met the eye conveyed a feeling of more exquisite gratification than can be conceived. It was a fine summer's evening, just before sunset. The French were flying in one confused mass. British lines were seen in close pursuit, and in admirable order, as far as the eye could reach to the right, while the plain to the left was filled with Prussians. The enemy made one last attempt at a stand on the rising ground to our right of La Belle Alliance; but a charge from General Adams's brigade again threw them into a state of confusion, which was now inextinguishable, and their ruin was complete. Artillery, baggage, and everything belonging to them, fell into our hands. After pursuing them until dark, we halted about two miles beyond the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to follow up the victory.

This was the last, the greatest, and the most uncomfortable heap of glory that I ever had a hand in, and may the deuce take me if I think that everybody waited there to see the end of it, otherwise it never could have been so troublesome to those who did. We were, take us all in all, a very bad army. Our foreign auxiliaries, who constituted more than half of our numerical strength, with some exceptions, were little better than raw militia—a body without a soul, or like an inflated pillow, that gives to the touch, and resumes its shape again when the pressure ceases—not to mention the many who went clear out of the field, and were only seen while plundering our baggage in their retreat.

Our heavy cavalry made some brilliant charges in the early part of the day; but they never knew when to stop, their ardour in following their advantages carrying them headlong on, until many of them "burnt their fingers," and got dispersed or destroyed.

Of that gallant corps, the royal artillery, it is enough to say, that they maintained their former reputation—the first in the world—and it was a serious loss to us, in the latter part of the day, to be deprived of this more powerful co-operation, from the causes already mentioned.

The British infantry and the King's German legion continued the inflexible supporters of their country's honour throughout, and their unshaken constancy under the most desperate circumstances showed that, though they might be destroyed, they were not to be beaten.

If Lord Wellington had been at the head of his old Peninsula army, I am confident that he would have swept his opponents off the face of the earth immediately after their first attack; but with such a heterogeneous mixture under his command, he was obliged to submit to a longer day.

It will ever be a matter of dispute what the result of that day would have been without the arrival of the Prussians: but it is clear to me that Lord Wellington would not have fought

at Waterloo unless Blücher had promised to aid him with 30,000 men, as he required that number to put him on a numerical footing with his adversary. It is certain that the promised aid did not come in time to take any share whatever in the battle. It is equally certain that the enemy had, long before, been beaten into a mass of ruin, in condition for nothing but running, and wanting but an apology to do it; and I will ever maintain that Lord Wellington's last advance would have made it the same victory had a Prussian never been seen there.

The field of battle, next morning, presented a frightful scene of carnage; it seemed as if the world had tumbled to pieces, and three-fourths of everything destroyed in the wreck. The ground running parallel to the front of where we had stood was so thickly strewn with fallen men and horses, that it was difficult to step clear of their bodies; many of the former still alive, and imploring assistance, which it was not in our power to bestow.

The usual salutation on meeting an acquaintance of another regiment after an action was to ask who had been hit? but on this occasion it was "Who's alive?" Meeting one, next morning, a very little fellow, I asked what had happened to them yesterday? "I'll be hanged," says he, "if I know anything at all about the matter, for I was all day trodden in the mud and galloped over by every scoundrel who had a horse; and, in short, that I only owe my existence to my insignificance."

Two of our men, on the morning of the 19th, lost their lives by a very melancholy accident. They were cutting up a captured ammunition-wagon for firewood, when one of their swords striking against a nail, sent a spark among the powder. When I looked in the direction of the explosion, I saw the two poor fellows about twenty or thirty feet up in the air. On falling to the ground, though lying on their backs or bellies, some extraordinary effort of nature, caused by the agony of the moment, made them spring from that position, five or six times, to the height of eight or ten feet, just as a fish does when thrown on the ground after being newly caught. It was so unlike a scene in real life that it was impossible to witness it without forgetting, for a moment, the horror of their situation.

I ran to the spot along with others, and found that every stitch of clothes had been burnt off, and they were black as ink all over. They were still alive, and told us their names, otherwise we could not have recognized them; and, singular enough, they were able to walk off the ground with a little support, but died shortly after.

Among other officers who fell at Waterloo, we lost one of the wildest youths that ever belonged to the service. He seemed to have a prophetic notion of his approaching end, for he repeatedly told us, in the early part of the morning, that he believed the devil would have him before night. I shall relate one anecdote of him, which occurred while we were in Spain. He went, by chance, to pass the day with two officers, quartered at a neighbouring village, who happened to be, that day, engaged to dine with the clergyman. Knowing their visitor's mischievous propensities, they were at first afraid to make him one of the party; but, after schooling him into a suitable propriety of behaviour, and exacting a promise of implicit obedience, they, at last, ventured to take him. On their arrival, the ceremony of introduction had just been gone through, and their host seated at an open window, when a favourite cat of his went purring about the young gentleman's boots, who, catching it by the tail, and giving it two or three preparatory swings round his head, sent it flying out at the window where the parson was sitting, who only escaped it by suddenly stooping. The only apology the youngster made for his conduct was, "Egad, I think I astonished that fellow!" but whether it was the cat or the parson he meant I never could learn.

About twelve o'clock on the day after the battle, we commenced our march for Paris. I shall, therefore, leave my readers at Waterloo, in the hope that, among the many stories of romance to which that and the other celebrated fields gave birth, the foregoing unsophisticated one of an eye-witness may not have been found altogether uninteresting.

SCENES AND CHARACTERISTICS

OF

HINDOSTAN,

WITH

SKETCHES OF ANGLO-INDIAN SOCIETY.

BY EMMA ROBERTS,

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF THE RIVAL HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER," "ORIENTAL SCENES," &c. &c.

INTRODUCTION.

THE popularity obtained both in England and in India by a series of papers appearing in the *ASIATIC JOURNAL*, has led to their republication in a separate form.

Our territories in the Eastern world, though long and unaccountably neglected by persons of inquiring minds, are beginning to excite a very considerable degree of interest and attention, and the author may therefore hope that a work will be generally acceptable which affords information upon the subject of Native and Anglo-Indian Society.

The contents of the following volumes, consisting of the author's recollection of scenes and incidents occurring during her travels in India, are necessarily of a very desultory nature, but as it would have been impossible, in recasting and remodelling the whole, to preserve the freshness of the first impression, it was thought advisable to limit the revision to a few trifling additions and curtailments.

CHAPTER I.

CALCUTTA.

THE approach to the City of Palaces from the river is exceedingly fine: the Hooghly at all periods of the year presents a broad surface of sparkling water, and as it winds through a richly wooded country, clothed with eternal verdure, and interspersed with stately buildings, the stranger feels that banishment may be endured amid scenes of so much picturesque beauty, attended by so many luxurious accompaniments.

The usual landing-place, Champaul Ghaut, consists of a handsome stone esplanade, with a flight of broad steps leading to the water, which on the land side is entered through a sort of triumphal arch or gateway, supported upon pillars. Immediately in front of this edifice, a wide plain or *meidan* spreads over a spacious area, intersected by very broad roads, and on two sides of this superb quadrangle a part of the city and the suburb of Chowringhee extend themselves. The claims to architectural beauty of the City of Palaces have been questioned, and possibly there may be numberless faults to call forth the strictures of connoisseurs, but these are lost upon less erudite judges, who remain rapt in admiration at the magnificence of the *coup d'œil*. The houses for the most part are either entirely detached from each other, or connected only by long ranges of terraces, surmounted, like the flat roofs of the houses, with balustrades. The greater number of these mansions have pillared verandahs extending the whole way up, sometimes to the height of three stories, besides a large portico in front; and these clusters of columns, long colonnades, and lofty gateways, have a very imposing effect, especially when intermingled with forest trees and flowering shrubs. The material of the houses is what is termed *picckha*, brick coated with cement, resembling stone; and even those residences intended for families of very moderate income cover a large extent of ground, and afford architectural displays which would be vainly sought amid habitations belonging to the same class in England. These are the characteristics of the fashionable part of Calcutta; but even here, it must be acknowledged,

that a certain want of keeping and consistency, common to everything relating to India, injures the effect of the scene. A mud hut, or rows of native hovels, constructed of mats, thatch, and bamboos, not superior to the rudest wigwam, often rest against the outer walls of palaces, while there are avenues opening from the principal streets, intersected in all directions by native bazaars, filled with unsightly articles of every description. Few of the houses, excepting those exclusively occupied by Europeans, are kept in good repair; the least neglect becomes immediately visible, and nothing can be more melancholy than the aspect of a building in India which has been suffered to fall into a dilapidated state. The cement drops from the walls in large patches, the bare brick-work is diversified by weather stains, in which lichens and the fungus tribe speedily appear; the iron hinges of the outer venetian rust and break, and these gigantic lattices fall down, or hang suspended in the air, creaking and groaning with every breeze: the court-yards are allowed to accumulate litter, and there is an air of squalor spread over the whole establishment which disgusts the eye.

Formerly, strangers visiting Calcutta were dependent upon the hospitality of the residents, or were compelled to take large unfurnished houses, there being no other lodgings nor hotels for the reception of guests. But the capital of Bengal has become too large to admit of the continuance of old customs; boarding, and other houses of public entertainment have been opened, and conducted in so respectable a manner, that notwithstanding the great difficulty of subduing ancient prejudices, no person, however fastidious, can now scruple to become an inmate of them. The inconvenience of entering an empty house after a long voyage, is not so strongly felt as might be imagined by persons unacquainted with the customs of India; little is wanted besides the furniture which has been used for the cabin on board ship, and that little can be immediately supplied from the bazaars. A new arrival at Calcutta is instantaneously surrounded by persons who offer their services, both as domestics and purveyors, and it is always advisable to ask some resident friend or acquaintance to recommend proper people, as otherwise, there is no city in the world in which there would be greater danger of falling into the hands of cheats and robbers. Notwithstanding the long and strict intercourse which has taken place between the Bengalees and the English, a very small proportion of the natives have acquired the language of their masters: nor is the accomplishment, with very few exceptions, deemed at all desirable, since those who possess it are generally found to have lost all the virtues of the Indian character, without gaining anything in exchange. The *circars*, who may be styled agents, of all descriptions, are for the most part tolerably well acquainted with the English language; but these men are notorious for their knavery: they live by encouraging the extravagance of their employers, and the ruin of more than half of the Company's servants may be traced to the facilities thrown in their way by the supple *circar*, who, in his pretended zeal for "master," has obtained for him money on credit to any amount. *Circars* however are a necessary evil, and the present scarcity of money renders them less dangerous than heretofore; nor does the character of rogue apply to all. It would be unjust and ungrateful to withhold the praise honestly earned by many of these men, who have shown the utmost gratitude and fidelity to employers from whom their gains have been exceedingly trifling, consisting merely of a small percentage upon the articles supplied, and which no European purchaser could have obtained at so low a rate. With the assistance of a *circar*, the household affairs are easily and speedily managed; but in too many cases the first impression has been unfavourable, and persons who are unwilling to sit down to the acquirement of Hindostanee, choose to fancy all natives alike, and prefer having people about them of more than doubtful character, with whom they can converse, to the employment of a better class, who have no acquaintance with any language save their own. It is scarcely possible to impress the mind of a stranger in Calcutta too strongly with the necessity of collecting respectable persons in every department of the domestic establishment. The comfort of the household, and the security of property, which must necessarily be exposed to the forbearance of these people, are dependent upon the good conduct of the servants, and no one in India will be well served who does not comply with the customs of the country, or who has not sufficient command of temper to submit to many things which will at first appear irksome and disagreeable.

The furniture of a Calcutta house, though scanty, is handsome. The floors are covered with fine matting, and the walls are adorned with sconces having glass shades to them,

some containing two, and others three lights. The loftiness of the apartments renders a strong illumination necessary, and as cocoa-nut oil is very cheap, all the houses have the advantage of being exceedingly well lighted. One of the most beautiful features of the city at night, consists of the bright floods issuing from innumerable lamps in the houses of the rich, when, all the windows being open, the radiance is thrown across the neighbouring roads. The *punkah* is another distinguishing ornament of a Calcutta mansion; it is formed of a wooden frame-work, a foot and a half, or two feet broad, hung in the centre of the room and extending nearly its whole length. This frame is covered with painted canvass or fluted silk, finished round the edges with gilt mouldings. It is suspended from the ceiling by ropes covered with scarlet cloth, very tastefully disposed, and hangs within seven feet of the ground. A rope is fastened to the centre, and the whole apparatus waves to and fro, creating, if pulled vigorously, a strong current of air, and rendering the surrounding atmosphere endurable, when the heat would be much too great to be borne without it. The chairs and tables are usually of very fine wood, handsomely carved, and the sofas are for the most part covered with satin damask; but comfort and convenience being more studied than appearance, there are few of those elegant little trifles in the way of furniture, by which an upholsterer in London contrives to make a fortune. It is thought that the *bijouterie* so much in esteem in Europe would foster insects, and also tend to impede the free circulation of air; and perhaps this notion is carried rather too far, for to unaccustomed eyes, at least, the interior of the handsomest houses of Calcutta have rather a desolate aspect.

Chinese goods, though so highly esteemed in England, are of little account in a place where they may be easily obtained; and there are fewer screens, vases, or lanterns, of the manufacture of the Celestial Empire, than might be expected from the quantities annually shipped from Canton to the Calcutta market. One peculiarity strikes a stranger immediately as he enters a house in India inhabited by Europeans: all the sofas, chairs, tables, &c. are placed at the distance of a foot at least from the wall; a very necessary precaution in a country abounding with insects and reptiles of all kinds. Every side of every apartment is pierced with doors, and the whole of the surrounding anti-chambers appear to be peopled with ghosts. Servants clad in flowing white garments glide about with noiseless feet in all directions; and it is very long before people accustomed to solitude and privacy in their own apartments, can become reconciled to the multitude of domestics who think themselves privileged to roam all over the house. A protracted residence in India will render the most active European perfectly dependent upon his servants; we are taught by experience the impossibility of living without them, and surrender ourselves at last wholly to their direction; but meanwhile we are struck and rather scandalized by the strange position which they occupy. Notwithstanding the division of castes, and the extreme contempt with which the higher orders of domestics look down upon their more humble brethren; their refusal to eat or smoke with them, or to touch anything that has been defiled by their hands; to outward appearance there seems to be a confusion of ranks which would not be tolerated in other places. None of the inferior domestics keep themselves, as in England, in the back-ground: the water-carrier alone confines his perambulations to the back stair cases; all the others, down to the scullions, make their appearance in the state apartments, whenever they deem it expedient to do so; and in Bengal, where the lower orders of palanquin-bearers wear very little clothing, it is not very agreeable to a female stranger to see them walk into drawing-rooms, and employ themselves in dusting books or other occupations of the like nature. It would be highly disrespectful in any of the upper servants to appear in the presence of their masters without their turbans, or any other garment usually worn, but these things are deemed quite superfluous by the inferior classes, and they never seem to think that they can shock anybody by the scantiness of their drapery, or the incongruity of their appearance.

Those who are fortunate enough to arrive in Calcutta in the cold season, find little reason to complain of the climate; the days are bright and cool, and the noon-day sun, though still powerful, may be braved in any carriage. An invitation to the house of some resident friend secures the party from every inconvenience; but these invitations are not now very frequently given, and even during periods of more extensive hospitality, parties were often left to provide for themselves, letters of introduction not always meeting with the promptest or warmest attention. Under such circumstances, nothing could be more forlorn than the situation of a stranger. If be-

longing to either service, the Writers' Buildings, or Fort William, offered an immediate asylum; but the shelter afforded by the latter, unless to persons well accustomed to campaigning, must appear of the most dreary and comfortless description. A couple of bare unfurnished rooms strewn with boxes and packages, and a crowd of natives offering themselves for service in bad Bengalee and worse English, the coolies or porters vociferating to each other, and all striving to increase the hubbub and confusion, must be styled a melancholy reception in a strange land. The hotels and boarding houses lately established afford much better accommodation, and nothing except the necessity for economy would now induce parties from England to repair at once into an empty lodging. Travellers from the provinces, accustomed to the modes and manners of Indian life, and carrying everything absolutely essential to their comfort about with them, are easily and almost instantaneously settled; young men, unencumbered with families, do not object to inhabit their tents during the cold weather; and it is no uncommon circumstance for parties to remain at a ghaut in a budgerow for a week at a time.

The suburb of Chowringee, which has lately extended over an immense tract of country, is the favourite residence of the European community. The houses are all separate, standing in the midst of gardens, sometimes divided from each other by very narrow avenues, though more frequently intersected by broad roads. No particular plan appears to have been followed in their erection, and the whole, excepting the range facing the great plain, Park-street, Free-school-street, and one or two others, present a sort of confused labyrinth which, however, is very far from displeasing to the eye; the number of trees, grass-plats, and flowering shrubs, occasioning a most agreeable diversity of objects. From the roofs of these houses a strange, rich, and varied scene discloses itself: the river covered with innumerable vessels,—Fort William, and Government House, standing majestically at opposite angles of the plain,—the city of Calcutta, with its innumerable towers, spires, and pinnacles in the distance,—and nearer at hand, swamps and patches of unreclaimed jungle, showing how very lately the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital of Bengal was an uncultivated waste, left to the wild beasts of the forest. A drive along the Circular Road brings the visitor into more immediate contact with the morasses and wildernesses which surround the habitations of Europeans in the outskirts of the city. This part of Calcutta is chiefly the residence of shopkeepers, clerks, &c., Britons and Indo-Britons, but particularly the latter; and, except as a mere matter of curiosity, it is seldom visited by the fashionable portion of the community. The European quarter of the city is extremely handsome, consisting of streets and squares, in which the greater portion of the houses are only united to each other by ranges of terraces built over the godowns (warehouses), stables, and servants' offices. The cathedral and the Scotch church are the two principal places of Protestant religious worship: the latter is the handsomer edifice of the two; but, strange to say, notwithstanding the preponderance of the sons and daughters of Caledonia in the European population of Calcutta, it is very thinly attended, while the cathedral is always full to overflowing.

The Black Town, as it is called, extends along the river to the north, and a more wretched-looking place can scarcely be imagined; dirty, crowded, ill-built, and abounding with beggars and bad smells. There is, however, a sort of debatable ground between the mud huts, the small dingy brick tenements, and the mean dilapidated bazaars of the middling and lower classes of natives, which is occupied by handsome houses enclosed in court-yards, belonging to Armenian merchants, Parsees, and Bengalee gentlemen of great wealth and respectability. The avenues which lead to these mansions are exceedingly narrow, but the premises themselves are often very extensive, the principal apartments looking out upon pretty gardens, decorated with that profusion of flowers which renders every part of Calcutta so blooming. The drives and rides about the city are not very numerous, nor very extensive, excepting towards Barrackpore, for the whole of the surrounding country is still forest or lake; a large piece of water extends on one side to the Sunderbunds, and the city is often very sensibly affected by the malaria brought from that woody desert. It is not possible to proceed a single mile in any direction without being struck by the excess of rank vegetation, which the toils of the husbandman have not sufficed to keep down, giving to the whole scene an air of savageness which its luxuriance is unable to redeem.

The population of Calcutta and its environs is extremely great, and at every hour of the day the streets and the roads

are filled with crowds of natives, chiefly dressed in white muslin, a costume which produces a singular effect upon a large multitude. The European and Christian inhabitants bear but a small proportion to the Mahomedans and Hindoos, not amounting at the utmost to more than twenty thousand persons, amid a population of three hundred thousand. One circumstance attending the Christian community is very remarkable, although perhaps hitherto unnoticed in any description of Calcutta:—they are never seen on any occasion to congregate together; there does not seem to be any one point of union, any object of general attraction, which can bring the whole into even momentary association. No church is sufficiently large to contain all the Protestant members, and the remaining sects are scattered through the Roman Catholic and Armenian places of worship. The public drive, though well frequented, by no means comprehends the larger portion of Anglo-Indian and Indo-Briton residents; the theatre is seldom full, and would not contain a tenth part; and neither at the races nor any other spectacle do they all assemble at one and the same time. Such an outpouring as London frequently exhibits is never to be seen, and it is questionable whether, if Government House were to take fire, it would bring them

"All abroad to gaze
And wonder at the blaze."

A good deal of animation and activity is exhibited about sunset; horses, carriages, palanquins, or vehicles of some description, are to be seen at the doors of all the houses, and the roads are traversed by equipages of various degrees of splendour; but with the exception of those which wind their way to the Strand, the favourite scene of an airing, they disperse, and as no one thinks of walking abroad, people who have no conveyances confine themselves to the gardens, terraces, and house-tops.

The public drive in Calcutta affords a gay and interesting spectacle, but is sadly deficient in the elegance which might be expected from the wealth and taste of those who frequent it. There would be no difficulty in finding, upon any hackney-coach stand in London, carriages quite equal in appearance to many of those which figure amid this motley assembly, and there is not one that will bear any comparison with the elaborately finished equipages of Hyde Park, where the servants, horses, footmen, harness, and every trapping are in keeping with the magnificence of the vehicle. The expedient is always considered in India, and when not carried to an outrageous excess, people deserve credit for sacrificing the pomps and vanities to the comforts of life; but there are displays upon the course of Calcutta which, to say the least of them, are very indecorous. Gentlemen are rather too apt to adopt a favourite method of repose: when seated in their carriages, it is no uncommon sight to see the feet resting upon the door of the vehicle, an attitude much adopted by old and rich *Qui His*, and imitated by those who are desirous to show their independence of every etiquette of civilized society. The dresses of the ladies have very little pretensions to splendour compared to the displays of the toilette in the capital of Europe. Many during the warm weather dispense with bonnets and wear their hair in the plainest manner: circumstances which, though rendered almost necessary by the climate, detract from the general effect. There is not so great a variety of Oriental costumes as might be expected: some of the Armenians appear in their national dress; a few Hindoo and Mahomedan gentlemen are to be seen clad in very picturesque attire; and a Chinese physician, in an old tumble-down chariot, personifies all the gravity and dignity of his nation.

CHAPTER II.

BENGAL BRIDALS AND BRIDAL CANDIDATES.

Few opinions can be more erroneous than those which prevail in Europe upon the subject of Indian marriages. According to the popular idea, a young lady visiting the Honourable Company's territories, is destined to be sacrificed to some old, dingy, rich, bilious nawab, or, as he is styled on this side of the Atlantic, "nabob," a class of persons unfortunately exceedingly rare. Ancient subjects devoted to the interests of the conclave in Leadenhall-street, belonging to both services, are doubtless to be found in India, some dingy, and some

bilious, but very few rich; and, generally speaking, these elderly gentlemen have either taken to themselves wives in their younger days, or have become such confirmed bachelors, that neither flashing eyes, smiling lips, lilies, roses, dimples, &c. comprehending the whole catalogue of female fascinations, can make the slightest impression upon their flinty hearts. Happy may the fair expectant account herself, who has the opportunity of choosing or refusing a *rare avis* of this nature,—some yellow civilian out of debt, or some battered brigadier, who saw service in the days of sacks and sieges, and who comes wooing in the olden style, preceded by trains of servants bearing presents of shawls and diamonds! Such prizes are scarce. The damsel, educated in the fallacious hope of seeing a rich antiquated suitor at her feet, laden with "barbaric pearl and gold," soon discovers to her horror that, if she should decide upon marrying at all, she will be absolutely compelled to make a love-match, and select the husband of her choice out of the half-dozen subalterns who may offer; fortunate may she esteem herself if there be one amongst them who can boast a staff-appointment, the adjutancy or quarter-mastership of his corps. Formerly, when the importations of European females were much smaller than at present, men grew gray in the service before they had an opportunity of meeting with a wife, there consequently was a supply of rich old gentlemen ready at every station to lay their wealth at the feet of the new arrival; and as we are told that "mammon wins its way where seraphs might despair," it may be supposed that younger and poorer suitors had no chance against these wealthy wooers. The golden age has passed away in India; the silver fruitage of the rupee-tree has been plucked, and love, poverty-stricken, has nothing left to offer but his roses.

In the dearth of actual possessions, expectancies become of consequence; and now that old civilians are less attainable, young writers rank amongst the eligibles. A supply of these desirables, by no means adequate to the demand, is brought out to Calcutta every year, and upon the arrival of a young man who has been lucky enough to secure a civil appointment, he is immediately accommodated with a handsome suite of apartments in Tank-square, styled, *par distinction*, "the Buildings," and entered at the college, where he is condemned to the study of the Hindoostanee and Persian languages, until he can pass an examination which shall qualify him to become an assistant to a judge, collector, or other official belonging to the civil department. A few hours of the day are spent under the surveillance of a moonshee, or some more learned pundit, and the remainder are devoted to amusements. This is the dangerous period for young men bent upon making fortunes in India, and upon returning home. They are usually younger sons, disregarded in England on account of the slenderness of their finances, or too juvenile to have attracted matrimonial speculations. Launched into the society of Calcutta, they enact the parts of the young dukes and heirs-apparent of a London circle; where there are daughters or sisters to dispose of. The "*great parti*" is caressed, fêted, dressed at, danced at, and flirted with, until perfectly bewildered; either falling desperately in love, or fancying himself so, he makes an offer, which is eagerly accepted by some young lady, too happy to escape the much-dreaded horrors of a half-batta station. The writers, of course, speedily acquire a due sense of their importance, and conduct themselves accordingly. Vainly do the gay uniforms strive to compete with their more sombre rivals; no dashing cavalry officer, feathered, and sashed, and epauletted, has a chance against the men privileged to wear a plain coat and a round hat; and in the evening drives in Calcutta, sparkling eyes will be turned away from the military equestrian, gracefully reining up his Arab steed to the carriage-window, to rest upon some awkward rider, who sits his horse like a sack, and, more attentive to his own comfort than to the elegance of his appearance, may, if it should be the rainy season, have thrust his white jean trousers into jockey boots, and introduced a black velvet waistcoat under his white calico jacket. Figures even more extraordinary are not rare; for, though the ladies follow European fashions as closely as circumstances will admit, few gentlemen, not compelled by general orders to attend strictly to the regulations of the service, are willing to sacrifice to the Graces. An Anglo-Indian dandy is generally a very grotesque personage; for where tailors have little sway, and individual taste is left to its own devices, the attire will be found to present strange incongruities.

When a matrimonial proposal has been accepted, the engagement of the parties is made known to the community at large by their appearance together in public. The gentleman drives the lady out in his buggy. This is conclusive; and

should either prove fickle, and refuse to fulfil the contract, a breach of promise might be established in the Supreme Court, based upon the single fact, that the pair were actually seen in the same carriage, without a third person. The nuptials of a newly-arrived civilian, entrapped at his outset, are usually appointed to take place at some indefinite period, namely, when the bridegroom shall have got out of college. It is difficult to say whether the strength of his affection should be measured by a speedy exit, or a protracted residence, for love may be supposed to interfere with study, and though excited to diligence by his matrimonial prospects, a mind distracted between rose-coloured billet-doux, and long rolls of vellum covered with puzzling characters in Arabic and Persian, will not easily master the difficulties of Oriental lore.

The allowances of a writer in the Buildings are not exceedingly splendid; writers do not, according to the notion adopted in England, step immediately into a salary of three or four thousand a year, though, very probably with the brilliant prospect before them which dazzled their eyes upon their embarkation, not yet sobered down to dull reality, they commence living at that rate. The bridegroom elect, consequently, is compelled to borrow one or two thousand rupees to equip himself with household goods necessary for the married state, and thus lays the foundation for an increasing debt, bearing an interest of twelve per cent. at the least. The bride, who would not find it quite so easy to borrow money, and whose relatives do not consider it necessary to be very magnificent upon these occasions, either contrives to make her outfit (the grand expense incurred in her behalf) serve the purpose, or should that have faded and grown old-fashioned, purchases some scanty addition to her wardrobe. Thus the bridal paraphernalia, the bales of gold and silver muslins, the feathers, jewels, carved ivory, splendid brocades, exquisite embroidery, and all the rich products of the East, on which our imaginations luxuriate when we read of an Indian marriage, sinks down into a few yards of white sarset. There is always an immense concourse of wedding-guests present at the ceremony, but as invitations to accompany a bridal-party to the church are of very frequent occurrence, they do not make any extraordinary display of new dresses and decorations. Sometimes, the company separate at the church-door; at others, there is some sort of entertainment given by the relatives of the bride; but the whole business, compared with the pomp and circumstance attending weddings of persons of a certain rank in England, is flat, dull, and destitute of show.

The mode of living in India is exceedingly adverse to bridal tours. Unless the parties should procure the loan of some friend's country mansion, a few miles from Calcutta, they must proceed straight to their own residence; for there are no hotels, no watering-places, and no post-horses:—circumstances which detract materially from the éclat of a marriage. The poor bride, instead of enjoying a pleasant excursion, is obliged to remain shut up at home, and her first appearance in public creates very little sensation, probably from the absence of expectation on the score of new garments.

In up-country stations, marriages are even more commonplace affairs, and the clerk of a country church would be absolutely scandalized at the neglect of the customary observances. Some writer upon India has remarked that the ladies are over-dressed. That must have been the case in the bygone days of splendour, when they could afford to give *carte blanche* to milliners in London or at the presidencies: much to their credit be it spoken, in the wildest jungles, they endeavour to make an appearance suitable to their rank and circumstances; but this is very frequently a matter of great difficulty. Patterns are sometimes useless from the want of materials to make them up, and materials nearly so from the impossibility of procuring patterns.

Articles of British manufacture are exceedingly expensive, and often beyond the reach of narrow purses. The demand is not sufficiently great to induce a trader to keep a large assortment of goods, and he cannot afford to supply the few articles required by the small female community at low prices. The Indian market is frequently over-stocked, and valuable articles knocked down at sales for little or nothing: but they seldom come very cheaply into the hands of the consumer, the climate, unlike that of Kippletringan, eulogized by Dominie Sampson, is exceedingly injurious to wearing apparel, and much waste and destruction is effected by the want of care of native dealers, who do not understand the method of preserving European manufactures from dust and decay.

The contrast between the splendid dresses of a London ball-room, fresh in their first gloss, with the tarnished, faded, lustreless habiliments exhibited in Calcutta, is very striking to a

stranger's eye; while, after a long residence in the upper provinces, the fair assemblages at the presidency appear to be decked in the utmost glory of sumptuous array. But although Indian weddings may be destitute of magnificence, they are generally productive of lasting happiness; they entail, comparatively speaking, little additional expense, and the small preparations which alone are considered essential, offer great facilities for early unions. A young man, depending as he must do, for all his enjoyments, upon domestic comfort, naturally feels anxious to secure a companion to enliven his otherwise dull home; his resources out of doors are few; there may not be many houses in which he can lounge away his mornings in idle visits; the billiard-room does not suit all tastes, and however addicted he may be to field sports, during several hours of the day he must seek the shelter of a roof; his military duties occupy a very small portion of his time, and with little to interest, and nothing to divert him, he becomes anxiously desirous to taste the calm delights of wedded life. If he should be so fortunate as to be a successful wooer, the marriage speedily takes place.

There are few regimental messes established in native regiments; the officers inhabit separate bungalows, and if two happen to chum together, the intended Benedict turns his friend out to make way for his bride. If he should be rich enough, he may be seen at sales (for there is always some person quitting a station and selling off,) purchasing looking-glasses, toilette-tables, and such unwonted luxuries in a bachelor's mansion. But they are not absolutely necessary, nor are they considered essential to connubial felicity; very frequently the whole of the preparations consist in the exit of the chum and his *petarrahs* (boxes which may be carried *banghie*, that is, suspended at either end of a bamboo slung across a bearer's shoulder,) and the entrance of the bride and her wardrobe, crammed to the special injury of the flounces and furbelows, into half a dozen square conical tin cases painted green.

The *trousseau* of the bride varies according to the means and appliances of the station, and of her own or relatives' purses. There are a set of men in India, very closely resembling the pedlars and duffers of Scotland and England, denominated *box-wallahs*, who enact the character of *marchand des modes*, both in Calcutta and in the upper provinces. The *box-wallah* himself is a well-dressed respectable personage, frequently very rich; his goods are conveyed in large tin chests upon the heads of coolies, and instead of making a tour of shopping, the lady, desirous to add to her wardrobe, sends for all the *box-wallahs* and examines the contents of their chests. The party thus formed presents a singular scene; nearly the whole are seated, the lady upon a chair, the merchants and their ragged attendants upon the floor; each vendor pulls out his own goods, and offers them for sale, with numerous but not noisy commendations.

The spirit of rivalry assumes a very amiable aspect: all the principals speak a little English; having to deal with new arrivals, young ladies who have made a very small progress in Hindoostanee, they find it to their advantage to acquire the means of bargaining with their fair customers. The prices of goods are regulated not so much by their intrinsic value, as by the stock in hand, and the demand. Ribbons, which are always called for, are never cheap; but rich silks and satins, blondes, gauzes, and the like, are often sold at very low prices.

Some attention to method is observed in the arrangement of the boxes: one contains a multifarious assortment of mercery and haberdashery, where we are often started by the apparition of some obsolete manufacture, which, after having slumbered in an English warehouse during a quarter of a century, is sent out on a venture to India, under the idea that it may pass current in the upper provinces as a fashionable article. The poor deluded *box-wallah* is astonished and confounded at the contempt and horror which his Chamberry's, his Plowman's nets, and Picket muslins excite. In vain he endeavours to recommend them to notice; his English goes no farther than "I beg pardon, ma'am; very good thing—very handsome—no dear price—very rich lady—very poor man—you give what I ask." Frequently, during the course of the bargaining, the servants interfere in behalf of their mistresses, and procure more advantageous terms.

Stationary, pen-knives, soap, lavender-water, tooth-brushes, hair-brushes, small looking-glasses, and minor articles of hardware, are deposited in another chest; these are taken out and displayed, until the whole floor is strewn with trumpery of various kinds, the sweepings of London shops, condemned to return to their boxes until, in some miserable time of scarcity, they are purchased for want of better things.

The bride makes her selection where there is probably lit-

tle choice, and the dresses are handed over to the household tailor (the *dirzee* as he is called), who occupies a conspicuous place in the ante-room or verandah, seated upon a piece of white cloth, with his work spread out around him. Should there be occasion for despatch, assistants are hired by the day; and with these poor substitutes for milliners and dress-makers, the bride must perforce be content: probably a bonnet comes up with the license from Calcutta, but as the latter is conveyed by *dawk* (post), and the former must travel *dawk-banghie*, a less rapid mode of transportation, it is not unfrequently dispensed with. Female ingenuity is severely taxed upon these occasions, and many and weariful are the fittings on and cuttings out, before the hat and pelisse can be made to resemble the pattern-figures in *La Belle Assemblée*.

The whole of the residents of the station, or, if it should be a large one, the greater part, are invited to witness the ceremony, and those ladies who consider white to be indispensable for a wedding, who think it proper to appear in full dress, and who are unable to obtain new vestments, exhibit to great disadvantage. A muslin gown is probably ironed out, and the betraying daylight not only reveals the spots and specks, which have been carefully ironed in, but also the discrepancies of the trimming, in which French white and pearl white, tolerably good matches by candle-light, disagree exceedingly in open day. No kind of etiquette is observed in the order of the celebration; the bridegroom, contrary to all established rule, is often seen to drive the bride in his buggy to church; the company, instead being properly arranged, stand promiscuously round the altar; and the clerk, usually a soldier, is a person of no sort of authority.

The parties are frequently very juvenile—a young ensign and a still younger partner; but such unions are not considered imprudent, for they are often the means of preventing extravagance, dissipation, and all their concomitant evils. Instances of domestic infelicity are comparatively rare in India: the value of a wife is known and appreciated, and, though there may be many bachelors from choice, the majority of Anglo-Indians are exceedingly anxious to obtain for themselves a security against the tedium and ennui of a solitary jungle,—a being interested in their welfare, and not only attached to them by the tenderest and most sacred of all ties, but who supplies the place of relatives whom they may never hope to see again.

The greatest drawback upon the chances of happiness in an Indian marriage, exists in the sort of compulsion sometimes used to effect the consent of a lady. Many young women in India may be considered almost homeless; their parents or friends have no means of providing for them except by a matrimonial establishment; they feel that they are burthens upon families who can ill afford to support them, and they do not consider themselves at liberty to refuse an offer, although the person proposing may not be particularly agreeable to them. Mrs. Malaprop tells us, that it is safest to begin with a little aversion, and the truth of her aphorism has been frequently exemplified in India; gratitude and esteem are admirable substitutes for love—they last much longer, and the affection, based upon such solid supports, is purer in its nature, and far more durable, than that which owes its existence to mere fancy. It is rarely that a wife leaves the protection of her husband, and in the instances that have occurred, it is generally observed that the lady has made a love-match.

But though marriages of convenience, in nine cases out of ten, turn out very happily, we are by no means prepared to dispute the propriety of freedom of choice on the part of the bride, and deem those daughters, sisters, and nieces most fortunate, who live in the bosoms of relatives not anxious to dispose of them to the first suitor who may apply. It is only under these happy circumstances that India can be considered a paradise to a single woman, where she can be truly free and unfettered, and where her existence may glide away in the enjoyment of a beloved home, until she shall be tempted to quit it by some object dearer far, than parents, friends, and all the world beside.

There cannot be a more wretched situation than that of a young woman who has been induced to follow the fortunes of a married sister, under the delusive expectation that she will exchange the privations attached to limited means in England for the far-famed luxuries of the East. The husband is usually desirous to lessen the regret of his wife at quitting her home, by persuading an affectionate relative to accompany her, and does not calculate before-hand the expense and inconvenience which he has entailed upon himself by the additional burthen.

Soon after their arrival in India, the family, in all probability, have to travel to an up-country station,—and here the

poor girl's troubles begin: she is thrust into an outer cabin in a budgerow, or into an inner room in a tent; she makes perhaps a third in a buggy, and finds herself always in the way; she discovers that she is a source of continual expense; that an additional person in a family imposes the necessity of keeping several additional servants, and where there is not a close carriage she must remain a prisoner. She cannot walk out beyond the garden or the verandah, and all the out-of-door recreations, in which she may have been accustomed to indulge in at home, are denied her.

Tending flowers, that truly feminine employment, is an utter impossibility; the garden may be full of plants (which she has only seen in their exotic state) in all the abundance and beauty of native luxuriance, but except before the sun has risen, or after it has set, they are not to be approached; and even then, the frame is too completely enervated by the climate to admit of those little pleasing labours, which render the green-house and the parterre so interesting. She may be condemned to a long melancholy sojourn at some out-station, offering little society, and none to her taste.

If she should be musical, so much the worse; the hot winds have split her piano and her guitar, or the former is in a wretched condition, and there is nobody to tune it; the white ants have demolished her music-books, and new ones are not to be had. Drawing offers a better resource, but it is often suspended from want of materials; and needle-work is not suited to the climate. Her brother and sister are domestic, and do not sympathize in her *ennui*; they either see little company, or invite guests merely with a view to be quit of an incubance.

If the few young men who may be at the station should not entertain matrimonial views, they will be shy of their attention to a single woman, lest expectations should be formed which they are not inclined to fulfil. It is dangerous to hand a disengaged lady too often to table, for though no conversation may take place between the parties, the gentleman's silence is attributed to want of courage to speak, and the offer, if not forthcoming, is inferred. A determined flirt may certainly succeed in drawing a train of admirers around her; but such exhibitions are not common, and where ladies are exceedingly scarce, they are sometimes subject to very extraordinary instances of neglect. These are sufficiently frequent to be designated by a peculiar phrase; the wife or sister who may be obliged to accept a relative's arm, or walk alone, is said to be "wrecked," and perhaps an undue degree of apprehension is entertained upon the subject; a mark of rudeness of this nature reflecting more discredit upon the persons who can be guilty of it, than upon those subjected to the affront. Few young women, who have accompanied their married sisters to India, possess the means of returning home; however strong their dislike may be to the country, their lot is cast in it, and they must remain in a state of miserable dependence, with the danger of being left unprovided for before them, until they shall be rescued from this distressing situation by an offer of marriage.

The tie between husband and wife is the only one from which Anglo-Indians can hope to derive solid happiness; that between parents and children is subject to many shocks. The difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility, of educating young people in India, occasions early separation, which, in too many instances, proves fatal to the enjoyments of a reunion. After a long absence, parents and children meet as strangers; the latter, probably consigned to some large school, have not been brought up with any very exalted ideas upon the subject of filial duty. They are keen and quick observers of the faults and follies of those whom they have not been early accustomed to regard with respect; and the former are apt to exact too much submission. Both parties are disappointed, the younger having hoped to meet with unlimited indulgence, while the elder flatter themselves with erroneous expectations of obedience.

Accomplished girls, fresh from England, are unprepared for the modes and habits of Indian life; the charm of novelty does not always reconcile them to things strange, and often uncouth; while mothers, to whom all around is familiar, are astonished and displeased to find that the young ladies do not readily fall into their ways, and are more prone to dictate than to obey. Where these differences of opinion do not create strife and contention, they are productive of coldness; each person feels deeply aggrieved by the conduct of others towards them; those who possess amiable dispositions, make allowances for circumstances and situation, but seldom do we see the attached and happy families which afford such beautiful pictures of domestic felicity in England.

That death and absence differ but in name, all who have

been long separated from those whom they love best in the world must readily allow. Experience in India shows that even a mother's affection, perchance the strongest and most lasting sentiment, is not proof against it, or how can we account for the exceeding, and, it may be added, disgusting anxiety, continually manifested to get rid of daughters as rapidly as they are brought out!

It is no unusual thing for persons who have accumulated a fortune, and who are desirous to spend the remainder of their days in luxury in England, to marry off the females of their family as fast as they possibly can, little caring to whom they are consigned, and leaving them to combat with every sort of hardship, without a hope of their ever meeting again. The condition of girls thus situated is far from enviable; overtures are made to the parents, and accepted by them without consulting the parties who are the most deeply concerned in the transaction; the young lady is simply told that a proposal has been made in which she must acquiesce, and she goes to the altar, if not unwilling, at least indifferent. Many are so strongly impressed with the comfortless nature of their situation, that they gladly avail themselves of the first opportunity to effect a change, and nothing more disagreeable can readily be imagined than the condition of the last of four or five sisters, who by some inexplicable fatality remains single. She is frequently banded about from one family to another, seeking rest and finding none. Whether she may have matrimonial views, or if perfectly guiltless of all design, it is the same thing, she is supposed to be manœuvring for a husband, and those whom she may fascinate do not always possess the moral courage requisite to acknowledge a partiality for a girl, who has failed to secure early offers, or the reputation of having refused them. At length, when her pretensions have almost become a jest, some candidate for her hand appears, and is of course successful; it is then discovered that she is a very fine young woman, and all agree that her protracted state of spinsterhood must have been a matter of choice.

It is an amusing thing for a spectator to observe the straightforward, business-like manner in which marriages in India are brought about. The opinion entertained by the princess Huncamunca, respecting the expediency of short courtships, seems to prevail. A gentleman, desirous to enter the holy pale, does not always wait until he shall meet with some fair one suiting his peculiar taste, but the instant that he hears of an expected arrival, despatches a proposal to meet her upon the road; this is either rejected *in toto*, or accepted conditionally; and if there should be nothing very objectionable in the suitor, the marriage takes place. Others travel over to some distant station, in the hope of returning with a wife; and many visit the presidency on the same errand. Numbers return without achieving their object, and these unfortunates are said to be members of the "*juwauk* club," a favourite Indian phrase, which is exceedingly expressive of the forlorn state of bachelors upon compulsion.

Young men who are qualifying themselves for interpreter-ships, or who expect staff-appointments, are often supposed to be quite guiltless of matrimonial designs; they may be attached to a large station without even entering into any of the gaieties,—are not seen at balls, plays, or races, and do not frequent the morning levées of ladies of distinction. Suddenly, upon obtaining the promised post, they appear at a ball, and some girl, who has been a leading *belle*, and who has flirted with half the station, is quietly approached. She, with more sense than sentiment, disengages herself from her butterfly-admirers, on whom the astounding fact of her approaching marriage acts like an electric shock; they look very foolishly at each other, and make a faint attempt to laugh.

The spinsterhood of India is composed of three different classes; the first consists of the daughters of civil and military servants, merchants, and others settled in India, who have been sent to England for education, and who generally return between the ages of sixteen and twenty; these may be said to belong to the country, and to possess homes, although upon the expectation of the arrival of a second or third daughter, they are often disposed of after a very summary fashion. In the second are to be found the sisters and near relatives of those brides who have married Indian officers, &c. during the period of a visit to the mother-country, and who, either through affection for their relatives, or in consequence of having no provision in England, have been induced to accompany them to the Eastern world. The third is formed of the orphan daughters, legitimate and illegitimate, of Indian residents, who have been educated at the presidencies. This latter class is exceedingly numerous, and as they are frequently destitute of family connexions, those who are not so fortunate as to possess relatives in a certain rank in life, see

very little of society, and have comparatively little chance of being well-established. The progress of refinement has materially altered the condition of these young ladies, but has acted in a manner the very reverse of improvement, as far as their individual interests are concerned.

A considerable number, having no support excepting that which is derived from the Orphan Fund, reside at a large house at Kidderpore, about a mile and a half from Calcutta, belonging to that institution; others who may be endowed with the interest of a few thousand rupees, become parlour-boarders at schools of various degrees of respectability, where they await the chance of attracting some young officer, the military being objects of consideration when civilians are unattainable.

Formerly it was the practice to give balls at the establishment at Kidderpore, to which vast numbers of beaux were invited; but this undisguised method of seeking husbands is now at variance with the received notions of propriety, and the Female Orphan School has assumed, in consequence of the discontinuance of these parties, somewhat of the character of a nunnery. In fact, the young ladies immured within the walls have no chance of meeting with suitors, unless they should possess friends in Calcutta to give them occasional invitations, or the fame of their beauty should spread itself abroad. Every year, by increasing the number of arrivals educated in England, lessens their chance of meeting with eligible matches.

The prejudices against "dark beauties" (the phrase usually employed to designate those who are the inheritors of the native complexion) are daily gaining ground, and in the present state of female intellectuality, their uncultivated minds form a decided objection. The English language has degenerated in the possession of the "country-born;" their pronunciation is short and disagreeable, and they usually place the accent on the wrong syllable: though not so completely barbarized as in America, the mother, or rather father-tongue, has lost all its strength and beauty, and acquired a peculiar idiom.*

There are not many heiresses to be found in India, and those who are gifted with property of any kind, almost invariably belong to the dark population, the daughters or grand-daughters of the Company's servants of more prosperous times, the representatives of merchants of Portuguese extraction, or the ladies of Armenian families. These latter named are frequently extremely handsome, and nearly as fair as Europeans; but though adopting English fashions in dress, they do not speak the language, and sing in Hindoostanee to their performances on the piano. They mix very little in the British society of Calcutta, and usually intermarry with persons belonging to their own nation, living in a retired manner within the bosoms of their families, without being entirely secluded like the females of the country in which their ancestors have been so long domiciled.

The daughters and wives of the Portuguese, a numerous and wealthy class, are quite as tawny, and not so handsome, as the natives; they usually dress in a rich and tawdry manner, after the European fashion, which is particularly unbecoming to them: they form a peculiar circle of their own, and though the spinster portion of this community, it is said, prefer British officers to husbands of Portuguese extraction, unions between them are extremely rare.

CHAPTER III.

SCENES IN THE MOFUSSIL: CAWNPORE.

ALTHOUGH our Indian territories are much better and more extensively known than they were even a few years ago, it may still be necessary to translate and explain some of the appellations commonly adopted by the European residents of Bengal, to designate places and things, many of which can scarcely fail to perplex uninitiated ears. The Mofussil is a term applied to the provinces, all the military cantonments, and the residences appointed for civilians beyond the presi-

dency, being called Mofussil stations. Individuals quartered in the provinces, are styled Mofussillites, and if remaining during a long series of years at a distance from the capital, they usually acquire modes and habits which certainly entitle them to some distinguishing appellation. There is, however, nothing invidious or disrespectful in the term, it being applied indiscriminately to all dwellers in the provinces, while those who may have barbarized a little during their seclusion amid wilds and fastnesses, are styled *par distinction* "jungle-wallahs." It is difficult to explain the precise meaning of the word *wallah*: it is usually translated "fellow;" but the natives of India, who call Indigo-planters, "*leal* (blue) *wallahs*," camel drivers, "*oonte-wallahs*," &c. it does not convey the idea which we attach to this expression in England.

Cawnpore is one of the principal stations of the Mofussil, and is situated upon the right bank of the Ganges, about 600 miles from Calcutta. It is seldom that this cantonment has received common justice from its describers, the duty being rather annoying; military men, who, except upon service, usually object to the toils and tasks of their profession, dislike it because they are, what they are pleased to style, harassed by inspections, field-days, drills, committees, &c. &c. Those who do not choose to avow the real cause of their disgust, complain that it is dusty and hot, but these are disadvantages which it must share with all the stations within some hundred miles, while they are more than counterbalanced by the numerous enjoyments afforded by its superior size and the number of its inhabitants.

With the exception of the Ganges, which rolls its broad waves beside the British lines, nature has done little for Cawnpore; but the sandy plain, broken occasionally into ravines, which forms its site, has been so much embellished by the hand of man, that an unprejudiced person, not subjected to the miseries of field-days, will not hesitate to say that it possesses much picturesque beauty.

The garrison consists of a European regiment of dragoons, and one of native cavalry; several battalions of artillery, horse, and foot; one King's, and three Company's regiments of infantry; a major-general in command; and the numerous staff attached to the head-quarters of a large district. There are few civilians, two judges and two collectors, with their assistance, comprising the whole of the Company's civil servants (the aristocracy of India), who are stationed at Cawnpore. These personages, having far better allowances, and being settled in one place for a longer period, have handsomer houses, more numerous trains of servants, and live in better style than the military residents; but the difference at Cawnpore is not so remarkable as at many other stations, on account of the high rank, and consequently the large incomes, of many of the officers belonging to the garrison.

Two or three indigo-planters in the neighbourhood complete the *grande monde* of Cawnpore; but there are other British residents, who form a second circle; the owners of shops and farms, coach-makers, bakers, and tailors, to whom it must be a much more desirable place of abode than a smaller station, since it affords them the advantage of society. A solitary individual, belonging to a class which is not considered visitable in India, must feel peculiarly isolated. Though he might be inclined to stoop to a lower grade, excepting where there is a European regiment, he cannot find associates from his own country; and even an intimate acquaintance with the language could scarcely enable an Englishman to feel any gratification in a companionship with Hindoos or Moosulmans, even of a rank superior to his own.

One objection made to Cawnpore is its want of concentration; the lines of the various regiments straggle to the distance of five miles along the river's bank, and it is deemed a hardship to travel so far to visit a friend: but the scene is thereby agreeably diversified, and the compounds (a corruption of the Portuguese word *campania*), which surround the bungalows, are larger than could be the case if its limits were more circumscribed. Many of these compounds are beautifully planted, and have a very park-like appearance, particularly during the rainy season, when the cultivated parts of the plain have put on their green mantle. The prickly pear is greatly in request for fences; and the tall pagoda-like aloe, with a base resembling the crown of a gigantic pine-apple, frequently intervening, forms a magnificent embellishment to the plantations.

The houses at Cawnpore are, with very few exceptions, *cutchas*, that is, built of unbaked mud, and either choppered (thatched) or tiled; but they are, generally speaking, extremely large and commodious. The plans of bungalows are various, but the most common consist of three centre rooms; those opening on the front and back verandah being smaller

* Were Miss Roberts to speak of us in this matter from personal observation, she would hold very different language. She would learn, that all our barbarisms and peculiar idioms, whether of the school of Crocket or Jack Downing, are pure and masculine English, compared with the lingo of the London cockneys, and of the inhabitants of even the adjoining county of Sussex.—ED. LIT.

than the one occupying the interior, which is called the hall; these rooms communicate with three others, much narrower on each side, and at the four corners are bathing rooms, taken off the verandah, which stretches all round. The centre, and largest room, has only the borrowed lights permitted by eight, ten, or twelve doors leading out of the surrounding apartments: these doors are always open, but some degree of privacy is obtained by a curtain attached to each, of a sort of gauze-work, formed of bamboo split very fine, and coloured green; these also serve to keep out the flies, while they admit air and all the light considered necessary by an Anglo-Indian, who seldom allows a single ray to penetrate into his *sanctum sanctorum*.

Many of the Cawnpore houses are splendidly furnished; the chairs, tables, and sofas being of valuable wood, richly carved, with cushions and coverings of damask: but the absence of curtains, pictures, and looking-glasses, which harbour too many musquitos and other insects to be introduced with impunity, and the bareness of the walls, whose sole ornaments consist of lamps in glass shades, detract from the general effect. The floors, which are of *chunam* (finely tempered lime), are covered in the first instance, with a matting, and in the second, with a *setringee*, a peculiar manufacture of the country, of an exceeding thick texture, and usually woven in shaded blue stripes; or with calico printed in Brussels patterns, and so closely resembling a carpet as to deceive all save practised eyes. This forms the general decoration of the houses in the upper provinces; and as it may appear to Europeans to be a very indifferent substitute for our worsted manufactures, it may be necessary to say a few words in explanation. With a little care, this apparently fragile material will last three years; for as the servants never enter the house with their feet covered, and the boots and shoes of the male residents or visitors, not being much used for walking, are lighter and less destructive than those intended for pedestrians, comparatively little damage is done to the floor-cloth. The bungalow will require a new *chopper*, and a general repair, once in three years, and when this takes place, new cloths are put down.

At Mirzapore, a native city between Benares and Allahabad, there is a manufactory for carpets, which are scarcely inferior to those of Turkey: but this fabric is too thick and warm for Indian wear, excepting during the cold season. The exterior of a bungalow is usually very unpicturesque, bearing a strong resemblance to an overgrown barn; the roof slopes down from an immense height to the verandah, and whatever be the covering, whether tiles or thatch, it is equally ugly: in many places the cantonments present to the eye a succession of huge conical roofs, resting upon low pillars; but in Cawnpore the addition of stone fronts to some of the houses, and of bowed ends to others, give somewhat of architectural ornament to the station.

The gardens rank among the finest in India. In consequence of there being so many settled residents, they are much cultivated and improved; all the European vegetables, with the exception of broad beans, come to great perfection during the cold season, and the grapes and peaches, which are not common to other stations, are particularly fine. The pineapple does not grow in the upper provinces, but the mangos, plantains, melons, oranges, shaddocks, custard-apples, limes, and guavas, are of the finest quality. These gardens, intermixed with forest trees, give Cawnpore a very luxuriant appearance; it is an oasis reclaimed from the desert, for all around wastes of sand extend to a considerable distance.

In the centre of the cantonments, and on the highest ground, are two stone buildings of a very imposing exterior,—the assembly-rooms and the theatre; the latter, a long oval, surrounded by a colonnade of pillars of the Roman Doric order, though ornamental to the station, it is not very well adapted to the purpose for which it was intended; a horse-shoe form would have been better suited for the accommodation of an audience, for the spectators, who are seated in the back rows of the pit (there are no boxes) have little chance of hearing what is going on upon the stage.

Beyond the theatre, the road leads to the race-course, which is approached by a long avenue well planted on either side, and watered during the dry season. This avenue forms the evening drive, and at sunset it is thronged with carriages of every description, and equestrians mounted upon all sorts of horses. Chariots, barouches, brichtskas, and double phaetons, fresh from the best builders of London or Calcutta, appear amid old coaches, old sociables, rickety landaus, buggies, stanhopes, tilburies, and palanquin-carriages,—the latter not unfrequently drawn by bullocks, and all in various stages of dilapidation, for no one in India cares about being seen in a

shabby vehicle; those which have borne the wear and tear of the jungles for many a long day, are still deemed fit for service at Cawnpore, for there is little of that false shame to be found amongst the Indian community, which is productive of so much mortification and privation at home. The equestrians present an equally incongruous appearance,—the tall English charger, the smaller but handsome offspring of the Company's stud, and the graceful Arab, prance along by the side of the wild horses and shaggy ponies of native breed.

The Course, as it is termed, skirts a wide plain bounded to the right by the native city, which, though possessing nothing worthy of a visit, forms a pretty object in the distance; its mosques and pagodas peeping from the summit of a woody ridge. The plain also affords a busy, and to a stranger's eyes, an interesting scene. Groups of natives are to be seen seated round their fires, cooking, eating, or singing after a repast, while the stately elephant, and strings of home-bound camels, loaded with forage, look like giant phantoms as the twilight deepens.

The mixture of foreign and familiar objects at Cawnpore, to a person newly arrived in India, is very singular. In smaller stations, it is impossible ever to forget that we are far from home; but here, surrounded by Europeans, and beguiled by the throng of English-built carriages into the idea that we are in some old accustomed spot, the sudden appearance of a camel or an elephant, or a fantastic groupe of natives, seems quite startling.

Upon one evening in the week, the Course is deserted for the band of the king's dragoon regiment, which is assembled in a convenient place near the riding-school, and on these occasions the illusion is the most perfect. The equipages are drawn up two or three deep in a circle, many of the equestrians dismount, and lounging from carriage to carriage, converse with the inmates of each: we forget for a short period that we are exiles, but as the night darkens the charm is dispelled. Returning homewards, the cries of jackals burst upon the ear, and lights glaring between the trees in the compounds display domestic arrangements which savour strongly of a foreign land: troops of servants are to be seen carrying covered dishes from the cook-room to the house, and *hookar-badahs*, seated on the ground in the open air, are employed in making preparations for their master's enjoyment of the fragrant weed, with its accompaniments of rose-water, and other costly appendages of the *chillum*. We can no longer fancy ourselves in England, but the scene is animated and pleasing, and when, arriving at our own abode, we find the house lighted up, the table laid, and the servants in attendance, were it not for that home-sickness of the heart, from which comparatively few Anglo-Indians are exempt, we might be content with a lot cast upon the plains of Hindostan.

There are two regular chaplains on the establishment, but Cawnpore is destitute of a church. No engineer officer will undertake to erect one for the sum offered by government, and in these days of cutting and clipping, no one feels willing to subscribe towards a building, which all agree it is the bounden duty of the gentlemen in Leadenhall-street to provide for their poor servants. The service, under these disadvantageous circumstances, is performed alternately at each end of the cantonments; the riding-school of the king's dragons being given up on one Sunday, and a small bungalow near the infantry lines, in which marriages and christenings are performed, being appropriated in turn to the dwellers in the neighbourhood: neither will accommodate the whole of the station at once. This state of things is really disgraceful at Cawnpore, and unless some very active engineer officer should be appointed, and exceedingly vivid representations made of the grievance, it is likely to continue, for money seems to become scarcer in India every day.

Cawnpore, though usually a gay station, is, of course, subject to the vicissitudes produced by the fluctuating state of Indian society. It cannot, however, be so much affected by party-spirit, or the indisposition of leading residents to enter into amusements, as smaller places, and amongst so many families, an agreeable circle must always be found. In its best days, the entertainments are various, and suited to the different seasons; and notwithstanding the difficulty which is always found amid amateurs to "settle the play," the theatre is generally opened once a month, even during the hot winds. The performances of course are very unequal, depending frequently upon extraneous aid. It is no uncommon circumstance to request the attendance of the Roscius of some distant station, and the arrival of the "star" secures a full audience. The house is very elegantly fitted up, the benches in the parterre being provided with handsomely-carved backs; while all the other ornaments are particularly chaste and ap-

propriate. It is very easy of access, several doors opening on the verandah; these outlets, however, though convenient and necessary to secure the circulation of air, are unfavourable to the transmission of sound; but altogether there can scarcely be a prettier scene than that which is afforded by this bright saloon, when crowded by officers decked in gay uniforms and interspersed with parties of well-dressed ladies, who, however, bear a small proportion to the beaux, for independent of travellers and occasional visitants, it is seldom that there are more than forty belonging to a certain rank who are attached to the station, and this is considered a large number out of Calcutta.

Much taste and talent is usually displayed in the scenery and dresses, and with one drawback—the performance of female characters by the fiercer sex—the Cawnpore theatricals are really delightful. Though sometimes an ambitious aspirant may insist upon tearing passion to rags in lofty verse, such exhibitions are comparatively rare; light farces and gay comedy are usually preferred, both by the actors and the audience, and the whim and humour frequently displayed would do credit to veteran stagers.

Outside of the theatre, the carriages and servants in waiting form a singular scene; palanquins, buggies, and vehicles of all descriptions are brought into requisition; half the attendants compose themselves to sleep, while the other half are smoking; but when summoned, they vie with their brethren in London in creating bustle and confusion, each thinking his own honour implicated in keeping up the consequence of his master.

After the play, it is customary to end the evening with a supper and a ball at the neighbouring assembly rooms; the tables are laid out, and the *khidmutgars*, watching the movements of their masters and mistresses, place themselves behind their chairs, and produce plates, knives, forks and glasses,—a singular custom in the upper provinces, where those articles are scarce, and where the guests at large parties are invited to come “camp-fashion,” that is, to provide their own spoons, &c. The Cawnpore assembly-rooms are extremely handsome: those apartments devoted to dancing and the supper are built in the Anglo-Indian style, being divided down the length by two rows of pillars, leaving a wide space in the centre; sofas are placed between the pillars, and floods of light stream from the wall-shades and chandeliers. The floors are boarded: no common circumstance in India, where the depredations of the white ants are so much dreaded.

None, save those who have danced upon a mat covering a chunam floor, can truly appreciate the luxury of boards; and the English belle, swimming through a quadrille on a warm summer evening, can form no idea of the fatigues which her Indian friends are undergoing, while performing the same evolutions upon a clay ground, the thermometer up to a hundred, and in a perfect atmosphere of musquitos. That dancing altogether should not be banished from the Company's territories by universal consent, seems very surprising; yet so perverse is the human disposition, that an amusement the least calculated for the climate, is the most popular all over India. When other music cannot be procured, drums and fifes are introduced, and imagination can scarcely conceive the variety of torture to which the unhappy dancer is subjected. The natives look on in surprise, wondering that the *sais* should take so much trouble, since professional persons are to be hired in every bazaar to perform for their amusement.

But to return to the ball-room at Cawnpore. Upon state occasions the whole compound is lighted up; an operation in which the natives delight, and which is performed by driving bamboos into the ground, and fastening a small *chirau* (an earthen lamp) to each: these cressets afford a very bright light, and when they are numerous, and the night is dark, they have a splendid effect. Strangers are directed to private houses on party nights by the illuminations in the neighbourhood, and when there is a very large assembly, the dusky countenances and white drapery of the attendants, who flock in multitudes to the spot, are never seen to so much advantage. Besides the coachmen, grooms, running footmen, palanquin and torch-bearers, each person takes one servant, and those who affect state, two or three, to wait upon them during the evening, and as the superior domestics dress very splendidly, they perform no inconsiderable part in the pageant.

During the cold season, all the infantry corps forming the garrison of Cawnpore, usually encamp upon a wide plain in the vicinity, for the convenience of better ground for the performance of military evolutions, than is to be found in the cantonments. An Indian camp affords a very striking and curious spectacle, and though the admixture of trees adds much

to its beauty and heightens its effect, yet when, as at Cawnpore, it arises in the midst of an uncultivated desert, the singularity of the scene it presents compensates for the loss of the more pleasing features of the landscape.

Regular streets and squares of canvass stretch over an immense tract; each regiment is provided with its bazaar in the rear, and far beyond the lines, the almost innumerable camp-followers of every description form their bivouacs. The tents of the commanding officers are indicated by small red flags; but in no place is it easy for strangers to lose their way, there is so much uniformity in the several avenues, and the natives make such strange havoc of English names, that an hour may be spent in wandering before the abode of a friend can be found. All the Mofussillites are accustomed to spend a large portion of their time under canvass, and in consequence of the necessity of providing a moveable habitation, there are few tents which do not boast more comfort than can be easily imagined by those who are only acquainted with an European marquee. All are double, the interior and exterior covering being about a foot and a half apart; those which are double-poled contain several commodious apartments, and are furnished with glass doors to fit in the openings. They are usually lined with some gaily-coloured chintz; the floors are well-covered with *setringees*, and they have convenient space enclosed at the rear by *kanauts* (a wall of canvass) for out-offices and bathing-rooms. Moveable stoves are sometimes provided for the cold weather, but there is a better contrivance, inasmuch as smoke is thereby avoided, in an imitation of the Spanish *brassero*. A large brass or copper basin, in common use, called a *chillum chee*, mounted on an iron tripod, is filled with red wood embers, and fuel thus prepared, without having the deleterious effect of charcoal, diffuses a genial warmth throughout the tent, and is very necessary in the evening; for though, during the cold season, the sun is still too fierce at noon-day to confront without a shelter, as soon as its rays are withdrawn, intense cold succeeds, a sharp piercing wind sweeps along the plains, and the thermometer sinks below the freezing point.

The transition is so severe between the heat of the day and the frost of the night, that European dogs can only be preserved from its effects by the addition of warm clothing. Every evening, at sun-set, the servant who has the care of the canine race, equips each animal with a quilted coat, which is taken off in the morning. These rapid and striking changes are extremely trying to delicate constitutions, and there can scarcely be anything more disagreeable than a state of affairs of constant occurrence, namely, exposure at one and the same time to a hot sun and a bleak wind.

Under the noontide glare, the white walls of an extensive camp stretched over a bare and sandy plain, are exceedingly painful to the eyes, but in the twilight, and at night, it assumes a romantic aspect. Innumerable fires arise in every direction, horses picketed, camels and bullocks reposing in groups, present endless varieties of forms, all softened or exaggerated by the deepening shadows, or flickering lights.

The artillery stationed at Cawnpore, horse and foot, are sufficiently numerous to form a camp of their own, which occupies another plain of vast extent beyond some very wild ravines. Upon reviews and grand field-days, it is usual for the commandments of all the corps to give public breakfasts in turn, and these military spectacles rank amongst the most characteristic and spirit-stirring amusements of the East. All officers, whether upon leave or at Cawnpore on military duties unconnected with field displays, such as witnesses on courts-martial, &c. are expected to attend: wherefore the ladies are always sure of a gallant escort of beaux, not actively engaged in the toils of the day. Many parties proceed to the field on horseback, attended by *syces* on foot, well armed with spears, in order to ward off the attacks of loose chargers, who after throwing their riders run wild over the plains; a frequent occurrence where natives congregate, mounted upon the most vicious animals that ever submitted to the rein. Some of the ladies are conveyed upon elephants, but the majority go in carriages, which are drawn up at a convenient distance from the scene of action. The neighbouring city sends forth its multitudes on horseback and on foot, on camels, or in vehicles of native construction, and the sandy wilderness literally swarms with life.

To the beautiful precision of peaceable military evolutions succeeds the mimic war. The shock of contending battalions, the charge, the dispersion, the rally, and the retreat: squadrons of cavalry tear up the ground with their hoofs, “loud roars of the red artillery,” and now with their shining panoply glittering in the sun, and now obscured by clouds of dust, the assailants and the assailed appear and disappear like some

vision raised by an enchanter's wand. At the breaking-up of the field-day, the invited guests gladly adjourn to the less intellectual part of the entertainment; dressing tents are provided for the ladies, who shake off the morning's dust, and repair their charms, by re-arranging the hair, and re-smoothing the drapery. The gentlemen also make a brief toilette, and then the bugle summons to breakfast. To unaccustomed eyes, nothing can be more surprising than the spacious saloons thrown open upon these occasions for the reception of company. I remember once losing my way in the intricate passages connecting the apartments of a tent, fitted up for the accommodation of a large party of ladies.

An Indian breakfast is allowed to be an unrivalled repast, and it is to be found in as full perfection in the midst of a desert, as when spread upon the princely boards of the City of Palaces. Indian servants never permit their masters to regret the want of regular kitchens; all places appear to be the same to them, and *our déjûnés à la fourchette*, in camp, could not be surpassed in the Land of Cakes. Fish of every kind, fresh, dried, pickled, or preserved, or hermetically sealed in tin; delicate fricassees, rissoles, croquettes, omelettes, and curries of all descriptions; cold meats and game of all sorts; pâtés, jellies, and jams from London and Lucknow; fruits and sweetmeats; with cakes in endless variety, splendidly set out in china, cut glass, and silver, the guests providing their own tea-cups, plates, &c.

There are races at Cawnpore during the cold season, and as they have been long established, they generally afford good sport. These races form a very amusing scene, the male spectators, with few exceptions, appearing in masquerade; for the object being to divest the meeting of all military show, the young men endeavour to imitate, as nearly as their wardrobes will permit, the dress and appointments of English country gentlemen, farmers, and even rustics: rather a difficult achievement, where there is so little opportunity of keeping up a stock of plain clothes, and where young men, not anticipating the necessity of assuming a peaceable character, have neglected to provide themselves with a fitting disguise. Ingenuity is racked to find substitutes for the coveted garments; happy are those who possess a single-breasted coat, topped boots, and corduroys; round hats and jockey-caps are at a premium, and native tailors are employed to manufacture fac-similes of uncouth garments from all sorts of materials. Many of the gentlemen ride their own matches, and there is generally a very amusing *melee*, in which all descriptions of horses are entered, and which affords the greatest sport to those lookers-on not interested in the favourites. Prodigious quantities of gloves and lavender-water are lost and won by the ladies, and ruinous consequences too frequently result from the more serious transactions of the betting-stand.

Gambling is one of the great evils of Indian life; and though much more limited in its extent than in former times, it is still productive of debt, difficulty, and disgrace, to numbers of heedless young men. In Cawnpore, it is sometimes carried to a very dangerous extent; more particularly at those seasons when there are few balls and parties to divert the attention of idle youths from cards and dice: and at those periods the want of a public library is also severely felt. The supply of books is seldom equal to the demand; for though there are numerous clubs established in the various corps, and a few private collections belonging to the residents, the works which are to be found in all are chiefly of a light and desultory description. Books of instruction and reference are rarely to be purchased or borrowed, and however anxious young men may be to make themselves acquainted with the natural productions of India, or to study its political history, they must remain destitute of the means, unless they can afford to send to Calcutta or to England for the necessary materials.

Had the government established libraries at the headquarters of every district, a trifling subscription from the temporary residents would have sufficed to keep them up, and the advantage to young men of a studious turn would have been incalculable: but there are no facilities given for the acquisition of knowledge, and it must be picked up under the most disadvantageous circumstances. This, with the exception of Mhow, where a library has been established, is the case in every part of the Bengal presidency; and when the extreme youth of the cadets who are sent from school to fill up the vacancies of the Indian army, and their want of opportunities for improvement after their arrival, are taken into consideration, the highly intellectual state of society throughout Hindostan must excite surprise.

A church and a well-furnished library alone are wanting to render Cawnpore as delightful a residence, as an eastern climate and military duties will permit. It has not the reputa-

tion of being unhealthy, though in the rainy season, it shares with other stations the prevalent diseases of fever and ague, and being the high road to the frontiers, many travellers pause on their journey, after having received the seeds of their disorders in distant places, to lay their remains in the crowded cemetery of Cawnpore. During the hot winds it is burning, stifling, smothering; but all places liable to this terrible visitation (the simoom and sirocco of travellers' tales) are equally scorching, and in some districts the blasts from the gaseous furnace, from which the plague must emanate, blow all night, whereas at Cawnpore they subside at sun-set.

Persons newly arrived from England or Calcutta, may deem Cawnpore a semi-barbarous place, since wolves stray into the compounds, and there are bungalows in which the doors, destitute of locks or handles, will not shut: but the arrivals from out-stations, dwellers in the jungle, companions of bears and boars (biped and quadruped,) look upon it as an earthly paradise. It is well supplied with every article of European manufacture necessary for comfort, or even luxury, though it must be confessed that they are frequently too high-priced to suit subaltern's allowances. The bazaars are second to none in India; beef, mutton, fish, and poultry being of the finest quality: vegetables of all kinds may be purchased by those who have not gardens of their own, there being a sufficient demand to induce the natives to cultivate exotics for the market. In addition to the shops kept by Europeans, there are many warehouses filled with English and French goods, belonging to Hindoo and Moosulman merchants; and the jewellers are scarcely inferior to those of Delhi.

Cawnpore is celebrated for the manufacture of saddlery, harness, and gloves; though less durable than those of English make, the cheapness and beauty of the two former articles recommend them to the purchaser; and the gloves offer a very respectable substitute for the importations from France. Prints of fashions supply the mantua-makers and tailors with ideas, and as there is no lack of materials, the ladies of Cawnpore are distinguished in the Mofussil for a more accurate imitation of the toilettes of London and Paris, than can be achieved at more remote stations. Indeed, the contrast between the female residents, and their visitants from the surrounding jungles, is often extremely amusing.

The river's bank affords some very fine situations for bungalows, and the inequality of the ground offers many advantages to those in the interior of the cantonments. The roads are kept in good order, and as they stretch along thick plantations occasionally relieved by glimpses of European houses, or cross the broad parade grounds and other open tracts, the bits of native scenery, a small mosque, a pagoda, or a well, peeping from the trees; the long alleys of a bazaar, and the open sheds of numerous artizans, present so many pleasing combinations, that the eye must be dull of perception which cannot find an infinity of beauty in the various drives and rides. Lucknow, the capital of the neighbouring kingdom of Oude, is only a few marches distant from Cawnpore, and forms a favourite excursion, more especially whenever any particular festivities are going on at the court. In the proper season, hunting-parties are also frequently made to look for tigers and wild hogs in the islands of the Ganges, or amid the deep jungles of its opposite shore.

To the antiquary the neighbourhood of Cawnpore is peculiarly interesting, for many of the learned have agreed that it contains the site of the ancient city of Palibothra.

CHAPTER IV.

FEMININE EMPLOYMENTS, AMUSEMENTS, AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A PLEASANT paper, which appeared some months ago in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in enumerating the sources of female happiness, proved incontestably, that they were infinitely more abundant than those which were open to the male portion of the community belonging to a certain class. The writer, it appears never could have been in India, or he would have excepted the cases of his Eastern acquaintances; for, unhappily, in the clime of the sun, it is exceedingly difficult to find expedients either to trifle with or kill the enemy; and nearly unmitigated ennui is the lot of the majority of luckless women who, in a less subduing atmosphere, might have amused themselves very respectably by winding silk, cutting paper, or tatting. Manufactures of bread-seals and bead-brace-

lets do not flourish in India, partly from the difficulty of obtaining patterns and materials, and partly from the absence of stimulants to industry. Anglo-Indian ladies have not the same constant intercourse with each other, which prevails at home; the work-table does not bring parties of young people together, united by a similarity of pursuit, and emulous to outdo each other in some ornamental piece of stitchery; they cannot watch the progress of their friends' undertakings, and excepting in some few cases, where the mind and the fingers are equally active, and where the heat of the climate is beneficial to the constitution, idleness is the order of the day. During the greater part of the year, the slightest exertion is a toil; and habits acquired in the sultry season, are not easily laid aside at the arrival of the brief period of cold weather. The punkah also is very inimical to occupation; there is no possibility of enduring existence out of the reach of the influence of this enormous fan, and while it is waving to and fro, weights are requisite to secure every light article upon the table; should they be unadvisedly removed, away flies the whole apparatus to different parts of the room, and the degree of irritability produced by trifling circumstances of this nature, superadded to the excessive heat and the perpetual buzzing and stinging of mosquitoes, can scarcely be imagined by those who have never experienced the difficulty of pursuing any employment under the infliction of so many annoyances. Still, however, the grand cause of female listlessness may be traced to the comparatively little communication which takes place between the ladies of different families. Morning visits, excepting those of mere ceremony, are left to the gentlemen, who proceed from house to house in their daily tour, with perseverance which defies the thermometer.

This being the state of affairs, it might be supposed that conversation will assume a higher tone than when needles and thimbles, satin-stitch and chain-stitch, supply the *matériel*: and where there are no old maids, to whom (where they abound) credit is given for the invention of every gossip's tale, it might be presumed that scandal would be wanting. It is grievous to be obliged to vindicate the tabby race at the expense of that part of the creation who are styled its lords; but, sooth to say, there is no watering-place, country town, or village in England, which can match an Indian station, whether at the presidencies or in the Mofussil, for censoriousness; and it is equally matter of fact, that the male residents, young and old, married and single, if not always the actual authors of the slander, are the purveyors, disseminators, and reporters. It is to them that the ladies are indebted for all the news, private and public, at the place; they report the progress of flirtations, and hazard conjectures upon their probable issue. They are narrow observers of what is passing at every house, and carry a detailed account to the neighbouring families: not failing, of course, to put their own colouring upon everything which they relate, or to add (for the sake of heightening the effect) a few incidents necessary to give piquancy to their narratives. Nor do these gallant cavaliers disdain to attend to trifles which are generally deemed to belong exclusively to the feminine department: they condescend to report upon flounces and furbelows, descending to all the minutiae of plaits and puckering, and criticising the whole paraphernalia, from the crowning comb to the shoe-tie. Their descriptive powers are particularly called forth by the appearance of new arrivals. Wo to the unfortunate matron or spinster, who shall be the first to bring out any striking change of fashion! she is the mark for every witting; not a tongue is silent; it is an offence to the whole community to convict it of being behind the modes of London or Paris, and the attempt to instruct is resented as an imposition. Pretty girls often sit at their first balls without partners, none of the young men having nerve enough to dance with persons, whom they and their associates have so unmercifully cut up. However exactly they may be dressed after the most approved costume of a leading milliner at home, they are considered *outré* by the old fashioned figures with whom they are doomed to mingle; and though their patterns are gradually adopted, nothing can be more ungracious than the manner in which persons, convinced against their will, conform to anything new and strange. In all this the gentlemen are the ringleaders; it is the dread of their ridicule which influences the weaker sex. It may be said that their sarcasms are encouraged by their female friends, and their gossiping tales well received; but as they are clearly the majority, it must be in their power to introduce a better system. Complaints are eternally made of the frivolity of the women, but persons well acquainted with society in India, may be permitted to doubt whether they should be made to bear the whole burden of the charge. A female coterie is a thing al-

most unknown; the dread of exposure to the heat of the sun prevents ladies from congregating together in the morning; and at dinner-parties and balls they are wholly engrossed by the gentlemen. It is thought very extraordinary, and rather disgraceful, to see a lady enter a room without the arm of a male escort; the usual complement is two. At morning calls, the master of the mansion, as soon as it is announced that there is a *Bibby Saib* (a lady) coming, is expected to rush to the door of the house, and hand the fair visitor in, though she may be accompanied by one or more gentlemen. Ladies are never seen walking together in a ball-room; and though the most elegant female can scarcely preserve a graceful appearance while supported on each side by a male arm, it is the custom in India, and the exhibition must be made, upon pain of incurring the imputation of desiring a *tête-à-tête*. Attention and flattery will usually reconcile a woman to the loss of the society of her own sex—but by many the privation is severely felt; they miss the warm and cordial greetings, the delight of a reunion after brief absences, and the pleasing confidential chatting, to which they have been accustomed in their native land. On the score of gaiety, much is lost by the separation of the female portion of an assembly from each other, for nothing can be more formally decorous than the appearance of an Indian ball-room, where the promenaders move round in lugubrious order, and where cold and distant recognitions alone pass between intimate acquaintance. The handings, and shawlings, and fannings, of male attendants, which a lady must change perpetually if she would avoid the appearance of retaining regular *cavalieri serventi*, are poor substitutes for the groups of gay girls with whom she was wont to join in animated converse. At length, perchance, estranged from her own sex by long habit, she acquires a distaste for female society, and should she return to England, will talk of India as a paradise, and feel neglected and miserable when no longer surrounded by a troop of gentlemen.

In the Upper Provinces, this state of affairs is universal; but in Calcutta, a little change takes place; during the cold season, ladies spend their mornings with each other, and shop and visit together; those also who do not dance, occupy the same sofas in a ball-room: but there always appears to be a want of congeniality amongst them; a civil sort of indifference seems the prevailing feeling,* for there is less of rivalry and jealousy than is to be met with elsewhere: a circumstance easily to be accounted for, since the majority are married women, and, generally speaking, models of propriety of conduct. A few there are, certainly, as must be the case in all large communities, who afford food for scandal, either by actual levity of demeanour, or a careless gaiety too closely approaching it, but all persons who have seen the world will acknowledge, that the strict rules of propriety are less frequently violated by the Anglo-Indian ladies than by those comprising the gay circles of society in Europe.

To many persons, the circumstance of having nothing to do, will compensate for the dearth of amusement; and indolent habits, if not natural to the disposition, may be acquired. An active spirit will of course always find employment for itself; but more than ordinary powers, both of mind and constitution, are requisite to struggle against the influence of the climate, and the difficulties which an imperfect knowledge of the Hindoostanee language throw in the way of household management. After breakfast, the ladies of a family usually employ themselves, while awaiting the arrival of visitors (whose calls take place as early as ten o'clock), in superintending the labours of their *dirzees* (tailors)—a severe trial of patience. Though very neat workmen, few amongst them are equal to the task of cutting out; and they do not profess to fit on, a business which is left to the lady and her *ayah*. If a pattern dress be given to them, they copy it with accuracy: but have no idea of the method of reducing or enlarging the dimensions, to suit the peculiar figures of their employers. Like the brethren of their craft in other countries, they require to be sharply looked after, being much addicted to the abstraction of those remnants of odds and ends, which in England go under the denomination of "cabbage." These perquisites of their office are turned to great advantage in the manufacture of skull-caps, called *toppees*, which are invariably

* The writer does not intend to insinuate that there are no such things as female friendships in India, or that instances of real and cordial affection, subsisting between individuals of the softer sex, are of rare occurrence: it is the general tone and manner which is here described, and which is sufficiently obvious to surprise a stranger.

worn by their fellow-domestics when off duty, and which, especially if formed of gay silk, lace, or embroidery, find a ready sale. Many droll scenes take place between ladies and their *dirzees*; the horror, consternation, and rage of the former, when they discover that some precious garment has been spoiled beyond repair, and the blank looks of the latter, while their handy-works are held up in judgment against them, are frequently so exceedingly ludicrous, that they cannot fail to excite the risibility of the bystanders. Happy may the unfortunate tailor think himself, if the arrival of a visitor should suspend hostilities, and give his justly-incensed mistress time to cool. Nor is it the *dirzee* alone who excites his lady's wrath; servants, those fruitful sources of plague in all civilized countries, sometimes contrive, in India, to occasion an infinity of trouble. In justice, however, to this maligned race, it must be admitted, that reasonable people, acquainted with the customs of the natives, or willing to be instructed in them, may escape many of the pains and penalties usually connected with a large establishment. It is astonishing how easily the multitude of domestics, necessarily attached to an Anglo-Indian household, may be managed, and in almost every instance it is the fault of the master or the mistress if the servants be disreputable or inattentive to their duties. Kind treatment, and the accurate payment of wages at stated periods, are alone necessary to secure the attachment of numerous dependants; and it is much to be regretted, that ill-temper, and disregard of prejudices, should, in so many instances, produce a contrary effect.

An establishment in the Bengal presidency is composed of various descriptions of Moosulman and Hindoo servants, all of whom have their respective offices. The *khansamah*, or head of the household, must be a Moosulman, and it is of great consequence that he should be an active and respectable man, for upon his exertions the comfort of a family must in a great measure depend. He acts in the capacity of major-domo, purveyor, and confectioner, superintending the cooking department, making the jellies and jams, and attending to all the more delicate and elaborate details of the *cuisine*. All the other servants are, or ought to be, under his immediate control, and when he is made answerable for their conduct, things usually go on very smoothly. In addition to the *khansamah*, whose place at table is behind his master's chair, there are other attendants of his own class, called *khidmutgars*, one being attached to each individual of the family. Strictly speaking, the duty of these men is merely to attend at meals; but they will cook upon occasion, and indeed are fond of showing their skill in the art, and also, where economy is considered, act as the *abdul* (butler), who cools the wine, &c., or as the *hookah-badar* (pipe-bearer), and chillum manufacturer. But servants are often especially retained for these purposes; and when that is the case, the master of the mansion, either abroad or at home, is attended by his *khansamah*, *abdul*, and *hookah-badar*, all splendidly dressed, and standing at the back of his chair. One or two cooks, according to the style of living, and the same number of *mussaucheers* (scullions), complete the table servants, who must all be Moosulmans, the Hindoos objecting, on account of their religion, to have anything to do with the kitchen, carrying their scruples so far, as to refuse to touch a clean plate, in consequence of its having been defiled by a portion of a slaughtered animal. The *sirdar bearer*, a Hindoo, acts as valet to the master of the house; he has the care of the oil and wax-candles, and sees to the lighting of the lamps, the dusting of the furniture, and making the beds; he is assisted in these concerns by one or two mates (according to the number of individuals belonging to the family), who pull the *punkahs*, and in a large establishment, where four or eight are kept, carry the palanquin.

The *meter* (sweeper), a very essential person, is a low-caste Hindoo, above all prejudice, who sweeps the floors, clears away dirt, and will take care of a dog or other unclean animal. These, with the *ayah* (lady's-maid), the *metrante* (her assistant), and the *dirzee*, compose the servants employed in in-door offices,—to whom, however, the *bheestie*, or water-carrier, may be added, who supplies the bathing-rooms with water. The *chuprassies* are running-footmen, employed to attend a carriage or a palanquin, to go upon messages, carry letters, bottles, books, or other light articles which they can take in their hands. They are usually, if Hindoo, high-caste men, brahmins being frequently candidates for this office, and in the upper provinces of Hindoostan are seldom seen without swords by their sides. The messengers of Bengal, called *hurkaris*, are a very inferior description of persons, performing the same duties: they sit in the ante-rooms, and are always ready to the "*qui hi?*" (who waits?)

The out-door servants are almost innumerable; every horse

must be supplied with a groom and grass-cutter; few houses are destitute either of a garden or a small piece of ground, which requires the care and attention of one or more persons (*mallees*); then there is the *dobhy* (washerman), the *bery-wallah* who has the charge of the goats or sheep; men or boys to look after the poultry; extra water-carriers, and other extras, *ad infinitum*.

In Calcutta every house must have a porter, or *durioan*; and in the provinces, a *chokeydar*, or watchman, at night.*

When the family assemble for the day, the servant in attendance *salaam* as each person enters the breakfast-room. The *khidmutgars*, of course, are at their posts, and might be deemed sufficient for the purpose,—but the tea-kettle being under the especial superintendence of one of the bearers, he is seldom found willing to entrust it to other hands, scrupulously performing the duties of his office: and although there may be half a dozen other servants in the room, he is seen to fill the tea-pot, or at any rate to bring in the kettle from an iron tripod, called an *ungeeta*, the substitute for an urn, which is filled with lighted charcoal, and kept either outside the house, or in an open verandah. During breakfast, the *mallee* makes his appearance with his baskets of fruits and vegetables, and a small bouquet for each lady placed upon the top. The fruits, &c. are neatly arranged in plantain-leaves, and as he offers his basket round the table, each person takes something, custard-apples, guavas, chillies, salad, or cresses. After breakfast, the *khansamah*, who has made his bazaar early in the morning, either lays out his purchases in an ante-room, or sends them in to the lady upon dishes or in baskets; after they are inspected, he takes his orders and retires. The bed-rooms and bathing-rooms being properly arranged for the day, the bearers, with the exception of those left to pull the *punkahs*, betake themselves to their repose, lying down in all directions in the ante-chambers, well covered up to secure them from mosquitoes, and looking like so many corpses swathed in grave-clothes.

Such is the state of affairs until the hour of *tiffin*; the *chuprassies* in attendance announcing guests, and ushering them in and out. As soon as the sun begins to decline, the water-carrier appears with his *mussuck*, and sprinkles the verandahs, and the *chubootur*, a terrace raised in some elevated place. The *meters* come in with their brooms, and sweep the floors; the bearers draw up the *chiks* or blinds and beat the flies out, taking care to shut them again before they light the lamps, an operation which is performed the instant it gets dark. Every sleeping-apartment is supplied with a lamp duly placed upon the dressing-table, or in a wall-shade, at the closing in of the brief twilight. Where there is an active and steady *khansamah* to see that these things are regularly and thoroughly done, the lady of the house has very little trouble; but indifference to comfort and appearance upon her part, will invariably occasion idleness and slovenliness on that of the servants, exhibited in dusty, worm-eaten furniture, ragged mats, dirt and dilapidation of every kind; for a single day's neglect is quite sufficient to allow the multitudinous hosts of insects, which form the grand destructive power, to gain a head. An ill-kept house in India is the most deplorable, comfortless-looking place imaginable; it is overrun with vermin of every kind; "rats and mice, and such small deer" disport themselves over it at all hours; frogs croak in the corners, and bats nestle in the cornices. The damps gathered on the mats produce plentiful crops of the endless varieties of the fungus tribe, and should not the red ants succeed in devouring their white brethren, not a door-post will remain in its proper position; while you cannot remove a chair or a table, without the risk of disturbing the family of a centipede. It is a good plan, even where the servants are most active, to walk quietly through the rooms, and order every article of furniture to change its place: for, at every thorough cleaning, the first rudiments of a rat's nest (where dogs and cats are not kept) may be detected; scorpions, either in an advanced or infant state, are certain to be found under the mats, together with such an incredible quantity of lizard's eggs, that you wonder whether the flies themselves could furnish food for the numberless broods, were they permitted to burst the shell. A lady desirous of pre-

* In large establishments in Calcutta, a *sircar* or steward is kept, who receives no pay, but takes a per-centage out of all the money passing through his hands. The wages of other servants vary from ten rupees to three per month; they feed and clothe themselves, and live in small houses in the compound; a few of the bearers sleep in the house, wrapping themselves up in cloths, and spreading a mat under them, upon the floor.

serving neatness and order throughout her dominions, will sometimes visit the cook-room, which is generally at a distance from the house, and take a peep *en passant*, at the poultry-yard, and the domiciles of her servants. Native attendants have a pride in appearing to advantage, and will take care that nothing shall offend the lady's eye. The cook-room ought to be kept extremely clean; it is generally rather a small place, and so scantily furnished, compared with an English kitchen, that it is marvellous how it can be made to supply the endless number of dishes which issue from its humble roof: but the greater part of the preparations being carried on outside, and there being always several ranges of hot hearths in the interior, the difficulties are not so great as may be imagined at first sight. The principal fuel in use is charcoal, and the meat is roasted *over*, and not *in front of*, the fire: an arrangement to which connoisseurs in the gastronomic science object.

Those ladies who are either Indian-born, or who have lived long enough in the country to acquire a perfect knowledge of its modes, language, and customs, frequently leave little for the khansamah to do; attending themselves at the godowns (storerooms), and giving out each article for the day's consumption; seeing wood and charcoal weighed, oil measured, and eggs numbered. A saving in expense is no doubt effected by these exertions: but as, unhappily, they are usually attended by violent scolding matches, after the true Hindoostanee fashion, such minute attention to household affairs is not very desirable. By permitting the khansamah to gain a small profit in his bazaar-accounts, the service is made acceptable to a respectable man, who cannot afford to support a family in a becoming manner upon his bare wages; and a domestic of this description will in almost every case be found exceedingly faithful, attached to the person of his master, and ready to submit to inconveniences* (which natives generally are not willing to bear), if necessary, to secure the comfort of the family he serves.

In India, we may almost invariably read the character of the master in the countenance and deportment of his servants. If they be handsomely, but not gaudily dressed, respectful but not servile in their demeanour, quiet, orderly, and contented, they bear evidence of the good qualities of their superiors; but where servants exhibit any signs of terror or of absurd obsequiousness, where they never approach without their hands folded as if in prayer, and almost touch the earth in their *salaams*; where they are dirty, ragged, noisy, and constantly changing, the head of the house may safely be pronounced tyrannical, unreasonable, or a bad pay-master,—a description of persons who will never succeed in retaining respectable domestics. A very short residence in the country is sufficient to render the natives well acquainted with the characters of the Europeans round them; and if once a disgraceful notoriety be obtained, none save thieves and outcasts will take service where ill-treatment is sure to follow: hence the origin of the too numerous complaints of persons, who never can meet with a domestic to suit them, who refuse to yield to the customs of the country in which they are doomed to dwell, and consequently are attended only by those who are indifferent to loss of caste or of character.

The difficulty regarding female domestics is certainly very great. It is generally considered essential for the *ayah* to be a Moosulman woman, as none but a low Hindoo would take the office; and it may safely be averred, that not one respectable woman out of a hundred is to be found in this class. The single circumstances of her mingling unveiled with the male domestics, is sufficient to show that she has lost all claim to reputation; she has seldom any good quality left, excepting honesty; she is idle, slatternly, and dissipated, and frequently even too lazy to see that her assistant performs her duty. Few *ayahs* are at the slightest pains to make themselves acquainted with the mysteries of the European toilette; they dress their ladies all awry, and martyrdom is endured whenever they take a pin in hand: they have no notion of lacing, buttoning, or hook-and-eyeing, and only show themselves skilful in the bathing-room, and in brushing and braiding the hair. Folding up dresses is an art wholly unknown, and Griselda herself would find it difficult to keep her temper in the midst of crushed flounces, broken feathers, and gauzes eaten through and through by cock-roaches. European women, if attainable, demand enormous wages; they soon learn to give themselves airs, and require the attendance of natives

during the hot weather: the Moosulman *ayah* is usually found the lesser evil of the two, and when she happens to be clever and active, she is a treasure beyond price.

It is advisable to make the *khansamah* engage all the inferior servants, and hold him answerable for their conduct; but there is one privilege usually enjoyed by him to its fullest extent, which it were better to abridge,—the selection of the dinner. He of course provides according to the notions of an Asiatic, who considers abundance to be essential to magnificence, and has no idea of modern European refinement. Anglo-Indians, for the most part, have left England too young to have lost their school-relish for ample fare: to people who know better, it is frequently more easy to fall into new customs than to combat prejudices, for they have not only those of their servants to encounter, but those also of the whole community, who have been too long accustomed to see tables groaning beneath the weight of the feast, to be satisfied with the light viands served up at a London board. The receipt for an Indian dinner appears to be, to slaughter a bullock and a sheep, and place all the joints before the guests at once, with poultry, &c. to match. The natives are excellent cooks, and might easily be taught the most delicate arts of the *cuisine*; but as their own recipes differ exceedingly from ours, they can only acquire a knowledge of the European style from the instructions of their employers: their hashes, stews, and haricots, are excellent, but a prejudice exists against these preparations amidst the greater number of Anglo-Indians, who fancy that "black fellows" cannot do anything beyond their own *pillaws*, and are always in dread of some abomination in the mixture: a vain and foolish alarm, where the servants are cleanly, and where no one ever objects to curry.

For these, or some other equally absurd reasons, made dishes form a very small portion of the entertainment given to a large party, which is usually composed of, in the first instance, an overgrown turkey (the fatter the better) in the centre, which is the place of honour; an enormous ham for its *vis-à-vis*; at the top of the table appears a sirloin or round of beef; at the bottom a saddle of mutton; legs of the same, boiled and roasted, figure down the sides, together with fowls, three in a dish, geese, ducks, tongues, humps, pigeon-pies, curry and rice of course, mutton-chops and chicken-cullets. Fish is of little account, except for breakfast, and can only maintain its post as a side-dish.

In the hot season, fish caught early in the morning would be much deteriorated before the dinner hour, it is therefore eaten principally at breakfast. There are no *entremets*, no removes; the whole course is put on the table at once, and when the guests are seated, the soup is brought in. The reason of the delay of a part of the entertainment which invariably takes the precedence in England, is rather curious. All the guests are attended by their own servants, who congregate round the cook-room, and assist to carry in the dinner; were the soup to enter first, these worthies would rush to their masters' chairs, and leave the discomfited *khansamah* at the head of his dishes, without a chance of getting them conveyed to the table by his *mussaulchees* under an hour, at least. The second course is nearly as substantial as the first, and makes as formidable an appearance: beef-steaks figure amongst the delicacies, and smaller articles, such as quails or ortolans, are piled up in hecatombs. At the tables of old Indians, the fruit makes a part of the second course; but regular deserts are coming, though slowly, into fashion.

There is always a mixture of meanness and magnificence in everything Asiatic; the splendid appointments of silver and china, which deck the board, have not their proper accompaniment of rich damask,* but appear upon common cotton cloths, the manufacture of the country. All the glasses are supplied with silver covers, to keep out the flies: but the glasses themselves are not changed when the cloth is removed. It will easily be perceived that there is an air of barbaric grandeur about these feasts, which reminds a stranger of the descriptions he has read of the old baronial style of living; but, unfortunately, the guests invited to assist at the demolition of innumerable victims, want the keen appetite which rendered their martial ancestors such valiant trencher-men. The *burra khanas*, as they are called, at Calcutta, certainly afford a festal display, in which the eye, if not the palate, must take pleasure. In a hall paved with marble, supported by handsome stone pillars, and blazing with lights, sixty guests, perhaps,

* Such as removing to some remote district, a native of the Upper Provinces to Bengal, or vice versa; going to the hills (the Himalaya), or on board ship.

* It is supposed that, as there are no mangles in India, damask table-linen would lose its glossy hue: but the heavy irons used by the *dhobys* answer all the purposes of those huge machines.

are assembled; punkahs wave above their heads, and chowries of various kinds, some of peacocks' plumes, others of fleecy cow-tails, mounted upon silver handles, are kept in continual agitation, to beat off the flies, by attendants beautifully clad in white muslin. At every third or fourth chair, the *hookah*, reposing on an embroidered carpet, exhibits its graceful splendours, but unhappily the fumes of the numerous chillums, the steam of the dishes, the heat of the lamps, and the crowds of attendants, effectually counteract the various endeavours made to procure a free circulation of air. The petticoated bottles, which make the circuit of the tables instead of decanters, form one of the peculiarities of an Indian table; their ugliness is compensated by their utility, as the wine is kept cool by the wetted cloths which are somewhat fancifully arranged round the necks of the bottles: port, claret, and Burgundy are characteristically attired in crimson, with white flouncings; while sherry and Madeira appear in bridal costume. Mr. Hood's pencil would revel in the delineation of these grotesque appendages. The verandahs present a bustling scene, which, to unaccustomed eyes, is both curious and attractive. There the *hookah-badars* are busy preparing fresh chillums, the *khidmutgars* are putting the tea-equipage in order, and the fires of the *ungeetas* draw groups around them, for at no season of the year is a native averse to the genial warmth of the bright red coal, over which he bends with delight, while Europeans, in despite of *punkahs*, are fainting from excess of heat.

Suppers are the fac-similes of dinners, excepting that there is only one course, and a greater abundance *Multanee* soup, which seldom appears excepting at tiffin and supper. Where large parties assemble, a whole sheep is considered necessary to make the stock of this liquid curry, which differs materially from its European namesake; lime-juice and curds forming the principal condiments. It is no uncommon thing to see hot sirloins, rounds and ribs of beef, saddles and haunches of mutton at suppers, in the upper country, while those of Calcutta exhibit geese and turkeys. The delicacies of an entertainment consist of hermetically-sealed salmon, red-herrings, cheese, smoked sprats, raspberry jam, and dried fruits: these articles coming from Europe, and being sometimes very difficult to procure in a fresh and palmy state, are prized accordingly. Female taste has here ample room for its display; but a woman must possess the courage of an Amazon to attempt any innovation upon ancient customs, amid such bigoted people as the Indians, Anglo and native. To abridge the number of the dishes, or to diminish the sizes of the joints, would infallibly be imputed to the meanest motives; the servants would be ready to expire with shame at their master's disgrace, and the guests would complain of starvation. Ladies who have passed five-and-twenty or thirty years of their lives in Europe, comprise so small a portion of an Indian circle, that they have not the means of effecting any important reform; the majority being merely supplied with school-experience, or from long habit or example wedded to the old regime; while the whole of the male population, masters and servants, are ready to raise a furious outcry against modern fashions and female dictation. The receipt of a celebrated wit, for dressing a cucumber, is unconsciously followed with great precision with respect to an Indian entertainment; for after all the pains and expense bestowed upon them, the dinners and suppers given by the Anglo-Indians are literally as well as figuratively speaking, thrown away: not a fiftieth part can be consumed by the guests, the climate will not admit of keeping the remainder, for in the cold season it will get dry, and in the hot weather decomposition speedily takes place, while it is only the very lowest caste of natives who will eat anything which comes from an European table. In Calcutta, there are multitudes of poor Christians, to whom the remnants of the rich man's feast are very acceptable; but in the upper provinces, even beggars would turn away from the gift.

The gratification to be derived from these dinner-parties depends entirely upon the persons who occupy the next chairs, for they are usually much too large to admit of general conversation, nor are there many topics of general interest, excepting in circles exclusively military, in which speculations upon line steps, and the restoration of batta, form subjects for discussion which never appear to tire. Nothing that occurs in India ever creates a sensation, at least in the same degree which is experienced in Europe at an elopement, a new appearance, a successful play, or the arrival of a distinguished stranger. Rammohun Roy attracted more attention in London than Lord Wm. Bentick, or any preceding governor-general, did in Calcutta.

Intelligence from the mother-country must be of a very stirring nature to excite the sobered feelings of an Anglo-Indian; and in any revolution occurring at home, the length of time which must elapse before an account of the events which have taken place can reach India, renders it doubtful whether a counteraction has not produced some fresh change; a protracted period of uncertainty destroys interests, and confirmation or contradiction meet a cold reception: numbers are wholly indifferent to foreign events, and care nothing for the destinies of kings and ministers belonging to a distant quarter of the globe. New novels and new poems, those fertile subjects of discussion at parties in England, if spoken of at all, are mentioned coldly and carelessly; they come out to India unaccompanied by the *on dits* which heighten their interest in the land of their production; if anonymous, none know, or care to know, the name of the author; they do not elicit lively disquisitions upon their merits or demerits, nor are people ashamed, as in England, to confess that they have not read a popular work.

Books meet a ready sale in India, and their perusal forms the chief amusement of leisure hours; but they are rarely made the subject of conversation. The literature of the day finds its way to India at nearly the same time as the reviews which usher it into the world; but whole circles do not, as in England, run mad about some new publication; there are only a certain number of copies to be procured; a new edition cannot be supplied upon demand, and it would be surprising indeed if enthusiasm were not subdued by so many chilling circumstances. There are no picture-galleries, no exhibitions, no opera to converse about; the musical and dramatic entertainments, being amateur, are scarcely legitimate subjects for criticism, and the observations they elicit too frequently degenerate into personalities. In the dearth of native topics of this description, Anglo-Indians are not willing to be enlightened on affairs of the same nature at home; and new arrivals, who fancy that they shall gain the general ear by vivid accounts of the new wonder they have left in England, are wofully disappointed. Persons who rave about Paganini, Sontag, or Taglioni, are much in the same predicament as the narrators of tiger-hunts at home; they are voted bores, and soon discover that, unless they are prepared to fall into the opinions and prejudices of their new associates, they will sink into nobodies. At the same time, such is the perversity of human nature, that people who are unable to furnish accounts of *debutantes* of eminence, new pictures, new music, or new books, are subjected to very severe comments, and stigmatized immediately as springing from some obscure class in England.

A canal through the isthmus of Suez, and regular steam-communication, may effect a great change in Indian society; but until this shall take place, none save stupendous events will have power to awaken it from its lethargy. Lord Byron tells us that the cold in clime are cold in blood; and certainly the burning rays of an Indian sun are insufficient to produce those lava-floods in the veins of an European, which are the birthright of the children of the soil. The strongest excitements are necessary to arouse an Anglo-Indian into action; the sports of the field are reckoned tame and uninteresting, unless they are beset with danger and death, and hence the difficulty of satisfying those who return after long absence to England: "what," say they, "are the poor triumphs of the first of September, compared to the noble warfare which we carry on against the monsters of the wood, where the sharp roar of the tiger is followed by its deadly spring, where the steady rush of the buffalo is fraught with destruction, and the noble charge of the wild boar demands that eye, and hand, and nerve, should be equally steady and unflinching!" Stimulants of inferior power have little influence over the mind of an Anglo-Indian, whose slumbering energies can only be called forth upon great occasions.

CHAPTER V.

BERHAMPORE.

In its outward aspect, there is no European station in the Mofussil which can bear any comparison with Berhampore; it is situated on the left bank of the Hooghly, in the fair and fertile province of Bengal, and is arrayed with the utmost splendour of foliage; the flowering trees attaining a gigantic size, and the more common offspring of the forest, the banian, tamarind, neem, peepul, and bamboo, occurring in greater profusion, and seeming to riot in richer luxuriance than in the

dry soils of the upper country, where the groves are contrasted with arid sand, instead of springing from long grass and thickly-spreading underwood.

The cantonments of Berhampore are well laid out and handsomely built; the quarters of the officers belonging to the European regiments stationed there being of brick covered with cement, like the *puckha* palaces of Calcutta, and forming uniform ranges of considerable extent. The grand square, a spacious quadrangle, enclosing an excellent parade-ground, is particularly striking; and stately houses, belonging to civilians and other permanent residents, arise in tasteful and convenient spots in the neighbourhood, giving to the whole station an air of grandeur and importance not usually found in garrisons, where the pompous array of fortresses and bristling bulwarks is wanting. To contrast with all this beauty and magnificence and to show the deceitfulness of outward appearances, a large and melancholy arena, filled with monumental stones, gives silent but mournful evidence of the unhealthiness of the atmosphere, and of the grim dominion of Death in the midst of the most lavish productions of nature. Berhampore lies low, and has not been sufficiently drained before its occupation by European troops. Every breath of air which visits it comes over swamps and marshy lands; it abounds with ditches and stagnant pools, those fruitful sources of malaria, and its too redundant vegetation is rank and noisome.

Elegant and commodious as the European quarters appear, they have not been constructed with a proper regard to the health of the inhabitants. It was formerly the custom in Bengal, and one which unfortunately has not been universally relinquished, to glaze the houses only upon what the sailors would term the weather-side; close wooden shutters, or glass doors, not being supposed necessary except to keep off the storms of rain brought by the hurricanes from the north-west. Under this idea, the more sheltered parts of the house are merely furnished with venetians, which never can be made to close so exactly as to keep out the damp air.

There are no fire-places in these summer residences; and persons compelled to dwell all the year round in them must undergo every change of atmosphere, without the possibility of preventing their exposure to diseases which are generated by sudden transitions from heat to cold. Philosophers assert that the earth is cooling down; and although the sultriness of Bengal during the hot season has not suffered the slightest diminution, it is certain that the air is much keener than heretofore during the few months of cold weather: a fact fully borne out by the frosts, which have made ice an article of manufacture at Chinsurah by the same process used in the upper provinces. Every person having more regard to health than to expense, takes care to have the family abode glazed upon all sides, and fire-places formerly unknown are becoming common in Calcutta, where, after sunset, in the large lofty rooms, during the cold season, the blaze and genial warmth of a wood fire are very acceptable. The want of these preservatives from cholera, which is more frequently brought on by exposure to chills than by any other cause, is severely felt at Berhampore, where that fatal disease is peculiarly destructive to the European community, making sad ravages amongst the King's regiments every season: doleful records upon the tombstones chronicle its gloomy triumphs; neither sex nor age are spared, and there is no cemetery in India which contains the mortal remains of so many juvenile mothers and young brides as that at Berhampore.

The Lower Orphan School, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, receives numerous inmates from this unhealthy station. This institution was established for the purpose of educating and providing for the children of deceased soldiers. Some of its regulations, though judicious, are rather singular. Should the non-commissioned officers or privates of European regiments desire to take a wife out of this asylum, they are, if men of character, permitted to do so, but they must choose by the eye alone at a single interview. They are not allowed to pay their addresses to the object which has attracted them, or to transfer their affections to another after their selection has been made: no previous acquaintance can be granted, and the bride has only the privilege of rejection.

King's troops which have nearly completed the full period of their services in India, generally take their leave of Mofussil stations at Berhampore; but it is too often selected for the quarters of new arrivals; and regiments, acclimating in the midst of its treacherous swamps, pay double toll to the king of terrors. Here are no pecuniary advantages which can compensate for an unhealthy climate, and no one takes up his abode at this place without a feeling of reluctance; frequent deaths cast a gloom upon society, and there are other causes

which prevent the cordiality and good-fellowship amid the European community, which can alone reconcile the Indian exile to banishment in a foreign land.

The extreme youth of the civil and military servants of the Company, upon their arrival in the country in which their lot has been cast, permits them to conform to its customs without any irksome feeling; but is otherwise with officers of King's regiments, who come out later in life. Their habits and manners have been formed in England, and many refuse to submit to the regulations and usages which have been established time out of mind in India, while others comply with an ill-grace. The order of visiting is completely reversed in the Company's territories; the stranger is expected to call upon the residents, and the rule is so absolute, that persons who refuse to attend to it give much offence, and are in a great measure cut off from society. Subaltern officers of small means, unaccustomed to the state of things existing in a strange country, feel reluctant to intrude themselves upon the mansions of rich civilians, and would rather await the advance of the great man; the civilian is offended by the neglect of common courtesy, and, having lived many years out of England, forgets to make proper allowances for the prejudices imbibed at home: coldness and dislike ensue, each casts the blame upon the other, and the station is divided into separate circles.

The difference between the style of living and the incomes of persons thrown together at a Mofussil station is but too apt to create suspicion, if not jealousy, on the part of the least wealthy class. They scrutinize the air and deportment of those more favoured with the gifts of fortune with a critical eye; reserve is always attributed to pride; they expect marked and flattering receptions, without considering that their visits may be paid to men who, notwithstanding their station or their talents, may be very little acquainted with the world, and quite unskilled in the art of doing the honours of their houses. The shyness and want of ease which would pass unnoticed in persons of their own standing, are imputed to the worst feelings when exhibited by rich civilians: no time is given to thaw the ice; a hasty judgment, in many instances of course exceedingly erroneous, is formed, and the visitor withdraws in disgust, determined never to subject himself again to "the proud man's contumely."

Ladies, happily, are not expected to undergo this ordeal: upon their arrival at a station, the husband, father, or brother, with whom they reside, makes the tour of the place, and the females of the families, to whom he has paid his respects, call upon the strangers, who are of course expected to return the visit. If the duty, in the first instance, on the part of the gentleman, be omitted, the ladies will remain unnoticed, and it will either be supposed that they desire to live in seclusion, or that there is some not very creditable reason for their being averse to an introduction to the society. The awkwardness of presenting themselves at the houses of persons with whom they have not had any previous acquaintance is considerably lessened when, as is generally the case, the strangers have some friend, well known to the whole station, to accompany them in their round of visits.

It rarely happens that the officers of the native army are without a *Cicerone*; for, immediately upon landing, they are thrown into the way of so many cadets, new-comers like themselves, who, upon their obtaining commissions, are posted into different regiments; and so soon become associated with persons belonging to both services, that, at almost every station, they must have an acquaintance disposed to perform the friendly office. King's troops are differently circumstanced; they have a society within themselves, which they fancy will render them independent of any other. They do not choose to appear to court attentions which they think should be bestowed unsolicited; and if, upon their first arrival in Bengal, they should not be quartered for any length of time at Fort William, they may march up the country without having formed any acquaintance beyond the limits of their own barracks. Officers joining King's regiments long stationed in India generally live for a considerable period isolated from the servants of the Company, unless the corps should have amalgamated itself with the rest of the Anglo-Indian community, and have got rid of all the opinions contracted in Europe. This is only the case at Berhampore, when its garrison has been recruited from the upper provinces.

A newly-arrived regiment, which had held out staunchly against paying the first visit, and whose officers could not be persuaded that pride was not the cause of their being unnoticed by civilians of rank, was not a little astonished by the conduct pursued by a gentleman, who succeeded to the appointment of resident at the neighbouring court. The indivi-

dual in question, from long domestication with native princes in distant states, had adopted the pomp and circumstance of oriental splendour, so necessary to create and retain the respect due to the representative of the governors of the country. The appointments of his establishment were magnificent; he kept a train of elephants, and when he appeared in state was surrounded by a crowd of retainers, *chobdars* and *chuprassees*, carrying silver maces and sheathed swords before him, while mounted *suears* brought up the rear. These things were talked of, and of course exaggerated, in a place which has been too long under the dominion of the Company for Europeans to be compelled to study the tastes and prejudices of natives of rank, whom it seems to be the policy to instruct in foreign fashions. A demeanour correspondent to all this outward grandeur, was expected by the little world of Berhampore; but to the surprise of every body, the new resident got into his buggy, that favourite conveyance of rich and poor, and left his name at every door without the least distinction. He became of course exceedingly popular, and rational people perceived that, if they had attended like him to the customs of the country, the whole station might have been united, instead of being split into parties.

To a casual visitor, neither the crowded burial-ground, nor the little jealousies existing between certain classes, can seriously affect the pleasure to be derived from a short sojourn at one of the best-built and best-kept stations in India. The roads are exceedingly fine, and there are no squalid and unsightly objects to destroy the effect of the splendid buildings scattered in every direction. The whole place would realize the *beau idéal* which untravellers persons might form of some imperial residence, exclusively confined to the *attachés* of a court in its rural retirement; and when the band of one of the King's regiments is playing the overtures of Rossini or of Weber, in a masterly style, at the evening promenade, surrounded by gay equipages filled with ladies attired in the latest European fashions, it is difficult to imagine that the scene is placed upon the banks of the Hooghly, so many thousand miles distant from the native places of the music, the glittering paraphernalia, and the assembled crowd. The divine airs of our favourite composers can scarcely be heard to more advantage than when played by accomplished performers, on a fine calm evening, by the side of an Indian river. None, who have ever listened to the strains of harmony waked by skilful hands, while gazing upon the placid waters paved with starry ingots, or silvered over by the moonlight, and shaded with feathery trees, can forget the soothing sensation they produced. The pleasure is too rarely tasted to lose its zest; European bands do not long retain their best performers in India; they have many temptations to indulge in habits of intemperance, and when they drop off, very inferior substitutes must be accepted in their place.

The East India Company have a manufactory of silk at Berhampore, which furnishes the bandana handkerchiefs so much prized in England, together with taffetas and washing silks, which are however deficient both in gloss and substance, and very inferior to the productions of other looms, either belonging to the eastern world or to the European states; the difference in the price between these articles and richer importations, is not sufficiently great to induce Anglo-Indian ladies to patronize them, even if the prejudice did not run very strongly in favour of foreign goods.

Where China satins are despised, the silks of Berhampore have little favour, and seldom find their way into the wardrobes of the fair residents. Beautiful pieces of workmanship, of various kinds, in carved ivory, are brought for sale from the neighbouring city of Moorshedabad. Though the artisans of the native capital of the province of Bengal cannot support any comparison with the delicate performances of the Chinese, they exhibit considerable skill in the delineations of men and animals, and their figures far surpass the grotesque images which are usually sold in Delhi. The common kinds of chessmen, boards furnished with richly-cut pegs for the game of *solitaire*, paper-presses, and wafer-seals, are exceedingly well executed, and cheap compared with the European prices. It is seldom that there is a large stock upon hand, the manufacturers not liking to work except by order; nor are these articles purchasable at Calcutta. The natives of India, though industrious and fond of getting money, are not given to commercial speculations; at least, the spirit does not pervade all classes of merchants and manufacturers; and those articles which are not in common demand all over India, are not to be found in the places where they are produced. There is no general mart in Calcutta, where all the different commodities of Hindostan can be procured.

Without visiting every part of India, it is impossible to be-

come acquainted with the numerous branches of art which have arrived at a high degree of perfection in remote native cities; many persons have remained for years in Calcutta without having had an opportunity of seeing articles of manufacture, which are better known in England than within a hundred miles of the spot where they were made. No European shopkeeper at the presidency has yet thought it worth his while to inquire about the productions of the Mofussil, with a view of opening a warehouse for their sale. The success of the Chinese shop on the esplanade offers great encouragement for the establishment of a similar emporium, where persons, desirous to send presents to England, might see all the resources of the country at once, and choose from the gold ornaments and embroideries of Delhi, the mosaics, marbles, and agates of Agra, the sweetmeats and pickles of Lucknow, the medicinal oils of Mhow and other celebrated places, the carpets of Mirzapore, the muslin scarfs of Dacca, the ivory works of Berhampore, defensive and offensive arms, with a great variety of other articles, both curious and ornamental, which are scarcely known except by the few who may meet them by accident, in travelling through the places where they are made.

Within seventy miles of Berhampore, and not more than fifty from Calcutta, at Kishnagur, a civil station on the banks of the Jellinghy, there is a manufactory of printed muslins, of a very superior kind, which are not to be met with in the Calcutta market, even when the supply from England is not adequate to the demand. These muslins have the commendation—a strong one to some persons—of being high-priced. The piece, which is more than enough for one dress but not sufficient for two, is twenty rupees (£2). The patterns are elegant, but are only printed in a single colour; and as India muslin, though nearly driven out of the market by steam and spinning-jennies, is still highly prized, it might be advantageous to an English shopkeeper to keep a stock on hand for the benefit of the ladies of Calcutta.

At the same place, Kishnagur, poor native workmen have become exceedingly expert in an art, which appears to be of very modern date in India, that of modelling figures illustrative of the great variety of castes and classes of the population of Hindostan. Nothing can be more characteristic, or more skilfully executed, than the countenances; the expression of each is admirable; the water-carrier looks worn with fatigue, while the khansamah bears an air of authority; the lines of care and thought are traced upon the brow of age, and the young seem to exult in strength and vigour. There is the stern determination of the self-torturing *fugger*, and the humble insinuating appeal of the common beggar. The attitudes have great merit; but the limbs, though well put together, are not so exactly proportioned as to correspond with the extraordinary degree of perfection to which the heads have been brought, the hands in particular being usually too large. The figures are, in the first instance, composed of rags and straw, covered with a coating of cement: from their weight and appearance, they convey the idea of images formed of finely-tempered clay; but as they are easily fractured, a slight accident will reveal the nature of the materials. These figures, which cannot be copied in England, except at a great expense (it being necessary to take casts from the originals,) are sold at Kishnagur and Calcutta, where they are also manufactured, at eight annas (a shilling) each, dressed with great accuracy in the proper costume, but in coarse materials. Any number may be procured, and it is only necessary to tell the artist that you require representations of nautch girls, musicians, tailors, or fifty others; they are all brought, and all equally true to nature.

The amusements of Berhampore are considerably increased by its proximity to Moorshedabad, a city which, after the desertion of Dacca by the imperial sobadar, became the capital of Bengal, and which is still the residence of the pensioned descendant of its former rulers. The dominion which Jaffer Khan, the founder of the family of the nawab of Bengal, maintained against the will of the Moghul emperors, who vainly attempted to supersede him, faded away after the famous defeat at Plassey: not a single vestige of power now remains, and the princes of the present day are content to support an outward show of magnificence upon an income of sixteen lacs (£160,000) a year, allowed them by the East India Company. The city is well-situated, and forms a pleasing object from the river, but contains nothing worthy of notice, except the modern palace of the nawab, which is a fine building, in the European style, of dazzling whiteness, and rising in glittering splendour amid stately groves of flowering trees. All the Mohammedan festivals are celebrated with great pomp, under the superintendence of a prince who has

little else to divert his mind; and as the invitations are very generally extended to the European residents of Berhampore, they have ample opportunities of studying the character of native entertainments. Deference to European taste has occasioned those at Moorshedabad to be of a mixed character; the nautch is frequently performing in one apartment while quadrilles are going on in another, and the style of the banquet is entirely adapted to the peculiar notions of the guests.

The intercourse which has taken place between the nawab of Bengal and his Anglo-Indian neighbours, has not, up to the present period, been productive of the same salutary effects, which in so many instances have followed the intimacies of European and Indian residents in Calcutta. Though not destitute of talents, and apparently exceedingly willing to accommodate themselves to foreign customs, to live in European houses, and to drive about in European carriages, none of the descendants of the dethroned Meer Jaffer Khan have been distinguished for literary or scientific attainments, and the late nawab* was lamentably deficient in every branch of education. It is, unfortunately, the policy of the relatives of natives of rank to enervate the mind of the heir of the family by frivolous and ignoble pursuits; this system, in the instance above mentioned, was carried to a fatal extent. The young prince was handsome, graceful in his person, and courteous in his manners; he never neglected to bow to European ladies when he met them in the evening drive, whether he had been previously presented to them or not, paying that mark of respect indiscriminately to every carriage which contained a fair tenant.† It was impossible, however, for Europeans, who had any respect for themselves, to take the slightest pleasure in the society of a man wholly given up to dissipation of every kind. The interchange of visits was rendered imperative by his rank and situation; but his presence never could be productive of gratification. When partaking of the hospitalities of the judges of the court of circuit, or other distinguished Europeans, at whose tables he did not sit as a mere matter of form, according to the strict rules practised by persons of his religion in India, he speedily became intoxicated by too frequent libations of that beverage, in which lax Mohammedans permit themselves to indulge, since it does not come under the denomination of wine. Cherry-brandy is the favourite juice of the jovial portion of Moslems and Hindoos; even the lofty-minded Rajpoots, the strictest followers of Brahma, who in their central provinces have not been so strongly exposed to the contaminating influence of European example, will condescend to imbibe long potations of this fascinating *liqueur*, and under its influence become, in an exceedingly short space of time, as they term it *burra coosee* (very happy.)

Upon some occasions, the Nawab of Bengal appears upon the river in state, and the effect of his numerous and brilliant flotilla is the finest imaginable. The prows of these gay and gilded barges are shaped into the resemblance of animals, and painted and varnished with all the hues and splendour of enamel; at the stern, gilt pillars support richly-embroidered canopies, and the rowers are splendidly clad in white and scarlet. The boats are exceedingly long, and as they skim like bright-plumed birds the surface of the sparkling water, the delighted spectator feels assured that the silver Cydnus never bore a fairer fleet. The great men who follow in the nawab's train, are magnificently clad in gold and silver brocade, studded with jewels; the punkahs and umbrellas, which are used to agitate the air and screen them from the sun when landing, are formed of rich materials, and there is not, as in other native processions, any mixture of poverty or meanness to mar the gorgeousness of the spectacle.

These regattas are seen to the greatest advantage in the rains, when the Bhagarathi—the name given to the arm of the Ganges, which branches off from the parent river, about forty miles above Moorshedabad,—is very wide, spreading itself over a vast extent of low ground, and forming beautiful creeks and bays shadowed with the bending branches of the bamboo and other graceful trees. Nor is it by day alone that the river is made the scene of those pageants, which in India supply the place of dramatic spectacles. An annual *fête* takes place at night, under the auspices of the nawab, which is scarcely to be paralleled in beauty. It is instituted in honour of the escape of an ancient sovereign of Bengal from drown-

ing, who, as the tradition relates, being upset in a boat at night, would have perished, his attendants being unable to distinguish the spot where he struggled in the water, had it not been for a sudden illumination caused by a troop of beauteous maidens, who had simultaneously launched a great number of little boats into the river, of coco-nut garlanded with flowers, and gleaming with a lamp, whose flickering flame each viewed with anxious hopes of happy augury. The faithful followers of the king, aided by this seasonable diffusion of light, perceived their master just as he was nearly sinking, exhausted by vain efforts to reach the shore, and guiding a boat to his assistance, arrived in time to snatch him from a watery grave. It is said that it is in commemoration of this fortunate escape that the annual festival of the *Bhearer* is celebrated; some, however, attribute its origin to a different circumstance: whatever may have been the motive of its institution, they are fortunate who have had an opportunity of witnessing a scene which transports the spectator to fairy land.

The natives of India are extremely ingenious in all the decorative parts of art, and frequently astonish those who consider their taste as perfectly barbarous by the display of undoubted elegance in their devices. Talc, which is found in great abundance in India, supplies the material for numberless brilliant illusions: the splendid *tázees*, carried about at the Mohurru, are chiefly composed of the shining and transparent plates of this mineral, which may be cut into any shape, and made to assume all the colours of the rainbow. When illuminated by the profusion of lamps which are always brought in aid of any midnight exhibition, the effect is perfectly magical.

The banks of the river are brilliantly lighted up on the evening of the festival of the *Bhearer*, and numerous flights of rockets announce the approach of a floating palace, built upon a raft, and preceded by thousands of small lamps, which cover the surface of the water, each wreathed with a chaplet of flowers. The raft is of considerable extent, formed of plaited trees fastened together, and bearing a structure which Titania herself might delight to inhabit. Towers, gates, and pagodas, appear in fantastic array, bright with a thousand colours, and shining in the light of numberless glittering cressets.

Two angles in the river only admit a transient view of the passing pageant; there is no time to detect the human hand in its erection, or to doubt that fairy spells have been at work: amid the blaze of rockets, which reveal nothing but its beauties, the clang of innumerable instruments, and the animated shouts of thousands raised to the highest degree of excitement by the interest of the scene, the splendid fabric disappears, and the river is left to its own placid beauty, the sky to its lonely stars, and the atmosphere around to those splendid meteors which brighten the evening air in Bengal. The fire-fly is rarely to be seen above Benares, where it does not appear in the countless myriads disporting through the fields of heaven, but in the lower and more marshy provinces, it becomes one of the most beautiful adjuncts of an Indian night; and is seen in great abundance in the neighbourhood of Moorshedabad, where the trees are literally radiant with lamps on every leaf.

It may be supposed that when the festival of the *Bhearer* is celebrated with so much pomp, the custom to which (whatever may be its origin) it bears so strong an affinity, is very prevalent. Though occasionally on the Jumna, and on the higher parts of the Ganges, the fairy boat, with its garland and its light of good or evil omen, is to be seen, the stream is not lit up, as in Bengal, with numerous barks of hope, which float after each other of an evening in rapid succession, nor is the native attachment to flowers, though extending to every part of Hindostan, so strongly displayed in any other province.

In addition to the gaieties and festivities which take place at the palace of the nawab, the residents of Berhampore avail themselves of the opportunities of enjoying field sports, afforded by the adjacent country. The Rajmhal hills arise on the opposite bank of the river, and thither parties of gentlemen are continually attracted by the exciting warfare which Anglo-Indians delight to carry on against the beasts of prey infesting the jungles of India. Numerous wild animals, of the most savage description, abound in the sunny dells and shady thickets of the extensive mountain ranges, which divide Bengal from the neighbouring province of Behar.

The rhinoceros is an inhabitant of the woods of Rajmhal, and though of too sullen and cruel a character to become domesticated or useful to man, when taken young may be permitted nearly the same liberty of action as that with which

* The *Asiatic Journal* has lately announced the death of this prince, who fell an early victim to a career of vice and intemperance.

† European ladies sometimes complain that they are not treated with sufficient deference and respect by Asiatics of rank.

the elephant in the Zoological Gardens is indulged. An enclosure of not very large dimensions, but in which there is a spreading umbrageous tree, and a small muddy pond, in Barrackpore Park, contains one of these huge unwieldy animals. The creature is apparently well-satisfied with its condition, wallowing for half the day in the mire, and spending the remainder under the sheltering boughs of its leafy canopy. It does not display any anger or impatience at the approach of visitors, and gazes unconcernedly at the carriages which are continually passing and re-passing the place of its confinement, which, for the convenience of those who may wish to see it without much trouble, is close to the public road. This extraordinary animal is rarely seen in Europe; a young one, captured a few years ago, which was intended for an English menagerie, unfortunately perished in consequence of the miscalculations of the natives to whom it was entrusted. As they learned that there would be some difficulty in procuring proper food for their four-footed companion, in one stage of their journey to Calcutta, they crammed it with three day's provision at once, and it died of repletion, a contingency which never occurred to men who can endure the extremes of abstinence or of excess without sustaining much personal inconvenience.

Those huge ferocious bears, which form such conspicuous inhabitants of European menageries, and which in their native haunts are not less formidable than the tiger, stalk in horrid majesty through the woods of Rajmahal: one of the tribe was formerly to be found in the collection of Barrackpore Park, which contained specimens of the most interesting animals in India; but the present Government, too economical in its arrangements to sanction an expense of five hundred rupees per month, the cost of the establishment, gave away birds and beasts without remorse, and though not at the trouble of taking down the buildings, which are tasteful and well-constructed, has permitted them to fall into decay. The niggard parsimony pursued in this instance must always be a subject of regret to those who are interested in the study of natural history. Had the menagerie been kept up a few years longer, there can be little doubt that, besides the gratification which it afforded to visitants from the presidency and the neighbouring cantonments, it would have become an emporium for the supply of England, since it would have been always easy to fill up the places of those animals which should be sent to zoological societies at home. There would have been no kind of difficulty in procuring the most rare inhabitants of the peninsula of India, since, had any desire been manifested on the part of the government to render the menagerie complete in all its departments, every civilian in the service would have been happy to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by his situation, and the ready aid given by the natives to anything which the judge or collector may choose to undertake, to furnish the collection with such wild animals as were known to exist within the limits of his jurisdiction.

Very rare and beautiful animals may frequently be purchased in India at reasonable prices. A pair of the small Nipal cattle, the Yak, which furnish those long silky tails, so distinguished an ornament of every native court, and which when converted into *chourries* are always thought worthy of being affixed to handles of solid silver, were offered for sale by the proprietor for three hundred rupees. The tails form an article of commerce in great demand, but the animals which supply them are seldom seen upon the plains of India, as they will not live through the heats of the sultry months. The introduction of the breed in England, therefore, would not be difficult, and as an ornamental appendage to a nobleman's park, they would be invaluable. Not one amid the numerous varieties belonging to their species can compare in outward beauty to those lovely little animals; they are exceedingly well-shaped, and their coats, jet black, and shining like satin, are contrasted with a pure white bushy tail, long, soft, and wavy. The pair above-mentioned was carried to Gwalior, the officer to whom they were offered being deterred from making the purchase, on account of the difficulty, in the existing state of things, of having them properly taken care of in Calcutta, or of making arrangements for their being shipped for England. The heat of the voyage would in all probability have been fatal to these animals, which could only be conveyed in safety by way of the Red Sea, and through the Mediterranean.

The sunny regions of Rajmahal are particularly favourable to the growth of snakes; all the venomous kinds thrive in a congenial soil, and the boa-constrictor attains a size unknown in other parts of the continent of India.

It has been already remarked, that a very sensible change has been experienced in the four months of cold weather, which affords so seasonable a relief to the overpowering heat

of Bengal; and as by experiments, made at Chinsurah, it is now supposed that ice may be obtained by the method employed in the upper country, those who are of opinion that an expensive freezing apparatus is necessary for the manufacture, may feel desirous to learn the common mode in use all over India.

At the principal stations in the Mofussil, there are regular ice-harvests; the night-frosts during a certain number of weeks being always sufficiently strong to congeal water exposed to their influence, if of an inconsiderable depth. A piece of ground, commensurate to the number of persons who subscribe to the concern, is laid out for the purpose of collecting a sufficient quantity of ice to last through the hot season; shallow pans are provided, of convenient dimensions, and these are placed in rows, close to each other. After sunset, they are filled with water by superintendants, whose business it is to remove the cakes when sufficiently frozen, and to replenish the pans; an operation which is performed several times in the course of each night. The cakes of ice are deposited in excavations made according to the principles observed in England, and with proper care may be preserved during the rains. The least neglect, however, is fatal in the damp season; the ice melts in an instant, and the unfortunate subscribers, instead of having the stipulated quantity to cool butter, cream, jellies, water, and wine, are compelled to do as well as they can with the only substitute, saltpetre.

Artificial ice, made by the assistance of an air-pump and other machinery, has been found too expensive, and is seldom or never resorted to in India: upon its first introduction into Bengal, the novelty proved very attractive, and a rich and luxurious native, it is said, expended seven hundred pounds in the single article of ice at an entertainment given to a European party.

At Chinsurah, where the frosts are not so severe as in the upper country, a small quantity of saltpetre is placed in the pans, and should the season prove favourable, the necessity of importing ice from America will exist no longer.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAVELLING:—THE MARCH.

In peaceable times, the period chosen for the general movement of troops in India is at the commencement of the cold season; but as many regiments are obliged to wait until they are relieved by others, the hot weather often comes on before the whole of the army on the move can be settled in new quarters. Officers rejoining their corps, or proceeding to different parts of the country upon leave of absence or military duties, are continually traversing the plains and jungles of India, even at the least favourable seasons, having no habitations save a tent; and if travelling alone, no society excepting that of their own servants and the wild tenants of the wood. Persons, however, who can amuse themselves, prefer the solitude to which they must be condemned in their progress from station to station, to the inconveniences attendant upon the movement of large bodies, and the necessity of a strict observance of the rules and regulations laid down by the commanding officer.

Unless under some very peculiar circumstances, a regiment is usually stationary for three years in the quarters assigned to it; the breaking-up of an establishment, therefore, after so long a residence, is often a serious affair. In many places, bungalows are not to be obtained on hire; they must be purchased from the proprietors, and upon a change of residence sold to the newcomers. If there should not be a sufficient number to accommodate the whole of the strangers, those who have not succeeded in procuring a house must build one, and live in their tents until it shall be finished. Great losses are frequently sustained in the fluctuations of society in a small station. An officer who has been compelled to pay a very high price for a bungalow, when houses happen to have been in great demand, may be obliged to sell at a very low one, or have the tenement left upon his hands at his departure, in consequence of a diminution in the number of the residents.

In places where natives are induced to build bungalows upon speculation, and to let them out by the month (the usual period for the hire of everything in India), there is much less trouble and anxiety in changing the place of abode, though it is still a formidable affair. All the accumulations of furniture not actually necessary for the march are sold off, sometimes

as a matter of pure necessity, to procure funds to meet the expenses of a removal, or to lessen them by abridging the number of conveyances. At others, the sales, so frequent all over India, seem to be occasioned by a peculiarity of disposition common to the British community resident there,—a passion for buying and selling,—since, in merely changing house, or removing to a very short distance, many persons will take the opportunity of having an auction, and of parting with all their goods and chattels without reserve, although they must commence a repurchase almost immediately.

The roving Arab of the desert cannot entertain less attachment to household conveniences than an Anglo-Indian, and if one person should happen to take a fancy to the effects of another, he may be very certain that a little patience will afford him the option of bidding for them at the outcry,* which will assuredly take place in the course of a few months. There are a few exceptions, chiefly in the cases of ancient civilians, who allow their chairs and tables to grow old in their service; but the mania appears to be extending, and when these worthies shall have retired from the scene, their successors will doubtless follow the prevailing fashion, and sell off at every decent opportunity.

One cause of the shifting nature which property has assumed in India proceeds from the difficulty of preserving any perishable article from the injurious effects of the climate, and the depredations committed by winged and four-footed assailants. Constant care and attention are required to keep furniture in decent order. No packing will secure iron from rust, wood from ants, or cotton, canvass, and leather from rats: tents laid up in ordinary are eaten through and through; boxes and trunks drop to pieces, and are found to be nests of reptiles of every kind; one article has been split in the hot winds, another has got mouldy in the rains, and insects have penetrated every where. If the furniture and other effects belonging to a family going to the hills, or to the presidency for a few months, should be left standing in a house, there is still danger from the habitual neglect, or occasional remissness of the servants who may have the care of them: indeed, constant use seems to be almost essential to their preservation. The house itself, also, if uninhabited, will speedily fall into disrepair, and therefore, even where a short absence is contemplated, it is thought more advisable to sell everything off, than to risk the destruction of property from the numerous adverse influences in continual and active operation.

Accustomed to constant sales and transfers of worldly goods, many persons will part with all their household effects without any adequate cause, not even retaining their plate, which they must sell at a disadvantage, and which may not be in sufficient quantities to be any serious encumbrance; but where there are few modes of beguiling time, a sale affords a degree of excitement, and though the amusements of an auction-room are monopolized by the gentlemen, it not being reckoned decorous for females to attend, the ladies are interested in the affair, and look over the marked catalogues brought to them with eager eyes, speculating upon the causes of suspicious purchases, a piano-forte, for instance, by some apparently determined bachelor, which perhaps turns out to be a commission from a married friend, or expensive articles by families who can ill afford the luxuries of life.

An auction is the inevitable result of a death. A wife losing her husband, breaks up her establishment immediately; a husband losing his wife, sells off all the superfluous furniture, and not unfrequently the ornaments and wardrobe of the deceased; while the executors of a bachelor, either appointed by will or by the existing regulations, collect every article of his property, and put the whole under the hammer. The eve of a march is fertile in sales, the purchasers being the more permanent residents, shop-keepers and not unfrequently natives, who take the opportunity of procuring articles of European manufacture at a cheap rate: they are beginning, even in the Upper Provinces, to keep English carriages, and are if possible less particular than the Anglo-Indians respecting the external appearance of the equipage, being quite content with rat-eaten, worm-eaten vehicles, which have had the greater part of the paint and varnish rubbed off in rude encounters with enemies of various kinds.

Upon a march, a certain quantity of furniture must be reserved from the general sale, or purchased for the occasion,

since it is not possible to proceed without a supply of domestic utensils sufficient for the comfort and convenience of the travelling party. Many persons pitch their tents, and live in them for a week or two, previous to their final retreat from their old quarters; thus accustoming themselves to the change, and seeing that they have everything requisite for a long journey. At day-break, on the morning appointed for the commencement of the march, the bustle and confusion of departure begin; the *cortège* of every family spreads itself wide over the plain, presenting motley groups of various kinds.

Chests and other heavy goods are packed in *hackerys* (small carts drawn by bullocks), and where there are ladies, a conveyance of this nature is secured for the female attendants: other bullocks have trunks, made purposely for this mode of transportation, slung across their backs; the tents become the load of camels, or an elephant, and light or fragile articles are carried either on men's heads or over their shoulders: nothing that will not bear jolting being entrusted to four-footed animals. The china and glass are packed in round baskets, and conveyed by *coolies* on their heads; looking-glasses, *chillum-chees* (brass wash-basins), and toilette-furniture, are tied upon a *charpoy* or bedstead, and carried by four men, and cooking-pots, gridirons, frying-pans, chairs, tables, stools, and bird-cages, are disposed of in a similar manner. The *meter* appears with his dogs in a string or strings; the shepherd drives his sheep before him, and cocks crow and hens cluck from the baskets in which they are imprisoned; spare horses are led by their *syces* or grooms, who never mount them, and the washermen and the water-carriers are there with their bullocks. The head-servant, or *khansamah*, seldom compromises his dignity by marching on foot, but is generally to be seen amid the equestrians, the steed being some ragged, vicious, or broken-down *tattoo*, caparisoned *à la Rozinante*: the other domestics, *khidmutghars*, bearers, &c. either walk, or bestride the camels, if their drivers will permit them to mount, or take a cast in a hackery, or get on in any way that happens to present itself. All are well accustomed to the mode of travelling, and proceed with cheerfulness.

The master of the family, if with his regiment, must be on horseback, unless the commandant should be sufficiently indulgent to permit him to drive his wife in a buggy. The lady sometimes rides an Arab steed, and sometimes travels in a close carriage, or a palanquin, according as inclination or convenience may direct; the children, if there be any, are usually inclosed with their attendants in a peculiar kind of vehicle, called a palanquin-carriage, but different from those used by adults, and not very unlike the cage of a wild beast placed upon wheels. The nurse sits on the floor of this machine, with a baby upon her knees, and the larger fry peep through the prison-bars of the clumsy conveyance, which is drawn by bullocks, and moves slowly and heavily along, floundering over the rough roads, and threatening to upset at every jolt. The passage of such a cavalcade through the country is very amusing, but *griffins* only are seen to laugh at the droll appearance made by this gipsy mode of travelling; the natives are accustomed to it, and the immense multitude (the regiment itself scarcely forming a third part) move along without molestation, and with comparatively little difficulty, in consequence of the few enclosures which impede their progress.

The train of a family, amounting to three persons, will not consist of less than a hundred individuals, the wives and children of the servants included, who not unfrequently carry their aged parents along with them. The native officers belonging to sepoy regiments have their zenanas to convey, and few of the sepoys themselves are entirely destitute of attendants. Then there is the bazaar, which is invariably attached to a camp, to supply it with all the necessaries of life, and men, women, children, and animals abound in this ambulatory market for gram, ghee, flour, tobacco, spices, &c. When spare tents have been sent on, the family of an officer, on arriving at the encamping ground, find everything ready for their reception; but if any accident should have retarded the route of the people, a tree must be the resource. Parties may be seen on horseback, or on foot, or in palanquins, grouped under the shade of some friendly bough, waiting while their canvass abode is preparing for them.

The rapid manner in which the multifarious materials which are to compose the temporary city are reduced to order, and arranged in their proper places is truly astonishing. It is both curious and interesting to watch the progress of the formation of a camp, from some neighbouring bungalow, when it occurs in the vicinity of cantonments. The desert appears to be peopled as if by magic; men and animals crowd upon

* This is an Anglo-Indian word, which is preferred to the common appellation. To go to an 'outcry,' or to send goods to an 'outcry,' is understood by the initiated to mean an 'auction;' and *Griffins*, who do not comprehend the term, are looked upon with great contempt.

the scene; the earth in every direction is strewn with uncooth packages and bundles; these, amid much gesticulation, and no small expenditure of lungs, assume graceful forms, and arise glittering in the sun like the pavilions of some fairy princess. Long lines of pent-house streets appear; banners are floating in the air; the elephant, who has trodden out the ground and smoothed it for his master's tent, retires to his bivouac, and spacious enclosures, formed of *kanauts*, secure the utmost privacy to the dwellers of the populous camp. The exertions of a little army of followers have succeeded in imparting comfort and even elegance to interiors fitted up in haste in the midst of the wildest jungle. Palanquins and carriages begin to arrive; the ladies find their toilette-tables laid out; the gentlemen are provided with a bath; the *khidmutghars* are preparing breakfast, and the *kookhabdars* are getting the *chillums* in readiness; while camels, bullocks and their drivers, tent-pitchers, coolies, and all those who have been employed in fatiguing offices, are buried in profound repose. The sheep are lying down to rest, and the poultry are more peaceable than usual.

It is at these times that a kind master is rewarded for his attention to the comfort and well-being of those beneath him, by the devotion manifested by his servants. It seems to be a point of honour amongst faithful and respectable domestics to prevent their employers from suffering inconvenience or privation of any kind, while exposed to the difficulties which must necessarily occur upon a line of march. They will, upon such occasions, voluntarily perform duties not properly belonging to their respective stations in the household. They will assist with heart and hand upon any emergency; help to get the tent up, or to extricate the cattle and the baggage, should either stick fast upon the road; cheer and animate the exertions of others, and think their own credit is concerned in procuring all the wonted enjoyments of a permanent home.

Where the head of the house has failed to secure the attachment of his dependents, he is made to feel how completely it is in their power to avenge themselves. They can always invent some excuse for the carelessness and neglect which are productive of serious annoyance to him. He has no remedy; for, accustomed to beating and abuse, they are not deterred, by fear of the consequences of his displeasure, from preferring their own ease to his comfort. They have little hope of good treatment, and are determined not to allow any opportunity for retaliation to escape them. He may awake in the morning and find that the whole set have abandoned him in the night, and in this event he is left in the most charming predicament imaginable, and can only vent his rage upon the awkward substitutes which the neighbouring village will supply, who, in turn, run away so soon as they can take their departure without danger of pursuit.

In parts of the country abounding in game, the sportsmen are scarcely settled in their quarters before they prepare to take the field. Their horses have been sent on over night, and as the grand object of the chase, the wild boar and the tiger, are not hunted with dogs, they have only themselves and their cattle to put in order. Tigers can rarely be approached except upon an elephant; for, independent of the danger to the rider, few horses could be induced to face these terrific animals. But well-mounted, and with spear in hand, a bold equestrian dashes forward on the scarcely less perilous pursuit of the bristly monsters of the plain.

The dresses of the hunting party are various and characteristic; many old sportsmen array themselves in long flannel jackets, descending nearly to the saddle; they render their passage through jungles, overgrown by the prickly pear, easy, by encasing their knees in thick leathern caps, and they preserve their heads from too close a contact with mother-earth, (a hard parent in a conker soil,) by fastening a black or rather brown velvet jockey-cap, duly fenced with armour of proof in the inside, under their chins. Younger and gayer Nimrods appear in smart hunting-coats of scarlet or Lincoln green, with fashionable corded inexpressibles and top-boots; while tyros, eager for their first field, and unprovided with appropriate garments, exhibit in their accustomed suit, while jackets and trousers, exceedingly ill adapted for the fell encounters which await them. Altogether, when thus equipped, the party, attended by the numerous followers which a hunting match is sure to attract, make a gallant show, and set forward high in hope and in spirits.

The return, though less splendid as regards the personal appearance of the habiliments of the cavalcade, is more imposing from the blood-stained trophies of the chase, brought in by an exulting band, who fight the battle o'er and o'er again. Some of the party are covered from head to foot with

the mud of a marsh, in which they have been unceremoniously deposited; another re-enters the camp upon a tattoo, having left his best charger a victim to the murderous tusks of a desperate assailant; one has descended to the depths of an old well, and his chum has unwittingly explored the secret recesses of some ravine, treacherously concealed by brushwood and long grass. But where no more serious accidents have occurred to mar the triumphs of the day, the quarters of the slain, cooked to perfection by some liberal Moosulman,* are enjoyed without alloy at the tables of the camp; the ladies partaking in the excitement of the morning's sport, and the luxurious fare it has produced.

In well-regulated camps, the utmost quiet is maintained throughout the night, until the sound of the bugles long before day authorizes the striking of the tent-pins. Sleep is effectually banished by that dreadful note of preparation, and, starting from their slumbers, the European inhabitants make a hasty toilette, and superintend the irksome task of repacking those small and valuable articles essential to their comfort, which they are afraid of entrusting to other hands.

The necessity of rising every day at a certain hour, and of performing certain duties, whether the health and spirits be equal to them or not, is a great drawback to the pleasures of a march, to those who are not strong enough to cope with hardships which, though trifling in themselves, become distressing by their diurnal occurrence. To an invalid, it is desirable to make a bed of a palanquin, as in that case the noise around, to which a traveller will soon become accustomed, forms the only disturbance; the bearers take up the vehicle, and the period of rising is postponed until the close of the morning's journey. There are always *dooleys* (palanquins enclosed with cloth curtains) belonging to the hospital, in readiness for the officers or sepoy who may chance to be taken ill upon the road; but, notwithstanding the strict precautions which are observed to prevent disagreeable consequences from such accidents, in long and difficult marches delicate persons are sometimes exposed to fatigues and hardships of a very serious nature.

A lady, travelling in a palanquin, relinquished it for the accommodation of her husband, who was seized with an attack of illness at too great a distance from the hospital conveyances to avail himself of them. The lady ventured to perform the morning's journey in the *hackery* which conveyed her female attendants, and, after suffering a martyrdom from the jolting of the vehicle, had the misfortune to be overturned upon the banks of a *nullah*. This accident obliged her to wade through the stream with her women, and to walk afterwards a distance of three miles in her wet clothes, at the risk of catching a fever: fortunately, no dangerous consequences ensued; but the bare idea of such a pilgrimage, amidst the wastes and wilds of an Indian jungle, must be terrifying to those who are acquainted with the effects which too frequently follow from exposure to the sun. Gentlemen seldom attempt to walk to any distant point without having a horse or a palanquin behind them.

The dinner in camp is usually as well supplied with the products of the larder, as the repast served up in a settled establishment. Several very excellent dishes have been invented, which are peculiarly adapted to the cooking apparatus suited to a jungle or some unreclaimed waste hitherto unconscious of culinary toils. A *Birdcan* stew ranks high amongst these concoctions, and two sauces which go under the name of *shikaree* (hunters') and camp-sauce, are assuredly the most piquant adjuncts to flesh and fowl which the genius of a *gastronome* has ever compounded. Immediately after dinner, the *keidmutghars*, cooks, and *mussaulchees*, pack up the utensils belonging to their department, and set forward with the tent, which is to be the morrow's dwelling, leaving the bearers to attend at tea, or to furnish the materials for a stronger beverage for the evening's refreshment: their objection to the table-service extending only to repasts composed of animal food. By these arrangements, the chances of being obliged to *bivouac* for hours under a tree are considerably lessened; but where no second tent can be afforded, the travellers must inevitably acquire experimental knowledge of the delectabilities of living in the fresh air.

A young officer attached to the rear-guard, in coming late into camp, hot, dusty, and wearied to death, has occasionally the mortification of seeing his tent struck, by order of some

* They are bigots and pretenders solely, who object to handle the flesh of the hog in any state, cured or fresh. An orthodox believer has only to wash his hands and to repeat a prayer, to purify himself from the defilement.

rigid Martinet, perchance a temporary commandant, dressed in a little brief authority, who has discovered that it is not in its proper situation: another site is to be found; meanwhile, like Jacques, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," he takes a gloomy aspect of human nature, or if unused to the pensive mood, devotes the ruthless author of his misfortune to Zamiel, or some such classic personage. He has, in all probability, risen long before day-break, has performed the first part of his morning's duties shivering with cold, pierced through and through by the keen blasts of a cutting wind, though for the last four hours, his exposure to a burning sun has enabled him to compare the miseries of Nova Zembla with those of an Indian desert; and, unless from downright exhaustion, he has little patience left to await the time in which he may hope to stretch his aching limbs beneath the shelter of a tent.

Occasionally, during a long march, it is necessary to halt for a day or two upon the road, in order to refresh the weary frames of men and cattle toiling under the burthen of the camp equipage. The close vicinity of a large station is most frequently chosen for this sojourn, as it enables the officers to replenish their stock of European supplies. The camp on these days presents a busy scene; the *dobies* seize the opportunity to wash and iron their masters' clothes; mending, making, and repairing of garments, saddles, harness, and tackle of all descriptions, take place, and if there has been a fall of rain, the wetted articles are dried in the sun. Should the station be celebrated for its gaiety, invitations for a ball and supper meet the regiment upon the road; something like a sensation is created by the prospect of entertaining strangers, and the officers of the corps marching through, are not unwilling to diversify the monotony of a camp by entering into the festivities of a social cantonment. Sometimes the march is less agreeably retarded by a change of weather.

When the breaking-up of the rains is protracted beyond the customary period, those regiments first appointed to take the field, are exposed to the torrents which invariably mark the closing of the season. An Indian tent is so constructed as to keep out any ordinary quantity of water that may be showered upon it, but it cannot withstand a deluge; trenches are dug round to prevent the accumulation of pools and puddles on the floor,—too frequently an useless attempt, for when the canvass roof has been thoroughly soaked through, there is no possibility of keeping the interior dry.

A wet camp is the most deplorable of all wretched places; groups of miserable creatures huddle themselves together under some inefficient shed; coldness and discomfort reign in every part; there are few fires; the wood is wet and will not burn; the cooking-places have been washed away, and still the flood pours down, giving no hope of abatement, no chance of dinner and dry beds. Happy may those persons esteem themselves who have palanquins or close carriages to repair to in these melancholy circumstances; they at least afford a refuge from the pelting rain, and biscuits and brandy supply the place of a regular meal. Three or four days of such weather prove a trial of strength and patience, which requires a more than ordinary portion of mental and bodily endurance to support: invention and ingenuity are taxed to the utmost for the means of existence for those delicate sufferers, ladies and children, who are compelled to bear the buffetings of the storm. At length, the sky clears up; men and beasts, looking more than half dead, emerge from their dripping lairs; fires are kindled upon the first dry spots, and gradually, under the vivifying influence of the sun, partial comfort, at least, is restored to the tents. There is no such thing as stirring during the continuance of the rain, and the dreadful state of the roads, cut up in every direction, will offer many impediments to the march, which must be renewed as soon as it is practicable to proceed.

A more common and more bearable misery sustained in a camp is caused by the strong winds which sweep across the plains of Hindostan in the cold season. When these are very violent, although the tent may withstand their power, and maintain its erect position, it is impossible to keep out the dust: it makes its way through every crevice, and becomes at length an almost intolerable nuisance. But a canvass habitation is not always proof against a tornado: neither ropes nor pins can avail when the tempest lets loose all its force. The cordage cracks, the pins are torn up from the ground, away rolls the tent, demolishing in its progress the furniture it contained, and enveloping those unfortunates, who may not have made a timely escape, in clouds of canvass.

Long marches are, however, often performed without obstruction or accident of any kind; and it is very practicable to traverse the country in the rains, when they do not come

down absolutely in torrents for days together: at least, a distance of a hundred miles may be compassed without much difficulty, especially as, in short marches, two stages may be performed at once without distressing the people or their beasts of burden.

After a tedious sojourn in the jungles, an invitation to spend the season at a large station induced the writer and another lady to make an attempt to cross the country in the midst of the rains, escorted only by servants, and a guard of sepoys. We took twelve camels with us, and loaded them lightly with a couple of tents, it being necessary to make their burdens as little oppressive as possible. In order to guard against the uncomfortableness of sitting on damp earth, we had a wooden platform constructed, raised two inches from the ground, which our *dobee* afterwards secured for an ironing-board, and we took care to be well supplied with setrings and small mats. Our train consisted of a *khansamah*, who had the direction of the whole journey, three *khidmutghars*, a *sirdar-bearer*, the tailor, the washerwoman, the water-carrier, the cook and *musaulchees*, twelve bearers for each palanquin, and *claishees*, (tent-pitchers,) *banghie-bearers*, and *coolies* almost innumerable. Our two female attendants travelled in a hackery, with a favourite Persian cat, which seemed to be the most discomposed of the whole party by the journey. Our *cortège* preceded us by a day, and were directed to push on to a place about six-and-twenty miles distant. We followed before day-break the next morning, and, though many parts of the country were flooded, and our progress was necessarily slow, reached our little encampment before one in the day, having had no rain, and experiencing only trifling inconvenience from the heat.

Our people had chosen a very picturesque spot, having pitched the tent in front of a small mango tope, opposite to a well, which was shaded by a magnificent tamarind-tree. An old Moosulman city, formerly a place of considerable importance, reared its time-worn walls to the left; while to the right, a rich tract, beautifully wooded, and decked with silvery lakes, stretched itself as far as the eye could reach. The city proved a very interesting object to strangers, who had hitherto only surveyed the towns of India from the rivers; it was surrounded by high battlemented walls of dark red stone, flanked with solid buttresses, and seemed to have been a place of great strength in other days. The fortifications had fallen to decay, and through gaps in the upper part of the massy walls the domes of mosques were visible, while here and there an open cupola reared its head, the decoration apparently of some wealthy native's mansion. A large archway, furnished with strong wooden gates, gave glimpses of the principal streets; and the peaceable occupations of the inhabitants, and their songs, which came in snatches on the breeze, harmonized soothingly with the calm aspect of the scene.

Our four-and-twenty bearers, the instant they had given up the charge of the palanquins, flung themselves down upon the ground, and fell fast asleep; but the rest of our people were busy, some cooking their own meals, and others preparing for our refreshment. We found the tent furnished with a couch to repose upon during the day, and our breakfast *à la fourchette*, was served up in excellent style: it was followed by an early dinner, and we were amused by the packing and departure of our second tent, with the party attached to it. The men girded up their loins, rolled their trowsers above their knees, and taking large staves in their hands, set forward with an air of great resolution: the *khansamah*, as became his dignity, being mounted upon a tattoo, which seemed rather in a crazy condition; the women disposed themselves in their hackery, and we were left to the care of our *sidar-bearer*, a couple of sepoys, and three *chokeydars* from the neighbouring city. We chose to make beds of our palanquins, which were brought into the tent, and the *sidar-bearer* laid himself down in front, apparently unwilling to allow his charge to be out of his sight. He brought us tea at starting, and we proceeded very early in the morning, not expecting to see him or the tent again, as we had made up our minds, in consequence of having received letters urging despatch, on account of a ball which was to take place in a few days, to wait at the houses of the *thannadars* of the villages while our bearers took their heedful rest, rather than lose the expected gratification by lingering on the road. Our servants, with whom we could have very little oral communication, on account of our ignorance of Hindostanee, were aware of our intention, through the medium of an epistle in Persian, forwarded to the *khansamah*, of which he seemed not a little proud; and the *sirdar*, who had never shown much activity or energy before, performed wonders in the display of his gratitude for the remarkably easy life which he had been allowed to lead.

It was twelve o'clock before we reached the tent, which had been sent on, and which we found pleasantly situated near a pagoda, and where we received a visit from a respectable person, handsomely attired, who made his *saluams*, and gave us to understand that he had been directed by the district judge to afford us every accommodation in his power. After partaking of a repast, in which the grilled fowl and chicken-broth were excellent, at four o'clock, our bearers being refreshed, we went on another march, and, to our surprise and pleasure, found the tent which we had left in the morning, ready to receive us. The sirdar must have broken up his encampment the instant we left it, and have gone forward without waiting to rest upon the road. He had fortunately chosen the close vicinity of a *serai*, for our night's sojourn, since the clouds, which had hitherto befriended us, had now gathered in a portentous manner, and the rain soon began to descend in heavy and continuous showers. Our people found shelter in the before-mentioned *serai*, a handsome stone quadrangle, which we had had an opportunity of reconnoitring before the rain came on, and were therefore easy upon their account. The *khansamah*, who shortly afterwards arrived with the second tent, could not be prevailed upon to remain, but went off again almost immediately, being determined not to be outdone by the sirdar: he must have had a weary march of it, for the night was dreadfully dark, and the waters were out all over the low grounds. Another *thannadar* made his appearance, and earnestly recommended us, in consequence of the state of the country, not to depart before day-light; we took his advice, and prepared to spend the intervening hours as agreeably as the circumstances would admit. Our tent was impervious to the weather, and, were it otherwise, we could not get wet in our palanquins.

We had been advised that no baggage would be safe which was not under the immediate charge of a sentinel. It is the custom to pile every portable article on the outside of the tent, close to the guard; but as we feared they would not be water-proof, we had our trunks brought under cover, and directed the sepoy to enter the tent, and keep watch over them there. Our faithful sirdar took up his usual post by the side of the palanquins, and a *chokeydar* established himself at every opening. The tent was lined with dark cloth; a single lamp shed its solitary ray over the sleepers and the guard, and as I looked out upon the strange group with whom I was so closely associated, the *coup-d'œil* reminded me of a scene in a melo-drame, representing a robber's cave.

We recommenced our journey on the following morning, in the midst of heavy rain, and made little progress through the floods, which had considerably increased since the preceding day. Our bearers seemed much distressed, and we were glad to allow them to rest occasionally: they were not un-mindful of our comfort, but, when refreshing themselves, brought milk to the palanquin-doors, which we very thankfully accepted, as we had not provided ourselves with bottles of tea. About the middle of the day we came up to the tent, which we quitted before night, as we found that relays of bearers had been engaged to carry us on to the place of our destination, which we reached at an early hour on the following morning. An invitation awaited us to dine at four o'clock with a friend in the neighbourhood: we dressed and went, not expecting to be attended by our servants at table; but shortly after the commencement of the meal, all the *khidmut-gars* made their appearance, attired in their best clothes, and not evincing any marks of fatigue from the extraordinary exertions they had made.

During the whole of this journey, we were strongly impressed with a feeling of gratitude and good-will towards the natives of India, who, upon all occasions, manifested an anxious desire to assure us of their respect and attachment. The highly civilized state of the country, and the courteous manners of all classes of the people, render travelling both easy and agreeable to those persons who are contented with the performance of possibilities, and who are not inclined to purchase an ill name by acts of tyranny and oppression.

In the cold season, the civilians of India often realize those exquisite dreams raised by the charming pictures of the wood of Ardenne, in Shakespeare's enchanting delineation of sylvan life. They frequently live for weeks together "under the green-wood tree," a merry groupe of foresters, not even encountering an enemy "in winter and rough weather," for the finest period of the year is chosen for their visits to remote parts of the districts, and the climate is of the most desirable temperature: clear sunny skies, attended by breezes cool enough to render woollen garments, and the cheerful blaze of a fire essential to comfort. Upon these occasions, large parties are invited to accompany the judge, or the collector,

who, while he is engaged in business at his temporary kitchen, amuse themselves with hunting, shooting, or playing at golf. Ladies are always ready to accompany their male relatives upon these excursions; they are glad to exchange the strict formalities of some dull station for a social circle composed of picked persons, bent upon enjoying any pleasure that may offer, and anxious to meet each other every day, and all day long.

Double-poled tents, thickly carpeted, and containing numerous apartments, furnish all the luxuries of a settled home in these *gay pic-nics*, which afford the best display of the grandeur and magnificence of India which the Asiatic style of living can produce. It is peculiar to the country, and could not be surpassed by a congress of princes meeting in the open fields. A guard of mounted *sauars*, a train of elephants, and studs of horses of the finest breeds, are amid the most splendid accompaniments of the gorgeous tents, which spread their light pavilions under the embowering trees. The servants are all in their richest attire, and in such vast numbers as to appear like the myriads conjured up on the green sward by the magician of some fairy tale.

A youth of a vivid imagination can scarcely be persuaded that the romantic scene before him is not a fanciful creation of the brain, a dream of enchantment from which he must awake to sad and sober reality. Notwithstanding the evidence of his senses, it is difficult to convince him of the possibility of the actual existence of so much elegance and refinement in the centre of moss-grown rocks and apparently interminable forests; he is full of doubt and wonder, now delighted with some incident of savage life,—the rousing a huge elk from his lair,—and now solacing himself with the latest importation of Parisian perfumery, or the pages of a fashionable novel. His apartment is furnished with all the luxurious appendages which modern art has invented; his breakfast consists of delicate viands, exquisitely cooked; and after a day's delightful sport, rendered still more exciting by exposure to danger, perils faced and overcome, he returns to a lighted apartment, spread with a noble banquet, and filled with a charming assembly of graceful women, with whom, for the rest of the evening, he enjoys sweet converse, or listens to still sweeter songs.

The ladies have their full share of the pleasures of the sylvan scene, and the unmarried females are doubly dangerous when appearing in the shape of wood-nymphs: many a determined bachelor has surrendered his heart to the fair one who has smiled sweetly on the tiger-cub snatched by his daring hand from its enraged mother, and has made so great a pet of it, that he cannot bear to part them, or to leave her with so dangerous a playmate. There is no ball-room flirtation half so hazardous to bachelorhood as the attentions which gentlemen are called upon to pay in the jungles of India; and could the dowagers of a London circle contrive such a spell-working propinquity for their daughters, the grand business of their lives would be achieved without further trouble or anxiety.

The wealthy natives, in the neighbourhood of a moving *kutcherry* or court, anxious to pay their respects to the great man who is at the head of it, make their appearance in the encampment, with all the pomp they can muster. In former times, when presents were permitted, the ladies had shawls and pearl necklaces laid at their feet, whenever a rajah or a nawab approached them. Those golden days are over, and the communication between the natives and Europeans has sustained a shock, in consequence of the total abolition of all *nuzzurs*. The natives are unwilling to present themselves without making some offering, however trifling, which they have been accustomed to consider a necessary mark of respect. It is in vain they are assured that they will be as welcome as if they came loaded with gifts; they cannot be persuaded to appear empty handed; and the poor man, who saw his little offering of fruit or vegetables graciously received, now does not like to intrude upon the presence of his superior, though perhaps it was the pride of his heart to make his weekly *saluams* to the *sahib*.

A dangerous vicinity to the fiercer tribes of wild animals does not deter ladies from accompanying their husbands or brothers in the tour of the district: no wildernesses less dreadful than the melancholy wastes of the Sunderbunds can appal their adventurous spirits. There the solitudes are too awful, the dominion of beasts of prey too absolute, and the *malaria*, arising from unreclaimed marshes and impenetrable woods, too perilous to be encountered by any person not compelled by duty to traverse the savage scene. Attended only by a few natives, whose services are indispensable, the civilians, whose appointments lead them to spend a part of the year in this desert spot, wear out the time not devoted to

business in perfect loneliness. They describe the early *ré-veille* of the fierce denizens of the woods, the wild cries of the birds, the deep roar of prowling beasts, and the sullen echoes from rock, ravine, and morass, as awe-inspiring, even to accustomed ears; and no splendour of scenery, no luxuriance of vegetation, can reconcile them to an abode so completely usurped by tribes inimical to man. But, in less dreary scenes, troops of gray chasseurs live merrily "under the blossom that hangs on the bough;" their pleasures are enhanced by the news that a tiger stalks in the surrounding jungle, or that the rhinoceros, or the wild buffalo, has made his lair in the long grass. Their spears and rifles make deadly havoc amid these horrid monsters; the camp at night is blazing with fires, and the cattle secured by temporary stockades. The ladies sleep securely in the tents, and the servants are safely disposed between the outer and inner *kanauts*, which, the walls and roofs being double, form covered passages all round.

Few accidents occur where proper precautions have been taken; a sheep is sometimes carried off, and a party locating in the Rajmhal hills, rather surprised and somewhat alarmed by the constant visits of tigers, discovered that they had pitched their camp upon the track made by these animals to the Ganges, and had, in fact, established themselves upon one of the great thoroughfares of the brute nations around.

CHAPTER VII.

PATNA.

PATNA is the first native city of wealth and importance passed by the voyagers of the Ganges, on their way to the upper country. It stands on the right bank of the river, in the province of Behar; and here the marshy soil of Bengal is exchanged for the arid sands of Hindostan: camels seldom penetrate further, and from this point the hot winds cease to be felt; those which blow in the damp atmosphere of Bengal not being worthy of the name. The thermometer may be equally high, but the heat outside the house is more supportable, and the disadvantage of which many complain, arising from the uselessness of *tatties*, is counterbalanced by the pleasures of the evening drive. As soon as the sun has set, it is practicable to go out; whereas, in the plains of Hindostan, the air does not become cool until the night is far advanced.

Patna, though it does not contain any single building of great celebrity or peculiar beauty, is rich in the remains of Moosulman splendour, and its appearance from the river is highly picturesque. The houses of the wealthy classes, which are very numerous, are handsome buildings, flat-roofed, and surrounded by carved balustrades. Many are of considerable extent, and, though exhibiting the usual symptoms of neglect, when seen from a distance make a good appearance. The intermixture of these residences with peepul trees, broad ghauts the remains of Gothic gateways of dark red stone (which possess a truly feudal air), and the numerous temples devoted to Hindoo and Moosulman worship, produce a striking effect; and when the river is full and brimming to its banks, turret, spire, and dome being reflected in its broad mirror, the *coup-d'œil* is exceedingly imposing.

Patna cannot fail to excite a strong degree of interest in a stranger's breast, since it is a scene of one of the gallant Clive's heroic actions. It was here that, seated on a gun, weary and battle-stained, he surprised his native allies by his treatment of his prisoners. Instead of the immediate sacrifice, which they confidently expected, they saw him anxious to console the dejected captives for their disastrous defeat, and beheld the French commander, whose valour and talents had for so long a period threatened the downfall of British dominion in the East, become reconciled to life by the noble demeanour of his generous enemy. The tardy justice rendered to Clive cannot satisfy the minds of those who have traced him through the scenes of his extraordinary career. Destined for mercantile pursuits, he became a soldier at the call of danger, and paused not upon his adventurous course until he had secured some of the fairest provinces of India to the British crown. The annexation of Patna to the Company's territories rendered the subjugation of the upper country comparatively easy, for after this brilliant achievement, the dream of future conquests might be freely indulged.

Upon its first subjection to the Company, the city of Patna became the residence of the civilians employed by the

Government: but it has long been abandoned, in consequence of a treacherous attack made upon them by Cossim Ali, at the instigation of a low German whom he had taken into his service, and they have now established themselves at Bankipore, a convenient spot by the river's side, a short distance beyond the suburbs. The houses of the numerous civil servants of the Company who belong to the Behar district, are built in the style of those of Calcutta, and are chiefly *puckah*; many are very stately edifices, having broad terraces overlooking the Ganges, and being surrounded with luxuriant plantations.

The situation of Patna possesses many advantages. Being placed on the border of Bengal, it commands an easy communication with the upper and lower country; supplies are procured from Calcutta, by the river, in a few weeks; and the earliest choice of articles may be obtained from the cargoes of vessels bound to more distant stations. Books and English newspapers do not become stale before their arrival; and the inhabitants, keeping up a mere regular intercourse with Europe, are not so entirely dependent upon the Indian press for intelligence from home as those attached to more remote stations, where the loss of boats laden with new publications, and the detention of files of London journals, soon weary and disgust persons not gifted with an extraordinary degree of patience. The civilians of Bankipore have also the opportunity of seeing and entertaining all travellers of consequence proceeding up or down the river, and their appointments, though clipped and curtailed, being comparatively liberal, they are enabled to keep up a portion of the ancient hospitality. The society in every part of India must always be susceptible of great fluctuation; but so extensive a district as Behar, cannot, at any period, fail to possess a very fair proportion of the talent and intelligence of the country. It is not, therefore, surprising that the head-quarters, Bankipore, should always be distinguished for the intellectuality and elegance of its principal residents.

The establishment of a lithographic press, through the spirited exertions of Sir Charles D'Oyly, to whose taste for the fine arts the scientific world is so deeply indebted, is alone sufficient to render Patna a place of no ordinary interest to travellers in search of information. The vicinity of the province of Behar to the Rajmhal hills, and the still wilder ranges of Nepaul, has enabled a circle of amateurs to collect specimens of the rarest and most beautiful natural productions of the East. A work upon ornithology, which issues regularly from the Behar press, contains coloured drawings from living subjects of the most interesting individuals of the feathered tribe to be found on the continent of India. Such pursuits must necessarily tend to improve the taste of those who are so fortunate as to be thrown into the society at Bankipore: a talent for drawing, one of the most useful accomplishments in India, may be cultivated to the greatest advantage under the auspices of the directors of the press, and there can be no more effectual preservative from the *ennui* of some stations, and the dissipation of others, than the direction of the mind towards useful studies connected with the history, natural or political, of the country.

The military cantonments of Dinapore are only a few miles distant, and at favourable periods contribute not a little to the gaiety of the district. This distinction must always be made in commenting upon the society of Mofussil stations; for the individuals composing it are frequently so exceedingly perverse, that it is impossible to persuade them to coalesce in any plan of amusement. Gentlemen, after having been at all the expense attendant upon giving a ball, are sometimes compelled to divert themselves in the best manner they can devise, without the assistance of their expected partners, all of whom, in consequence perhaps of some trifling pique, have sent excuses at the last hour. The supper, under these circumstances, forms the only consolation, and the fair absentees are doubtless remembered in the libations which ensue. Ladies have also been known to retreat *en masse* from a dinner party to be succeeded by dancing, offended by the smell of cheroots proceeding from a neighbouring apartment. The consternation of the host, upon seeing the drawing-room deserted, and the whole of the fair *cortège*,—*palkees*, *taun-johns*, chariots, &c. in full retreat from the compound,—may be imagined: the beloved cheroots, however, remain to reconcile the beaux to their loneliness; and it is much to be feared that, in nine cases out of ten, the lady would be voluntarily sacrificed for the cigar. This highly-esteemed preparation of tobacco has nearly superseded the use of the far more elegant hookah; it is not at present tolerated in female society, but the struggle between the rival attractions will be great, and the victory on the side of the ladies extremely

doubtful: many devotees preferring banishment from the tea-table to the temporary suspension of their favourite amusement.

The garrison of Dinapore is commanded by a brigadier-general, and in addition to the native force it is usually the station of one King's regiment; but being subjected to the abhorred operation of half-batta, these quarters lie under a ban, and are associated in the minds of all military men with everything that is hateful. The cantonments are handsome and well laid out, and the performances of the military bands in the evening, upon the parade-ground, attract the whole population to the spot, affording a cheerful place of assembly, which is wanting at Patna, where there is no rallying-point, and where the carriages take different directions in the evening-drive. Dinapore has the advantage of its neighbour in the beauty of the surrounding country; it is better wooded, and more picturesque; but it may be said with truth of almost every part of Hindostan, that the face of the country bears two aspects, being exceedingly ugly in the dry season, and very beautiful in the rains. Bengal, on the contrary, is always green, and its appearance is not improved by the inundations of the rivers and the dilapidations caused by cataraacts descending upon houses not furnished with proper channels for the conveyance of the water. From a projecting spout on the roofs, whole sheets come down, which are driven by the wind against the walls, and leave large green stains, while shutters and lattices, despoiled of all their paint, groan and creak upon the rusty hinges.

There are portions of the suburbs of Patna, particularly the view from a Moosulman cemetery of considerable extent, which to unprejudiced eyes are exceedingly interesting; but persons who have resided for a long period in India, and have seen its finest features, will not admit an inferior landscape to possess a particle of merit; while others, disgusted with the country, deny its claim to admiration altogether. No person should halt at Patna without paying a visit to this lonely burial-ground, which, excepting at one season of the year, is left to perfect solitude. It is a large oblong quadrangle, surrounded by various buildings at unequal distances from each other, some being handsome houses, furnished with double tiers of verandahs, erected for the reception of guests and spectators during the solemn festival of the Mohurram; others of more ancient and solid construction, towers and gateways of dark red stone, reliques of the days of Moslem glory, when the Moghuls swayed the land down to the very mouths of the Ganges. This singular scene, in its tenantless seclusion, conveys the idea of a deserted city to the musing spectator, for the tombs which it contains, occupying a remote corner, are not sufficiently numerous to indicate its true object and design. It overlooks a vast extent of flat country, which during the rains is covered with broad shallow lakes, which lose themselves in deep dark forests, forming an appropriate back-ground: and here buffaloes are seen wallowing in the marshes, an animal which always gives a wild and even doleful appearance to the landscape. Viewed under the crimson grandeur of the setting-sun, the scene is awe-inspiring; and, as the gloom increases, and the last red gleam dimly illumines the long square, the imagination may easily conjure up the spirits of the dead, the rulers of other days, called from their graves by the hated presence of their pale conquerors from the west.

But this cemetery displays a stirring and magnificent spectacle during the annual imposing ceremonies of the Mohurram.* Patna is a strong-hold of Mohammedanism, and the disciples of the prophet who dwell within its walls, are described as being far more fanatic and intolerant than their brethren of Bengal, who have sadly degenerated from the true faith, and are given to pay homage at idol shrines. The riches of the city enable it to celebrate the obsequies of the young martyrs, Hossein and Houssein in a very splendid manner; and this noble square is selected for the final depository of the *tazees*, or tombs, which are carried about in commemoration of the funeral honours paid by the followers of Ali to his slaughtered sons. The whole population of Patna, Moslem, Christian, and Hindoo assemble to witness the procession. Persons of rank are accommodated in the houses before-mentioned, whose roofs are crowded by immense multitudes. Great respect is paid to the Christian spectators, not only on account of their position in the country, but because it is believed that persons of their persuasion remonstrated against the cruel persecution of the young princes by the disciples

of Omar. The whole square rings with shouts of "Hossein! Houssein!" accompanied by deep groans and beatings on the breast, while amid the discharge of musketry, the last sad scene is enacted by groups personating the combatants of that fatal battle in which Hossein perished. Whenever the venerated martyr is beaten to the ground, the lamentations are redoubled, many being only withheld by force from inflicting desperate wounds upon themselves. Wo to any of the followers of Omar who should dare to intrude upon the mourners; the battle is then renewed in earnest. Whole companies of sepoys have been known to engage in deadly combat with each other, and numerous lives are lost in the revival of the old dispute respecting the claims of the sons of Ali, in opposition to those of Omar, who represents himself as the adopted heir of the prophet. It requires the utmost vigilance on the part of the magistracy to prevent the recurrence of bloodshed in the fierce collision of contending parties at Patna during the festival; the Moosulman population of that place being more turbulent and arrogant, and, as it has already been remarked, more bigoted, than those of any other city belonging to the Company's territories. Even the mild Hindoos are not very governable on these occasions.

The enormous wealth of Patna is probably the chief cause of the pride and insolence of the inhabitants. Many of the great men of the city are exceedingly rich; and at a *durbur* held by Lord Amherst, on his way to the upper provinces, one of them offered, and it is said gave, a lac of rupees to have his name inserted at the head of the list of native gentlemen who paid their respects to the Governor-general on that occasion: the consequence which this precedence would ensure him amongst his own people being well worth the money bestowed upon it.

Patna carries on an extensive trade, and is famous for its manufactories of table-linen and wax-candles. It also possesses very expert workmen in every department of mechanical art; amongst the minor branches are bird-cages, constructed with great ingenuity and even elegance; the frames of some being delicately inlaid with ivory, while the wires of others are strung with coloured beads. The natives of India of all ranks are fond of keeping birds as domestic pets; and at the proper seasons, persons go into the hill-districts for the purpose of collecting the rarer sorts, which are carried about for sale to all parts of the country. The beautiful little *avadavats*, or *lalls*, as they are commonly called by the natives, on account of their bright ruby colour, are in great request; these, together with many other kinds, are easily procurable at Patna; where also may be found bears, and the fiercer inhabitants of the hills, in a state of captivity. This city is a grand mart for opium, that precious commodity which enriches so many of the native agents, who, as they wax wealthy, live in the style and assume the title of nababs. The soil is favourable to the growth of potatoes, a vegetable which is much cultivated for native consumption in India; but the London traders, who recommend their rice as the true produce of Patna, are in error in vending the grain of superior quality under that name. Rice is chiefly grown in the low marshy tracts of Bengal, and it is not extensively cultivated anywhere else: nor does it constitute the food of the people of Patna, who substitute cakes made of flour as the accompaniment of their *kaaries*; it is dear, on account of its being brought from a distance, and in the upper provinces only appears upon grand occasions at the tables of the lower orders, who are exceedingly economical in their mode of living, and to whom the bazaar-prices are affairs of the greatest importance.

The streets of Patna can only be traversed on horseback, or upon an elephant, being too narrow to admit of any wheel-carriage superior to the native *rhut*, a creaking, nodding, nondescript vehicle, in which the ladies of the country, concealed from public view by thick curtains, huddle themselves when they travel or pay visits. The best houses face the river; many of these have a dismal appearance on the side of the street, showing only a high blank wall, perforated with a few small windows in the upper story; a free circulation of air apparently not being considered essential to health or comfort. Other mansions are enclosed in large walled courts; and in passing along the principal street many porticoes are visible peeping out of recesses or small quadrangles, which seem to be the entrances to stately buildings belonging to people of rank. The houses tenanted by the middling classes are exceedingly crazy, and have somewhat of a Chinese air, each story lessening in size, and standing in the verandah of the one below. They are removed, according to the Indian custom, a little from the public path, crowded during the day, with men and animals, (horses, buffaloes, bullocks, camels,

* A subsequent chapter will contain a more detailed account of this interesting festival.

and goats, by being raised upon a platform about a foot high from the street. The houses occupy the centre of this platform, a margin being left all round, which sometimes stretches beyond the verandah, and forms a shelf, or counter, on which the goods of the inferior shopkeepers are displayed in baskets, none of the richer and more elegant articles being exposed to public view in India. The shops of the *hukeems*, or apothecaries, make the best appearance; they are furnished, in the primitive style, with herbs of various kinds, neatly arranged, and reminding the stranger of the descriptions given in some of the histories of London, of the ancient state of Bucklersbury, when simples formed the stock in trade of medical practitioners.

Amid much that is unsightly, there is a great deal to admire in the long avenue which stretches from gate to gate of the city, every few yards bringing some picturesque object to view; lofty open cupolas, in the most elegant style of Moghul architecture, surmounting handsome mosques, are contrasted with solid towers of the dark red stone, which seems to have been the favourite material in former times. The houses built for the accommodation of the English residents, on the first occupation of the city, now long deserted and falling into decay, have a singular and melancholy appearance. Their construction, after the European fashion, shows that they were destined for foreigners; and their desolation recalls to the mind the tragic fate of those who trusted themselves to a hostile race, smarting under the recollection of recent defeat.

A large piece of ground, consecrated and converted into a Christian cemetery, spreads its grass-grown mounds in the midst of the dwellings of the heathen and the unbeliever, and is still the burial-place of those who have the misfortune to die within the reach of its doleful precincts. The crowded charnels belonging to the Christian community of India, are usually sufficiently dreary to fill the breasts of the living with horror and disgust, but that of Patna asserts a painful pre-eminence over all the rest; and if the dead could feel discontented with the place of their interment,—a fact supported by ghost-stories of great authority,—they would assuredly arise from graves dug in this unhallowed spot, and flit and gibber through the streets: a most effectual plan to rid themselves of their Pagan and Moosulman neighbours, who are exceedingly superstitious, and refuse to enter dwellings which have the reputation of being haunted.

Those who are willing to brave the dirt and heat of a closely-built city, may find much amusement in an evening's visit to Patna. The streets are crowded to excess, the whole male population swarming out to enjoy the dust, or assembling in the verandahs to smoke their hookahs, while gazing on the scene below. Native *palkes*, *taunjohns*, and *rhuks*, force their way through masses of men and boys, the attendants being little scrupulous about the manner in which they clear the avenues for their masters' equipages. Nothing in India can be done without noise, and the din of the passengers is increased by the cries of *chokeydars*, and the incessant vociferations of *fakeers* stationed at the corners of the streets. The shops are all lighted up, and as the evening advances, the dusky buildings which rear themselves against a dark blue sky studded with innumerable stars, have a solemn and imposing appearance; much that is paltry and sordid is obscured in deep shadow, and only the more prominent objects are revealed to the eye. Patna at this time assumes a gorgeous aspect, presenting a succession of temples and palaces worthy to have been the abodes of the luxurious Moghuls.

The city is not often honoured by European visitors, who seldom approach it except upon duty. When there is no particular object of celebrity to attract attention, Anglo-Indians, either from contempt or apathy, rarely enter the native towns in their neighbourhood; few take any interest in the study of Eastern manners, and they are, generally speaking, so careless of pleasing or offending the people amid whom they reside, that however respected the government may be for its good faith and wise ordinances, its civil and military servants can scarcely fail to be exceedingly unpopular in their private and personal character. Intercourse with foreign nations has not yet had the effect of softening and polishing the manners of our proud and disdainful islanders, who usually contrive to make themselves hated wherever they go. The gracious example of a few distinguished individuals, whose courtesy has endeared them to all ranks and classes, is unfortunately disregarded by the majority of British residents in India.

On the opposite bank of the river, at Hadgeepore, a fair is held annually, which attracts a vast concourse of people, both native and European, to its festivities. Duty carries some of the civil servants to the scene of action, and others proceed

thither in order to recreate themselves, during a brief period, with the amusements which the assemblage of families from various parts of the country seldom fails to occasion. The fair takes place at a convenient season, the commencement of the cold weather; the visitors, who carry their own habitations with them, pitch their tents on the plain, and when there is a full attendance, form extensive camps; natives and Europeans of course occupying places distinct from each other. Fancy balls and private theatricals constitute the principal amusements of the latter, neither being the less entertaining on account of the contrivances necessary to enable the persons engaged in them to support fictitious characters in appropriate costume. An impromptu masquerade in a desert, is one of the most amusing things imaginable; and in the unwonted activity which it produces, and the astonishing degree of ingenuity which it brings forth, the Anglo-Indians appear to the greatest advantage. The actual fair is of course a very secondary object; they, however, who have enough cash to make extensive purchases, may provide themselves with the richest productions of the East,—shawls, pearls, gold ornaments, and precious stones. Many of the tents are extremely splendid, those of the wealthy natives, in particular, being profusely bordered with scarlet cloth, cut into fanciful patterns. The double-poled tents of the civilians are scarcely, if at all, inferior in their external decorations, and the interiors are furnished with great elegance. Rich carpets are spread over the *setringees* which cover the floor, and small chandeliers are suspended from the roofs. The walls are hung with some gay-patterned chintz, and the sideboards glitter with plate. No privations are felt by the dwellers under canvass; the repasts are equally well served in the midst of a sandy waste as in the kitchen attached to a magnificent mansion.

The evening scene is highly picturesque; all the cookery, for men and animals, native and European, is performed in the open air, and innumerable fires are kindled for the purpose in every direction. Round some may be seen the turbaned attendants of great men, preparing their master's meal; others, very scantily clothed, bend their swart faces over the cauldrons which contain their vegetable stews, appearing, as the flickering flame ascends, like demons superintending some infernal beverage. In one place piles of flat cakes, called *chupatties*, rise, on which the elephants, for whom they are intended, look with approving eyes; and in another, a servant stands guardian over the dishes of *kaarie* which are cooling for the dogs. Some groups are sleeping, some smoking, others singing and beating the *tom-tom*, while gaily-dressed ladies are alighting from their carriages, and entering the tents already illuminated for the evening.

There is no uncertainty of climate in India to derange the measures taken to secure the comfort of a camp, during the proper season for living *al fresco*; but when necessity obliges parties to betake themselves to their tents at a less favourable period of the year, they are subjected to a variety of accidents of a very formidable nature. On one memorable occasion, the officers of a regiment, compelled to perform a long march at a time in which variable weather might be expected, were desirous to give a dinner to another corps in a similar predicament, who crossed them on their road. Preparations were made upon a grand scale; the presiding *khansamah* did his best, produced his choicest stores of European luxuries, and committed great slaughter amongst the sheep and poultry. The roasts, boils, grills, and stews, were of the most approved quality, and as usual, in quantity superabundant. Everything promised fair for such an entertainment as never fails to gladden the heart of an Indian *maitre-d'hotel*, who, though he would not, upon any consideration, taste a single drop of the gravy which his art has concocted for an European table, surveys with pride and exultation the long array of dishes which he has provided for his master's guests.

Just as the dinner was taking up, lo! a sudden and most tremendous hurricane swept over the plain, burying fires, pots, pans, and eatables in one wide waste of sand. The distraction of the servants at this unexpected catastrophe is not to be described; vehement in their gesticulations, some beat their breasts, others tore their hair, while the more collected secured the joints, sole wrecks of a splendid dinner. The sand had penetrated every where, inundating the soup-kettles, and enveloping the grills; the only resource was to pare off the outsides of the ham and the legs of mutton, and these mutilated relics were placed upon the board by the crest-fallen *khansamah*, who, having got over the first burst of his despair, gravely informed the hungry guests, gazing upon the empty space before them, that "it was the will of heaven that they should go without their dinner." Fortunately, he had to deal with reasonable men, who did not expect him to contend against the

elements, and he experienced only the mortification attendant upon unsuccessful efforts. Such accidents as this rarely occur, even in the worst seasons; for when there is any warning of an approaching storm, the servants always take precautions for the security of the viands, and in the rains, they not unfrequently wade knee-deep through water, with smoking dishes on their heads, from the cooking-place to their master's table.

A description of Patna, however slight and superficial, would be exceedingly incomplete unless some mention should be made of a very interesting place in the neighbourhood, Deegah Farm, the extensive establishment of Mr. Havell, who conducts his business upon a scale of magnificence which is unequalled throughout India. There is a class of Europeans, settled at the principal stations, who style themselves "provisioners," a name very expressive of their occupation, and of these Mr. Havell is at the head. His large and beautifully-kept farm-yards are stored with all sorts of domestic animals, and his pigs in particular are far-famed: they are of Chinese or English breed; for, though the wild boars of the jungles are supposed to yield the finest pork in the world, the tame variety, fed upon offal by the lowest castes in India, are an abomination to Christian eyes, and Europeans will not taste the flesh unless they are certain of the pedigree and education of the animal that supplies it, lest they should partake of a part of the long-legged bristly-maned monster, who they, as well as their Moosulman servants, look upon as an unclean beast. Mr. Havell's pigs had the honour to detain the most distinguished personage in India from the expectant garrison of Dinapore, drawn out to receive him. After waiting for several hours in the sun, the sepoys, who do not comprehend the distinction between pigs of quality and those of plebeian origin, were not a little amazed and scandalized when they saw the great man ride up in his dishabille, and understood that he had been solacing himself in the pigsties of Deegah, instead of appearing, at the appointed time, in full costume before the troops anxiously desirous to catch a glimpse of the *Burra Saib*.

Mr. Havell's warehouses are kept in the nicest order, and exhibit a multifarious variety of articles, properly classed and arranged. Jewellery and millinery, china, glass, hardware, European bird-cages and bird-seed, saddlery, ornamental furniture, foreign fruits, jams, jellies, and preserves, with an endless *et-cetera* of good things for the table. He also deals in carriages and horses, wine, beer, and spirits; in fact, everything requisite for a liberal establishment is to be found in some of the various departments of this immense concern. Mr. Havell's boats go down to the Sand Heads, at the mouth of the Hooghly, to catch the mango and hilsa-fish, which, after being properly cured, are despatched to every part of India; his humps, his chetney, and his sauces, form a portion of the exports from Calcutta to London; and hams, bacon, and hung beef, prepared at his farm, are highly esteemed even by those who are apt to fancy that nothing of the kind can be excellent which does not come from England. The gardens of Deegah are most beautifully planted and laid out; they contain an immense profusion of European flowers, which attain to great perfection, while those of the country, together with every kind of fruit, from the superiority of the cultivation, are infinitely finer than the productions of gardens less skillfully managed. The native *mallees* are under the superintendence of Dutch and Chinese gardeners, men of science and practical knowledge; and a residence at Dinapore would be desirable, were it only for the great advantage to be derived from frequent visits to the beautiful parterres which embellish these extensive pleasure-grounds.

Mr. Havell resides in a very handsome house upon his farm, and the strand below is a favourite halting-place for budgerows proceeding up or down the river. Travellers are anxious to supply themselves with live and dead stock from so celebrated an emporium, and all who touch at Deegah experience the obliging attentions of the proprietor, finding as long as they remain in the neighbourhood, the various conveniences of so well-conducted an establishment at their disposal. All are invited to walk in the gardens, and those who are not provided with carriages or palanquins, are offered conveyances to and from Dinapore. Their tables may be furnished from the cook-rooms of the mansion, and baskets of fruits and vegetables accompany the purchases despatched to the boat. Pleasant are the recollections of Deegah, with its talking-birds in cages, its groups of camels, the first that the writer had seen in the country, and its English flower-beds, showing how bright a paradise an Indian garden may be made by practised hands. The prices of the articles sold by Mr. Havell are necessarily extremely high, it being impossible to

support the expense of so large an establishment upon moderate profits. During a great part of the year there are a thousand persons employed in the different departments of this concern, and the wages of these people must amount to an enormous sum. The farm has risen and flourished during the period of splendid government allowances, but whether it can continue to make adequate returns under the cutting and clipping system, must be extremely doubtful. There is very little encouragement for trade in a country where so few persons possess incomes large enough to allow them to indulge in the luxuries of life, and there is but too much reason to apprehend that, at the death of the present spirited proprietor, Deegah will dwindle and fall into decay.

Farms upon a similar but more limited plan, are common all over the country; one at Cawnpore, in particular, conducted by Mr. Dickson, is deservedly celebrated. The vineyards attached to this establishment are the finest in India, and from their produce the proprietor has succeeded in making wine, quite equal in richness and flavour to that of Constantia. The quantity which the presses have hitherto yielded has not been sufficient to enable Mr. Dickson to supply the market, but the experiment has proved, beyond a doubt, that if the growth of the vine was encouraged in India, it would furnish the country with wines not inferior in strength and quality to those of Europe.

In India the vine is trained over square pillars of brick, connected across the top, about a foot distant from each other, and formed into long arcades: the masonry of these supports ought to be extremely solid, for in gardens where care has not been taken to keep them in repair, they are in great danger from the *tufans* which prevail during the hot winds. Just as the clusters of fruit are ready for the knife, a sudden outbreak of the tempest frequently levels the whole vineyard with the ground; the grapes lie crushed under the fragments of the walls, and where the harvest promised fairly, a few bunches will alone remain unspoiled.

At the period of the vintage, the plains of Hindostan resemble one large hothouse; and this burning atmosphere seems particularly favourable to the vine, which, at Agra, whither it was transplanted from Persia by the Moghuls,* and where it is left to the care of inexperienced natives, comes to great perfection. Attention to the soil and culture would doubtless improve the quality of the produce, and this, in the first instance, must be effected by European residents; for where nature has done so much, the Indians themselves are content with its provisions, and think any extra toil an act of supererogation. If, however, they should discover a source of profit in the sale of wine, they would speedily make themselves acquainted with the necessary process; for though averse to innovations, and satisfied to live in precisely the same manner in which their fathers have lived before them, they readily acquire the arts which have been introduced by the new occupiers of the country.

The bread eaten in native houses is very different from that which appears at European tables, but Le Mann himself could scarcely compete with a native baker in the manufacture of fancy bread; and where there is sufficient demand, every article which can be grown or manufactured by natives in India, can be procured from them quite as good, and at half the price at which it could be furnished by an European. At present, it is only at English farms that veal of tolerably fair quality can be obtained, and even at these places the fattening of calves is very ill understood. As the breed of cattle is particularly diminutive, a well-grown calf in Hindostan, is seldom larger than a good sized lamb in England, and the meat is generally lean and of a bad colour. People, before they go out to India, pay little attention to agricultural concerns, and nine out of ten of those who embark in trade take up such employments as happen to be vacant or of good promise, whether they are qualified by previous acquaintance or not, that being a secondary consideration. Theoretical knowledge is difficult to acquire where books are scarce and dear, and the practical experience of a few scattered persons is not easily disseminated throughout a country where the British population is always unsettled, and where each individual is only desirous to obtain an income which will enable him to return home. Notwithstanding the long droughts of India, if greater attention was paid to the cultivation of grasses, there would always be sufficient for the consumption of the cattle, which now, during many months of the year, are either kept upon *gram*, or suffered to pick up a

* Wine was made in India in the time of Aabar, which sold in Europe at a price equal to that of Shiraz.

miserable existence upon the coarsest fodder. In the latter case, the milk yielded by the cows is of wretched quality, and the butter of course of very inferior description, while the excellence of that produced under the superintendence of the few gentlemen who are acquainted with the proper method of feeding, shows the capabilities of the country, and renders it grievous that so little is done in the way of improvement.

It is an extraordinary fact, that no European has been at the trouble to instruct the natives in the art of fattening chickens. The small, plump, white, delicate bipeds, which are the ornaments of an English dinner, never make their appearance at an Indian board: half-grown and whole-grown fowls are to be seen, but no dainty little chickens, no turkey poults, and no ducklings. In a country in which poultry of every kind is so abundant, it would be the easiest thing in the world to procure a constant supply of these delicacies; but as the natives are fond of dishes upon a grand scale, they entertain a sovereign contempt for such trifling viands, and require to be informed of their importance by foreigners. The present system of education, in excluding all acquaintance with vulgar domestic duties, prevents the ladies who go out to India from rectifying the errors of their servants, and amid abundance of every kind, their tables are often deficient in those refinements which might be procured by a very trifling degree of knowledge, and at a very small expense of time and trouble.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRAVELLING BY DAK.

A GREAT number of persons who go out to India to seek their fortunes in the various departments of commerce, or who practise at the supreme courts either as counsel or attorneys, or who have obtained permanent employments at Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay, frequently spend their whole lives in the Company's territories, without penetrating farther than the presidency to which they may be attached. But it is otherwise with the civil and military servants of the state: a more unfixed, unsettled, floating community cannot be imagined. If not compelled to change their abodes by virtue of government-orders, the pursuit of health, or the urgency of private affairs, occasions frequent journeys, and with the exception of a few hardy individuals, who actually appear to take root in the soil to which they have been transplanted in early youth, a propensity to rove seems to characterize the whole body of Anglo-Indians.

The three modes of travelling in India, are, by *dak* (post), by marching, and by water in a pinnace or budgerow. The cold season is the only period of the year in which a march can be performed without great inconvenience. The rains offer the most favourable time for a voyage, the rivers being very low in the dry weather, while it is generally practicable to travel by *dak*, except when the country is completely under water, in which case this method is subject to much discomfort and considerable delay. In a *dak* journey, the traveller must apply to the postmaster of the place of his residence to furnish him with relays of bearers to a given point, a preliminary which is called "laying the *dak*:" the time of starting is specified, and the different places at which it may be expedient to rest. Three or four days' notice is usually required to enable the *dak*-master to apprise the public functionaries of the different villages of the demand for bearers: the traveller must be provided with his own palanquin, and his own *banghies* (boxes), ropes, and bamboos.

Will it be necessary, in these enlightened times, to describe a palanquin? It would be an affront to the reading public to suppose it ignorant of the shape and construction of the conveyances employed in Lapland, Greenland, Kamchatka, or Timbuctoo, but it is content with very superficial information respecting the East-Indies, which usually presents itself to the mind in an indistinct and gorgeous vision, seas of gold and minarets of pearl, or shining in all the variegated hues of Aladdin's gem-decked garden. Some writer of an Eastern tale, in an Annual, has represented a native prince travelling with his daughter in her magnificent palanquin, a vehicle in which there is scanty accommodation for one, even when formed upon the most roomy plan.

An oblong chest will convey the truest idea which can be given of this conveyance; the walls are of double canvas, painted and varnished on the outside, and lined within with

chintz or silk; it is furnished on either side with sliding wooden doors, fitted into grooves, and when unclosed disappearing between the canvass walls; the roof projects about an inch all round, and is sometimes double, to keep off the heat of the sun. In front, there are two small windows furnished with blinds, and beneath them run a shelf and a shallow drawer. The bottom is made of split cane interwoven like that of a chair, and having a mattress, a bolster, and pillow covered either with leather or chintz: some are also supplied with a moveable support for the back, in case the traveller should prefer sitting upright to reclining at full length. The poles jet out at each end near the top; they are slightly curved, and each is long enough to rest upon the shoulders of two men, who stand one on each side, shifting their shoulders as they run along. Could the palanquin be constructed to swing upon springs, no conveyance would be more easy and agreeable; but mechanical art has made little progress in India; no method has yet been struck out to prevent the vehicle from jolting. It is said that the pendulous motion, which would be the least unpleasant to the traveller, would distress the bearers; but when the makers shall be men of science, this difficulty will vanish.

The preparations for a *dak* journey are simple. The necessary baggage is packed into *petarrahs* or *banghies*, which are sometimes square tin boxes of a particular size, fitted for the mode of conveyance with conical tops; at others, round covered baskets sewed up in painted canvass. These are slung with ropes to each end of a bamboo, which is carried across a man's shoulder, two *banghie*-bearers being usually attached to the *dak*. A desk may be placed upon the shelf before-mentioned, and other small packages stowed in the palanquin, which should be supplied with biscuits, a tumbler, a bottle of wine or brandy, and a *serai* (a long-necked porous jar) of water wrapped in a wet cloth, which may be tied to one of the poles outside. Eight men attend to carry the palanquin, who relieve each other by turns, the four off duty running by the side of the vehicle. At night, two *mussaulchees* (torch-bearers) are added. These men are all Hindoes, and belong to one of the poorest, though not the lowest castes; they bring with them their cloths, *lotas* (drinking-vessels), and provision for a meal, which they pack upon the top of the palanquin, and retaining a very scanty portion of drapery upon their persons, present an exceedingly grotesque appearance. When all is ready, they take up their burthen and set off at a round pace, going, when the road is good, at the rate of from three miles and a-half to four miles an hour.

The stages vary from ten to fourteen miles, and a change of bearers is often effected in the midst of a wide plain. The relay, which is generally in waiting for some time, kindle a fire, groupe themselves around it, and beguile the interval with smoking or sleeping. When drawing near to the appointed spot, the traveller is made aware of the circumstance by the shouts of his own people, who exclaim in loud but musical accents, "*dak wallah, dak wallah, tiar hi?*" (*dak* men or fellows, are you ready?). The welcome response is joyfully received, and in a few minutes more the palanquin is put down amid the cries of "*Ram! Ram!*"^{*} an expression which, when thus used, conveys both salutation and thankfulness. The tired traveller will often echo the "*Ram! Ram!*" of his weary bearers, who, if they have received the customary *buxies* (present) of an eight-anna piece, take leave with shouts of "*salaam, Saib.*"

In preparing for a *dak* journey, care should be taken to secure a halt of eight or twelve hours, at stated distances, certainly not exceeding a hundred miles, while a lady will find it expedient to rest after she has traversed fifty or sixty. On the great road, from Calcutta to Cawnpore, there are government bungalows at the end of every stage, built purposely for the accommodation of travellers; but on other routes, they must depend upon the hospitality of individuals. It can always be previously ascertained when and where it may be advisable to rest, and notices to the persons whose houses lie in the road can be conveyed at the time that the bearers are summoned, though in no instance would a *dak* traveller be refused admittance, and it is only necessary to go up to the gate and ask for shelter.

In the hot season, persons who brave the heat of the day in a palanquin, venture at the risk of their lives: they should always take care to be housed by twelve o'clock. Not a few, who have unadvisedly set out upon a long journey without

* A contraction of *Rama*, one of the numerous gods of the Hindu mythology.

the necessary precaution of breaking it by remaining under some friendly roof during the sultry hours, have been found dead in their palanquins, and others have escaped with very severe fevers. In the cold weather, it is more agreeable to travel by day, the nights being very piercing. As the doors can only be partially open until after sunset, very little of the country is to be seen from a palanquin; however, the eye may still find amusement in contemplating the passing objects, and, particularly in Bengal, the gambols of the monkeys crashing amid the boughs of the trees above, and the fire-flies irradiating the leaves of whole groves, shooting in and out in coruscations of emerald light, afford gratification to those who are willing to be amused.

A journey by *dák* is the only rapid method of travelling which has yet been devised in India, and the rate, compared with that in European countries, is slow indeed. It is also very expensive if the distance be long, the charge made by the postmaster being a shilling per mile. There is likewise a demand for a deposit, under the name of demurrage, which the traveller forfeits should he detain the bearers in places not specified in the route.

The *dák* traveller experiences considerable inconvenience in being deprived of the attendance of his own servants, who must follow in a much more tedious manner. While actually upon the road, the want of domestics is not felt, the bearers being particularly attentive to the comforts of the traveller: even persons unacquainted with Hindostanee may trust themselves to a long journey, secure that the different sets of natives, who may be employed to carry them, will endeavour, with the most earnest zeal, to comprehend and obey their commands.* On one occasion, a lady, who did not know ten words of the language, obtained a very comfortable breakfast by pointing to a bottle of tea which she had with her in the palanquin, and making the bearers understand that she wished to have it heated. They kindled a fire, warmed the tea in an earthen pipkin purchased for the purpose, and catching a goat presented her with a tumbler-full of its milk. The place selected for the *déjeûné* gave evidence of their good taste: they put the palanquin down under a cluster of trees which crowned a slight elevation in the road; a few Moosulmanee tombs lay scattered around, with a well in the distance, whence groupes of females, bearing the graceful *gurrah* on their heads, passed to and fro from the neighbouring village.

In most cases where complaints are made of the bearers, the fault, upon investigation, will be found to lie with the traveller. Raw young men, and sometimes even those who have not the excuse of youth and inexperience, are but too apt to amuse themselves by playing tricks with, or beating, their luckless bearers, who are not unfrequently treated like beasts of burthen. They have it in their power to retaliate, and when provoked to excess, punish the offender, by putting the palanquin down, and making off to the jungles. A three or four hours' detention upon the road, perhaps under a burning sun, is the consequence, and it would require a very vivid imagination to conceive a more disagreeable situation, especially to a person wholly unacquainted with the country, and the means of procuring a new set of bearers to carry him on. The chance of falling in with a European is very small indeed, and few of the passers-by would consider it to be their duty to offer their assistance. Natives do not trouble themselves about the affairs of strangers, and they would consider it to be the will of heaven that a Saib should lie upon the road, and would not think of interfering unless especially called upon to do so. As there is only one particular caste who will carry burthens upon their shoulders, the palanquin would remain in a quiescent state for ever, before men who were not bearers by birth and profession would lift it from the ground: they would ejaculate upon being hailed, and pass on, confining their services to the report of the affair to the *cutwal* or *jemadar* of a neighbouring village, who would send bearers if they could be procured, which is not always the case under several hours' notice.

It happened to the writer that, upon a *dák* journey, the *bhangie* ropes broke, and were useless. The *bhangie*-bearers could not be prevailed upon to carry the boxes on their heads, and at every stage a considerable delay took place in procuring *coolies* to convey a burthen rejected by persons belonging to a different class. *Sirdar*-bearers, *chuprassies*, &c. will

carry a *guttrie*, or bundle, but will upon no account submit to the disgrace of a box. They sometimes insist upon taking out a crape or gauze dress, and wrapping it in a towel, to the utter destruction of its furbelows; and many are the lively discussions which occur between them and the *ayah* upon these occasions.

But to return to the discomforts of a *dák* journey. Policy as well as humanity should teach Europeans to treat the natives of India with kindness; they have frequently the power (though to their credit be it spoken, they rarely avail themselves of it) of avenging their injuries, and the advantages of a good name can in no country be of higher value. The *bhote utcha Saib*, or the *bhote utcha Bebee*, who have procured the commendations of the natives around them, will find their fame very widely extended. They are secure of meeting respect and attention wheresoever they may go, while those of a contrary character are equally certain of being shunned by all who are not actually compelled to render them unwilling service.

The repose obtained in a palanquin is liable to many interruptions; at the end of each stage there is the clamour for *buxies*, and when the vehicle gets into the hands of a set of bearers who are either ill-matched in size, or who do not step out well together, the jolting is tremendous.

The pleasantest period of the year for *dák* travelling is immediately after the breaking up of the rains, when the waters have subsided, but the earth remains moist and free from dust. The sun is not then too oppressive to be borne during the day, and the nights are cool without being chilling. Unfortunately, the season for these enjoyments is very transient; at the expiration of a month, the dust and the cold become extremely disagreeable, the wind whistles through the palanquin, and at night blankets are necessary to guard the person from the frosty air. A *dák* journey in the rains is attended with many difficulties and some dangers; but if the palanquin can be kept dry, the fatigue and annoyance are confined to the bearers, for the individual who is conveyed sees the country to the greatest advantage. The charms of a cloudy sky can only be truly estimated by those who have lived under sunshine and glare until they are nearly blinded. The palanquindoor may be thrown open, and the various beauties of the jungles display themselves to view; every spot is covered with the richest verdure, and creepers of luxuriant growth, studded with myriads of stars, fling their bright festoons from tree to tree. Those beautiful little mosques and pagodas, which in every part of India embellish the landscape, look like gems as they rise from the soft green turf which surrounds them; and the traveller who has passed, in a less propitious season, over an arid tract of sand, would scarcely, save for these landmarks, be able to recognize the country, so changed does it appear. An enchanter's wand has been over it, and laughing meads and valleys green are substituted for burning wastes, where not a single floweret deigned to grow.

The floods, though rather too abundant for comfort, are exceedingly picturesque; all the low grounds are inundated, and the bearers are obliged to wade, sometimes knee-deep, and at others up to their waists, in water. In dangerous passes, they are compelled to raise the palanquin upon their heads, and the utmost vigilance is necessary to secure the live cargo from a ducking. The men proceed cautiously, for a single false step, or an unexpected plunge of the foot into a hole, would occasion a serious upset. But such accidents rarely occur; the *mussaulchees*, in places where the flood is deep, precede the palanquin, and the bearers follow in the track which they have found to be safe, while the four off duty assist their comrades by giving each a hand: this is also done when the roads are very slippery, and the palanquin, literally handed along like a lady, would present a very ridiculous spectacle to a person unacquainted with the necessity of the case. The traveller is, however, little inclined to laugh at the droll appearance which his equipage affords, for it is rather a nervous thing to calculate the chances of a dipping, while making a slow progress through apparently interminable sheets of water, rising within half an inch of the floor of the palanquin, where one of those little tilts which so frequently occur unheeded on dry ground, would inevitably ship a sea, the consequence of which might be, in addition to the discomfort of wet clothes, a serious attack of fever and ague.

The country during the rainy season is intersected by *nul-lahs*; the floods convert every channel of the ravines into a rapid river, and the greater number being unfordable, they must be crossed in boats. Ferries are established upon the principal thoroughfares, and there is usually a group of natives assembled on the bank. Time does not appear to be of the slightest value to the people of Hindostan; they will wait for

* A very few words will suffice to carry a *dák* traveller over India. *Ootow* (lift up), *jeldie jow* (quickly go), *pinnakes panee low* (drinking water bring); and in answer to all questions, *dus-toor ca maffie* (do according to custom).

days together at an unfrequented ghaut for the chance of getting a free passage, in a boat engaged by some more wealthy traveller, rather than pay the few pice demanded for their transport. The instant the palanquin is safely lodged in the boat, the crowd upon the bank embark, and if the owner should be so rash as to ask for his fee, the intruders inquire with great indignation if he be not satisfied with the *burra buxies* (great present) he has already received, declaring to a man that, after the Saib's extraordinary liberality, they will give him nothing: the boat belonged to the Saib, to whom their thanks are due. Apparently, this reasoning is conclusive; at least the boatman takes nothing by his motion.

The *jheels*, which sometimes assume the appearance of large lakes, are crossed with more trouble and difficulty. They are too extensive to be skirted, and are seldom provided with a boat. A raft is the substitute, and that is usually of the frailest description; a few bamboos are tied together, covered with grass, and floated upon *kedgerree* pots, with their mouths downwards. At night, the passage of one of these *jheels* is really terrific, and might be seriously alarming to a person of a timid disposition.

The writer retains a very vivid recollection of the wild and almost awful scene, which presented itself upon crossing a *jheel* of very considerable dimensions, in a *dak* journey undertaken during a season of heavy rain. Fortunately, though new to the country, both her companion and herself reposed perfect confidence in the resources of the natives, and, satisfied that every care would be taken of them, submitted themselves entirely to the direction of their conductors. In consequence of the state of the roads, and the difficulties which two ladies might experience in traversing a country by night, flooded in every direction, the judge of the district had directed the attendance of a *chuprassee*, who with the bearers was relieved at every stage. The presence of this person certainly gave additional security to the party, who, divested of fear, lost the sense of discomfort in the novelty of the situation. The night was as dark as a romance writer of the Radcliffe school could desire; not a single star was to be seen along the murky sky, and, black as Erebus, a dismal waste of waters stretched its pitchy waves as far as the eye could reach. A lurid light moved along the surface of this truly Stygian lake,—the torch of a *mussaulchee*, who ventured over, up to his neck in water; this red speck settled into a point at a considerable distance, and in a short time, a large, nondescript, funereal object was dimly descried moving across. The travellers were then civilly requested to leave their palanquins, and found better accommodation than they had expected upon a *charpoy* or bedstead, which had been brought down to the edge of the water for them to sit on.

While watching the progress of the palanquins, which were taken over one at a time, the raft not being strong enough to bear them both at once, there was ample opportunity to contemplate the landscape. It was darkness made visible by the red glare of a few torches, which gave indistinct glimpses of the surrounding objects; sometimes they threw their waving flames upon the swart faces of a wild grouse, apparently struggling in the water, round the shapeless raft,—fiendish forms, well suited to the murky depths whence they seemed to have emerged from abysses still more fearful. At length the floating mass a third time approached the shore, and half a dozen men, taking up the *charpoy*, carried it a few yards into the water. The side of the raft being obtained, the passengers were placed upon it, and they found themselves fairly launched on a sea of sable hue; blackness was above, around, below, and should any accident occur to the slight vessel, if such it might be called, which bore them on, there would be little chance of a rescue from the dingy flood. The passage was fortunately achieved in safety, and most gladly did they quit their damp couch upon the wet grass for their comfortable palanquins, whence they cast a parting glance upon the dreary expanse they were leaving behind. After an absence of eight months, the travellers returned; not a single vestige remained of the lake of the dismal swamp, which had been transformed into a basin of deep sand, bare, barren, and thirsty. The *nullahs* also were dry, the grass had disappeared, and with it nature's loveliest charms.

It is only when night spreads its mysterious spell over the scene, that an Indian landscape, during the dry weather, can captivate the eye, however luxuriant the foliage may be, and that never appears to be scorched by the sun. However romantic the temples, more than half their charm is lost when they spring from an arid soil; but starlight or moonlight can invest them with a divine aspect: the barren sands become soft and silvery! and the parched desert, cool and refreshed, cheats the vision with a semblance of verdure. To a *dak*

traveller, the changes produced by the approach of night are particularly striking: his eyes have been wearied for many hours with dust and glare, and he hails the first shadows cast by the setting sun with joy. So extraordinary is the illusion, that it would not be difficult to fancy that he was entering upon some new country; some enchanting paradise hitherto undiscovered, whence all unsightly things have been banished, or where they never found a place. An Indian night is superb; excepting at intervals during the rains, it is always light enough to distinguish objects at a considerable distance; the heavens shine with stars, and the moonlight descends in floods. Beneath the midnight planetary beam, the most simple and unpretending building is decked with beauty; the mud hut of some poor native, with its coarse drapery of climbing gourds, shows like a fairy bower, and the barest sand-bank, topped with the wretched habitations of humble villagers, assumes a romantic appearance, outlined against the dark blue sky spangled with innumerable stars.

The stately elephant never attains so grand and imposing an attitude as at night; pacing singly over the plain, his crimson trappings gleaming in the starlight, he is far more majestic than under any other circumstances, and when three or four are seen in a bivouac together, they look like masses of black marble; some huge monumental effigy sacred to the departed genii of the land. A well, a *kafila*, with its sleeping bullocks stretching their weary limbs around their burdens, or an express camel suddenly emerging from the shade, and striding again into darkness, fill the mind with pleasing images. Daylight dissolves the spell; squalid objects re-appear; dust and dilapidation abound amid the dwellings of man; the too glorious sunshine envelopes the distant scene in a dazzling veil, and the only resource is to shut up the doors of the palanquin, and endeavour to bear the heat and the dust with patience. During the hot winds, both are dreadful throughout the day, and nothing save the most extraordinary exigence, should induce an European to expose himself to the sultry atmosphere around.

Attempts are made to cool the palanquins by means of tattees, an expedient which materially heightens the expense of travelling, as (*bheestees* must be engaged to supply water) and which frequently fails in the desired object. The air is made damp but not cool, and few constitutions are strong enough to be proof against the exhaustion, or the fever, which, according to the peculiar temperament of the body, will be the result.

In some of the jungle districts of India, a *dak* traveller may be surprised by the unwelcome appearance of a tiger. In this event, the bearers, justly considering self-preservation to be the first law of nature, usually betake themselves to flight; leaving their employer to do battle in the best way he can with the monster of the wild: conduct which excites a higher degree of indignation than it merits, since they are certainly more exposed to a sudden spring than the person inside the palanquin, and are also less able to defend themselves. It is much easier to escape without their burden, and it does appear rather hard that they should be expected to risk their lives in defence of a stranger, who has merely hired them to carry a palanquin. When so disagreeable an interruption to a journey may be expected, the traveller is of course upon his guard. Upon approaching a dangerous pass, gentlemen usually alight, and producing pistols, threaten to shoot the first man who shall make an attempt to quit his post. As they have a better chance of escaping the tiger, the measure is generally effectual, although were the animal to make a sudden appearance, perhaps even a pistol at the head would be insufficient to arrest their steps.

Many instances are recorded of imminent risks sustained in an undesired meeting with an enemy of this description. A gentleman, seated with his palanquin doors open, espied, in broad day, one of these monsters stretched at full length beneath a tree, not very far from the road-side; fortunately he was not perceived by the bearers, who kept steadily upon their way, and he, either being asleep, or too well gorged to require an additional meal, allowed the whole *cortège* to pass unmolested.

CHAPTER IX.

BENARES.

The holy city of Benares, the seat of Hindoo superstition, is not more remarkable for its antiquities, and the sanctity

with which it has been invested by the bigoted worshippers of Brahma, than for the singularity of its structure, its vast wealth, and immense population. It stands upon the left bank of the Ganges, stretching several miles along the shore; the river is about thirty feet below the level of the houses, and is attained by numerous ghauts, which spread their broad steps between fantastic buildings of the most grotesque and curious description. The confused masses of stone, which crowd upon each other in this closely-built city, sometimes present fronts so bare and lofty, as to convey the idea of a prison or fortress. Others are broken into diminutive pagodas, backed by tall mansions seven stories in height, and interspersed with Gothic gateways, towers, and arches, (all profusely covered with ornaments,) balconies, verandahs, battlements, mullioned windows, balustrades, turrets, cupolas, and round and pointed domes, the fancies of all ages. Since the conquest of the city by Arungzebe, Moosulman architecture has reared its light and elegant erections amid the more heavy and less tasteful structures of Hindoo creation. From a mosque, built upon the ruins of a heathen temple, spring those celebrated minarets, which now rank amid the wonders of the city. Their lofty spires shoot up into the golden sky from a dense cluster of buildings, crowning the barbaric pomp below with graceful beauty.

Notwithstanding its great antiquity, and the immense sums lavished upon its pagodas, Benares does not boast a single specimen of those magnificent temples which, in other parts of India, convey so grand an idea of the vast conceptions of their founders. Here are no pyramidal masses of fretted stone, no huge conical mounds of solid masonry standing alone to astonish the eye, as at Bindrabund; no gigantic tower like the Cootub Minar at Delhi, to fill the imagination with awe and wonder; but the whole of this enormous city is composed of details, intermingled with each other without plan or design, yet forming altogether an architectural display of the most striking and imposing nature. Amid much that is strange and fantastic, there are numerous specimens of a pure and elegant taste, and the small antique pagodas, which abound in every direction, are astonishingly beautiful. The lavish ornaments of richly-sculptured stone, with which they are profusely adorned, give evidence of the skill and talent of the artists of their day, and throughout the whole of the city a better taste is displayed in the embellishments of the houses than is usually found in the private buildings of India. There are fewer elephants of clay, and misshapen camels, with round towers of tile upon their backs, stuck upon the projecting cornices of the habitations of the middling classes. The florid ornaments of wood and stone profusely spread over the fronts of the dwelling-houses, bring to the mind recollections of Venice, which Benares resembles in some other particulars; one or two of the lofty narrow streets being connected by covered passages not very unlike the far-famed Bridge of Sighs.

The views of Benares from the river are exceedingly fine, offering an infinite and untiring variety of scenery, of which the effect is greatly heightened by the number of trees, whose luxuriant foliage intermingles with the parapets and buttresses of the adjacent buildings. In dropping down the stream in a boat, an almost endless succession of interesting objects is presented to the eye. Through the interstices between tower and palace, temple and serai, glimpses are caught of gardens and bazaars stretching inland; an open gate displays the terraced court of some wealthy noble; long cloistered corridors lead to the secluded recesses of the zenana, and small projecting turrets, perched upon the lofty battlements of some high and frowning building, look like the watch-towers of a feudal castle. The ghauts are literally swarming with life at all hours of the day, and every creek and jetty are crowded with craft of various descriptions, all truly picturesque in their form and effect. A dozen budgegrows are moored in one place; the light *bokhia* dances on the rippling current at another; a splendid pinnace rears its gaily-decorated masts at a third; while large *patalas*, and other clumsy native vessels, laden with cotton or some equally cumbersome cargo, choke up the river near some well-frequented wharf. Small fairy shallops are perpetually skimming over the surface of the glittering stream, and sails, some white and dazzling, others of a deep saffron hue, and many made up of tattered fragments which bear testimony to many a heavy squall, appear in all directions.

No written description, however elaborate, can convey even a faint idea of the extraordinary peculiarities of a place which has no prototype in the East. Though strictly oriental, it differs very widely from all the other cities of Hindostan, and it is only by pictorial representations that any adequate

notion can be formed of the mixture of the beautiful and the grotesque, which, piled confusedly together, form that stupendous wall which spreads along the bank of the Ganges at Benares. It is much to be lamented that no panoramic view has ever been exhibited of this singular place, and still more so that the exquisitely-faithful delineations of Mr. Daniell, an artist so long and so actively employed in portraying the wonders of nature and of art in India, should not be in every body's hands. His portfolios are rich in specimens of Benares, and the engravings from his works, executed under his own eye, retain all those delicate touches which are so necessary to preserve the oriental character of the original sketches. Drawings made in India, and sent to England to be engraved, are subject to much deterioration in the process, from the negligence of persons, wholly unacquainted with the peculiarities of the country, to which they are entrusted, and many of the cheap productions of this class, from the pencils of very able amateur artists, are rendered almost worthless by the ignorance and inaccuracy of those persons who are employed to prepare them for the engraver.

Writers upon India have frequently occasion to express their surprise at the extreme carelessness and indifference which prevail in England concerning those magnificent realms whence, in other days, the whole of Europe derived its improvements in arts and arms; but in no instance can their astonishment be more highly raised than by the sight of the numerous and interesting sketches which Mr. Daniell has not yet been encouraged to give to the public.

Few Europeans have ever been tempted to take up their abode in the close and crowded city of Benares; the military and civil station is about two miles distant, and is called, in Government Orders and other official documents, *Secrole*; this name is, however, seldom used by the inhabitants, and few ever talk of *Secrole* as their destination, Benares being by far the most common and popular term. The garrison, consisting of about three native regiments, and a small train of artillery, is under the command of a major-general; and at the distance of a few miles, at Sultanpore, a native cavalry corps is stationed. The civil appointments are very numerous and splendid, and *Secrole* possesses some of the finest and best-appointed mansions in India: formerly the establishment of a mint added to the number of European inhabitants; but its abolition, which took place a few years ago, is now very severely felt by those who remember the talent and intelligence connected with it in the days of Anglo-Indian splendour. The usual amusements of a *Mofussal* station,—balls, private theatricals, dinners, morning calls, and scandal, are diversified by occasional visits to the city. Few of the numerous travellers who pass through the district are so totally destitute of curiosity as not to feel desirous to penetrate into the interior of a place so widely celebrated. The ascents of the minarets is a feat of which people like to boast, who care very little for the view which is to be obtained from them, and consequently, excursions to the holy city take place very frequently.

There is nothing either striking or beautiful in the environs of Benares; the cantonments do not possess any remarkable feature to distinguish them from other military stations; they are flat and destitute of views, but are redeemed from positive ugliness by the groves with which they are surrounded. Immediately beyond the military lines, the tract towards the city becomes interesting; several very handsome Moosulman tombs show the vast increase of the followers of a foreign creed in the sacred birth-place of Brahma, and the desecration of this holy spot is made still more apparent by the carcases of animals hung up, in defiance of the brahmins, in butchers' shops. Formerly none save human sacrifices were tolerated, and upon the first occupation of Benares by the British, it was thought advisable to refrain from slaughtering bullocks and calves: beef and veal are now to be had in abundance, and the Hindoos, if not reconciled, have become accustomed to the murders committed upon the peculiar favourites of the priesthood. A long straggling suburb, composed of houses of singular construction, in every stage of dilapidation, rendered exceedingly picturesque by intervening trees and flowering shrubs, leads to the gate of city; and a short and rather wide avenue brings the visitor to the *chokey*, a large irregular square. From this point vehicles of European construction are useless, and the party must either mount upon elephants, dispose themselves in *ton jauns*, or proceed on foot; and very early in the morning, before the population of this crowded city is astir, the latter affords by far the best method of visiting the temples; but the instant that the tide of human beings has poured itself into the nar-

row avenues, it is expedient to be removed from actual contact with the thickly-gathering throng.

Benares, at day-break, presents less of animated life than any other city of the same magnitude and extent: a few sweepers only appear in the streets; all the houses are shut up, and give no sign of the multitudes who swarm within. The shops are closely barricaded, the usual mode of fastening them being by a strong chain attached by a large padlock to a staple beneath the threshold. At this early hour, the streets are very clean, and the air of the city is much cooler and fresher than might be expected from its denseness and population. Its zoological inhabitants are up and abroad with the first gleam of the sun; the brahminese bulls perambulate the streets, and monkeys spring from cornice to cornice, and flights of pigeons and paroquets dart from the parapets, in every direction. As soon as it is broad day, the priests repair to the temples, and devotees are seen conveying the sacred water from the Ganges to the several shrines. At the doors of the pagodas, persons are stationed with baskets of flowers for sale. Long rosaries of scarlet, white, or yellow blossoms, seem to be in the greatest request, and are purchased by the pious as offerings to their gods: the pavements of the temples are strewn with these floral treasures, the only pleasing ceremonial connected with Hindoo worship. The too-abundant supply of water, the dirty throng of religious beggars, and the incessant vociferations of "Ram! Ram!" compel all save determined antiquaries to make a speedy exit from the noise and crowd of these places.

The observatory and the minarets are the principal objects of attraction to parties who merely desire to see the *lions* of Benares; but, in proceeding thither, visitors who take an interest in the homely occupation of the native traders, may be amused by the opening of the shops, and the commencement of the stir, bustle, and traffic, which at ten o'clock will have reached its climax. The rich merchandize with which the city abounds, according to the custom of Hindostan, is carefully concealed from the view of passengers; but in the tailors' shops, some of the costly products of the neighbouring countries are exhibited. Those skilful artists, who can repair a rent with invisible stitches, sit in groups, employed in mending superb shawls, which, after having passed through their practised hands, will sell, to inexperienced purchasers, for new ones fresh from the looms of Thibet. The shops of the copper-smiths make the most show; they are gaily set out with brass and copper vessels of various kinds, some intended for domestic use, and others for that of the temples.

In every street, a shroff or banker may be seen, seated behind a pile of cowries, with bags of silver and copper at his elbow. These men make considerable sums in the course of the day, by changing specie; they deduct a per-centage from every rupee, and are notorious usurers, lending out their money at enormous interest. Here too are confectioners, surrounded by the common sweatmeats which are so much in request, and not unfrequently employed in the manufacture of their sugar-cakes. In an iron kettle, placed over a charcoal fire, the syrup is boiling; the contents are occasionally stirred with an iron ladle, and when the mixture is "thick and slab," and has imbibed a due proportion of the dust which rises in clouds from the well-trodden street, ladle-fuls are poured upon an iron plate which covers a charcoal stove, whence, when sufficiently baked, they are removed to their places on the counter or platform, on which the whole process is conducted. Those dainty cook-shops, so temptingly described in the *Arabian Nights*, decked with clean white cloths, and furnished with delicate cream tarts, with or without pepper, are not to be seen in India; yet the tables of the Hindoos, though more simple than those of the luxurious Moosulmans, are not destitute of richly-seasoned viands and the finer sort of confections.

The dyers, punkah-makers, and several others, also carry on their respective occupations in their open shops; the houses of the former are distinguished by long pieces of gaily-coloured cloths, hung across projecting poles. In these, the bright red of the Indian rose, and the superb yellow, the bridal colour of the Hindoos, are the most conspicuous; they likewise produce brilliant greens and rich blues, which, when formed into turbans and cummerbunds, very agreeably diversify the white dresses of an Indian crowd.

Learning, as well as religion, still flourishes in Benares; but both have degenerated since the Moslem conquest. The brahmins of the Hindoo college, once so celebrated for its pundits, are not so well skilled in Sanscrit as might have been expected from the great encouragement afforded to the institution by the British Government. The best scholars are now to be found amid the Anglo-Indian community. It is

said that the former secretary of the college, an appointment always given to an European officer in the Company's service, lost his life in consequence of the jealousy entertained by the brahmins of his superior learning. He had succeeded in unravelling a part of an inscription belonging to a very ancient Hindoo temple at some distance from the city. His zeal and assiduity in the cause induced him to return to the labour again; but he died suddenly, ere he had completed a task which had baffled all his predecessors, and which had been pronounced to be utterly hopeless by the most erudite members of the college. In all probability, this gifted person fell a sacrifice to a jungle-fever, brought on by over-exertion and exposure to malaria; and the current report of his being poisoned by the brahmin of the temple, at the suggestion of his brethren of Benares, is merely recorded in this paper as a proof of the extraordinary celebrity which was supposed to have led to so fatal a catastrophe.

The observatory, though abandoned by its magi, still remains, a gigantic relic of the zeal in the pursuit of science manifested in former days. The discoveries of modern times, adopted, though slowly, by eastern astronomers, have rendered it of little value for the purpose for which it was intended, and it has fallen into neglect and disuse, being no longer patronized by the native prince, who, until very lately, kept up an establishment there at his own expense. An extensive area, entered from the street, is divided into several small quadrangles, surrounded by cloisters, and forming cool and shady retreats, intended for the residences of those sages who studied the wonders of the firmament from the platform of the tower above. Broad flights of stairs lead to the summit of this huge, square, massive building, a terraced height well suited to the watchers of the stars, and which, at the time of its erection, was furnished with an apparatus very creditable to the state of science at that early period. The astrologer no longer takes his nightly stand on the lonely tower, reading the destinies of man in the bright book of the heavens, or calculating those eclipses which he imagined to be caused by the attacks of some malignant demon, anxiously endeavouring to extinguish the lights of the world: a belief which still prevails throughout India. Notwithstanding the repeated victories achieved by the sun and moon, the Hindoo population, at every new eclipse, are seized with horror and consternation; they assemble in great multitudes at the ghauts, and attempt to frighten and drive away the evil spirit by sounding all sorts of discordant instruments, and keeping up an incessant clamour of the most frightful cries. Such is the confusion and terror which fill the breasts of the crowd, that the military and civil authorities are compelled to take active measures for the prevention of accidents and the suppression of tumults, which this dangerous state of excitement is too apt to occasion.

The view which the observatory commands is limited to the river and the country on the opposite bank; but a far more extensive prospect is obtained from the minarets. Adventurous persons who have climbed to the light cupolas which crown these lofty spires, see the city of Benares under an entirely new aspect in this bird's-eye view. They perceive that there are wide spaces between the seven-storied buildings that form a labyrinth of lanes, and that gay gardens flourish in the midst of dense masses of brick and mortar. The hum of the busy multitude below is scarcely heard, and they look down upon flocks of paroquets skimming through the golden air at a considerable distance beneath. The palaces of the city, in all their varied styles of architecture, appear to great advantage from these heights. Gothic towers open upon luxuriant parterres, affording a more pleasing idea of the seclusion to which the ladies of the city are doomed, than those high, narrow houses, wedged closely against each other, where from the roof alone glimpses may be caught of living trees, where flowers withering in pots convey the only notion which the imprisoned females can obtain of the beauties of nature. Overtopped by some still more lofty mansion, or perhaps debarred from egress to a spot whence they may be descried by a prying neighbour, they grow up in total ignorance of the most common objects around them, and wear out their existence in dull monotony, enlivened only by the gossip of some privileged old woman, who carries news and scandal from house to house.

The usual style of building in Benares ensures the strictest privacy to the female portion of the family. The massy door from the street opens into a small court-yard, surrounded on all sides by high walls; one large apartment occupies the whole of the front, in every story; these rooms, which are airy and well supplied with windows and verandahs overlooking the street, are exclusively occupied by the gentlemen of

the house. On each floor, a covered gallery runs round three sides of the court-yard, leading to small chambers, or rather cells, where the women and their attendants are immured. They have no outlet whatever to the street, and look down either upon a pretty fountain, where the quadrangle below is neatly kept, or upon the goats and cows which frequently occupy the ground-floor. Some of the interiors of these houses are richly decorated with carved wood highly polished. In the cold season, costly carpets are spread over the floors; and the *paan* boxes, and other vessels in daily use, are of silver beautifully wrought.

Many of the inhabitants are extremely rich; and besides its native population, Benares is the occasional residence of distinguished strangers from all parts of the peninsula. A great number of Hindoo princes and nobles possess mansions in the holy city; it is the asylum of deposed or abdicated monarchs; the refuge of rebels and usurpers; and wealthy devotees from distant places retire to draw their last breath within the sacred precincts, where all who are so fortunate as to die in the good graces of the brahmins, are sure of going straight to heaven, even though they may have eaten beef. Poorer pilgrims flock from every corner of Hindostan, anxious to perform their ablutions in a spot held sacred by all castes, who believe it to be a creation of the gods, distinct from the rest of the world, formed of unpolluted earth, and resting upon the point of Siva's trident. In spite of the desecrations of the Moosulmans, it still retains its holy character; but since the Moghul conquest, the religious ceremonies have lost somewhat of their revolting barbarity. Human victims have for a considerable period ceased to bleed upon the altars, and by a late edict of the British government, the cremation of widows, a spectacle which occurred more frequently at Benares than in any other part of the Company's territories, is no longer permitted.

The ladies, it is said, complain very bitterly of the hardship of being prevented from burning, and perhaps in many instances it may be severely felt; for women, brought up in a state of apathetic luxury, are ill calculated to endure the penances and privations which must be the lot of those who are so unfortunate as to survive their husbands. It is reckoned very discreditable for a woman to appear plump and healthy at the end of her first year of mourning; it is expected that she shall be reduced by long and frequent fasts, and in her, the outward signs of woe are to be shown in an emaciated frame and premature old age; she is forbidden the luxuries of dress, and must perform servile offices revolting to a woman of high birth, long accustomed to the attendance of a train of dependents. Deprived of the few enjoyments which the tyranny of the customs of the East allows to its females, who, brought up in ignorance and imprisonment, should at least be secured from want and suffering, a Hindoo widow is one of the most pitiable objects in the creation: it is to be hoped that the abolition of the rite of *suttee* will pave the way to more enlightened notions on the subject of female privileges, and that some adequate provision will be made by law to secure the relicts of men of wealth from being cast entirely upon the mercy of their relations.

The commerce of Benares is in a very flourishing condition; besides the extensive traffic which the merchants of the city carry on in shawls, diamonds, and other precious articles, numbers are engaged in the manufacture and sale of the celebrated gold and silver brocades which are known in India by the name of *kincob*. These costly tissues are worn as gala dresses by all the wealthy classes of Hindostan, whether Moslem or Hindoo; they have not been superseded, like the calicoes and muslins of native looms, by European goods of a similar description, and even the magic power of machinery may be defied by the artisan who weaves his splendid web of silk and silver, after the methods taught by his forefathers, in the secluded factories of Benares. Scarfs of gold and silver stuff, called Benares turbans, with deep fringed borders beautifully wrought, and resembling a rich setting of gems, have found their way to the shops of London, and are much esteemed for the peculiar brilliance of their materials; but these do not equal in beauty the embroidery of the native *puggree*, or turban, upon velvet; these superb head-dresses look like clusters of precious stones, and a handsome well-proportioned native, attired in a vest and trowsers of crimson and gold brocade, a cummerbund, composed of a Cashmere shawl, wound round his waist, a second shawl thrown over one shoulder, and the belt of his scimitar and the studs of his robe sparkling with diamonds, may challenge the world to produce a more tasteful and magnificent costume. Nobles clad in this glittering array, and mounted upon chargers decked with trappings of solid silver, often flash like meteors

through the square of the city, and sometimes the accidental opening of the curtain of a native palanquin will reveal a still brighter vision,—a lady reclining on the cushions, covered with jewels.

Silver and gold lace, of every kind and pattern, fringes, scalloped trimmings, edgings, and borders of all widths, are to be purchased at Benares exceedingly cheap, when compared to the prices demanded for such articles in Europe; but the Anglo-Indian ladies rarely avail themselves of these glittering bargains, excepting when fancy balls are on the *tapis*, as there is a prejudice against the adoption of decorations worn by native women. A few, however, have the good taste to prefer the Indian ornaments of goldsmith's work to trinkets of European manufacture, which, alloyed to the lowest degree of baseness, and depending solely upon some ephemeral fashion for their value, are literally not worth an eighth part of the original purchase-money; while the unrivalled workmanship of the first-rate native artisan, and the solid weight of unadulterated metal contained in the chains, necklaces, ear-rings, and bangles, which he has wrought, render them an elegant investment for floating cash, which would otherwise be expended upon trifles.

The ornaments worn by Hindostanee females are, generally speaking, very tasteful and elegant; the pattern of the double *joomka* ear-rings has been borrowed by European jewellers, and bracelets resembling the Indian bangle are now very common; but the splendid necklaces, so richly carved as to glitter like precious stones, are more rarely seen; they are formed of a series of drops beautifully wrought, and suspended from a closely-linked chain of exquisite workmanship. Pearls of immense size, and of the finest colour, may sometimes be purchased astonishingly cheap; they are much worn by the natives, and strings the size of pigeons' eggs are frequently exhibited round the necks of rich men. In the cutting and setting of precious stones, the lapidaries of the East do not excel; and it is rather difficult to ascertain the precise value of jewels which have not been committed to skilful hands. The natives are guilty of the barbarity of stringing diamonds, and show less elegance in the disposition of gems than in any other branch of decorative art.

The rajah of Benares, a prince who, bereft of all the power exercised by his ancestors, retains his title and a revenue adequate to the support of his diminished rank, resides at Ramnaghur, a fortified palace a few miles up the river. He also possesses a large mansion in the neighbourhood of the cantonments, built after the Anglo-Indian fashion, which he visits occasionally, and where he entertains the families of the civil and military officers of the station during the celebration of some of the most noted Hindoo festivals. The taste and courtesy of the rajah is displayed to great advantage at the *hoolee*, in which the principal diversion seems to consist in powdering the persons of all the passers-by with red dust. The showers of sugar-plums rained at the carnivals of Italy, are harmless compared to the peltings which take place on these occasions; white dresses speedily become parti-coloured, and at the conclusion, when the powder is mixed with water, every body who ventures abroad is daubed from head to foot with crimson. The Moosulman population join in the sport, and as it is a period of universal license, Europeans do not escape. Young officers are drenched from top to toe, and even ladies are not always quite secure that they shall preserve their garments unsullied. The fair guests of the rajah were therefore delighted to find that baskets of rose leaves had been substituted for the powdered *mhindee*, which is commonly used by the assailants: a costly act of gallantry, in a land where every rose is carefully preserved for the *goulabee paanee*,* which is consumed in vast quantities in every native house.

Indian gardeners are horrified by the wasteful manner in which European ladies are wont to gather roses: not content to take off the full blown flower close to the stem, and to tie it with a few green leaves at the end of a stick, they help themselves to a whole spray, containing perchance a dozen buds, doomed to perish untimely without yielding their exquisite breath in perfume. The knowledge of this frugal expenditure of roses furnishes a clew to the displeasure of Azor, who, in the Eastern tale, threatens the merchant with death for having dared to pluck a branch from one of his bushes, as a gift to his youngest and best-beloved daughter.

At the entertainment given by the rajah of Benares, the *nautch* is exhibited in great perfection. To European spectators, the performance soon grows exceedingly tiresome; but natives never appear to be weary of the evolutions of their

* Rose water.

favourites, and will sit with exemplary patience, from night-fall until daybreak, gazing upon the successive sets of dancers, who relieve each other throughout the night. The company assembled to witness a *nautch* occupy seats at the upper end of a large, brilliantly illuminated apartment; the sides are lined with servants, all anxious to partake of the enjoyment of the *tamasha* (show), and other domestics are grouped at the farthest end, ready to introduce the performers. The parties, which appear in regular rotation, usually consist of seven persons; two only of these are the dancers, who advance in front of the audience, and are closely followed by three musicians, who take up their posts behind: a *mussaulee* plants himself with his torch on either side, elevating or depressing his flambeau, according to the movements of the arms and feet of the *nautch* girls.

These ladies present very picturesque figures, though somewhat encumbered by the voluminous folds of their drapery. Their attire consists of a pair of gay-coloured silk trowsers, edged and embroidered with silver, so long as only to afford occasional glimpses of the rich ancllets, strung with small bells, which encircle the legs. Their toes are covered with rings, and a broad, flat, silver chain is passed across the foot. Over the trowsers a petticoat of some rich stuff appears, containing at least twelve breadths, profusely trimmed, having broad silver or gold borders, finished with deep fringes of the same. The *coortee*, or vest, is of the usual dimensions, but it is almost hidden by an immense veil, which crosses the bosom several times, hanging down in front and at the back in broad ends, either trimmed to match the petticoat, or composed of still more splendid materials, the rich tissues of Benares. The hands, arms, and neck, are covered with jewels, sometimes of great value, and the hair is braided with silver ribands, and confined with bodkins of beautiful workmanship. The ears are pierced round the top, and furnished with a fringe-like series of rings, in addition to the ornament worn in England: the diameter of the nose-ring is as large as that of a crown-piece; it is of gold wire, and very thin; a pearl and two other precious gems are strung upon it, dangling over the mouth, and disfiguring the countenance. With the exception of this hideous article of decoration, the dress of the *nautch* girls, when the wearers are young and handsome, and have not adopted the too prevailing custom of blackening their teeth, is not only splendid but becoming; but it requires, however, a tall and graceful figure to support the cumbrous habiliments which are worn indiscriminately by all the performers.

The *nautch* girls of India are singers as well as dancers; they commence the vocal part of the entertainment in a high shrill key, which they sustain as long as they can; they have no idea whatsoever of modulating their voices, and the instruments which form the accompaniment are little less barbarous; these consist of two nondescript guitars, and a very small pair of kettle-drums, which chime in occasionally, making sad havoc with the original melodies, some of which are sweet and plaintive. The dancing is even more strange, and less interesting than the music; the performers rarely raise their feet from the ground, but shuffle, or to use a more poetical, though not so expressive a phrase, glide along the floor, raising their arms, and veiling or unveiling as they advance or describe a circle. The same evolutions are repeated, with the most unvarying monotony, and are continued until the appearance of a new set of dancers gives a hint to the preceding party to withdraw. It is said that, on some occasions, the native spectators have been so much enraptured with the accomplishments displayed by a celebrated dancer, as to tear their clothes in ecstacy, and make the air resound with cries of "wah! wah!" but such enthusiastic demonstrations of delight are extremely rare. The gravity of the higher classes of natives is usually exceedingly profound, and few compromise their dignity by giving loose to any emotion in public. In general, the audience maintains a steady imperturbability of countenance, the manifestations of pleasure being confined to the attendants of the dancers. The *mussaulees*, as they brandish their torches, grin their approbation, looking unutterable things; and the musicians also, apparently in a state of enchantment, not only express their gratification by eloquent smiles, but break out into frequent exclamations of "*bhote! bhote!*" an almost untranslatable term, which is used to denigrate excess of anything.

The only novelty presented by the fresh band of dancers is the colour of the dress, or the value of the ornaments; the performances are precisely the same, European eyes and ears being unable to distinguish any superiority in the quality of the voice or the grace of the movements. By the natives, however, different dancers are held in different degrees of estimation; the celebrated Nickee, of Calcutta, has long held

the rank of *prima donna* of the East. In India, a reputation once established is not endangered by a rage for novelty, or the attractions of younger candidates: fashions do not alter, new styles are not adopted, and the singing of an angel, if differing from that of Nickee, would not be thought half so good. She has been styled the Catalani of Hindostan: she is now the Pasta, and will be the Santog, or the Malibran who may next arise to delight the European world. Some English singers of eminence performing at Calcutta, understanding that the king of Oude was an ardent admirer of music, travelled to Lucknow in the hope that the superior excellence of their performances would ensure them an engagement at his court. They were disappointed; they had neither the power of lungs, nor the faculty of screaming necessary to lap native ears in Elysium, and the experiment failed.

A *nautch* given by a great person generally concludes with an exhibition of fire-works, a spectacle in which native artists excel, and which affords a very acceptable gratification to eyes wearied with the dull sameness of the dancers. Many of the *nautch* girls are extremely rich, those most in esteem being very highly paid for their performance: the celebrated Calcutta heroine already mentioned receives 1,000 rupees (100*l.*) nightly, wherever she is engaged. In the presence of European ladies the dancing of the *nautch* girls is dull and decorous: but when the audience is exclusively masculine, it is said to assume a different character.

The rajah of Benares not only evinces his attachment to the society of the British residents in his neighbourhood, by inviting them to his own houses, but enters also into their national amusements, frequently attending the amateur performances at the theatre at Secrole. A gentleman attached to the Mint, whose loss will be long and severely felt by every branch of the community, anxious both to afford gratification to his native friends, and to increase the funds of a treasury, which in India as well as in England is seldom overflowing, was wont to take the pains to translate the drama about to be performed in Persian, and to have the MS. printed at a press which he had established. Thus made acquainted with the subject of the story, the acted play afforded amusement to many of the rich inhabitants of Benares, who subscribed very liberally to the support of the theatre. It is doubtful whether so good an example has been followed by the present management, the conciliation and gratification of the natives being too little studied in India; but the Benares theatre is distinguished for the introduction of performances better adapted to amateur actors than the regular drama. Charades and proverbs have diversified the usual entertainments, and the reunions, first established at this station, have become popular at Calcutta. The *tableaux vivants*, though so well suited to the peculiarities of the country, and permitting the introduction of ladies without offending prejudices, have not yet found their way to the Company's territories: soaverse are the Anglo-Indians to innovations of any kind.

In no part of Hindostan can one of the most beautiful of the native festivals be seen to so great an advantage as at Benares. The *duwallee* is celebrated there with the greatest splendour, and its magnificence is heightened by the situation of the city on the bank of the river, and the singular outlines of the buildings. The attraction of this annual festival consists in the illuminations: at the close of evening, small *chirags* (earthen lamps,) fed with oil which produces a bright white light, are placed, as closely together as possible, on every ledge of every building. Palace, temple, and tower seemed formed of stars. The city appears like the creation of the fire-kind, the view from the water affording the most superb and romantic spectacle imaginable,—a scene of fairy splendour, far too brilliant for description. Europeans embark in boats to enjoy the gorgeous pageant from the river; all the vessels are lighted up, and the buildings in the distance, covered with innumerable lamps, shine out in radiant beauty. European illuminations, with their coloured lamps, their transparencies, their crowns, stars, and initial letters, appear paltry when compared to the chaste grandeur of the Indian mode; the outlines of a whole city are marked in streams of fire, and the coruscations of light shoot up into the dark blue sky above, and tremble in long undulations on the rippling waves below. According to the native idea, everything that prospers on the evening of the *duwallee* will be sure to prosper throughout the year. Gamblers try their luck, and if they should be successful, pursue their fortune with redoubled confidence. Thieves also, anxious to secure an abundant supply of booty, labour diligently on this evening in their vocation: while others eat, drink, and are merry, in order that they may spend the ensuing period joyously.

This festival is instituted in honour of *Luchmee*, the god-

ness of wealth, and those who are anxiously desirous to obtain good fortune, seek for two things on the night of its celebration: the flowers of the *goolur*, a tree which bears fruit but never blossoms; and the soul of a snake, an animal which is supposed to deposit its spirit occasionally under a tree.

The Hindoo servants of an Anglo-Indian establishment, when this festival comes round, offer little presents of sweetmeats and toys to those members of the family who they think will condescend to accept them, the children and younger branches. Many of these toys are idols of various descriptions, which, before they are consecrated, may be appropriated to purposes unconnected with their original destination. Benares is particularly famous for the manufacture of wooden and earthen playthings, which are seen indiscriminately in the temples and in the hands of European children; there are others, however, which are never used for any religious purpose, and amongst these are effigies of European ladies and gentlemen, seated upon elephants, or taking the air in buggies; all very inferior to the Calcutta toys, which are made of paper, and which give very accurate imitations of those things which they are intended to represent: elephants, a foot high, coloured according to nature, are provided with trunks which move with every breath; and birds in cages are suspended by such slight threads, that they appear to be alive, the most delicate touch setting them in motion. The Calcutta artists are also very expert in moulding reptiles in wax, which seem to be possessed of vitality, and occasion much alarm to persons who entertain a horror of creeping things.

The whole of the Mosoolman population are abroad to witness the superb spectacle produced by the blaze of light which flames from every Hindoo building at the *duwallee*, and the festival being one of a very peaceable description, goes off without broil or bloodshed—and what is still more extraordinary, without occasioning the conflagration of half the houses; but the brahmins have not always permitted the profanation of the holy city by the bigots of another creed, to pass unmarked by an attempt to expel the intruders. Benares has been the scene of numerous and desperate struggles between the Moslems and Hindoos. The sacred bulls have been slaughtered in the streets by the one party, and swine slain in the mosques by the other, and were it not for the extreme vigilance exercised by the British government, these mutual outrages would be continually renewed. The Jains, a peculiar sect of Hindoos, who carry their veneration for animals to a very outrageous length have a temple at Benares, which is also the residence of several Mahratta families, who differ from their Hindoo brethren in having refused to immure their wives and daughters, after the example of the Moslem conquerors of India. The Mahratta ladies enjoy perfect freedom in their own country, and though they may not shock the prejudices of the citizens of Benares by appearing publicly in the streets, they look out from their terraces and house-tops unveiled, not even retreating from the gaze of European spectators. Benares forms the head-quarters of the religious mendicants, who swarm all over India; some of these devotees are distinguished only by their disgusting filth, an indisputable mark of sanctity; while others attain a wretched pre-eminence by the frightful tortures which they inflict upon themselves. Hitherto, the efforts of the most zealous missionaries have failed to persuade many of the fanatic worshippers of Benares to quit the shrines of their idols, and to the slow progress which education is making in the East, we can alone trust for the extirpation of that horrid system of religion, which is so revolting to the Christian dwellers of the land.

The cantonment of Secrole is possessed of a handsome church, very elegantly fitted up in the interior, and large enough to accommodate all the Protestant inhabitants of the station. Here, however, as at other places in India, not even excepting Calcutta, the lower offices are served by Pagans, Hindoo bearers being employed to pull the *punkahs* and to open the pew-doors. No one appears to be at all scandalized by the presence of these men, though, as the service is performed in a language with which they are wholly unacquainted, there can be no hope that their attendance will lead to their conversion, and it seems very extraordinary that the few Christians necessary to keep the church in order, should either not be found or not be employed for that purpose. The church compound (as it is called,) during evening service, which is always performed by candlelight, exhibits the usual bustle and animation attendant upon every assemblage of Anglo-Indians. Vehicles of all descriptions are waiting outside, and the grooms, chuprassies, bearers, and other attendants, muster in considerable numbers. Within, in the cold season, when *punkahs* are not required, there is little or nothing to remind the congregation that they are breathing their orisons in a

foreign and a heathen land; but when the porch is gained, the turbaned population around, the pagodas in the distance, and the elephants and camels which wend their way across the plains, display a scene so different from that presented in the quiet neighbourhood of a country church-yard at home, that the pleasing delusion can be cherished no longer.

CHAPTER X.

TRAVELLING:—THE BUDGEROW.

THERE is scarcely any season of the year in which Anglo-Indians do not avail themselves of the grand water-privilege, as our American friends would term it, offered by the Ganges; but at the dangerous period,—that of the rains,—when the river is full, and its mighty current comes rushing down with the most fearful velocity, its voyagers are multiplied, partly in consequence of the difficulty of traversing the country by land, and partly on account of the hope that may be entertained of a quick passage; the navigation being more speedy than when the river is low, and its waters comparatively sluggish. In proceeding up the Ganges at the commencement of the rains, the general steadiness of the wind, usually blowing from a favourable point, enables the ascending vessels to stem the current by means of their sails; but should the breeze fail, which is frequently the case, or prove adverse—a not unlikely contingency—the boatmen are compelled to undergo the tedious process of tracking, in some instances not being able to drag the vessel beyond a couple of miles in the course of a long and fatiguing day's work. The progress down the river is much more rapid, the swiftness of the descent being sometimes perfectly frightful: boats are absolutely whirled along, and if, while forced at an almost inconceivable rate by the impetuosity of the current, they should strike against the keel of a former wreck, or come in contact with some of the numerous trees and other huge fragments, victims of the devouring wave, destruction is inevitable. The boat sinks at once, and the crew and passengers have little chance of escaping with their lives, unless at the moment of the concussion they jump into the river, and are able to swim to shore. The crazy and ill-appointed state of the greater portion of the vessels which navigate the Ganges, render it surprising that so little loss of life should be sustained from the vast multitudes who entrust themselves to such fragile conveyances, upon a river which, when swelled by mountain floods, and vexed by ruffling gales, comes raging and roaring like a sea. It is seldom that small boats are attached to the larger craft, to put out in case of danger, and many persons may drown in the sight of a large fleet, without the possibility of being picked up.

Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks nearly as formidable, families proceeding to and from the Upper Provinces, generally prefer the river to any other mode of travelling, since, during the rains, though not the safest, it is by far the most practicable. Fresh arrivals, from Europe especially, find it easier to visit the places of their destination in the interior by water than by land; the necessary preparations are less extensive, and the fatigue and trouble of the journey greatly diminished.

The safest, and the most commodious kind of vessel, with respect to its interior arrangements, is a pinnace, but it is not so well calculated to pass the shallows and sand-banks of an ever-shifting stream, as the more clumsy and less secure *budgerow*. This boat, whose name is a native corruption of the word *barge*, is, therefore, usually chosen by European travellers, to whom time and expense are objects of importance. Though, to a certain extent, the term *clumsy* may fairly be applied to a budgerow, its construction and appearance are far from inelegant; with a little more painting and gilding, a few silken sails and streamers, and divested of the four-footed outside passengers and other incumbrances on the roof, it would make a very beautiful object in a picture, and in its present state it has the advantage of being exceedingly picturesque. The greater part of the lower deck is occupied by a range of apartments fitted up for the accommodation of the party engaging the boat; these are generally divided into a sleeping and a sitting room, with an enclosed verandah in front, which serves to keep off the sun, and to stow away various articles of domestic furniture. The apartments are surrounded on all sides by venetians, which exclude the sun in the day-time, and let in the air at night; and by those who

are aware of the different kinds of annoyances to be guarded against in river-travelling, they may be rendered extremely comfortable. The addition of *chicks*, blinds made of bamboo split very fine, to be unrolled when the *ghil mills*, as the venetians are called, are opened, would prevent the invasions of those numerous armies of insects which, after sunset, infest the cabins; and those who do not consider rats desirable guests, will do well to provide themselves with a staunch terrier dog, or a couple of good cats, otherwise they may expect to be overrun with vermin, to the great increase of dirt and bad smells, and to the destruction of clothes and the supplies for the table. In front of the cabins, the deck is of circumscribed dimensions, affording only space for the boatmen, who, on descending the river, facilitate the progress of the vessel by means of long sweeps; the upper deck, therefore, or roof, is the chief resort of the crew and the servants. At the stern, the helmsman stands, perched aloft, guiding a huge rudder; the *goleer*, stationed at the prow, ascertains the depth of the water by means of a long oar; and, when the wind will permit, two large square sails are hoisted, with the assistance of which the lumbering vessel goes rapidly through the water. In addition to the furniture for the cabins, sea (or rather river) stock must be procured, consisting of groceries of all kinds, wine, beer, and brandy, salt provisions, tongues, hams, tamarind-fish,* flour, biscuits, and charcoal; a dozen or two of live fowls and ducks, and a couple of milch goats.

As the budgerow is not calculated for a heavy or cumbersome freight, a baggage-boat is necessary for the conveyance of the goods and chattels of the party, and for the accommodation of those servants who cannot be conveniently retained on board the superior vessel. These boats are usually of the most dangerous description, and the number of accidents continually occurring to them, the destruction of property which, even if fished up from the depths of the Ganges, is totally spoiled, and the constant anxiety and alarm they occasion, would in almost any other country deter persons from hiring such rickety conveyances; but it is the custom to imperil the most valuable effects in this manner, and they are abandoned to the tender mercies of the winds and waves.

A *dinghee*, or wherry, is a very essential adjunct to river-navigation, but it is not always to be procured, and when one of these light skiffs cannot be attached to the larger craft, the communication between the cook-boat and the budgerow is frequently cut off. The former vessels are usually very heavy sailers (how they manage to get on at all, with their canvass in as ragged a condition as the pocket handkerchief of Sylvester Daggerwood, is the wonder), and they are consequently often left at a long distance behind at the arrival of the hour of dinner. The unhappy passengers in the budgerow, after waiting in vain for the smoking supplies they had anxiously expected, are compelled to be satisfied with a less substantial meal of coffee, eggs, dried fish, or anything else that their lockers may afford. Few persons venture to move after sunset, both on account of the dangers of the navigation from the numerous shoals and other obstructions, and the increased expense, as it would be necessary to engage a double set of boatmen, the ordinary number being insufficient for the performance of extra duties. At daybreak in the morning, the vessel is usually pushed out into the stream, spreading her sails like those of "a wild swan in its flight," or proceeding more leisurely by the united exertions of sixteen men dragging at a rope fastened at the mast-head; breakfast is laid in the outer room, and is well supplied with luxurious fare. The bread may be a little stale or a little mouldy, for the damp atmosphere of the rains is not very favourable to the staff of life, which can only be procured, in the European form, at European stations. A very good substitute, however, is offered by freshly-baked *chupatties*, of which the native servants fabricate several kinds, some resembling crumpets, others the thick griddle cakes of Ireland, while a third are counterparts of Scottish scones. Milk purchased at the neighbouring villages is churned into butter; the tea-kettle sings merrily on a tripod fed with charcoal placed upon the deck, and there is no want of fresh and dried fish, omelettes, and kedgerree; whether the usual fricassees and grills can be added must depend upon the state of the live stock, and the chances of procuring fresh supplies before the vessel can reach a well-furnished bazaar. At the Hindoo villages, there is nothing to be had except milk, pulse, fruit, and vegetables, and sometimes a few eggs. From the Moosulman inhabitants, a more generous and substantial kind of provant can be obtained, chiefly consisting of poultry, it being seldom worth

their while to fatten sheep for chance passengers, especially at a season in which it is impossible to keep fresh provisions for more than a day; whatever is killed in the morning must be eaten before night, and the method usually employed by the *khidmutghars*, in clearing the dinner-table, is to empty the contents of the dishes into the river.

The *dandies*, or boatmen, though frequently belonging to the lowest castes of Hindoos, will not touch a morsel of the food which comes from a Christian board. Some of the sweepers, a set of persons who enjoy perfect liberty of conscience in all matters in which dirt and filth are concerned, will not contaminate themselves with the joint, though untouched, which has been served up to their European masters; others less scrupulous will eat anything; but the degree of horror entertained by the mere refuse of the people, of the pollution contracted by swallowing the remnants of a Christian feast, could scarcely be credited by those who have not witnessed the strange effects of religious prejudices in India. The writer has seen the veriest outcasts—men who would steal, kill, and eat those unclean animals, the domestic pigs of a native village,—which the devourers of more orthodox pork hold in abomination,—refuse the finest meat which had figured at the budgerow-table, preferring the impure repast dishonestly obtained, to the defilement of roasts and boils from Christian cooking-pots.

After the breakfast has been cleared away, those persons who entertain any regard for their eyes or their complexions, will fasten the venetians, and darkening the boat as much as possible, employ themselves in reading, writing, or working. But strangers find it difficult to abstain from the contemplation of the novel and wondrous scenes around them. The broad and sparkling river is covered with objects of interest and attraction. In some parts of the Ganges, every wave appears to bring with it clusters and coronets of the largest and most beautiful flowers: so numerous are the garlands which the worshippers of the deity of the stream throw into its glittering waters. The rich and luxuriant clusters of the lotus float down in quick succession upon the silvery current; and a vivid imagination may fancy the young god Camdeo nestling amid the silken leaves of his roseate couch.* Nor is it the sacred lotus alone which embellishes the wavelets of the Ganges; large white, yellow, and scarlet flowers pay an equal tribute; and the prows of the numerous native vessels navigating the stream are garlanded by long wreaths of the most brilliant daughters of the parterre. India may be called a paradise of flowers; the most beautiful lilies grow spontaneously on the sandy shores of the rivers, and from every projecting cliff some blossoming shrub dips its flowrets in the wave below.

In tracking, the budgerow is frequently not more than a yard or two from the water's edge, and nothing can be more gratifying to the eye than the moving panorama which the scenery of the Ganges exhibits. One of the most striking and magnificent features of an Indian river is the ghaut. The smallest villages on the banks of the Ganges possess landing-places, which we vainly seek in the richest and most populous parts of Europe. The Anglo-Indian, landing upon the English coast, is struck with the meanness of the dirty wooden stair-cases which meet his eye at Falmouth, Plymouth, and other places of equal note and importance. In India, wherever a town occurs in the vicinity of a river, a superb and spacious ghaut is constructed for the accommodation of the inhabitants: the material is sometimes granite, but more frequently well-tempered and highly polished *chunam*. From an ample terrace, at the summit of the bank, broad steps descend into the river, inclosed on either side by handsome balustrades. These are not unfrequently flanked with beautiful temples, mosques, or pagodas, according to the creed of the founders; or the ghaut is approached through a cloistered quadrangle, having the religious edifice in the centre. The banian and the peepul fling their sacred branches over the richly-carved minarets and pointed domes, and those in the Brahminic villages are crowded with troops of monkies, whose grotesque and diverting antics contrast strangely with the devotional attitudes of the holy multitudes performing their orisons in the stream.

Nothing can be more animated than an Indian ghaut; at scarcely any period of the day is it destitute of groups of bathers, while graceful female forms are continually passing and repassing, loaded with water-pots, which are balanced with the nicest precision on their heads. The

* Fish cured with the acid juice of the tamarind.

* The writer was constantly reminded of Pickersgill's beautiful picture of Camdeo floating down the Ganges on a lotus.

ghaut, with its cheerful assemblage, disappears, and is succeeded by some lofty overhanging cliff wooded to the top, and crowned with one of those beautiful specimens of oriental architecture scattered with rich profusion over the whole country. Green vistas next are seen, giving glimpses of rustic villages in the distance, and winding alleys of so quiet a character, that the passer-by may fancy that these sequestered lanes lead to the cottage-homes of England,—a brief illusion speedily dissipated by the appearance of some immense herd of buffaloes, either wallowing in the mud, with their horns and the tips of their noses alone out of the water, or proceeding leisurely to the river's edge, which, when gained, is quitted for the stream. A mighty plunge ensues, as the whole troop betake themselves to the water, stemming its rapid current with stout shoulders. One or two of the leaders bear the herdsmen on their necks; very little of the forms of these men are visible, and their temerity in entrusting themselves to so wild a looking animal, and to so wide a waste of waters, excites surprise to unaccustomed eyes.

The savage herds are left behind, and the scene changes again; deep forests are passed, whose unfathomable recesses lie concealed in eternal shade; then cultivation returns; wide pastures are spread along the shore covered with innumerable herds; the gigantic elephant is seen under a tree, fanning off the flies with a branch of palm, or pacing along, bearing his master in a howdah through the indigo plantations. European dwellings arise in the midst of park-like scenery, and presently the wild barbaric pomp of a native city bursts upon the astonished eye. Though the general character of the country is flat, the undulations occurring on the banks of the Ganges are quite sufficient to redeem the scenery from the charge of sameness or monotony. High and abrupt promontories diversify the plain; when the river is full, the boat frequently glides beneath beetling cliffs, crowned with the crumbling remnants of some half-ruined village, whose toppling houses are momentarily threatened with destruction; or covered with the eyries of innumerable birds, and tapestried with wild creepers, which fling their magnificent garlands down to the sands below. Other steeps are clothed with umbrageous foliage, and between the trees glimpses are caught of superb flights of stairs, the approach from the water to some beautiful pagoda peeping out of the summit, the habitation and the temple of a brahmin, who occupies himself solely in prayer, and in weaving garlands, part of which he devotes to the altars which he serves, and part to the bright and flowing river. These exquisite buildings occur in the most lonely situations, apparently far from the dwellings of man, and the innumerable varieties of birds, some flying in large flocks, and others stalking solitarily along the reedy shore, will at all times compensate for the absence of objects of greater importance.

The reputation for splendour of the Anglo-Indian style of living appears to be fully borne out by the grandeur of the display made upon the banks of the Hooghly. The European towns which grace the shore are superb; palace succeeds to palace as the boat passes Ishara, Barrackpore, and its opposite neighbour Serampore, whose broad and beautiful esplanade presents one of the finest architectural landscapes imaginable; luxuriant gardens intervene between magnificent houses; some shaded with forest trees, others spreading their terraced fronts and pillared verandahs in the full glow of an eastern sun. The French settlement of Chandernagore, a little higher up, only inferior to its Danish neighbour, offers a less striking and imposing front, and though boasting houses of equal splendour, does not appear to so much advantage from the river, while Chinsurah, at a short distance, is infinitely more picturesque. Smaller habitations attract the eye, perched upon the summits of crags richly wreathed with multitudes of creeping plants, and through numerous openings between these lovely cliffs, blooming labyrinths appear, which have all the charms the imagination imparts to beauties only half revealed.

The character given to the scenery by the continued recurrence of those stately mansions, which seem more fitted for the residence of princes than for the dwellings of the civil and military servants of a company of merchants, is not entirely lost until after the budgerow has passed Moorshedabad, the residence of the Nuwab of Bengal, a distance of 139 miles from Calcutta. From this point the landscape assumes a wilder and more decidedly foreign aspect. Bungalows usurp the places of palaces; fortresses, half Asiatic, half European in their construction, project their battlemented walls into the stream; and when the ranges of the Rajmahl hills are left behind, every place and building of importance is of native origin. However cheering the sight of a European cantonment may be in its promise of replenishing the

larder, and the prospect it holds out of social pleasures, the hideous shapes of those gigantic mounds, which look like overgrown haystacks covered with thatch, are quite sufficient to destroy the effect of the surrounding objects. Out of the numberless bungalows which disfigure the face of British India, very few, and those only which are partly built of stone, and nearly hidden in embowering groves, are in the slightest degree picturesque; and scarcely one can, under any circumstances, be introduced into a drawing.

Towards the middle of the day, the boat becomes insufferably hot; both sides have received the fierce glare of a burning sun; the heat is reflected from the water, which is now too dazzling for the eye to endure without pain; the morning breeze dies away, and it requires all the patience of a martyr to sustain the torments inflicted by the scorching atmosphere, especially as the roofs of the cabins are usually too low to allow a *punkah* to be hung. As the sun declines, the boat gradually cools down to a more agreeable temperature; and when the welcome shadows of the woods descend upon the deck, it is delightful to sit in the open air and watch the progress of the vessel, as it nears the shore, to the spot appointed as its station for the night. The moment that the budgerow is securely moored, a very active and animated scene commences: the domestics, whose services are not required on board, and all the crew, immediately disembark; fires are kindled for the various messes; those who are anxious for quiet and seclusion, light up their faggots at a considerable distance from the boat. The rich back-ground of dark trees, the blazing fires, the picturesque groups assembled round them, and the tranquil river below, its crystal surface crimson with the red glow of an Indian sunset, or the fleeting tint fading away, and leaving only the bright broad river,—molten silver, or polished steel, as the dark shadows of the night advance,—form an evening landscape always pleasing and varying with the varying scenery of the ever-changing bank.

While the cloth is laying in the cabin for dinner, the Europeans of the party usually walk along the sands of the river, or penetrate a short distance into the interior, sometimes passing through fields of indigo, or plantations of cotton, whose bursting pods strew the pathways; at others pausing to admire the feathery appearance of a beautiful species of grain, which resembles the snowy plumes of the ostrich, and, rising to the height of several feet, produces a magnificent effect as it is undulated by the passing breeze. The cultivated places are watched by vigilant guardians, whose duty it is to protect them from the incursions and depredations of men and beasts. At night, these persons frequently nestle like birds in the branches of the trees, some of the more luxurious having their *charpays* (bedsteads) fastened on convenient boughs; in the day-time, they are either perched up in a small wooden watch-tower, which, as they always sit, or rather squat, looks like the upper half of a sentry-box, raised upon a scaffold of bamboo; or, mounted on a broken-down tattoo, and armed with a long lance, they ride round their employer's territories, very much in the style of Don Quixote or a Cossack.

It is curious to observe how very little accommodation is necessary to secure the comfort of a native in these happy climes; while Europeans are expiring with heat, the enjoyment of the Indian is unalloyed; he lives in the open air, cooks his simple meal of pulse and vegetables under a tree, and sleeps in a hut of straw scarcely large enough to contain his body. The pedestrian frequently comes upon one of these wigwags, for they are nothing more, and they seem to be favourite abodes, since gardeners in European families, who might be much better lodged, are fond of making a lair for themselves in some sequestered spot in the scene of their daily labours. A few branches are wattled together over-head, a screen of reeds placed in the direction of the wind, the earth is swept scrupulously clean, and the bed, a simple frame-work of bamboo laced together in a very ingenious manner with cord, does not look uninviting. If the heat of the day could be borne with impunity, this kind of sylvan life, realizing the romantic notions of early youth, the forest wanderings so often indulged in fancy, would be very delightful, especially where rich and nutritious fruits, some produced without cultivation, and others by the lightest labour, hang temptingly within reach.

Night, always beautiful in India, assumes a still more lovely aspect when it spreads its soft veil over the voyagers on a river; the stars, which come shining forth along the deep blue sky, inlay the waters beneath with glittering ingots; the flowers give out their most delicious odours, and rock and tree, hut and temple, are invested with a double charm. Sleep, however, does not often deign to light upon the lids of those who voyage up the river in a budgerow. The roof is

crowded with two-legged and four-footed animals, whose stamping, barking, snoring, and coughing, continue without intermission through the night. The nasal power of the natives is very extraordinary: a story is related of an officer, who, irritated to madness by the midnight serenades of his hard-breathing brethren, rushed, in his *robe de chambre*, sword in hand, to the deck, and scattered the party by forcing them to betake to the water to avoid his murderous weapon. But though these enemies of repose were put to flight, others equally formidable remained; troops of jackals approach to the river's brink and pierce the air with their yells, which continue until long after midnight; doleful birds utter strange and savage cries, which come in startling loudness on the ear. The scrambling of rats up the venetians, which they use as ladders, and their races over the bed, if not provided with musquito-curtains, though not so uproarious, do not less effectually disturb the slumbers, and the stings of insects, which even the musquito-curtains fail to keep out, render the couch anything but a place of rest. In fact, an eastern night is more pleasing to the eye than to the other senses, and as its enjoyments are almost wholly confined to the open air, it is wonderful that Anglo-Indians have not adopted the custom of sleeping through the day (which is comparatively quiet), in rooms cooled and darkened, and employing the less sultry but more noisy hours of the night in the pursuit of business or amusement.

Hitherto, we have only contemplated the Ganges under its most favourable aspect; there is, unfortunately a reverse to the picture. One of the least misfortunes which the navigators may be doomed to suffer, is that of sticking on a sand-bank in the centre of the stream; when rain is added to the disaster, the day thus spent is dreary indeed, as there is nothing except the venetians to keep out the pelting of the pitiless storm; and as these blinds, though shutting tolerably closely, present numerous crevices, the weather side of the cabin, cannot, by any possibility, be kept dry. The cook-boat is probably in the same predicament, but at too great a distance to render the *khansamah's* toils available; consequently, the party must be content to relinquish the hopes of a repast, which the writer recollects having looked for with great relish, in consequence of a scanty *tiffin*. As misfortunes come in troops, there may be (for painful experience has suggested the possibility,) no charcoal on board, and the tea and coffee must depend upon the chance of procuring wood from the boatmen, who seldom lay in much stock, unless they happen to have stolen in the course of a day's tracking more than has sufficed for the day's consumption. Those who contemplate a voyage will do well to remember always to have one goat at least on board, a handsome supply of charcoal, and no lack of flour, for upon these things the comfort of a party will often depend. The poor starving crew are objects of great pity; it is not until they have been working hard for hours, nearly up to their necks in water, that they abandon the vain endeavour to get the boat off; they are thoroughly wet, and have still less means of satisfying their hunger than the passengers, the religion of the greater part not permitting them to prepare their meals on board. Few, in these extreme cases, refuse a little brandy, under the name of medicine, which, as they object to drink out of a glass which has been used by an European, is poured into the palms of their hands. The rain, though disagreeable, offers the prospect of a speedier release than would be effected without the change it produces in the height of the river. The stream, swollen by torrents, floats the vessel, and, proceeding on her course, the sand-bank is left behind. The faithful domestics in the cooking-boat make incredible efforts to supply their employers with a meal which shall banish the remembrance of the late fast; the instant they spy their master's vessel, they strive, by all sorts of contrivances, to gain it; should the place which they have reached be too shallow for sailing, they will wade for nearly a mile with the dishes held above their heads; and never can that duck be forgotten, which, destined to figure as the principal roast at a table curtailed of its animal viands by a tedious progress from the last bazaar, was considerably hashed the next day by the presiding genius of the kitchen, and made its appearance hot, after a long abstinence from the good things of this world.

The occurrence of those squalls, denominated north-westers, forms another serious drawback to the pleasures of river navigation; they come on so suddenly, and with so little previous intimation, that if many boats should be assembled together, it is seldom that they sweep across the broad estuaries formed by the Ganges during the floods, without bringing death in their train. On one memorable day, when the whole surface of the sparkling waters was covered with budgerows and

country craft, which had put out with a favourable breeze from Monghyr, and rounded the projecting walls of its fortress in safety, these summer barks were surprised by a tornado; the sky was obscured, the whole surface of the water became dark and troubled, the vessels tossed to and fro upon the rushing waves, rocked and reeled—but the danger was only momentary; those who possessed expert navigators pulled down their sails and ran under the shore, while others, less fortunate, left to the mercy of the winds, were driven at random into the whirlpool; some were swamped and others were seen carried down by the current, the thatched awning, or chopper, as it is called, of the *pattalahs* being only visible (the crews clinging to the top) above the water. The storm passing away as quickly as it had approached, the river subsided with equal rapidity; but no fleet was now visible, it had been dispersed in all directions, and the ravages of this brief hurricane were made known by masts, rudders, and the more ghostly forms of drowned men, floating down the stream. These traces of the late fearful turbulence speedily vanished; vessels which had escaped the danger, hoisted their sails to gentle zephyrs, which wafted them over seas of glass scarcely agitated by the slightest ruffle.

The sudden changes of the wind which take place during the rainy season, are still more dangerous when a gale has been blowing steadily for several days up the river, forcing the waters back. Should it veer round in a moment, which too frequently happens, the chained billows break loose, rising to a mountainous height; wave follows upon wave, each more tremendous than the last; the Ganges assumes the appearance of a mighty ocean lashed into fury by the winds of a thousand caves; whole villages are overwhelmed; lofty cliffs, undermined by the swelling surges, fall in with horrid crashes, and the scene of devastation produced by this wild warfare of the elements is beyond description frightful. Often, when moored during the heavy gales to the shore, the boats pull against the ropes, which are fastened to stakes fixed into the ground, in the most alarming manner; should the cables give way, destruction is almost certain; away go the vessels (sometimes upset in the *melée*) into the middle of the stream; darkness increases the danger, and the greater part of those who are not so fortunate as to reach the shore on the first alarm, must inevitably perish.

Another disagreeable but not dangerous casualty, which sometimes occurs in proceeding up the river, is the detention from contrary winds in some place, where a bluff promontory, rising perpendicularly from the water, will not admit of a towing-path. There is no alternative but to await a change of weather; oars and sweeps are alike useless in contending against the force of the current; and light boats manned by four-and-twenty stout rowers, are baffled and driven back in attempting to stem the tide, which comes rushing round a protruding point. The influx of waters at Buxar is tremendous; even the propelling power of steam seems to be set at naught by the giant strength of the Ganges when putting forth all its energies. At Jungheera, a bold and picturesque rock rising from the centre of the river, the current seems to concentrate its power, darting like an arrow from a bow, and driving onwards with the impetuosity of a race-horse; boats are engulfed in the fearful vortex formed by the raging waters, and when the river is full, it is only a strong wind which can enable vessels to struggle successfully against the overpowering vehemence of the torrents.

It requires no inconsiderable share of patience to endure the annoyance of being wind-bound, especially when this circumstance occurs at such a place as Peer Pointee, which, though favoured by nature with very picturesque scenery, is peculiarly destitute of the means of supporting life. The frugal Hindoos, inhabitants of the districts at the foot of the Rajmhal Hills, have little to offer beyond rice and vegetables; fowls are to them objects of veneration, and there is difficulty in procuring a few eggs from persons who are content to live entirely without animal food. Sportsmen may recruit the larder with game, though at a season in which the waters are out in every direction, and the tanks and jheels are the haunts of alligators, it is by no means desirable to roam the jungles in search of a dinner.

A ten days' sojourn at Peer Pointee sufficed to give the writer a thorough acquaintance with all the delectabilities of being stationary at an obscure village on the banks of the Ganges. The scenery was beautiful, and the legends connected with the Moosulmanee tombs erected on the summits of the neighbouring eminences, were sufficiently romantic to interest travellers delighting in such lore. The early history of the saintly soldiers, who propagated the creed of their prophet with fire and sword through the uttermost parts of Ben-

gal, has been obscured by the various revolutions which succeeded the triumphs of the Moghuls under their ancient leaders. We learn the names of few of those tenants of the grave, whose mausoleums alone remain to show the extent of their conquests; their proselytes have relapsed into idolatry, and the care of those stately tombs, which have survived the lapse of years, has been left to a miserable remnant of the faithful, vagrant *fajcers*, who profess to divide their guardianship with that of tigers, which, according to their account, every Thursday night stand sentinel over the remains of the mighty dead.

The monuments at Sicligully and the neighbouring hills have a fort-like appearance; they are surrounded by bastioned walls, and arise on spots cleared of wood on the summits of these eminences: they command fine prospects, and form of themselves no small addition to the grandeur and interest of the scene. Objects of veneration to all the followers of Mohammed, wandering pilgrims from the remote parts of Hindostan toil their painful way to perform their orisons at these sacred spots; but the devotees are too poor to keep up the ceremonials usually observed at the tombs of great men: lamps, which in the Upper Provinces burn upon the last resting places of the humblest servants of the prophet, have long ceased to stream their beacon lights from these solitudes; yet the care with which all that could litter or pollute the sacred precincts is continually removed, shows that some pious though humble hand assists the savage genii of the scene, whose office in Bengal seems to be limited to the security of the dead from intrusion. At Secundermallee, in the Carnatic, the royal animal is said to show still greater veneration for the mouldering remains of the conquerors of the world. The natives of India rejoice in the supposition that they are possessed of the body of Alexander the Great, whose tomb on the top of a mountain is reported to be regularly swept by tigers with their tails.

During the continuance of storms, which at some periods, more especially the breaking-up of the rains, last for several days, boats are fain to seek the shelter of some friendly creek, there to await the return of more favourable weather. The patience of the natives in these predicaments is inexhaustible; they, it is true, have more resources at hand than the unfortunate Europeans, who see no prospect of procuring fresh supplies; the bazaar, though it may be of the meanest description, furnishes them with food and gossip. To lounge in the corners of the market-places, discussing the prices of grain and ghee, seems to be the acmé of felicity to an Indian. It is quite as easy to persuade the boat's-crew of a man-of-war to quit the delights of the tap-room, as to induce the people belonging to a budgerow to leave the scene of their greatest enjoyment. Often, when a favourable wind springs up, a delay of several hours takes place before the servants and boatmen can be collected together. To impetuous dispositions it is exceedingly irritating to see how imperturbably calm they will sit, perched upon the driest bits of ground, smoking their hubble-bubbles, or discoursing upon some such interesting topic as that before-mentioned, while the half-distracted European, their master, is fretting and chafing at the inexorable elements. Should this fiery temperament be too frequently permitted to break forth, the chances are much in favour of the desertion of the whole of the boat's-crew, in places where it is difficult or perhaps impracticable to procure people to engage in the service. Excepting where the dandies are turbulent, drunken, or incorrigibly lazy,—cases which do not often occur,—it is advisable to interfere with them as seldom as possible.

Gentlemen, who have had a little experience in boating in England, are apt to take the command out of the hands of the *maanjee*, or captain, and the consequences are often fatal; the vessels are lost through the mismanagement of presumptuous persons totally unacquainted with the peculiarities of the Ganges, and the method of navigation which, though strange and apparently uncouth, is much safer than those modern and scientific arts, which, however excellent in themselves, are not fitted for Indian boats and Indian rivers. The natives generally contrive to extricate their vessels from the numerous difficulties which they continually encounter, and except in some extraordinary hurricane in which neither human skill nor human strength could avail, the wrecks of budgerows which take place may generally be traced to the folly of those Europeans, who fancy that nothing can be done well which is contrary to established practice at home, and who never miss an opportunity, however unseasonable, of compelling others to adopt their modes and customs.

From the bazaars belonging to native villages the common products of the country are the only vegetables that can be

obtained; these consist of two or three species of yams, many kinds of gourds, the *brinjal*, of which a small variety is known in England under the name of the egg-plant, the *ram-terrye*, pods, filled with small white seeds like pearls, which if they could be divested of their glutinous property would be delicious, red spinach, and several kinds of greens. At large European stations, exotic productions are purchasable; and there is a very pleasing relic of the old hospitality of India still remaining, that of sending fruits and vegetables as presents to boats containing European travellers. When the parties have any acquaintance at a station, ample supplies of bread, butter, and meat are added; but the navigators of the Ganges have grown too numerous to admit of the indiscriminate bounty formerly shown to all strangers, by residents on the river's banks. In wild and unfrequented places, invitations are still sent addressed to the "gentleman in the budgerow," whose name is unknown to the settled inhabitant "on hospitable thoughts intent," and no deserving persons can remain long in India without possessing themselves of valuable friends, made by some chance collision in travelling through the country.

CHAPTER XI.

THE THUGS OF THE DOOAB.

THE exploits of banditti, their mode of obtaining plunder, their habits and manners, whether represented on the stage, or described in narratives, either real or fictitious, have ever proved highly attractive to all classes of persons. Murders, in addition to the thrilling excitement which their discovery always produces, are invested with new and deeper interest when perpetrated by a band of men connected with each other by peculiar laws, and seeking the destruction of human life with the same avidity and indifference to its waste, which actuate the hunter in his pursuit of the beasts of the field, in realms where subsistence is alone afforded by the chase. Hitherto Spain, Germany, and Italy, have been the favourite theatres for the achievements of robbers, and it would seem scarcely possible that plans more systematic and barbarous than those adopted by the celebrated Gasparoni and his associates, in the neighbourhood of Rome, should ever be developed to the shuddering eye. It is now, however, proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Hindostan yearly sends forth hordes of practised murderers, who pursue their fearful trade with the most deliberate coolness, constantly upon the watch for fresh victims, and taking many lives for the sake of some trifling spoil.

Although, during a considerable period, the existence of Thugs (as they are called, from their dexterity in strangling) was suspected, the ideas formed concerning them were extremely vague and uncertain. Reports went abroad of the fate of travellers ensnared, while walking or riding upon the road, by a silken noose thrown over their heads, in the manner of the *lasso*, and the perpetrators were supposed to be isolated individuals infesting the wild and less frequented parts of India. Many persons imagined that these atrocities were confined to the Rajpoot states and the kingdom of Oude, districts exhibiting scenes of outrage and bloodshed unknown to the Company's territories; but, in 1830, the apprehension of a band of predators was the means of bringing the whole of an unparalleled system of atrocity to light, and the depositions of some of the criminals have proved that, in this instance, rumour so far from exaggerating the horrors of the deeds committed, has fallen short of the truth.

Thugs* or Phansegar† (as they are styled, to distinguish them from common decoits‡) consist of a set of abandoned characters, either Moosulmans or Hindoos, of various castes, who live for a part of the year in cities or villages, apparently engaged in harmless employments. These persons resemble Freemasons, so far as they are always known to each other by some distinguishing sign. At a convenient period, the brotherhood of each district assemble together, and being formed into bands, disperse themselves over large tracts of country, those of the Dooab moving down towards the central

* Thug, 'villain, rascal,' in the common acceptation, but applied, in the western provinces, to strangers on the highway.

† The literal meaning of *Phansegar* is 'hangman;' but the name is used indiscriminately with that of Thug, to designate a peculiar species of murderer.

‡ Robbers.

provinces, and in their devastating progress waylaying, robbing, and murdering every individual who has the misfortune to cross their path.

The year in the East-Indies is divided into three seasons,—the cold weather, the hot winds, and the rains. During the latter period, the country being very widely inundated, the travelling is chiefly confined to the rivers, and it is not until the commencement of the cold season that the Phansegars make their appearance, and then they have an ample field for plunder.

The native inhabitants of India appear to be much addicted to locomotion; pleasure, business, or religion frequently calls them from home; they go to assist at a marriage, the annual fairs held at different places attract a vast concourse of persons, and the religious festivals are still more numerously attended. Sometimes a few, who are bound to the same place, form themselves into a small *kafila*, or caravan; but they more frequently travel in parties of three or four, and not seldom perform their journeys entirely alone. Each day's progress varies from ten to thirty miles, consequently very long periods are consumed in travelling, since even if the journey be not made on foot, the same cattle are employed for the whole distance, and frequent halts are necessary to recruit their strength. At night, if there should not be a convenient *serai* (a building appropriated for the reception of travellers,) the wayfarers seek the shelter of a temple, or bivouac upon the plain, generally choosing the neighbourhood of a well for the site of their rude encampment. A few sticks, gathered or purchased in the bazaar, suffice for a fire kindled on the ground, and the simple repast of rice, vegetables, or meal, being ended, each person wraps himself in the garment he may chance to possess, and lying down upon the bare earth, enjoys those slumbers which an Asiatic never appears to seek in vain.

The facilities thus offered for the commission and concealment of murder are very great. It frequently happens that, owing to the circumstances above-mentioned, the route of a stranger cannot be traced, or any particular spot fixed upon as the scene of his death, either by violence or natural means. In traversing the plains of India, travellers are exposed to many dangers unconnected with robbers; they often drink incautiously of cold water after a fatiguing march, and are seen to drop either dead or dying beside the wells. A night spent in a jungle infested with malaria is equally fatal; and there are the less common perils from the attacks of tigers and the bites of snakes to encounter. Several weeks, if not months, must necessarily elapse before the death of an individual who has quitted his home becomes positively known, and when it has been ascertained beyond a doubt, the cause still remains a mystery, and is generally attributed to fever. This statement will, in some measure, account for the absence of all inquiry concerning the fate of the numerous individuals, who, during a series of years, have been deliberately murdered by the Phansegars. It is the custom for sepoys to obtain furloughs during the hot winds, a period in which, in time of peace, few military duties are performed. These men often save large sums of money, which they carry home to their families, and numbers, supposed to have died a natural death or deserted, it is now too certain, have fallen under the murderers' grasp. The number of bodies discovered every year, under extremely suspicious circumstances, certainly ought to have occasioned a greater degree of vigilance on the part of the civil authorities than appears to have been exercised. During 1809 and 1810, according to an official report from a very zealous servant of the East-India Company, no fewer than sixty-seven bodies were taken out of the wells in the single district of Etawah; and though we learn, by the same authority, that many persons had been apprehended, tried, and convicted for murder and highway robbery, under circumstances similar to those ascribed to the Thugs; up to 1816, much scepticism prevailed respecting the existence of a distinct class of persons forming themselves into regular societies, and practising a peculiar species of robbery as a profession. The appalling fact that the towns and villages of the Doab and Bundelkund (frontier provinces divided by the Jumna) actually swarm with assassins, who, like the members of that mysterious tribunal so long the terror of Germany, mingle unsuspected with the peaceable portion of the community, is now placed beyond dispute, and in all probability the whole of Hindostan nourishes in its bosom similar hordes of practised murderers.*

The incursions of the freebooters of the Doab have been carried on in the vast tracts lying beyond the Company's territories stretching to Ajmere; but as they have had the audacity to approach very near to the British cantonments of Mhow and Neemuch, it is but too probable that numbers of their order prowled about in search of victims in the more thickly inhabited districts. They carefully avoid the attack of Europeans, as they are well aware that their disappearance would lead to investigations of a very dangerous nature. The natives are a more easy prey, and as, from the causes detailed, detection is extremely difficult, it is only by the publicity given to the atrocities committed by these miscreants, that travellers can be put upon their guard against the machinations of such artful marauders. It will be seen that the tranquil state of the country, which, since the conclusion of the Mahratta war, has been entirely free from the irruptions of the Pindarrees, and other fierce predatory tribes, has been particularly favourable to the pursuits of the Thugs; and to join themselves into large *kafilas*, and to keep regular watch, can alone secure peaceable travellers from the attacks of persons apparently as harmless as themselves.

To the spirited exertions of the political agent of Mahidpore, we are indebted for a full exposition of the system of *Thuggy*. Several individuals of a party apprehended by his orders, upon suspicion of being concerned in murders lately perpetrated, were induced to make an ample confession of their crimes. The testimony of each person corroborated that of his comrade, and the remains of the victims, stated to have been sacrificed during the last excursion, were found by a party of sepoys in the places pointed out. Copies of these depositions were sent to the offices of the district judges, and it is from these authenticated documents that the information now afforded to European readers has been extracted. It will be necessary to premise, that the accidental discovery of several dead bodies led to the detection of a large band of Phansegars, and to the establishment of the fact of their being connected with organized bodies of similar miscreants, who for a series of years had made predatory excursions, in which they had perpetrated deeds of the darkest and most sanguinary nature.

The inhabitants of the village of Bordah were alarmed one morning by a report that the mangled remains of two men, supposed to have been carried off by tigers, were lying in the road. The whole population immediately rushed out to gaze upon the dreadful spectacle: but a slight inspection sufficed to convince them that although the bodies were shockingly torn by wild beasts, they must have been previously dragged from an adjacent heap of stones; and proceeding in their search, three others were found beneath the pile, stripped and quite fresh, but neither torn nor wounded. It was then remembered that a large *kafila* of travellers had been observed encamped, on the preceding day, very near that spot, and that a wood-cutter, who was passing from the jungle with a *hackery*-load of fuel, had been prevented from approaching by the command of a person in authority, who, telling him that it was an *Angraisy* (English) *kafila*, desired him to get his bullocks out of the way until it should pass. Information was instantly conveyed to the resident of Mahidpore, and the apprehension of the murderers took place in the manner described in the following confession, which will be found to be not less remarkable for the horrid scenes it develops than for the cool audacity of their relation.

"I am one of the band of Phansegars now in confinement, and in the village of Dehole, about eight coss northward of Bheelwara, was stopped with my associates as we were returning to our homes in Hindostan. At this place, a party of eight or ten *suwars* (mounted police) came upon us and said, that the *burrah sahib* ('great man,' meaning the political agent), having heard that we were carrying opium out of Malwa, had sent them to detain us; on learning this, our minds were relieved from the apprehension which their appearance occasioned. We had been once or twice searched for opium before, but none being found upon us, we were allowed to proceed without molestation; we therefore readily consented to return to Bheelwara, as we expected to be permitted to depart as soon as it could be proved that we were not engaged in smuggling. But upon our arrival, we discovered that the party were better acquainted with our habits and pursuits than we had imagined, for the people of the town joined the *suwars* in securing our persons and preventing our escape. We, of course, loudly declared our innocence, boasting of our ability

* A detailed account of the system of *Thuggy* is to be found in an early volume of the *Asiatic Researches*; but the perusal of this
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work is confined to so small a circle, that few are acquainted with the information it contains.

to clear ourselves whenever we should be brought before the *sahib*, and to prove satisfactorily to him that the accusations preferred against us, of our being Thugs and Phansegars, were totally groundless. We then stated that we were possessed of an English pass, and that any attempt to detain us would be severely punished; but seeing that all our representations were of no avail, and that our guards were equally deaf to entreaties and threats, I became alarmed, and could think of no better method of securing my own life than by the confession of the truth, and the offer to disclose all I knew, upon the promise of a pardon. This assurance being granted, and my mind being now at ease by its confirmation, I shall with the utmost readiness furnish a full account of all our proceedings.

"My father was a cultivator in Buraicha, which occupation I also followed, but joined the Thugs when I was about thirty years old, and have since continued to be more or less connected with them. Before the establishment of tranquillity, I served under a celebrated chief, Oodey Sing, at which time our excursions were neither carried to so great a distance as they have been since, nor were they so lucrative or certain; for, in those days, travellers, particularly if they possessed much property, seldom ventured to go from one place to another without being well escorted, and in large parties, and we feared the Pindarrees as much as others who were not of our profession. It was our custom to collect in bands of twenty or thirty, belonging to neighbouring villages, after the rainy season was over, and to proceed in different directions to distant countries in quest of plunder. Each band possessed a chief, who was invested with supreme authority, and to every man in the company was given an allotted part; some were employed as scouts, who, spreading themselves round, gave notice of the approach of passengers; others took the office of spies, and, lounging in the bazars and *serais*, often persuaded unsuspecting persons to join our company, in which case their death was inevitable. The duty of a third number consisted in seeking out convenient spots wherein to dig the graves of those who were marked out as our victims, a preparation invariably made before the commission of the murder; others were in readiness to convey the bodies to the places of interment; and thus, in an incredibly short time, the whole business was performed. A few of the most daring and expert were alone entrusted with the strangling, an art which, requiring long practice and peculiar dexterity, is never allowed to be self-assumed, but is conferred with due ceremony, after the fitness of the candidate, in point of firmness, bodily strength, and activity, has been ascertained. When properly qualified, the aspirant is conducted to the field by his *gooroo* (spiritual guide), who looks out anxiously for some favourable omen, such as the chirping of certain birds, or their flight past the right hand; when this occurs, he knots the *roomaul* (handkerchief) at each end, and delivers it to the candidate, imploring success upon his exertions. After this, they return and end the ceremony by a feast or a distribution of sweetmeats. The remainder of the band are employed variously in menial offices, cutting wood, looking after the bullocks and *tattoos*, &c. When a sufficient quantity of property is collected, it is divided into shares and sent home under a proper escort to the different villages where we have our habitations. As appearances were very often fallacious, people who seemed poor affording frequently a richer booty than those possessed of baggage, it was our invariable practice to rob every person who fell in our way, and these depredations were in every instance preceded by murder. I cannot pretend to say how many travellers lost their lives by our hands during our last excursion, such things being of too common occurrence with people of our habits to make much impression upon me or any of my associates, who had been long familiar with them, or to excite us to inquire into the particular circumstances attending the acquisition of plunder by detached parties.

"I have never known, since I belonged to the Thugs, a single instance of robbery committed by them without the previous destruction of life, generally by strangulation. This is effected either by means of a *roomaul*, or shred of cloth well twisted and wetted, or merely by the hands, though the last is rarely practised, and only in the event of failure in the former and usual mode. On a preconcerted signal being given, the victim or victims are immediately overpowered, and the perpetration is the business of a moment. In committing murder, it is a strict rule with the Thug to avoid shedding blood, as its traces would, in many cases, lead to detection. In the hurry, however, in which it is sometimes necessary to provide for the disposal of a more than ordinary number of bodies, the graves cannot be made large enough to contain them entire, in which case they are cut into pieces and closely packed. When buried by the road-side, or any other exposed

place, it was our practice to kindle fires on the spot, in order to prevent the marks of the newly-turned earth from being too conspicuous. Murders in the manner I have described are accomplished with equal certainty and despatch, and with the same facility while the victims are walking along the roads, as when they have been enticed to our encampment and are sitting amongst us confident and secure, while we have everything carefully and leisurely prepared for their destruction. These murders are frequently perpetrated contiguous to villages, from whence we have induced strangers, on their journey from distant parts, to take up their quarters in our company. They are usually performed before the twilight is completely over; and while the work is going on, a part of our band are singing and beating their tom-toms, in order to drown any noise the sufferers might make, and to give our whole camp the appearance of careless festivity: thus our victims are despatched with ease and security, even within call of assistance and almost in the face of a whole village.

"The different persons actually engaged commence their operations simultaneously, and by a signal given, which of course is preconcerted, but at the same time quite arbitrary, generally a common place expression not likely to excite attention, such as *tumba-koo low* (bring tobacco.) The *roomaul*, or twisted shred, is the only implement used by the Thugs. I have never seen the noose made of cord, though I am aware of the general supposition that we are in the habit of employing such an instrument in the commission of our murders; but if it ever was adopted, its use has been long abandoned, for this obvious reason, that if in any search so suspicious an article should have been found upon us, there would have been no difficulty in guessing our profession. In passing through a country, the large number of which our bands consist is sufficient in itself to excite inquiry, and we are always obliged to have some plausible tale or explanation ready, to remove any doubt respecting the peaceableness of our characters and pursuits. Few carry arms; amid twenty or thirty persons there will not be above three swords, and we have emissaries at all the *kutcheries* of the different districts, who manage in various ways to screen us from detection when the murder of missing persons is suspected.

"I proceed now to give an account of the events that took place during our late excursion. We had journeyed several days without falling in with more than one traveller (the only class of persons against whom our designs were directed); but about the middle of the sixth stage, we came to a river, where we found four sepoys, who were proceeding to their homes on furlough, cooking their meal. When these men saw us approach, they seemed to entertain some suspicion, for they hurried over their repast, and hastened onwards to a village, whither our spies followed, and saw them fairly lodged, while we halted at some distance, and knowing the road they would take, a strong party was despatched next morning, who waylaid them and executed their purpose, though not without difficulty, for one of the sepoys, notwithstanding he was taken by surprise, raised his spear in his defence; but resistance proved vain, he was overpowered by numbers and murdered with his companions. We found two thousand rupees upon their persons, and soon after the junction of our band, fell in with four *prasaharies* (strolling actors,) who joined us, as we spoke kindly to them, and pretending a wish to see their performances, we promised them a rupee for our evening's entertainment. They fell into the snare, and, without waiting for the *tamasha* (show,) we took their lives and possessed ourselves of their property, amounting to forty rupees. Amongst their effects there was a *meerdung* (hand-drum,) which we afterwards used as an accompaniment to our songs. The next day we met a body of fellow Phansegars, returning to Bundelcud with their booty; they were in pursuit of two men, who travelled with a loaded bullock, and invited us to accompany them and share the spoil, which we did, but got nothing but a brass pot and a few clothes. We were more fortunate in encountering two Brahmins, who were returning to their homes in Hindostan, and to whom we pretended that our business lay the same way, though in reality we retraced our steps for the purpose of effecting their destruction, which we accomplished in the usual manner, and were rewarded by a quantity of gold: they had also some *hoondees* (drafts upon native bankers); but these we burned.

"At our next quarters, our spies became acquainted with a *soubadah* and two sepoys, his companions, and persuaded them to quit the lodging they had taken in the bazaar, and encamp with us outside the village, where we also enticed another traveller, and having strangled them all, we removed the bodies to the distance of a quarter of a mile for interment, as the *tope* (grove) where we halted seemed too much fre-

quented for the purpose. This also proved a rich prize. We were obliged to follow the next traveller during four entire days, before we could find a convenient opportunity for the completion of our wishes, paying him the most profound attention the whole time, and insinuating ourselves into his favour by flattering courtesies. He was a rich man and well attended, which increased the difficulty of the enterprise; but we succeeded at last; and a few days afterwards, by the same specious pretences and deceitful words, persuaded four sepoys to sojourn with us for the night, and so made a good booty. We subsequently fell in with two travellers, a Moosulman and a Brahmin; the usual artifices were practised with success: they halted in our company for the day, and were murdered before night. A *tattoo* laden with opium formed the most valuable portion of their effects; we carried the drug to the next town, and sold it for a hundred rupees, twenty-five of which we were obliged to give to the *cutual* (police-officer) who managed the sale. We here found eighteen Phansegars of the Moosulmaun gang, who had been out for some time, but being dissatisfied with their acquisitions, agreed to join us.

"A report having been brought of four travellers having passed, heavily laden, though they were considerably ahead, it was deemed advisable to despatch twenty-five of our stoutest men in pursuit. After a long fatiguing march, they overtook their prey, but to their great disappointment found nothing amid the baggage, which had promised plunder, but the common tools of stone-cutters, their owners being miserably poor, and in search of employment. We also at this time lost a capital booty, which seemed to be within our grasp. A party of horse-dealers joined our company; but they were fifteen in number, including attendants, and the difficulty of securely disposing of so many bodies in an open country, consumed so much of the night in consultation, that we considered it advisable to forego our designs, and the same evening some petty thieves stole upon us and carried off everything they could find. Three pedlars soon afterwards fell into our hands, but their wares, consisting of cornelians and other articles of trifling value, were not worth more than twenty rupees.

"The next day we overtook six palankeen bearers returning from the service, accompanied by two women and two children; these people at the end of the stage lodged themselves in an old temple in the village, which baffled our attempts for the time; but, as they proceeded freely with the party the next morning, we easily effected our purpose in a convenient jungle, the people ahead preparing the graves, which were necessarily very deep and wide, as there were ten bodies to inter. A few rupees, clothes, ornaments of trifling value, and their cooking utensils, alone repaid our time and trouble. Four other travellers shortly afterwards crossed our path: one of them had a cage with five *mynahs* (talking birds) in it, which he was bringing up from Bombay; they had also a *tattoo*, money, and clothes, all of which of course we possessed ourselves of.

"We were subsequently exceedingly alarmed by the attention we excited upon meeting a train of *hackeries*, escorted by sepoys, coming from Mhow; one of these guards remarked in our hearing that some persons of similar appearance had been apprehended near the English cantonment, and in consequence of this intimation we made our halting-place in a very retired spot. One of our spies, however, ventured into the bazaar of the neighbouring town, and while loitering there, a party of mounted travellers came in, and added to his fears by the scrutinizing glances which one of them cast upon him. After regarding him very attentively, he observed to his companions that the necklace he wore was the exact counterpart of one belonging to his brother. Our spy, in excessive apprehension of their recognition, expected to be instantly arrested, but finding that no immediate attempt was made to detain him, he took the earliest opportunity to slip away, and reporting what had passed, we all hastily departed, pushing forward for several miles before we thought it safe to halt.

"Our party, which was very large, then separated; the band to which I was attached moved to Pillewred, and rested at a large stone-well outside the town, near which we found a *mahajun* (merchant) and four attendants preparing their meal. The *mahajun*, from his respectable appearance, his dress and ornaments, became the object of our attention; but it seemed as if he did not like the looks of his neighbours, for having hastily finished his repast, he and his servants set forward on their journey. Not daring at this time to follow, we suffered them to escape, but found afterwards that he had fallen in with one of our detached parties, and proved a rich prize. Proceeding towards Neemuch, we enticed four travellers to our camp, and though not far from the English canton-

ment, contrived to put them to death. A stage or two beyond, we despatched another foot passenger; and near the village of Sauganeer, we strangled four *bunniahs* (shop-keepers). Nothing further occurred until we arrived in Dehole, where as I have already stated, we were arrested.

"I have now mentioned all the murders of which I was an eye-witness, except perhaps two or three not attended with any remarkable circumstance, which may have escaped my recollection."

A few words will furnish a sketch of the localities of the places where many of these sanguinary deeds were perpetrated. A wild jungly plain, a village with its mosque or pagoda in the distance, scattered groups occupying the foreground, some cooking, some smoking, others singing to the sound of a drum; baggage piled around, with bullocks stretched beside it, and here and there a few ponies picketed. A faint streak of red light bordering the distant horizon, and night falling like a cloud upon the murderers, their victims, and the open graves.

By an official document, dated in 1816, already alluded to, it appears that the state of the country was at that period such as to call the attention of the government to the dreadful scenes daily acted upon the open thoroughfares, and as they will be found to add considerably to our stock of information concerning bands of robbers of a very singular description, they are here subjoined.

"In the part of India to which the present report relates,* there would appear to be five distinct classes of Thugs or Phansegars, who rob and murder on the highway.

"1st class.—The high-roads leading through Etawah, Allyghur, and Furruckabad, are for the most part the scenes of the atrocities committed by these gangs. In 1811 a list of sixty-eight persons, called *Jumadars*, composing a band, was given into this office by confederates, who were induced to deliver themselves up to Colonel Gardiner, under the hope of pardon. They were all Moosulmauns, and chiefly of the Kewattee tribe. By the confessions made by these people, they appear to have carried on their malpractice in small parties, assuming various disguises, resorting to the *serais*, and accompanying travellers under suspicious pretences, to have watched their opportunity for the destruction of their victims in retired places, commonly by strangulation: the knife being used to perfect the work, and the bodies being usually thrown into wells or *nullahs*. Deleterious drugs are said to be used only by novices in the business, the more experienced Thugs trusting rather to the certain effects of the knife or the cord, than to the doubtful operation of poison. These murders are most frequent in the hot winds, at which season travellers are induced to start from their halting places before daylight to avoid the heat.

"2d class.—This class consists exclusively of Hindoos, and chiefly of the Soehd tribe; they are stated to pass themselves on travellers as Brahmins and Kaitis, and are reported to be much more numerous than the first class. The scene of their depredations has been for the most part in the confines of Etawah, and the western *thannahs* of the Cawnpore district, and they are stated to be ostensibly engaged in cultivating small patches of ground, though in fact supported by the more lucrative profession of Thugery.

"3d class.—This class was formerly settled in the pergunnas of Sindana and Purkham, from whence they were expelled, and have since taken up their residence in Mahratta villages on the confines of our territories, where the aumils of the native government are said to derive a revenue from their depredations. From the examinations given in the appendix, it would appear that these Thugs are Moosulmauns and Hindoos of various tribes. The murders committed by these gangs appear to be perpetrated more openly than those accomplished by the first two classes, whole parties being destroyed together, and the bodies of their victims being frequently found unburied on the plains. The depredations of these desperadoes are said to have formerly extended over different parts of the Dooab, but latterly to have been devoted to the country near Gwalior, and to the district of Bundelkand, in which it does not appear that the crime of murder by Thugs was known prior to 1812; but in consequence of the dispersion of the Sindanee Thugs, no fewer than nineteen instances of the offence were ascertained in 1813, in which year thirty-five bodies were found with marks of the knife or cord. Very considerable gangs of these people are said to be at present collected in the Mahratta states. Mr. Wauchope,

* The Upper Provinces of Hindostan.

on the 1st instant, written: "But a few weeks have elapsed, since a party of thirty-two persons, men, women and children, were every one strangled by a large body of Thugs. The travellers were coming from Jubbulpore towards Purnah, and the murders took place about the frontier between the Nagpore and Purnah country. Four of the murderers were seized by an officer of the Purnah chief. It would appear from examination in this office, that the punishment of this offence, in some of the Mahratta states, is by enclosing the criminal alive in a pillar of masonry. The first magistrate of Bhowah writes, that a gang of Thugs, seized not long since by the chieftain, Meer Khan, were subjected to amputation of each hand, and to loss of their noses."

"4th class.—Several instances of murder on the highway in the districts of Allahabad, Ghazepore, and Junpore, will be observed in the detail reports of the last year, and to have been perpetrated by persons assuming the garb of Byragas, who join travellers at *mhats* (temples), and accompanying them upon the road, take an opportunity of mixing the seeds of the datura, or other narcotic plants, with the *hunkah* or food of the travellers, and plunder them when killed or stupefied by the dose. These murders are not, I apprehend, committed by the persons termed Thugs, as poisoning would appear the only means of destruction used by the robbers. At the same time, as they have prevailed for some years, particularly in the district of Junpore, and the circumstances attending each case are nearly alike, there seems reason to believe that some association similar to that of the Thugs of the Deeah is established in Junpore and its vicinity. Pilgrims proceeding to the west and north, to Gya or to Juggernaut, in Calcutta, take Benares in their way, and pass through the district of Junpore in their route to Hurdwar, or to Matten, and Bindrabund. The circumstance of various roads meeting in this district, combined with the facilities afforded for escape by the proximity of the country of the Nawab vicer (now king of Oude,) are probably amongst the causes why this offence is more prevalent in Junpore than elsewhere."

"5th class.—Travellers have been frequently found murdered in that part of the country placed under the joint magistracy stationed at Ghazepore. The bodies have commonly been found buried, and the same offence can be traced to the eastward through the district of Tirhoot."

In the detailed reports of the state of the police during the last year, in the jurisdiction of the first magistrate of Ghazepore, a case will be found stated, in which it will appear from the magistrate's inquiries, that a fraternity of *Gosheins* (religious beggars) had long been established in that quarter, who were said to entice travellers to their *mhats*, particularly sepoys, and to murder them. It is not stated what means of destruction are used by these people, but in the examination taken before Mr. Crockett, the zemindar would appear to be concerned with the Gosheins in these nefarious practices; and it is stated by a witness, that numbers of travellers have for a series of years been made away with in this quarter. The establishment of *chokies* on the high-way, and the employment of the village watch in aid of these *chokies*, are in every respect the most certain and efficient arrangements which can be devised for the suppression of this crime."

CHAPTER XII.

ALLAHABAD.

ALLAHABAD holds a middle rank amongst European stations in the Moolbund, being many degrees in advance of the slenderly-garrisoned cantonments of the jungles, yet very inferior to the large depots, such as Calcutta, Meerut, &c.

Allahabad, of "the abode of God," acquired this name from the Moolchuan conquerors of India, who have left monuments of their splendour in a fortress once unequalled in beauty, and now gaining in strength what it has lost in external appearance,—several towers remarkable for the elegance of their structure, and a garden and serai belonging to one of the emperors. The city itself does not display those remains of magnificence which might have been expected in a place favoured by the presence of royalty, and so admirably adapted both for the convenience of its new possessors, and for the security of their dominions in the provinces of Hindostan. It now retains few vestiges of the Moghul conquest save the appellation and the buildings before-mentioned, its Moolchuan inhabitants being limited in numbers, and of little importance as regards

their wealth, rank, or talent. The city is almost wholly given up to idolatry, and has ever been celebrated for the pilgrimage of poor Hindoos, attracted to a spot blessed by the junction of two sacred rivers. It stands upon the extreme point of the Deeah, the name given to the fertile district which divides the Ganges from the Jumna, and is therefore esteemed holy by all castes, who annually repair in crowds to bathe themselves in the united streams.

While idolatry, merely for the purpose of avoiding the expense of bringing up female children, was the open disgrace, and a still the secret practice, of many classes of Hindoos, the cause of sterility has ever been considered, both by rich and the poor, the greatest misfortune that can attend the married state. When persons still give to brahmins have been unsuccessfully employed to obtain the desired blessing, the despairing supplicants not infrequently attempt to propitiate their blood-thirsty goddess, Deurga, by the promised sacrifice of their first-born. Should their desire be accomplished,—a benefit which of course is attributed to the direct interposition of a deity delighting in the waste of human life,—they consider themselves to be solemnly pledged to the performance of the vow, and the hallowed spot in which Jumna throws herself into the Ganges, is very commonly chosen for the fulfilment of the awful duty. Though the crime of infanticide, upon any pretext whatever, is not permitted by the British Government, there is not much difficulty in eluding the laws in force against it, since the natives are possessed of so many facilities for accomplishing in private what they no longer dare to perform before the world. A small quantity of opium, administered in the first nourishment given to a new-born babe, will send it to its everlasting rest; and as no inquiry is instituted respecting the cause of death perpetrated without apparent violence, and where the probabilities are in favour of its having been occasioned by natural accidents, the murderers escape detection. It is not difficult, when the broad surface of the united rivers is covered with boats, to drop the intended victim into the stream, a catastrophe which may be attributed to accident, and which the religious prejudices of the surrounding multitude would prevent from being brought to the notice of the public authorities; while the fatalism which renders Hindoos apathetic, in the midst of danger to themselves or to others, is too great to induce them to make any attempt to rescue a drowning person from the grave. It is said that the brahmins, on the supposition that Deurga may relent, and willingly relinquish the offered sacrifice, station themselves in boats a little way down the stream, and pick up those children who have escaped the dangers of the first plunge; they are not, however, restored to their families, but retained by their protectors, and brought up at the performance of religious offices.

When the affection of the parents for their first-born has been too strong to allow them to devote so beloved an object to the consequences of a rash oath, the intended victims, when arrived at maturity, stung with remorse at the violation of a duty held so imperative, and attributing every family misfortune to the wrath of the justly-incensed Deurga, have voluntarily performed the sacrifice by plunging into the river, or precipitating themselves from some rugged height to a frightful abyss below.

In the Nagpore states, the destruction of female infants was, and it is to be feared still is, common in the highest families, for political reasons. The representations of the British residents, and their eloquent appeals to the better feelings of kind-hearted, though misguided men, have done much, especially in Gussarat, towards the abolition of this inhuman method of getting rid of a dilemma; but there is no law against it, and the tragedy of Kishen Koor, the most cold-blooded murder ever perpetrated by the hand of man, is still recent. The brother of the beautiful victim, slaughtered to secure a state measure, now sits upon the throne of Oodipore; he was innocent of the cruel deed, and there is reason to hope that so shocking a scene will never be acted publicly again.

In less exalted families, the money essential, on the part of the relatives of the bride, to furnish the wedding paraphernalia and to defray the expenses of the feasts, without which no wedding can be celebrated in India, is so difficult of attainment, that although there are plenty of suitors of the same class to be found, it is deemed better to avoid the wearisome business of saving cowries and pice until they amount to rupees, by giving the *coup de grâce* to the importunate intruder who has put the family to inconvenience by entering it in a female shape.

"Daughters to marry," is the excuse given by servants who, having high wages, appear ill-appareled, and in ragged coats: years of privation must be endured, in order that all

their acquaintance may banquet at the period of the nuptials. This is the "one thing needful;" beauty, accomplishments, and amiable qualities may be dispensed with, but a *burra khana* (great dinner) there must be, and where it is not practicable to furnish forth the wedding-feast, parents, with admirable forethought, strangle their children, who would otherwise grow up to be married.

In former and more barbarous times, the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges was the scene of those fearful human sacrifices, which were not more savage than absurd, in a religion professing so much humanity towards the brute creation. A youth and a maiden, representing two of the favourite deities of the Hindoo Olympus, after having received divine honours from the crowd following their triumphal cars, were flung into the sacred waters, and supposed by the ignorant multitude, deluded by a clumsy device of priestcraft, to be borne upon the holy stream to their dwellings in the paradise of the blessed. Figures of clay are now substituted for the human performers in the pageant, which, degenerating into a vulgar show, serves to amuse the rabble on the anniversary of a festival fast falling into contempt.

Another of these horrible spectacles used to be exhibited at the commemoration of the triumph of Rama and his ally, Hanuman, attended by an army of monkeys, over the giant Ravana. The luckless beings selected to enact the principal characters, were at the end of the festival no longer visible to mortal eyes. The uninstructed imagined that they had been absorbed into the divine essence, and claimed by the deities whom they had represented: a process of which the officiating priest knew the secret. Poison was said to be mixed up with the sweetmeats presented at the termination of the feast, and the unhappy group, brought from a distance, and unseen except during the short period of their performances, were by many supposed to have been the deities themselves, descending to assist at the celebration of their *avatar*. The Moghuls have the credit of being the first opposers of these shocking rites; the Christian governors of the land have insisted upon their total abolition; and the example set in the Company's territories has been followed in the independent states, human sacrifices, excepting such as are voluntary, having become rare in India. The slaughters of the temple at Jyepoor have ceased, and the most fanatic of the priesthood are fain to be content with the blood of goats upon the pavements, once purple with the currents which ran in the veins of their fellow-men.

A tax has been levied by the Government upon the pilgrims resorting to Allahabad; this impost has had the effect of lessening the number of bathers, and of preventing in a great measure the immolations already spoken of: a method of opposing the hideous superstitions of Hindooism, in strict accordance with the mild policy pursued by a government, which would inevitably occasion the overthrow of its own authority by a more direct and coercive mode of rooting out idolatry from the land. The tax, in that brilliant era when the rupee-tree was seen to flourish, and the Indian soil was paved with pagodas and gold mohurs, was the perquisite of the governor of the fort, a citadel of the utmost importance when the country was in an unsettled state. In the present peaceable times, it has become a quiet and honourable asylum for a veteran who, passed the period for active service, has retired to end his days in the land of his adoption: many general officers preferring to spend the remnant of a long life, worn out in military duties, in the country which has seen their toils, to a return home, where they will find themselves strangers, and must seek new occupations and new employments for the mind. The government of the fort at Allahabad is, therefore, an appointment much sought by invalided officers of rank; the command possesses many advantages, though the pecuniary emoluments have been most cruelly curtailed.

In these degenerate days, a rigorous inquiry has been instituted respecting every illegitimate method of increasing the pay and allowances, too often found to be insufficient for the purpose of accumulating the means of returning home, and many snug perquisites have been taken away, which, not enriching the state, makes its military servants "poor indeed." In every garrisoned place, cantonments are marked out, under the superintendence of the officers of the surveyor-general's or quarter-master general's department, for the accommodation of the troops. Officers are permitted to build bungalows and to plant gardens upon this land, which become their own property, subject however to the pleasure of the Government, who, in removing buildings for the public service, give the owners a compensation. Natives are also allowed to construct residences for the use of officers or persons connected with the garrison; fitting spots are selected for the huts of the

sepoys, which are generally erected in the rear of the parade-ground, and close to small tenements of brick or stone, built for the security of the arms, and resembling gigantic sentry-boxes. The bazaar is close at hand, and from the tolls and dues collected in these markets, and the permission granted for the opening of toddy-shops, a snug revenue used to be derived by the commanding officer of a small station, or the brigade-major of a large garrison. There are besides, in extensive cantonments, waste lands, which the natives desire to bring into cultivation, and which may be farmed out at the discretion of persons in office, who were very willing to encourage agricultural speculations, when they could derive benefit from them. Whether they will be so ready to oblige the *ryots* (farmers), now that they are compelled to account for every rupee that passes through their hands, remains to be proved. The two-and-twenty years' servitude required before a pension is granted to retiring officers, scarcely adequate to support them in decency, and insufficient to provide for their families, should be rendered cheerful by the hope that fortune may throw some snug appointment in their way, which may reconcile them to their tedious exile, and remunerate them for the losses they have sustained through various casualties to which military men are liable, and for which, except when the destruction of property is occasioned by an enemy in the field, the Government refuse to make compensation.

Few officers pass through their military career without having received, directly or indirectly, a hint that they may benefit themselves considerably by the grant of a small favour. One has been offered a large sum of money to permit a rich native anxious to assume the gentleman, to sit in his presence with his shoes on. Had the request been acceded to, the person thus honoured would have attained a degree of consequence amongst his own people to which he was not entitled, and which was of sufficient importance to induce him to purchase it at a high price. Others, known to be upon good terms with the judge, have been solicited to procure decrees in their favour; and it would be always easy for intimate acquaintance, aware, from the circumstances of each case, how the decisions were likely to be made, to take upon themselves the credit of having advocated the cause of the successful party, who would be very ready to pay for a verdict supposed to be thus obtained. Officers holding staff-appointments have numerous candidates outbidding each other for the subordinate offices, in which natives are always employed; an indignant rejection will not convince them that they have formed a wrong estimate of the British character; unabashed, they are ready to make a second trial at any convenient opportunity.

A curious *exposé* took place at a station in the Doab, at the period that preparations were making for the visit of the Governor General, Lord William Bentinck, to the Upper Provinces. Eight hundred *claishees*, or tent-pitchers, were to be engaged to attend the camp, which was planned in a style of great magnificence. A native employed in the commissariat, in the course of his duty, was directed to find people for the purpose; his muster-roll was soon completed; but the visit of the Governor General being postponed until the ensuing year, there was no occasion for the services of the *claishees*. Upon their dismissal, there arose a terrible outcry; it appeared that eight hundred tent-pitchers, in their anxiety to secure eligible engagements in the train of the *Lord Saib*, had paid, according to their names, for the coveted posts. The worthy personage who had sold these appointments to the best bidders, refused to refund the money; the case was brought before the magistrates; but as it appeared that he had fulfilled his part of the contract in putting their names upon his list, they could not have any redress.

The principal object of curiosity and attention at Allahabad is the fort, which is erected upon the point of land stretching into the waters of the Ganges and Jumna, whose broad currents are united beneath its walls. Though injured in its appearance by the alterations and additions necessary to transform an ancient Moghul castle into a place of strength, according to the modern art of fortification, it still retains somewhat of its oriental and feudal air; rising in majestic grandeur from the river, whence it may be espied at a very considerable distance. During the rainy season, the currents of the two streams are so rapid, that, with an unfavourable or adverse wind, it is almost impossible to drag up boats, ascending the Ganges, against the rush of these mighty torrents. Many hours are consumed in the struggle; a delay which, were it not for the toils of the trackers, would be amply compensated by the gratification afforded by a slow approach to a citadel of great interest, both as regards its striking aspect

and the skill and science of its engineers. There are low posterns leading to the glacis facing the river; but the principal entrance of the fort of Allahabad is landward, and is not to be paralleled in magnificence by any building intended for a similar purpose. A noble arched hall, in the gothic style, surmounted by a dome, and enriched with "arabesques of gold and flowers," appears beyond the ample portal, an entrance worthy of the finest citadel in the world. Fort William has nothing to equal it, nor is it inferior to that of the principal gate at Agra, preserved more for show than use, since Government has not considered it expedient to strengthen the walls and make them proof against a cannonade. The interior, containing ranges of buildings, not entirely divested of the beauty of their original architecture, affords, at least during two seasons of the year, some of the most delightful residences to be found in India. A suite of apartments intended for the use of the Governor, but which is sometimes occupied by an inferior officer, commands a splendid view of the Jumna, with its craggy heights and wild sandy shores.

From a balcony perched near the summit of a tower, on which the windows of one of the chambers open, a prospect of singular beauty is obtained. The spectator looks down upon a grove of mango-trees, flanking a fine esplanade, and peopled with innumerable ring-necked paroquets, which, as the sun glances upon their vivid plumage, dart in and out of the branches like coruscations of emerald light. Above, upon pediment and pinnacle, other bright wanderers of the air erect their crests, and plume their wings, or take their upward flight into fields of gold. Along the thickly-wooded shores of the Allahabad bank, buildings of various degrees of interest are interspersed: on the small islands which rear their sandy platforms above the surface of the river, huge alligators bask; and the opposite shore of Bundelkhund, rising in towering cliffs, crowned with pagodas or the remnants of hill forts, forms a noble back-ground beautifully outlined against the clear blue sky. The interior of the citadel is finely planted; and here, as at Fort William in Calcutta, the confidence reposed by the numerous tribes of birds inhabiting the branches is not permitted to be violated. The slaughter of reptiles is alone allowed within this sanctuary for weak and harmless things; all other animals live in peace, sporting through their little day, secure from wanton aggression.

A state prisoner of considerable importance occupies a suite of apartments destined for the accommodation of captives of rank,—the usurping rajah of Bhurtpore, who will, in all probability, finish his career within the walls of the fortress of Allahabad. He is not inaccessible to British visitors: but strangers are not inclined to gratify mere curiosity by staring at the man who, trusting too securely to the supposed impregnability of the strongest native fortress in the East, threw down the gauntlet at a period in which the energies of the Government were directed against the Burmese. The fall of Bhurtpore has totally extinguished the hopes of a warlike race, who, though defeated in many battles, and checked in their victorious career against the Moslem power, vested in the weak emperor of Delhi, still cherished expectations of gaining an ascendancy in territories so often torn from their ancestors by the Persian and the Tartar. It is said that, after the fall of the citadel, those proud and lofty-minded natives, who, galled by defeat, looked insult and defiance upon their Christian rulers, quailed their heads, and became deferential to the conquerors of the Jauts, the most chivalrous warriors of modern India, and the only people of the central provinces who, after the Mahratta war, dared to offer opposition to the British arms.

The fortress of Allahabad is well calculated to keep the belligerent spirits of the upper country in awe; nothing, indeed, save acts of folly and ignorance on the part of new legislators, deeply versed in theories, and bent upon making experiments at any expense, could threaten the destruction of British power in the East; but a change of masters may effect a great deal, and the present generation may very possibly be enlightened upon the subject of mismanagement by the loss of Hindostan.

The cantonments of Allahabad are beautifully picturesque, having a greater diversity of hill and dale than is usually to be found upon the plains of India, and being finely wooded in every direction. The drives are numerous, and there is one leading along the walls of the cemetery, which derives a melancholy interest from the recollections of those who sleep within. India has not unjustly been entitled "Scotland's church-yard;" the Caledonian tenants of the tombs certainly outnumber those of the sister islands, and those of Allahabad have their full proportion of veterans and youths from the green hills and clear streams of North Britain. The grave-

stones and mausoleums, erected in Anglo-Indian burial-grounds, are peculiar to the country, and are generally more heavy and ungraceful than the monuments of European church-yards. There are, however, some exceptions; and a broken column at Allahabad, over the resting-place of a Fitzclarence, forms a classic and appropriate memorial of a young man of great promise, cut down in the vigour of his youth. He has left behind him something better—a name linked with gracious deeds; and were the Earl of Munster to return to India as its governor-general, he would find that the courtesies which endeared him and his lamented brother to both native and European residents, have been remembered, and would add to the warmth of his reception.

The undulating surface of the country round Allahabad affords numerous advantageous sites for bungalows, many of which are erected in very excellent situations, commanding views of great beauty. The bungalows themselves are not remarkable for their size or elegance, although the judges belonging to the Sudder Mofussil Adawlut have their headquarters at this station, and the residence of a considerable body of civilians usually occasions great improvements in the buildings, as they are less in the habit of renting houses than military men, and have larger funds and better means for constructing and beautifying their mansions. The garrison is small, consisting of not more than two native regiments, one usually an invalided corps, and the artillerymen and engineers requisite for the duties of the fort. The station has never been remarkable for its festivities: yet its balls and parties sometimes attract visitors from the smaller and duller military posts at Chunar, Mirzapore, and Pertaubghur in Oude: the latter a melancholy place, the quarters of a single regiment, whose active spirits are glad to vary a monotonous routine by occasional trips to a gayer scene. There is no theatre at Allahabad, and the chief resource for the gentlemen appears to be a billiard table, which is the resort of all the idlers of the station. A tolerably well-supported book-club furnishes the more studious with the floating literature of the day, light reading suitable to a warm climate, and to the many who seek for amusement only in the pages of a book.

The rocky character of the bed of the Jumna affords to geologists a field for their pursuits, which they would seek in vain in the muddy alluvial soil watered by the Ganges. Amidst pebbles of little value, interesting and curious specimens of cornelians, and stones even more precious, are occasionally found. The opposite district of Bundelkhund is famous for diamonds, equalling in value and splendour those of the Golconda mines, and in some particular spots they are found in considerable quantities: all below a certain weight are the property of the persons who may chance to gather them; the larger sort belong to the Rajah of Punna, who is bound to give a certain price, in the event of his claiming the privilege of purchase. The native method of gathering diamonds, which is the least expensive, and perhaps, on that account, the best, is very simple. A few labourers clear a convenient space on a rocky surface, and when it is laid bare, they bring buckets of earth from the places supposed to be most thickly sown with the gems, and sifting it through their hands, easily find the diamonds, which, even in their rough state, are extremely luminous. The hire of the workmen comprises the whole of the outlay, and diligent seekers frequently gather a rich harvest.

A British officer, desirous to set to work upon a large scale, constructed a steam-engine, and other scientific apparatus, at an expense of 30,000 rupees. The vicissitudes of a military life obliged the projector to leave the district before his experiment could be fairly tried; various reports are afloat concerning the issue, some persons averring that he lost money by the speculation, while others say that it had paid itself before it was finally abandoned. Lucky persons are not always desirous of publishing good fortune, which may encourage competition. The diamonds of Bundelkhund are accumulated unostentatiously, but it is supposed that large supplies go down to the native and European jewellers of Calcutta, and the latter have been known to place a lac of rupees at the disposal of persons diligently employed in searching for them. The natives are, of course, the most fortunate gleaners; they are better acquainted with the probable depositaries of the hidden treasure than casual and often unscientific visitors, and they take care to direct attention from the richest beds.

An officer, who had been tolerably successful in his researches, having picked up forty diamonds, of various sizes, in the course of a short period, happening to ride through a wood, espied a man sitting *dhurna* under a tree, nearly naked and with ashes on his head in the attitude of mourning assumed

by those who, supposing themselves to be aggrieved, determine to work upon the religious prejudices of their oppressors, by remaining without food, and suffering all the inclemencies of the weather until death shall release them, or their prayer be granted. Should they die under the infliction of this penance, the weight of their blood is supposed to rest on the head of the person who has driven them to so horrid an expedient. In this event, the spirit of the departed is permitted to revisit earth, and to haunt his obdurate enemy. Many Hindoos are so deeply persuaded of the enormity they commit, in compelling a petitioner to sue to them in this fearful manner, that they do not consider themselves to be at liberty to eat while a person sitting *dhurna* at their gate is fasting. Such scruples of conscience are necessary for the success of the applicant, who is armed with a powerful pleader when his case is advocated by the craving hunger of his adversary. Upon examining the features of the mourner, disguised as they were by dust and ashes, the officer recognized a *chuprassy* who had formerly been in his service. He inquired into the cause of his distress, and learned that it arose from an act of injustice on the part of the rajah of the district, who had seized upon a large diamond which he had been so fortunate as to pick up in his territories, and refused to give him the sum to which he was entitled by law for a stone of that value. Compassionating the poor fellow's case, and doubtful of the efficacy of the method which he had taken to obtain redress, the officer directed him to come to his tent in the evening, promising his assistance in the prosecution of his claim. The hope, thus kindly held out, revived the drooping spirits of the diamond-merchant, who, in common with other natives, placed implicit confidence in the success of the representations of a *Bellati saib*, and who, from his own experience, was well acquainted with the benevolent disposition of his former master. The judge of the district made one of the travelling party in camp, and he exerted himself so strenuously in the affair, that he procured from the unwilling justice of the rajah the sum of five thousand rupees, a fortune to a poor *chuprassy*. The man was grateful when put into possession of his riches; he appeared at the door of the tent, his mourning rags exchanged for a gala suit, and his countenance beaming with delight. After a thousand salaams, and an oration, in which, in the figurative language of the East, his benefactor was entitled his father and his mother, and the delegate of the Almighty for the performance of good deeds, he departed to enjoy his prosperity in his own village.

The natives of Hindostan, quick in feeling, and possessed of a strong spirit of independence, will not tamely submit to acts of injustice. They make astonishing efforts to obtain the redress of wrongs, and never yield until they have tried every means within their power to procure the establishment of their rights. It is astonishing how persevering and pertinacious they will be if their cause be good; the rank and station of their oppressors do not deter them from endeavouring to have justice done them, and if it should be refused in one place they will seek it in another. Servants who have been ill-treated, and who fancy that their story may not meet with attention from the head of a small station on good terms with their masters, will quit the place and make their way to the head-quarters of the district, perhaps at the distance of a hundred miles, and lay their cases before the general officer commanding.

A subahdar belonging to a regiment of native cavalry, deprived of the service by an act of injustice, appealed to the local government, who decided the case against him; undiscouraged by the failure, he took his passage on board an English vessel, homeward-bound, and told his story to the Court of Directors. He had a patient hearing, his case was deemed to be a hard one, and he was sent back with an order to the local government to make a further inquiry into its merits. This the council of Calcutta refused to do; the subahdar, still undismayed, returned to England, and made a second report to the Court of Directors, who despatched a positive command to their representatives in India to see that justice should be done. Thus admonished, the local government awarded a pension of ten rupees a month; but the gallant subahdar indignantly rejected so paltry a recompense for his injuries, and, disgusted with the disappointment of his wish for restoration to his regiment, entered the service of the King of Oude. He was an intelligent and observant man, and his account of what he saw and heard, during his two visits to England, was exceedingly entertaining. In the intervals occurring in the prosecution of his business, he made two long journeys, proceeding to Cornwall to visit the children of an officer belonging to his regiment who were placed at school there, and afterwards to Durham to pay his respects to a retired captain

of the corps. Both these journeys were undertaken through a feeling of strong attachment towards persons who had been kind to him in former days; and this instance, forms one of many falling under the writer's own knowledge, which refute the charge of heartlessness brought against the people of India by individuals who never sought their good-will.

The navigation of the Jumna was formerly much impeded, and rendered exceedingly perilous by the numerous rocks, which either rose above the stream, or lurked treacherously beneath its surface. The removal of these obstacles has been entrusted to some very young engineer officers, despatched from their head-quarters at Allahabad to different points on the river's bank; they have performed the duty very efficiently, blowing up the rocks in all directions, and deepening the bed of the stream in dangerous shallows. Boats, of the largest size used in inland navigation, may now pass up or down the rapid stream, secure that its strong current will not force them upon some fatal ridge.

The traffic upon the Jumna is very considerable; large quantities of cotton, the growth of the neighbouring districts, are shipped for the Calcutta market, at Humeerpore, Kalpee, Agra, and stations still higher up; the other chief products of the soil, indigo and sugar, also form the loading of numerous vessels; and at Chillah Tarah ghaut, a thoroughfare of great traffic, goods of all kinds, arriving upon camels from Bombay, by way of Mhow, are embarked for the supply of Bengal.

It is astonishing, with the advantage of such easy communication by the two rivers, to the most distant parts of India, that Allahabad should not have become a commercial and wealthy city, instead of being, as it is, a desolate heap of ruins, tenanted by indigent people, whose numbers and poverty have procured for it amongst their scornful brethren the name of Fackeerabad, or 'beggar's abode.' As it is one of the places pointed out as the probable site of the seat of government, at some not very distant period, there is a chance of its assuming a more prosperous aspect, and of becoming one of the grand emporia for commerce in the upper provinces of Hindostan.

The situation of Allahabad is said to be healthy; but either from its proximity to the two rivers, or the quantity of wood which gives the surrounding country so luxuriant and park-like an appearance, it is more humid than any other place in the Doab, and is stated to possess a peculiar climate of its own, the hot winds being considerably mitigated, and rain falling at seasons when other parts of the country are dry. The gardens are in consequence very productive; in those belonging to the British residents, artichokes in particular flourish, attaining a size unknown in less favourable soils in the neighbourhood. The rich tapestry of the jungles, those splendid creepers, which hang their fantastic wreaths upon every adjacent bough, are the great ornament of the pleasure-grounds of Allahabad. The native gardeners train them somewhat formally upon erect bamboos, whence they trail their magnificent garlands down to the ground, forming huge conical mounds, which too frequently bring to mind the May-day spectacle in England, of those moving bowers of green, which appear in the train of the sooty potentates, enjoying their annual *Saturnalia*.

When there are archways or trellis in the gardens, the creepers become a far more graceful decoration. It is unfortunately impossible to twine them round the pillars of the verandahs, without the danger of their affording a harbour for venomous reptiles, and the certainty of their increasing the number of the insects which infest every house. Nothing of the kind is permitted to invite such unwelcome guests; every blade of grass springing in the fructifying season of the rains, being carefully extracted from the soil immediately surrounding the mansion, lest snakes and other reptiles should glide under the green covert, and insinuate themselves unseen into the chambers, where it is their wont to lie perdue, until aroused or startled from their hiding-places.

The religious creeds, both of Moslem and Hindoo, exhort the rich to plant groves, dig wells, and build public edifices,—acts of charity essential to the comfort of a people living in a country where water, shade, and the shelter of a roof are blessings of incalculable value. The letter of the injunction is strictly regarded by many of the wealthy classes, but its spirit is sadly neglected. Immense sums are lavished upon new buildings, with which the founder hopes to transmit his name to posterity, and which, if not completed in his lifetime, will be left to fall into premature ruin, the heir choosing rather to commence a fresh work than to finish the old one, or to repair the works of others, however elegant in themselves or useful to the public. The banks of the Jumna present many noble ghauts, which are not now available as landing

places, in consequence of the lower steps having given way, and separated themselves from the upper flights, standing out at a distance in the streams. A trifling repair commenced in time, would have prevented the mischief: but, though not too late to avert the impending ruin, one by one, the steps will drop away, until the encroaching waters shall swallow up the whole.

Allahabad affords a mournful example of the want of public spirit in the Moosulman population of its neighbourhood. A noble caravanserai, built by Sultan Khosroo, which forms a superb quadrangle, entered by four gothic gateways, and surrounded by cloisters running along the four sides of a battlemented wall, the usual accommodation for travellers offered by an Indian hostel, has been permitted to fall into a state of deplorable decay. The garden adjoining, finely planted with mango-trees, is also in a neglected and deteriorated state; the attention of the government, once directed towards the restoration of the whole, but unfortunately diverted by the breaking out of the Burmese war, has not been recalled to the preservation of remains of great beauty and interest.

Three tombs, erected according to the fine taste displayed by the Mohammedans in the selection of the site of their mausoleums, in this garden, have, from the extraordinary solidity of their construction, escaped the destroying hand of time. Their neglect reflects shame upon the carelessness of those who can suffer buildings to sink into oblivion, which, in other countries would attract crowds of admiring strangers to descend upon the elegance of their design and the splendour of their execution. Chaste, magnificent, and solemn, they are peculiarly adapted for the purpose to which they have been dedicated, and put to shame the diminutive monuments raised to kings and princes in the cathedrals of the western world. Splendid terraces, forming stately platforms, which like those of the mausoleums of Agra, are furnished with several apartments below, form the basement story. The central chamber in each contains a stone sarcophagus, in which the mortal remains of the dead are deposited. Above, and occupying the middle of each platform, a circular, dome-crowned hall, finely proportioned and profusely ornamented with rich sculpturing, delights the gazer's eye, who, in their palace-like tombs, sole survivors of the splendour of the Moghuls, is impressed with one of the most amiable traits in the Moslem character—its reverence for the dead and desire to perpetuate the memory of objects beloved in life.

The tombs of Hindostan have proved the most lasting memorials of the wealth, taste, and piety of its Moghul conquerors. While fort and palace have crumbled away, or have lost their original designs in modern alterations and adaptations, they have remained unchanged; and each succeeding year, in making strangers better acquainted with the architectural beauties of a much-neglected country, will contribute to the establishment of their claims to the admiration of every person possessed of taste and feeling.

A handsome mosque on the bank of the Jumna, at the recommendation of a civilian of eminence, has been put into repair, and restored to its original distinction, as a religious edifice. Upon the subjugation of the province to the British power, it was selected for the residence of the governor of Allahabad, and has since been converted into an assembly-room; but whether, after having been polluted by the introduction of the *burra khana*s of Kafirs, scorned of the prophet and devourers of pork, it can be purified and rendered holy in the eyes of the faithful is extremely doubtful.

The Jumna bank of Allahabad monopolizes all the interest, that of the Ganges having no particular beauty or merit beyond its common features. The tides of the Jumna, on account of the beds of rock and sand over which they flow, have attractions peculiarly their own; for a considerable distance after their union with the muddy waters of the superior stream, they retain their brilliant blue, contrasting their crystal currents with the turbid yellow wave with which they are doomed at length to mingle.

CHAPTER XIII.

CEMETERIES AND FUNERAL ORSQUES.

The dreary character of the European burial-places in British India has already been noticed in many of the preceding pages; but the subject is of too interesting a nature to be passed over with a few casual remarks.

Strangers, visiting our Eastern territories, cannot fail to be impressed with painful feelings, as they survey the gloomy receptacles appropriated to those Christians who are destined to breathe their last in exile. The portion of ground consecrated and set apart as the final resting-place of the European residents, is seldom sufficiently extensive to give "ample room and verge enough" for those who seek repose within its gloomy precincts. All are over-crowded, and many exhibit the most frightful features of a charnel-house, dilapidated tombs, rank vegetation, and unburied bones whitening in the wind. The trees are infested with vultures and other hideous carrion-birds; huge vampire-bats nestle in the walls, which too often present apertures for the admission of wolves and jackals crowding to their nightly resort, and tearing up the bodies interred without the expensive precautions necessary to secure them from such frightful desecration. The grave must be deep, covered, in the first place, with heavy planks, and afterwards with solid masonry, to preserve the mouldering inhabitant from the attacks of wild and ravenous beasts. In many places it is necessary to have a guard posted every night, until the foundation of the tomb shall be completed.

It is not often that the admiration of the visitor is excited by the monumental remains of the Christian community in India; they consist, for the most part, of clumsy obelisks, stunted pyramids, nondescript columns of a great confusion of orders, and ill-proportioned pedestals bearing all sorts of urns. The most elegant and appropriate are those which are built in imitation of the inferior class of Mussulman tombs, consisting of a sarcophagus, raised upon an elevated platform, approached by handsome flights of steps, and having a domed roof supported upon pillars. But even when these monuments are as large and as handsome as their models, the effect is injured by the inferiority of the situation. An attractive site is almost invariably chosen by the Moslem for a place of sepulture. Many of the heights in the neighbourhood of Rajmhal are crowned with mausoleums, which have a fort-like appearance; and it is very rarely, though the disciples of the prophet dwelling in the neighbourhood may be poor and few, that the tomb of a brother is neglected; some pious hand is found to sweep away the dust and litter which would otherwise accumulate around it, and to strew flowers over the remains of its perhaps nameless tenant. Indeed, the reverence for the dead entertained by the Mohammedan natives of India, extends to persons of all countries and religions. They, who in their lifetime have acquired a reputation for the virtues most in esteem amongst Asiatics, will not be forgotten in the grave. More than one Christian tomb has become an object of veneration in India, receiving the same respect and homage which the children of the soil pay to those of their own persuasion who have been esteemed saints. Even Hindoos, though shrinking from contact with a corpse will reverence the shrines of the warlike or the virtuous dead.

It is strange that so touching an example has not been followed by the European residents, who, at a very small cost, might render the places of interment destined for their brethren far less revolting than their present aspect. A few labourers attached to each cemetery would keep the whole in order; and as flowers spring up spontaneously in many places, little care or cultivation would be required to convert the coarse dank grass, which seems to offer a harbour for snakes and other venomous reptiles, into a blooming garden; and though, in consequence of the number of tombs, which are crowded, as in England, into the same enclosure, and their inferiority both in size, design, and beauty of the material, a Christian cemetery never could be rendered so imposing and attractive as those spacious and carefully-tended pleasure-grounds surrounding the mausoleums, which add so much to the architectural displays of India, they might be made more agreeable to the eye, and objects of less horror to those who have little hope of living to return to their native land.

In a country where European stations lie at the distance of many days' march from each other, numerous instances occur of deaths upon journeys or in remote places, whence it would be impossible, in consequence of the rapid decomposition produced by the climate, to convey the body to consecrated ground. Upon such occasions, the corpse is usually interred upon the spot, and travellers frequently find those monumental remains in wild and jungly districts, which show that there the hand of death has overtaken an individual, perchance journeying onwards with the same confidence which animates their own breasts.

The perambulators of the ruined palace of Rajmhal, whose marble halls are left to the exclusive possession of the lizard and the bat, are struck, on entering a court surrounded by

picturesque buildings falling fast into decay, with the appearance of two European tombs. The scene is one of desolation and neglect, but it does not display those disgusting images which sicken the spirit in cemeteries, owing their dreariness and desolation to the indifference of the living. The despotic power of time, the fall of earthly splendour, pictured in the forsaken palace of the former rulers of Bengal, harmonize well with the wreck of human hopes, the fragility of human life, illustrated by the lonely Christian monuments rising in that once proud spot, whence the heathen lord and his Mussulman conquerors have passed away for ever. Above, on the summit of a green hill, a marble pedestal, surmounted by an urn, attracts the attention of the voyagers of the Ganges; it is said to mark the place in which a beautiful young Englishwoman fell a victim to one of those sudden attacks of illness which are so often fatal to new arrivals. This memorial, glittering in the sun, forms a very conspicuous object: but while telling its melancholy tale, the sad reflections, which are conjured up by the untimely fate of one so young and lovely, are soothed by the conviction that the gentle stranger at least found an appropriate resting-place, amidst a scene of never-fading verdure, where the flowers and the foliage, the birds and the butterflies, are the fairest and brightest which gleam beneath a tropical sun.

The most interesting, though not the most splendid, monument commemorating the virtues of an English resident in India, occurs in the neighbourhood of Rajmahal. It is a cenotaph, of Hindoo architecture, raised by the natives of the adjacent hill districts, to the memory of Augustus Cleveland, who formerly filled the office of judge at Boglipoore. Two fakirs are employed to keep a lamp continually burning within the building, and once a-year a festival is held at the spot, the annual celebration of the apotheosis of that highly-reverenced individual, whom the poor people, who were the objects of his benevolent care, regard with feelings nearly approaching to idolatry. Mr. Cleveland died at sea, and his body occupies a neglected spot in a cemetery at Calcutta; but this circumstance appears to be overlooked by both natives and Europeans, who usually suppose that the tomb of Boglipoore is the place of his interment.

This excellent person expired in his twenty-ninth year. Few men during so short a life have achieved so much lasting good. Upon his appointment to the office of judge at Boglipoore, he became exceedingly interested in the fate and fortunes of the people who inhabited the neighbouring hills, and who, though living under the protection of the British government, were subjected to much oppression and violence from the dwellers in the plains. They are Hindoos, but not of strict caste, polluting themselves with food rejected by their more rigid brethren, and are consequently held in the utmost contempt by the fanatic disciples of Brahma. Repaying the injuries inflicted upon them with rapine and bloodshed, a desolating war had long been carried on between them and the lowland borderers, and Mr. Cleveland was the first person, armed with the means of rescuing them from their degraded condition, who inquired into their situation and circumstances, and endeavoured to bring them within the pale of civilized society. His efforts were rewarded by success: his unrelenting kindness won their confidence; they submitted implicitly to his regulations, and, trusting to his promises of protection, brought the products of their villages to the bazaars he established in places which, in former times, they could only visit at the risk of their lives. These hill-people, destitute as they are of caste, and despised by their arrogant neighbours, possess, in a very high degree, one virtue, which is wholly unknown to the true Hindoo character,—adherence to truth. Though Asiatics entertain a respect for those on whose veracity they can firmly rely, lying is not esteemed a vice amongst them, and no one convicted of falsehood runs the slightest hazard of incurring contempt: hence, while their fidelity may be depended upon, not the slightest faith can be given to their assurances; they are little scrupulous about perjurying themselves, and though oaths are administered in courts of law, the truth can only be elicited by the most searching cross-examinations.

The mountaineers of this part of the country, notwithstanding the wild and lawless life to which they had been long accustomed, have proved loyal and orderly subjects; they are not often found in the service of Europeans, being looked upon as pariahs and outcasts by the other domestics of the establishment, whose prejudices are very frequently adopted by their Christian masters; but they are sometimes to be seen amidst the retainers of an Anglo-Indian, and touching instances are related of their fidelity and attachment to those from whom they have received kindness. A medical gentle-

man being sent for to attend a brother officer in the jungles, found the patient dead, and deserted by all his servants excepting one, a poor fellow from the hills, who remained by the side of the corpse fanning away the flies, and not stirring from his post until the last sad offices were performed. It is pleasing to be able to add, that this meritorious conduct met its reward. The gentleman who obtained so striking a proof of the poor bearer's devotion to his master, took him immediately into his own service, where he was treated with the kindest consideration, and protected from the insolence of the other domestics, who frequently received very mortifying lessons from a master anxious to show them that he entertained more regard for character than for caste.

There is perhaps no district belonging to India, which offers more favourable prospects to the missionary; but, hitherto, little or no attempt has been made to instruct the wild mountaineers of Rajmahal, either in religion, or the agricultural or domestic arts. While disappointment awaits the ambitious invaders of the strong-holds of Hindoo superstition, the promise of an ample harvest is unaccountably neglected, and, excepting the little which can be done by the civil and military authorities at Boglipoore, for those immediately under their jurisdiction, a very interesting and intelligent race of people are left without any instruction whatsoever.

The services performed by Mr. Cleveland to the inhabitants of the hills will never be forgotten; forty years have elapsed since his death, but his memory remains as fresh as ever in the breasts of the descendants of those who were the objects of his benevolence. This affecting trait of character is not, however, confined to the simple and ignorant race scattered along the range of mountains between the Ganges and Burdwan, but is common to all the natives of Hindostan. The reverential regard which all castes entertain for the great Secunder, who, though supposed by the people of India to be the Macedonian hero, was, in all probability, one of the successors to his divided empire, is manifested in a very striking manner. Though Christian warriors have not obtained so extensive a reputation, the impression which their virtues have made upon the natives is not less deep and lasting.

A tomb, in the neighbourhood of Agra, in which the remains of an European officer, who spent his whole life in the performance of kindly deeds, are deposited, is much venerated by the natives, who bestow upon it the honours of a lamp; and in some part of Bombay, the sentinels on duty present arms at a certain period of the night,—a mark of respect paid to the spirit of an English officer of rank, who was adored by the people he commanded, and who, being now esteemed a saint, is supposed to revisit earth in the glimpses of the moon. Had it been the fortune of Warren Hastings to have found a sepulchre in Bengal, the crowds who now recite verses in his honour, and link his name with enthusiastic blessings, would have assembled annually at his tomb, and rejoiced in the supposition that his spirit still hovered over the land which had rightly appreciated those services which were so shamefully unrequited in his own country.

The circumstances attending the burial of the Christian sojourners of India, who die far from the dwellings of their European brethren, are often exceedingly melancholy. An incident of a very frightful nature, which I believe has been recorded in some novel illustrative of Anglo-Indian life, occurred about the period of Lord Hastings' government. A civilian, whose duty had taken him into a remote part of his district, was returning home *dak*, in consequence of an attack of fever, having written to his wife by express to acquaint her with his illness, and the time in which she might expect his arrival. While travelling, he rested during the heat of the day at the *serai* of a native village; and while reposing there, he learned that an European had just breathed his last in an adjoining chamber. Anxious to secure decent interment to the body, which, he was aware, if left to the disposal of strangers of a different religion, entertaining a horror of contaminating themselves by polluting contact with an unclean thing, would be treated very unceremoniously, he struggled with his illness, and attended the remains of his fellow sufferer to the grave, reading the burial-service appointed by the church over the place of sepulture, and seeing that every requisite ceremony was properly performed. Exhausted by this sad and painful duty, he got into his palanquin, but had not proceeded far before he was overtaken by the pangs of death; a paroxysm of fever seized him, and he expired on the road. The bearers fled into the woods, leaving their inanimate burden on the ground, for nothing save the strongest attachment can induce a native of India to touch, or continue with a dead body which does not belong to a person of their own caste. In the meantime, the wife of this unfortunate gentleman,

alarmed by the tidings of her husband's illness, had hastened to meet him, and was made acquainted with her loss by the frightful spectacle which met her eyes, the breathless and deserted corpse of the object dearest to her lying on the road. She could gain little assistance from her own bearers, whose caste or whose prejudices kept them aloof: and finding it impossible to induce them to touch the body, she sent them to the neighbouring village to summon more efficient aid, taking upon herself the melancholy office of watching the fast decaying remains. She soon found that her utmost strength would be insufficient to repel the daring attacks of hosts of insects, ravenous birds, and savage animals, rushing on their prey, or congregating in the neighbouring thickets, awaiting an advantageous moment for attack; and, in the energy of her despair, she tore away the earth with her own hands, making a grave large enough to conceal the body from the eyes of its numerous assailants. How this story is told in the work before mentioned, I know not, but I received the present version from an intimate friend of the survivor.

During my own residence in Calcutta, a death took place in the jungles in its neighbourhood, attended by very distressing circumstances. It had become absolutely necessary for a gentleman, engaged in the indigo-trade, to pay a visit to a distant factory. The contemplation of this journey was painful in the extreme; though in perfect health, it affected his spirits in so extraordinary a degree, that he could only be induced to undertake it by the severest remonstrances of the members of the mercantile house with which he was connected. Under the most unaccountable dejection of mind, he entered his palanquin, and after having travelled a stage or two, alighted, and, telling his bearers that he would speedily rejoin them, struck into the neighbouring thickets. The men waited for a considerable time, expecting his return, and, unwilling to hurry or intrude upon the privacy of a superior, who would in all probability resent their interference. At length, becoming alarmed, they reported the circumstance at the next *thannah*, or police-office. The *thannahdar* immediately sent out his people to search the jungle, and in one of its most solitary nooks they found the body of the traveller, lying under a tree, and already half-devoured by the jackalls. The exact circumstances of his death were wrapped in a veil of impenetrable mystery. It was impossible, in the torn and mangled state of the corpse, to ascertain whether he had perished by his own hand, or if the surrounding horrors of the scene, the harrowing thoughts crowding on the soul of an exile, and the fearful state of excitement, occasioned by reminiscences of home, to those who, repressing their feelings in public, give loose in solitude to the anguish of their hearts, proved too much for the outward frame, and snapped the fragile thread of life. Nothing farther could be elicited by the strictest inquiry, and the friends and relatives of the deceased were left to the most mournful conjectures.

The impossibility of procuring prompt medical aid, in passing through the country between the European stations, forms a cruel aggravation to the distress of the companions of those who may be taken ill upon a journey. A newly-married bride embarked with her husband, who belonged to the civil service of the Company, on board a budgerow, with the intent to proceed to Patna, where he had received an appointment. The bridegroom, attacked by illness upon the river, while at a considerable distance from any European dwelling, languished for a few hours and then expired. The servants endeavoured to persuade the sorrowing widow to permit them to land the body and have it interred in the jungle; but to this she would not consent, and immediately bethinking themselves to the baggage-boat, they left her alone with the corpse. Instead of proceeding on a voyage, whose object had been defeated by the death of the principal person of the party, it was deemed advisable to turn the head of the boat round, and go down the river. The wind unfortunately was adverse, and notwithstanding the strength of the current, the vessel made little progress. Imagination cannot picture anything more horrible than the office which devolved upon one who remained faithful even in death. The atmosphere soon became so offensive as scarcely to be endurable; the body decayed rapidly; the heat was excessive, and the object for which so much misery had been braved seemed unattainable. No less-devoted heart could have hoped to secure the rites of Christian burial for the already putrid corpse, yet did this young creature, who, until her melancholy loss, had known hardship and sorrow only by name, resolutely persevere in this dreadful duty. At length, about eight o'clock in the morning of the third day, the boat approached a European dwelling. Upon the first communication with the shore, the

inhabitants were apprized that a lady had arrived with the dead body of her husband, and they immediately hastened to the spot to offer her all the consolation and assistance in their power. The master of the house took the corpse under his own charge, and giving the widow over to the care of his wife, issued the necessary orders concerning the interment. It was with some difficulty that the remains could be placed in the coffin hastily prepared for their reception; but it was accomplished at last, and the sad ceremonials proceeded with those decent solemnities which it had cost so much suffering to obtain.

Notwithstanding the little attention which is given in India to the places of sepulture belonging to Christian communities, it is thought necessary to pay marks of respect to the dead, which are often followed by fatal consequences to the living. A very large attendance at the grave, during the performance of the funeral obsequies, is rigorously exacted by the prejudices of society. Ladies are not, as in England, exempted from this painful duty; at the death of a female friend their presence at the period of interment is expected, and their neglecting to appear, without adequate cause, is construed into a mark of disrespect. The nearest relation of the deceased has been known, on his return from the burial of the most beloved object in the world, to count over the absentees, and descant upon their evasion of so sacred an obligation, while the commentator might with more justice be accused of indifference to the effects of a scene upon female sensibility, which has sometimes proved too harrowing for the feelings of the stronger sex. Illness and even death has been the result of attendance at the last melancholy rites performed to a brother exile committed to foreign earth; the shock sustained by new arrivals is often of a dangerous nature, especially amongst the uneducated classes of society. A detachment of recruits, injudiciously commanded to follow the bodies of their comrades to the grave, afforded, during my sojourn at a Mofussil station, convincing proof of the effect of mind upon matter. Ten or twelve dropped during the service: several of these were taken up dead, and of the number conveyed to the hospital, not more than one recovered. The solemn office performed at funerals has often proved a death-warrant to the living, especially when surrounded by all the distressing circumstances with which it is frequently invested in India. The sudden nature of the dissolution, the necessary rapidity of the interment, deepen the horror of those who see their friends and acquaintances snatched from them by an invisible hand, and who are thus warned that danger is lurking abroad where they least expected to find it.

The undertakers of Calcutta are accustomed to send circular printed notices of funerals, filled up with the name of the deceased, to the houses of those persons who are expected to attend. This is probably the first intimation which many dear and attached friends obtain of their loss. On one occasion, a gentleman, after a few hours' absence from home, found on the hall-table a black-edged ominous missive of this kind, which acquainted him with the death of an individual whom he regarded with an affection surpassing that of a brother, and with whom he had parted the preceding evening in perfect health. He rushed to the house where he was wont to meet with the most cordial welcome from lips now closed for ever, and only arrived in time to take a last view of the insensible remains. The officials were almost in the act of nailing the lid of the coffin down as he entered, preparatory to its committal to the hearse, and in the course of another hour he was standing suffocated with grief beside the grave of his dearest friend.

The sensibilities of many persons are so much affected by the sight of the funeral processions, which almost every evening wind their way to the burial-ground of Calcutta, as to render them unwilling to live in Park Street, the avenue which leads to it. This cemetery occupies a large tract of ground on the outskirts of the fashionable suburb, Chowringee. Beyond it, the waste jingly space, partially covered with native huts, and intersected by pools of stagnant water, adds to the desolate air of the enclosure, with its tasteless and ill-kept monuments. The scene is calculated to inspire the most gloomy emotions, and it is saying a great deal for the fortitude displayed by females, that no instance is recorded of their sinking under the combination of depressing circumstances which must weigh upon their imaginations, when they are compelled to appear in person as mourners. The office of bearing the pall devolves upon the dearest friends of the deceased, who, upon alighting from their carriages at the porch of the burial-ground, arrange themselves in the melancholy order which has been pointed out to them. Funerals always take place at sunset: and in the rainy season the state

of the atmosphere, and the dampness of the ground, materially increase the perils to be encountered by delicate women, exposed to mental and bodily suffering in a manner considered so unnecessary in the land of their birth. But the rules established by Anglo-Indian society are absolute, and must be complied with, upon pain of outlawry.

In former times, the burial-ground belonging to the cathedral was the only place of interment in Calcutta; but funerals have long been discontinued in this part of the city. "Before the commencement of the year 1802," says the monumental register, "the tombs in this cemetery had fallen into irreparable decay; and to prevent any dangerous accident which the tottering ruins threatened to such as approached them, it was deemed necessary to pull down most of them. The stone and marble tablets were carefully cleared from the rubbish, and laid against the wall of the cemetery, where they now stand." Our chronicler, however, does not go on to say that this act of desecration, the work of the reverend gentleman at the head of clerical affairs, gave great umbrage to the Christian population of Calcutta, who, though perchance in some degree answerable for the consequences of the neglect which produced the ruin above described, became exceedingly incensed at the root-and-branch work, considered expedient to level the church-yard, and get rid of all its incumbrances.

One of the monuments thus ruthlessly removed, had been erected to the memory of Governor Job Charnock, the founder of the most splendid British settlement in the world. The chequered fortunes of this hardy adventurer are too well-known to all who take an interest in the proceedings of the early Indian colonists, to need any notice here. He died on the 10th January 1692. "If," says our chronicler, "the dead knew anything of the living, and could behold with mortal feelings this sublunary world, with what sensations would the father of Calcutta glow to look down this day upon his city!" The private life of Governor Charnock presents a romantic incident not very uncommon at the period in which he flourished. Abolishing the rite of suttee, in a more summary manner than has been considered politic by his successors, he, struck by the charms of a young Hindoo female about to be sacrificed for the eternal welfare of her husband, directed his guards to rescue the unwilling victim from the pile. They obeyed, and conveying the widow, who happened to be exceedingly beautiful, and not more than fifteen years old, to his house, he took her under his protection, and an attachment thus hastily formed lasted until the time of her death, many years afterwards. Notwithstanding the loss of caste, which the lady sustained in exchanging a frightful sacrifice for a life of splendid luxury, the governor does not seem to have been at any pains to induce her to embrace Christianity. On the contrary, he himself appears to have been strangely imbued with pagan superstitions, for, having erected a mausoleum for the reception of the body, he ordered the sacrifice of a cock to her manes on the anniversary of her death, and this custom was continued until he was also gathered to his fathers. This mausoleum, one of the oldest pieces of masonry in Calcutta, is still in existence. Monuments of the like nature, with the exception of the annual slaughter of an animal, are to be seen in many parts of India; connexions between Indian women and English gentlemen of rank and education being often of the tenderest and most enduring description. Nor do these unions excite the horror and indignation amongst the natives that might be expected from their intolerant character; so far from it, indeed, that in many instances they have been known to offer public testimonials of their respect to those who have been faithful in their attachments throughout a series of years.

There is a very beautiful mausoleum, which attracts the visitor's eye in the immediate neighbourhood of a large native city, erected to the honour of a Moosulmanne lady, who lived for forty years with a civilian attached to the adjacent station; some of the rich inhabitants of the city, desirous to show the opinion they entertained of the conduct of both parties, presented a canopy of cloth of gold, richly embroidered, of the value of 1,000*l.*, to be placed, according to native custom, over the sarcophagus. That native women do not consider their seclusion from the world as any hardship, is plainly evinced by the mode of life which they voluntarily adopt on becoming the nominal wives of Englishmen. In most cases (always, if they have been respectable before their entrance into his family,) they confine themselves as strictly to the *zenana* of their Christian protector, as if their marriage had taken place according to their own forms and ceremonies, and, excepting in a few instances, where they adopt the externals of Christianity, they never make their appearance

abroad, but act in all respects as they would deem becoming in the lawful wife of a Mussulman or Hindoo of rank. This of course does not hold good with the lower orders, Ayahs, and others, who, having already forfeited their characters by publicly associating with men, have no respectability to keep up, and act openly in the most profligate manner.

One of the few monuments permitted to remain is of a very interesting character, and consists of fourteen pillars, raised to the memory of the same number of British officers who fell under General Abercrombie, about four-and-thirty years ago, in a dreadful conflict with the Rohillas. Upon this occasion, the Company's troops were left to fight single-handed; for, although their allies composed of 30,000 men, were brought into the field by the Nawab of Lucknow, they remained quiet spectators of the fray until victory had decided for the English: so high did the character of the Rohillas stand, that the men of Oude dared not to take part against them without being assured of their defeat. An obelisk is raised upon the spot where these devoted soldiers fell; and the glory of this splendid action is further commemorated by the alteration of the name of the village in Rohildund, which was the scene of the battle: it was formerly called *Bectora*, but is now styled by the natives *Fully gunge*, the 'place of victory.'

A few European residents in India have provided for the accommodation of their remains after death, by building their own tombs. Colonel Skinner, the commandant of the most distinguished corps of irregular horse in the Company's service, an officer not less celebrated for his gallantry in the field than for the splendour of his hospitality, has erected in the centre of a blooming garden, at his jaghire at Balaspore, a mausoleum of a very tasteful and elegant description, destined to contain the "mortal coil," when his chivalric spirit shall have fled. He is thus secure of a worthy resting-place, which is not always the case with those, however wealthy, who are content with leaving directions respecting their interment in their wills.

General Claude Martin, who has been not unjustly styled "a brave, ambitious, fortunate, and munificent Frenchman," having from a private soldier risen to the highest rank in the Company's army, constructed a tomb for himself in the underground floor of a grotesquely magnificent house, which he built at Lucknow. The body is deposited in a handsome altar-shaped sarcophagus of white marble, surmounted by a marble bust, and inscribed with a few lines, which do credit to his modesty: "Major-General Claude Martin, born at Lyons, January 1738; arrived in India as a common soldier, and died at Lucknow on the 15th of September 1800. Pray for his soul!" Surrounding the tomb stand four figures of grenadiers, as large as life, with their arms reversed, in the striking and expressive attitude used at military funerals; but the effect of this group is completely marred by the substitution of mean plaster effigies for the marble statues which General Martin intended should have formed the appropriate appendages of his monument. A large proportion of the property of this fortunate adventurer was devoted to charitable purposes, which, according to the prevailing notions on the subject of political economy, do more honour to the hearts than the heads of testators. Such doctrines, however, would be at present extremely ill-understood in India, where the wisdom which would withhold succour to the poor, the aged, and the infirm, requires a much more intimate acquaintance with the school-master to be properly appreciated.

In some of the very small European stations, no piece of consecrated ground has yet been set apart, as the final depositary of those who are destined to draw their last breath in exile. Though not always particularly ornamental in the immediate neighbourhood of a dwelling-house, the clumsy obelisks and ill-proportioned pyramids, reared over the bodies of the dead, form very interesting memorials to those who entertain a pious feeling towards their departed brethren. Tombs not unfrequently occur in the gardens and pleasure-grounds of the habitations of British residents, in the remote parts of the Upper Provinces, where they have a much better chance of being kept in good repair than in the crowded channels of more populous places. The only inconvenience which ever arises from a close vicinity to the mansions of the dead, is occasioned by the superstition of the natives, whose notions regarding spirits are of the strangest and most unaccountable nature imaginable. Many do not object to take up their own abode in a sepulchre. There is nothing extraordinary in the metamorphosis of a Moosulmanne tomb into the residence of an English gentleman, many choosing to appropriate the spacious apartments, so needlessly provided for the dead, to the accommodation of the living. This sort of de-

secreation is not objected to on the part of the Indian servants of the household, neither do they seem to entertain any fears of the resentment of the spirit whose quiet is thus disturbed; sometimes, as in the case of the sentinels before-mentioned, who present arms at a certain hour of the night, under the idea that they are doing honour to the disembodied soul of a distinguished individual, they rejoice in the supposition that they hold communion with departed spirits; but in many instances they appear to be governed by the most arbitrary feelings.

A bungalow in Bundelkhund was invariably deserted at sunset by all the servants of the establishment, notwithstanding their attachment to a very indulgent master, in consequence of a Christian infant, of some three or four years old, having been buried in the garden. It was said that the ghost of this poor child walked, and at a particular period of the night approached the house and made a modest demand for bread and butter,—an incident too full of horror to be borne! There was no remedy against the panic occasioned by this notion. The bungalow occupied a wild and desolate site on the top of a steep hill, infested by tigers and other savage beasts; and every night its solitary European inhabitant was left to the enjoyment of the wild serenades of these amateur performers, the servants decamping *en masse* to the village at its base.

In many parts of India, the natives fill *gurrabs* of water from the Ganges, and hang them on the boughs of the peepul trees, supposed to be haunted by the spirits of the dead, in order that they may drink of the sacred stream; but the expedient of laying a piece of bread and butter on the hungry infant's tomb does not appear to have occurred to the alarmed domestics. Many European houses in India are deserted in consequence of the reputation they have obtained of being haunted. But ghosts are not the only intruders dreaded by a superstitious people; demons disturb the peace of some families, and as there is no contending against the powers of darkness, the inhabitants are compelled to quit their residences, and give them up to desolation and decay. A splendid mansion on the Chowringhee road, to which some ridiculous legend is attached, is untenanted and falling into ruin. No one can be found to occupy it; the windows have deserted their frames, the doors hang loosely upon one hinge, rank grass has sprung up in its deserted courts, and fringed the projecting cornices while the whole affords a ghastly spectacle, and seems the fitting haunt of vampires and of ghouls.

The inscriptions upon the monumental remains of India are generally distinguished for their simplicity and plain good sense; sometimes, as in country church-yards at home, the grief of the survivors will outrun their discretion, and produce ludicrous expressions sadly out of place; occasionally also, the epitaphs are rather too ostentatious, but the greater proportion of tombstones, covering the dust of the Christian population, merely bear the name of the person who sleeps beneath, and the date of the period of their erection. In no instance is there any striking display of literary talent, and many of the most distinguished servants of the Company are suffered to repose without any written record of their public or private merits. The cemeteries of India, however, present numerous affecting testimonials of the reverential regard felt by the brother officers, of the brave youth who have perished untimely in the service of their country; some of the handsomest and proudest of these monumental remains have been raised by sorrowing comrades to young men scarcely beyond the age of boyhood, endeared to society by their domestic virtues, or challenging the applause of the world by some gallant action. Subscriptions for the erection of a tomb over the grave of a brother in arms, are common in the corps of the native army, and the most circumscribed burial-grounds are rarely without one or more of these tributes to departed virtue.

The residents of Madras have set the example of employing eminent English sculptors for the monuments raised to those whom they desire to honour. One, to the memory of Dr. Anderson, in St. George's Church, the work of Chantrey, is described to be a noble specimen of art; but though it would be comparatively easy to decorate the three presidencies with the labours of British chisels, the Upper Provinces must, for a very long period to come, depend upon the exertion of native talent. Though busts and statues could not at present be produced by Asiatic hands, there would be no difficulty in procuring an exact representation of the most beautiful models which taste could design.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONGHYR.

BEFORE our conquests in India had extended themselves throughout the whole of Hindostan, Monghyr, which in the time of the Moghuls was considered a place of great importance, formed one of the principal military stations of the British army. While it was selected for the dépôt for ammunition, since removed to Allahabad, it enjoyed all the honours of a frontier-fortress; but, in consequence of the immense portion of territory which now divides it from the boundaries of our possessions, it has been suffered to fall into decay. A few invalided soldiers garrison the dismantled citadel, which has been turned into an asylum for lunatics belonging to the native army, and a dépôt for military clothing, the tailors in the neighbourhood being considered particularly expert.

Monghyr is situated upon a rocky promontory abutting into the Ganges, and the walls of the fort, raised upon a sharp angle, have a fine effect: the point on which they stand, when the river is full and the current strong, renders the navigation difficult and dangerous to boats, which can only pass with a favourable wind, and run great risk of being driven against the rocks. The Ganges, at this place is extremely wide, appearing almost like a sea; and vessels being often detained by contrary winds at the ghauts of Monghyr, when a change takes place, the whole surface of the water is covered with barks of every description. The distance from Calcutta is about two hundred and seventy miles, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the situation. The remains of the fort are very striking: the plain is diversified by ridges of rock richly wooded, and upon some of the most favourable sites the European residents have erected those palace-like houses which give a regal air to the splendid landscapes of Bengal. The native town is irregular, and in many parts extremely picturesque, several of the bazaars stretching in long lines beneath the umbrageous shelter of magnificent groves. At the south and eastern gates of the fort there are streets, composed of brick houses, sufficiently wide for carriages to pass; but the remainder consists of scattered dwellings, chiefly built of mud. The place of worship in most repute amongst the Mahomedans is the monument of Peer Shah Lohani, which is held in great reverence by all classes of the people, the Hindoos making frequent offerings at the shrine of this saint, so highly is his memory venerated throughout the district.

A considerable trade is carried on at Monghyr, from the manufactures of the place; the workmen possess considerable skill, and construct palanquins, European carriages, and furniture, in a very creditable manner. Under the inspection of persons well acquainted with these arts, they can produce goods of a very superior description, and at an astonishingly low price. A well-carved, high-backed arm-chair, with a split-cane seat, was obtained by the writer for six rupees (12s.) The clothing for the army is made here; and it is celebrated for its shoes, both of the native and European forms. But the most famous of its manufactures is that of the blacksmiths, who work up steel and iron into a great variety of forms: these goods are coarse, and not of the very best description; but they are useful, especially to the natives, and remarkably cheap. Double-barrelled guns are sold for thirty-two rupees each, rifles at thirty, and table knives and forks at six rupees per dozen. Upon the arrival of a budgerow at Monghyr, the native vendors of almost innumerable commodities repair to the waterside in crowds, establishing a sort of fair upon the spot. Cages filled with specimens of rare birds from the hills, or with the more interesting of the reptiles, such as chameleons; chairs, tables, work-boxes, baskets, and cutlery of all kinds, are brought down to tempt the new arrivals; and few boats pass up the river, having strangers to the country on board, without furnishing customers to these industrious people. Young men, especially, who have not supplied themselves with the *chef d'œuvres* of Egg or Manton, risk the loss of life or limb by the purchase of rifles for tiger-shooting, which, to inexperienced eyes, have a very fair appearance, being only rather slight in the stock, and weak and irregular in the screws. It is perhaps safest to confine the purchases to iron goods of native construction; spears, which are necessary articles in the upper country, are of the best kind, and are sold at twenty annas (about 1s. 4d.) each; an inferior sort may be obtained for fourteen annas; and the *ungcetahs*, iron tripods in which charcoal is burned, are excellent. The only things that are wanting to improve the quality of the steel are a superior method of smelting, and a higher degree of labour bestowed on the anvil: the guns are not warranted not to burst, and it is not very difficult either to break or to bend the

knives. The art has been followed in Monghyr from time immemorial, the Vulcan of the Hindoo mythology having been supposed to have set up his forge at this place.

Since the importation of European fashions, a vast number of new articles have been introduced into the shops of the natives; tea-kettles, tea-trays, toasting-forks, sauce-pans, and other culinary vessels unknown in the kitchens of the Moslem or the Hindoo, are exhibited for sale; and both the ghaut, when vessels are passing up and down, and the bazaars, present a very lively scene, from the variety of the commodities and the gay costumes of the people.

In the changes which are now taking place in British India, Monghyr will, in all probability, be made to rival Sheffield or Birmingham in its manufactures; and it is rather extraordinary that no European cutler or gunsmith has yet been tempted to open a shop in this place. There would be no difficulty in rendering native workmen quite equal to those of England; and as the prejudices formerly entertained by the Anglo-Indian community against the imitation of European manufactures by less-practised hands is fast giving way, the guns and knives of Monghyr would be as much sought after as the saddles and harness of Cawnpore.

The establishment of manufactures in India would afford the best method of employing British capital, for natives of respectability, though not objecting to the occupation of merchants, and willing to sell every article that may be consigned to them, consider it to be *infra dig*, to superintend the mechanical part. Hence the artisans of India, left to their own resources, are unable to make any improvements in their art which will incur additional expense. The excellence of the workmanship of those employed in the service of Europeans, show how easily they can be trained to any mechanical employment when under the superintendence of scientific persons.

The fort of Monghyr occupies a large portion of ground, and though no longer affording any idea of a place of defence, is both striking and ornamental. It has not, like Allahabad, been ever modernized, or adapted to the prevailing system of warfare, but retains all its Asiatic character. Within the walls there is a plain of considerable extent, sprinkled with some majestic trees, and having two large tanks of water, the most considerable covering a couple of acres. The part which faces the river commands a splendid view, the distance being bounded by the ranges of the Rajmhal and Gurruckpore hills, which embay the Ganges on either side.

In addition to the invalided soldiers of the native army, there are a few European veterans settled in Monghyr, pensioners of the Company, who have relinquished all thoughts of home, and are content to spend the remainder of their days in the country which they entered in early youth. They have the choice of residence at four stations, Monghyr, Buxar, Chunar, or Moorshedabad; and the latter, it is said, is selected by the disreputable characters amongst these old soldiers, who are, however, sometimes very capricious, changing frequently before they can satisfy themselves which is the best and most agreeable retreat for their declining years. Officers upon the invalid establishment have a wider latitude, and obtain leave very easily to reside in any place which may suit them; they are not allowed to retire to Europe, nor does their promotion go on from the period of their quitting active service; but they have the full pay of their rank, and it affords an honourable provision for many, even young officers, who have not health or inclination for the performance of military duties; nor does a retirement upon the invalid establishment utterly extinguish hope, since there are several staff-appointments attached to it, to which those who can make interest at headquarters may look up. The invalided native soldier is one of the happiest and most contented persons in the world. He reaps the reward of all his previous toil, sits down to the enjoyment of untroubled rest with a competence sufficient to provide him with the comforts of life, and with the consciousness of occupying a respectable station in society. The profession of a soldier is in India considered highly honourable; so far from feeling degraded by the livery of war, it is the reward of good conduct, in a discharged sepoy, to be permitted to carry his uniform away with him to his native village, where it is worn upon great occasions, and commands the respect of all his associates.

The European society at Monghyr is rather limited, and in consequence of the major part being composed of persons belonging to the invalid establishment, who seek it as a place of retirement, the station is never a scene of gaiety: there are, however, appointments which are held by civil and military servants of the Company, who form a little circle amongst themselves, which is enlivened occasionally by the visits of

strangers passing up and down, and officers upon military duty, surveys, &c. from Dinapore, which is situated at an easy distance. The attractions of Monghyr, as a residence, must be, notwithstanding the temporary sojourn of guests, confined to the scenery, which combines every beauty that the rich and fertile provinces on either side can produce. The gently-rising hills and rocky ledges which diversify the landscape, offer new features to the traveller, who perchance has begun to weary of the flatness of the plains below, notwithstanding their magnificent embellishments of temples, groves, and palaces. About five miles from Monghyr there are some hot springs, which few people fail to visit who remain long enough at the place to make the excursion. They are situated at Seeta-coond, 'well of Seeta,' and though not possessing any medical properties, the water is much sought after on account of its great purity. The springs are enclosed in a cistern of brick, eighteen feet square. The temperature is so hot as to cause death to any animal venturing into it. There is a record of an European soldier who attempted to swim across, but was so miserably scalded as not to survive the perilous exploit. There is a difference in the degrees of heat at different periods, but the highest point to which the thermometer has risen upon immersion is said to be 163°. Persons travelling down the country, with the intention of returning to England, generally provide themselves with several dozens of bottles of the water from Seeta-coond, to serve as sea stock. It is the greatest luxury which can be imagined on board ship, where the quantity of the fresh element is limited, and where its quality is usually of the worst description. The well at Seeta-coond is sacred, and several brahmins are established in its neighbourhood, who are not above receiving a rupee from the Christian visitants: there appears to be no pollution in money; they, who would not touch an article of furniture belonging to persons of low or impure caste, have no hesitation where gold and silver coins are concerned—an inconsistency which, when pointed out to these scrupulous persons, they vainly attempt to justify.

The ground in the neighbourhood of these springs is exceedingly rocky, and furnishes many curious geological specimens; fluor and mica are plentiful, and *ubruc*, talc, or *lapis specularis*, also is very common. It is found in large masses, which divide easily into tough thin laminae, perfectly transparent. Formerly this substance was much in request with Europeans as a substitute for window-glass, but it is not now ever used for that purpose. It still forms the principal material for the ornamental portion of the decorations at native festivals, and when painted with a variety of colours, and illuminated, it is often employed in the construction of mimic palaces, rivalling that of Aladdin, or, as he is styled in India, Alla-ud-deen, in splendour. The hills in the distance are chiefly composed of limestone, far advanced in decomposition; they are exceedingly wild in their appearance, and inhabited by numerous tribes of savage animals. The passes of these elevations are infested with tigers, and travellers compelled to tread their labyrinths, encounter great risks. It is said that, when one of these ferocious animals lies in wait for a string of passengers, he usually selects the last of the party; and, under this impression, the palanquin and bangle bearers huddle together, keeping as close to each other as possible, in order to prevent their enemy from singling out a straggler for his meal. In solitary houses in this district, a tiger has been known in the evening, when the doors and windows happened not to be sufficiently secured, to walk into the central apartment, a strange unbidden guest: this is no very uncommon occurrence in the dak bungalows, erected by government for the accommodation of passengers proceeding to the upper country by the new road, which, between Calcutta and Benares, is cut through the jungle, which shortens the distance, but renders it extremely dangerous.

Bears are very numerous in these hills; and their size, strength, and exceeding fierceness, render them little less formidable than the tiger. However, young men, too fond of sport to be deterred by any peril, sometimes amuse themselves during the brief rest which the *dak* bungalows offer, by going out in search of this kind of game, and frequently with great success. An officer climbing to the top of the rocks with his gun, in the neighbourhood of the post-house, shot two enormous bears, and in the course of an hour carried off their skins in triumph on the top of his palanquin. The bearers of adventurous characters, such as the one just named, have sometimes to convey extraordinary kinds of luggage, or the human traveller is accompanied by four-footed friends as outside passengers. An officer, going down *dak* to Calcutta from Bhurtpore, carried a young tiger in a cage strapped upon the roof of his vehicle, a ravenous attendant, which made sad havoc

amongst the few fowls, sole tenants of the farm-yard of the not overpaid official who acts as *khansamah* at these scantily-furnished hotels. Animals of smaller dimensions, and less-devouring propensities, such as civet-cats, porcupines, &c., journey very safely and quietly in this manner, and the bearers never object to such an addition to the party. Without daring the terrors of the wild forests of Rajnhal, the visitors to Seeta-coond may form a very lively idea of the savage nature of their fastnesses, the rocky jungle, whose deep ravines are surrounded by unfathomable woods.

The neighbourhood of Monghyr is in a very high state of cultivation; and though tigers are to be found by those who seek them in their native haunts, they rarely presume to make their appearance in the inhabited districts. The roads are kept in good order; and the drives, especially that to Seeta-coond, exceedingly picturesque. Part of the way winds through narrow valleys enclosed on either side by rocky elevations, feathered from the summit to the base, the lofty tara palm trees springing above the rest, beautifully defined against the rich crimson of an eastern sky. On one or two of these eminences, a splendid mansion spreads its white wings, adding architectural beauty to the sylvan scenery.

In the cold season, Monghyr may be truly denominated a paradise, since there is nothing at other periods save the heat of the climate to detract from its enchantments. On the frontiers of Bengal and Behar, and scarcely belonging to either, the district in which it stands, and which is known by the natives under the name of Jungletree, partakes of the characteristics of the lower and the upper country; the verdure of Bengal lingers on the borders of Hindostan proper, while the low flat plains of the former yield to the undulations which diversify the high table-land stretching to the Himalaya, and which is intersected by numerous valleys or ravines, presenting passes full of romantic beauty.

Splendour of scenery, in a country in which, during many months of the year, its enjoyment must be confined to a short period, morning and evening, before the sun has risen and after it has set, does not compensate for the absence of society, the only gratification which can render India tolerable to those who have no absorbing pursuit; and consequently Monghyr is more desired as a temporary than a settled residence. Travellers, or visitors upon duty, who only see the brightest side of the picture, are charmed with the beauty of the landscape, and the gaiety of the native groups which give animation to the scene. It is a delightful place for a standing camp, affording delicious shade for canvass habitations, and shelter from those piercing winds which, sweeping over bare plains, are so severely felt in tents, which have not any security against their force.

A civilian, accompanied by his family, in the tour of his district, took possession of a beautiful spot in the neighbourhood of Monghyr. According to the Eastern custom, he was attended by a numerous train of dependents, whose establishments, together with his own, occupied a considerable space of ground. Amongst the domestic pets belonging to his family was a grey, black-faced monkey, with long arms and a long tail, which, on account of his mischievous propensities, was always kept chained to a post on which the hut which defended him from the inclemency of the weather was erected. One morning the wife of the civilian, who frequently amused herself with watching the antics of this animal, observed another monkey of the same species playing with the prisoner; she instantly sent round to the people in the camp to inquire whose monkey (for there are frequently several attached to one household) had got loose, and to desire that it might be instantly chained up. She was told that no one had brought a monkey with them, and that the creature which she had seen must be a stranger from the woods. An interesting scene now took place between the new acquaintance. After much jabbering and chattering, the wild monkey arose to go, and finding that his friend did not accompany him, returned, and taking him around the neck, urged him along: he went willingly the length of the chain, but then, prevented by stern necessity, he paused. In the course of a short time, the strange monkey seemed to comprehend the cause of his friend's detention, and grasping the chain, endeavoured to break it; the attempt was unsuccessful, and after several ineffectual efforts, both sat down in the attitude which the natives of India seem to have borrowed from these denizens of the woods, and making many piteous gesticulations, appeared to wring their hands and weep in despair. Night closed upon the interview, but the next day it was renewed, and now the monkey community was increased to three. Desirous to know where these creatures came from, the lady made inquiries of the natives of the place but they unanimously

agreed in declaring, that there was not, to their knowledge, a monkey tope belonging to the same species within a hundred miles. The most eager desire was manifested by the new comers to release the prisoner from his bondage: at first, as upon the former occasion, the arts of persuasion were tried; force was next resorted to, and in the end, doleful exclamations, jabbering of the most pathetic description, and tears.

On the following day, four or five monkeys made their appearance, and many were the discussions which appeared to take place between them; they tried to drag the captive up a tree, but the cruel chain still interposing, they seemed completely at their wits' end, uttering piercing lamentations, or so roughly endeavouring to effect a release, as to endanger the life of their friend. Pleased with the affectionate solicitude displayed by these monkeys, and sympathizing in their disappointment, the lady, after having amused herself for a considerable period by watching their manoeuvres, ordered one of the servants to let the monkey loose. The moment the party perceived that his freedom was effected, their joy was unbounded; embracing him many times, they gambolled and capered about with delight, and finally, seizing the emancipated prisoner by the arm, ran off with him to the woods, and were never seen again, not one of the same species appearing during the time the party remained in camp; thus corroborating the evidence of the natives, who persisted in declaring, that grey, black-faced monkeys, with long arms, were not inhabitants of the district.

A circumstance, somewhat similar, and equally authentic, which took place on the Madras side of India, related to the writer by an officer of rank to whom it occurred, may amuse those who take an interest in inquiring into the habits and manners of a race which, together with the conformation, seem to partake of the caprices and inconsistencies of man. Near to the bungalow in which the officer resided, and which had been newly erected in a jungly district, a troop of monkeys were in the habit of crossing the road daily, on their way to the neighbouring woods. On one of these occasions, a sepoy, perceiving the amusement which they afforded to his officer, caught a young one, and brought it to the house, where it remained fastened to one of the pillars of the verandah. The parents of this monkey were soon perceived to take up a position on a ledge of rocks opposite, but at some distance, where they could obtain a view of their imprisoned offspring, and there they sat all day, sometimes apparently absorbed in silent despair, at others breaking out into paroxysms of grief. This lasted for a long time; days passed away without reconciling the parents to their loss; the same scene was enacted, the same sorrow evinced; and being of a compassionate disposition, the young officer took pity upon the misery of the bereaved pair, and gave his captive liberty. Anticipating the contemplation of the greatest delight at the meeting, he looked out to the rock whither the young monkey instantly repaired, but instead of the happy reunion which his fancy had painted, a catastrophe of the most tragic nature ensued. Seizing the truant in their arms, the old monkeys tore it to pieces in an instant; thus destroying at once the pleasurable sensations of the spectator, and perplexing him with vain conjectures whether, irritated by their previous distress, they had avenged themselves upon its cause, or whether, in the delirium of their joy, they had too roughly caressed the object of their lamentations. Having committed this strangely cruel act, the monkeys took their departure.

Amid the interesting places in the neighbourhood of Monghyr, the celebrated rock of Jungheera must not be omitted. It consists of several masses of grey granite, rising boldly from the river. It is supposed to have formerly been a point of land projecting from the shore, but it is now completely isolated by the violence of the current, which rushes down in the rainy season with extraordinary vehemence and rapidity. Trees have imbedded their roots amid the crevices of this picturesque rock, and on its terraces several small temples are erected, adding much to the romantic beauty of the scene. It has been, during many ages, considered one of the most sacred places in the Ganges, and is a great resort of Hindoo devotees, who crowd to it, not only on account of its reputed sanctity, but to offer their homage at the shrine of Narayan, an idol of great celebrity at this place, whose figure, besides being preserved in one of the pagodas, is sculptured upon several parts of the rock, together with those of Vishnu, Seeva, and Sirooj. Jungheera is inhabited by Hindoo fakeers, who are not above asking charity of the European voyagers on the river, but who will not condescend to accept copper money from them. Passing Jungheera in the rains, when the Ganges runs roaring through the rocks with great noise and violence, a sensation of danger is added to the sublimity of the land-

scape; but when the river is low, and its turbulence has abated, nothing can be more calm and lovely than the scene.

Between the two rocks, there is a ghaat or landing-place, gently sloping into the water, and never without a cluster of those graceful figures, which in this picturesque country form themselves so readily into groups, such as artists delight to sketch, a sort of *tableaux vivans*, which must be vainly sought amidst the peasantry of England. From this ghaat the ascent to the summit is by flights of steps cut out of the solid rock. In the temple, which crowns this height, the principal fakier is usually to be seen, sitting on a tiger-skin by way of carpet, and having the skull of one of these animals by his side.

According to the rules of their order, this begging fraternity are very scantily clothed, their greatest claims to sanctity resting upon the voluntary abandonment of the luxuries and comforts of life. The contempt which they profess for all domestic accommodation, is, however, very inconsistent with their known propensity to accumulate worldly treasure. It is no secret in the neighbourhood, that the chief of the fakiers, who, covered with dirt and ashes, seems to have relinquished every vanity, is the proprietor of a considerable estate, and the possessor of numerous flocks and herds. It is shrewdly suspected that these self-denying ascetics do not spend their whole time upon the rock of Jungheera, but that there are seasons in which they indemnify themselves for the penances which they undergo, in order to secure the veneration of an ignorant multitude. The disguise of chalk, long matted locks disfigured with dirt, and untrimmed beards, renders it easy for three or four confederates to personate one fakier, relieving guard at stated intervals, and when off duty enjoying all the delights which money can purchase. The same person apparently may be seen always sitting in the same posture, neither eating, drinking, or smoking, and with nothing but the boughs of a tree to shelter him from the inclemencies of the season; and yet these privations, sustained only at stated times by one of several individuals, may be extremely light. But, though an immense number of hypocrites are to be found amongst these people, there are many Hindoo devotees, who really and truly encounter the most frightful hardships for the sake of a reward hereafter.

At a considerable distance below Jungheera, there are other rocks which attract the attention of the voyager; they are profusely sculptured and fringed to their bases with wild creepers, and the overhanging garlands of the trees, which spring from every fissure. The projecting points of Colgong and Patergota form a beautiful bay at this place; the amphitheatre of hills, gleaming like amethysts in the sun-set, and the small wooded islands, which rise in fairy beauty upon the glittering surface of Ganges, present a scene of loveliness, which it is scarcely possible to behold unmoved.

But there are objects of utility, as well as of beauty, to interest the traveller, whose destiny leads him to the neighbourhood of Monghyr. Above, on the opposite bank of the Ganges, a work has been constructed, which has excited the admiration of all who are capable of appreciating the importance of the benefit which it has conferred. The zillah or province of Sarun, during many ages, enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most fertile tracts in the British territories, having had the name, common to all fruitful places, of "the garden of India," bestowed upon it. A melancholy change, however, took place, in consequence of the encroachments of the river Gunduck, which undermined the dyke, and at length carried it away. This calamity threatened the destruction of a fair and populous district; for, too frequently, extensive tracts of valuable land were inundated by the rising of the river, which on its reflux left nothing but barren wastes covered with sand, and hillocks alike unfitted for agricultural or pastoral occupation. The inhabitants, driven from their employments, forsook their villages, and for many miles the country presented nothing but waste and devastation. In the early part of 1830, the supreme government determined upon arresting the devastating encroachments of the river, and Captain Sage, the executive officer of the division, was directed to construct a dyke, or bund, for the security of the adjacent country. He commenced his operations in the middle of April in the same year, and on the nineteenth of the following June had completed his undertaking, along a distance of ninety-two miles two furlongs and fifty-seven yards. The bund is in its average dimensions forty-five feet wide at the base, ten in width at the top, and nine feet in height, forming an elevated road, on which carriages of any description may safely be driven. Another cross bund, supplied with sixteen sluices for the purpose of irrigation, was completed after the rains by the same indefatigable officer, who, under a burning sun, in the hottest season of the year, accomplished a work

which would have done credit to the genius of Holland. No fewer than 19,489 men were employed daily in this undertaking; and strict personal superintendence was necessary to secure their effectual co-operation. The merit of the design also belongs to Captain Sage; and in the opinion of competent judges, the solidity of the construction is such as to defy the utmost force of the river for many ages to come.

Agriculture, as well as manufactures, flourishes in the neighbourhood of Monghyr; grain of all kinds, sugar, and indigo are in great abundance, and the country is celebrated for its opium. Immense fields of poppies, which, though they have been not unjustly described as all glare and stench, have a gay appearance, their flowers varying in colours, like the tulip or the anemone, and changing with every breeze that sweeps across them, render part of the cultivated district one wide *parterre*. Cotton plantations abound; the paths are strewn with pods full to bursting, which disclose the soft treasure within, appearing like a lump of wool intermixed with a few black seeds: the blossom of the cotton plant is very pretty, somewhat resembling that of the gum cistus, but of a pale yellow. There are also large tracts of indigo, a dark green shrubby plant; the neighbourhood of a factory being always indicated by the appearance of the lower order of natives employed in it. The name given to them, that of *leel wallahs* (blue fellows), is very characteristic and appropriate, for they are literally blue; the few clothes which they wear are dyed of that colour, and so are their skins, which seem to take the tint very easily. The contrast between the steel-coloured and the copper-coloured brethren has a very droll effect. There are gardens of the betel-nut and sugar-plantations in this part of the country, and though the coco-tree has almost disappeared, its place in the landscape is supplied by the date and tara palm. Cocos are not supposed to grow luxuriantly except in the vicinity of the coast; but their cultivation in many inland situations in India shows that a little care alone is necessary for their introduction into the most remote parts of Hindostan. Nothing can be more beautiful than the effect produced by their magnificent coronals, when intermixed with the foliage of other trees.

The coco-nut tree is revered and esteemed sacred in India, on account of its utility. It affords nutritious food and several kinds of beverage. When green, its fruit is excellent stewed; and when not eaten alone, slices enter into the composition of *kaaries*, and other made dishes: no one can have an idea of the flavour and delicacy of a coco-nut, who has only tasted it in the hard dry state in which it is brought to Europe. The milk from the freshly-gathered fruit is delicious. Vinegar is manufactured, and spirits distilled, from the juice of the palm-tree; the oil it yields is unrivalled in excellence; its leaves plaited are employed in making the walls and covering in the roofs of native cottages, and the fibres are twisted into cables, or, when finely picked, used for the stuffing of mattresses, cotton being esteemed too warm and soft for the climate. The coco-nut, either whole or in slices, always enters into the offerings made to the deities, whose shrines occur in the district where it grows. Graceful girls may be seen, carrying a small tray of polished brass, on which spices, fragrant flowers, and slices of the coco-nut are laid, intended for the altar of Mahadeva, or some equally venerated object of their worship. The same honours do not appear to be paid to the bamboo, although it is, if possible, more important than the coco-nut, being used for scaffoldings, enclosures, houses, ladders, masts, oars, poles of every kind, and almost every sort of furniture.

There is no resident clergyman at Monghyr; but it is occasionally visited by the district chaplains, and a Baptist missionary has an establishment, where public worship is constantly performed. At the visit of Bishop Heber, the congregation did not exceed sixty persons, of which three only were natives: a proof of the difficulty attending conversion in India, since nothing can be more fervent than the zeal which Christian missionaries bring to their endeavours.

The bank of the Ganges opposite to Monghyr has not the slightest pretensions to beauty; its low, flat, swampy shores, intersected with reedy islets, are the haunts of multitudes of alligators, which, in the hot season, may be seen sunning themselves by the side of the huge ant-hills erected upon the sand-banks, appearing above the surface of the water. Some of these animals attain to a prodigious size; they are exceedingly difficult to kill, in consequence of the adamantine armour in which the greater part of their bodies is cased. Even when the balls penetrate less guarded points, they are so tenacious of life as to cause a great deal of trouble before they can be finally despatched. One, which had received eight balls, and was supposed to be dead, after having been tied to

the bamboo of a budgerow for a whole day, exhibited in the evening so much strength and fierceness, as to be a dangerous neighbour. Many of these monsters are fifteen feet long, and they swim fearlessly past the boats, lifting up their terrific heads, and raising their dark bodies from the water as they glide along. Though not so frequently as in former times, when the echoes of the river were less disturbed by the report of fire-arms, natives are still the victims of that species of alligator, which lies in wait for men and animals, venturing incautiously too near their haunts. In many that have been killed, the silver ornaments worn by women and children, have been found, a convincing proof of the fearful nature of their prey.

An alligator, it is said, will sometimes make a plunge amidst a group of bathers at a ghaut, and, singling out one of the party, dart into the middle of the stream, defying pursuit by the rapidity of its movements against the current, through which it will fly with the velocity of an arrow, and having reached deep water it sinks with its victim into the abysses of the river. Eye-witnesses have given very frightful descriptions of the cruelty practised upon the unfortunate creatures fated to become the prey of these savage monsters. It is said that the alligator will play with its victim like a cat with a mouse, tossing it into the air, and catching it again in its jaws, before the final despatch; and persons standing at a ghaut have witnessed this horrid spectacle, when one of their juvenile companions has been carried away without a chance of rescue. Probably, however, the alligator is obliged by its peculiar conformation to adopt this mode of swallowing its food: when it has captured one of the finny tribe, the fish is always seen to flash far above the water before it descends into the capacious jaws opened to receive it.

Sportsmen, the younger portion especially, delight in waging war against these giants of the stream, as they lie wallowing in the mud in shallow places, and presenting the defenceless parts of their bodies to the marksman. In the Sunderbunds, where the creeks and natural canals of the Ganges wind through the forest, whose margin almost mingles with the stream, alligators are sometimes engaged in deadly encounters with the tiger. A battle of this kind witnessed by a missionary is described to have been a drawn one, for although the tiger succeeded in dragging his unwieldy adversary into the jungle, after the lapse of an hour or two the alligator was seen to emerge, and to regain the water, not very materially injured by the conflict it had sustained.

The natives of Monghyr are a quiet industrious race, rarely participating in the crimes which are so frequently perpetrated in the upper and lower country, neither addicted to the lawless proceedings, the onslaughts, murders, and highway robberies often committed in open day by the warlike tribes of Hindostan, nor to the petty thefts, forgeries, burglaries, and sundry kinds of knavery, so common amidst the more artful and more timid Bengallees. Like all other natives, they are exceedingly litigious, and the attention of the public courts is taken up by suits of the most frivolous nature.

A civilian of rank, marching through the district, upon entering the breakfast tent, at the place of encampment for the day, was surprised by a very extraordinary apparition. An old woman, so withered and so wild in her attire as scarcely to seem to belong to humanity, was squatted in the corner. Rising up at his approach, she began to exclaim, or rather to scream out at the top of her voice, with all the fervour and volubility which mark her sex and country, a most unintelligible harangue, which the servants, who looked rather conscious, attempted to stop by vociferating "*Chooop! chooop!*" (silence!) and by an endeavour to eject her from the tent. The judge, however, insisted upon hearing her story; and becoming a little calm, she stated that her ancestors had ruined themselves by defending their right to a certain tree, which grew upon the boundaries of two estates; that judgment had been given and reversed many times, and that she, having carried on the suit in her own person, had obtained a decree, the fifteenth given, in her favour, and that now that she was absolutely reduced to poverty, with nothing but the possession of the tree to console her for the loss of the land, which had been sold to establish her right to it, the Saib's *khidmutgars* requiring wood to boil water in a tea-kettle, had cut down this identical tree with their sacrilegious hands. The men, in vindication, stated that it was a stunted pollard, absolutely worthless, and fit only for fire-wood, a fact which they proved by incontestable evidence. Nevertheless, the old woman persisted in demanding justice, told her story over and over again, aggravating at each time the magnitude of the injury she had sustained, demanding many hundred rupees as a compensation; and finally, the judge, having ascer-

tained that the woman's statement was true, and that her family had been ruined in consequence of repeated legal contests for the property, sent her off with a gold mohur, the highest price which our friend had ever paid for a bundle of sticks.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BABA LOGUE.

It is possible to penetrate into the drawing-room of a mansion in England without being made aware that the house contains a troop of children, who, though not strictly confined to the nursery, seldom quit it except when in their best dresses and best behaviours, and who, when seen in any other part of the house, may be considered in the light of guests. It is otherwise in India. Traces of the *baba logue*, the Hindostanee designation of a tribe of children, are to be discovered the instant a visitor enters the outer verandah; a rocking-horse, a small cart, a wheeled chair, in which the baby may take equestrian or carriage exercise within doors, generally occupy conspicuous places, and probably—for Indian domestics are not very scrupulous respecting the proprieties in appearances—a line may be stretched across, adorned with a dozen or so of little muslin frocks, washed out hastily to supply the demand in some extraordinarily sultry day. From the threshold to the deepest recesses of the interior, every foot of ground is strewn with toys of all sorts and dimensions, and from all parts of the world—English, Dutch, Chinese, and Hindostanee. In a family blessed with numerous olive branches, the whole house is converted into one large nursery; drawing-rooms, ante-rooms, bed-rooms, and dressing-rooms, are all peopled by the young fry of the establishment. In the first, a child may be seen sleeping on the floor, under a musquito-net, stretched over an oval bamboo frame, and looking like a patent wire dish-cover; in the second, an infant of more tender years reposes on the arms of a bearer, who holds the baby in a manner peculiar to India, lying at length on a very thin mattress, formed of several folds of thick cotton cloth, and croaking a most lugubrious lullaby, as he paces up and down; in a third, two or more of the juveniles are assembled, one with its only garment converted into leading-strings, another sitting under a punkah, and a third running after a large ball, with a domestic trotting behind, and following the movements of the child in an exceedingly ludicrous manner.

Two attendants, at the least, are attached to each of the children; one of these must always be upon duty, and the services of the other are only dispensed with while at meals; an *ayah* and a *bearer* are generally employed, the latter being esteemed the best and most attentive nurse of the two. These people never lose sight of their respective charges for a single instant, and seldom permit them to wander beyond arms' length; consequently, in addition to the company of the children, that of their domestics must be endured, who seem to think themselves privileged persons; and should the little master or miss under their care penetrate into the bed-chamber of a visitor—no difficult achievement, where all the doors are open—they will follow close and make good their entrance also. It is their duty to see that the child does not get into any mischief, and as they are certain of being severely reprehended if the little urchin should happen to tumble down and hurt itself, for their own sakes they are careful to prevent such a catastrophe at any personal inconvenience whatever to their master's guests. When the children are not asleep, they must be amused, an office which devolves upon the servants, who fortunately take great delight in all that pleases the infant mind, and never weary of their employment. They are a little too apt to resort to a very favourite method of beguiling time, that of playing on the *tom-tom*, an instrument which is introduced into every mansion tenanted by the *baba logue* for the ostensible purpose of charming the young folks, but in reality to gratify their own peculiar taste. An almost constant drumming is kept up from morning until night, a horrid discord, which, on a very hot day, aggravates every other torment. The rumbling and squeaking of a low cart, in which a child is dragged for hours up and down a neighbouring verandah, the monotonous ditty of the old bearer, of which one can distinguish nothing but *babe*, added to the incessant clamour of the *tom-tom*, to say nothing of occasional squalls, altogether furnish forth a concert of the most hideous description.

Nevertheless, the gambols of children, the ringing glee of their infant voices, and the infinite variety of amusement which they afford, do much towards dispelling the *ennui* and *tedium* of an Indian day. The climate depresses their spirits to a certain point; they are diverting without being troublesome, for there is always an attendant at hand to whom they may be consigned should they become unruly; and certainly, considering how much they are petted and spoiled, it is only doing Anglo-Indian children justice to say, that they are, generally speaking, a most orderly race. There can scarcely be a prettier sight than that of a group of fair children, gathered round or seated in the centre of their dark-browed attendants, listening with eager countenances to one of those marvellous legends, of which Indian story-tellers possess so numerous a catalogue; or convulsed with laughter as they gaze upon the antics of some merry fellow, who forgets the gravity and dignity considered so becoming to a native, whether Moslem or Hindoo, in his desire to afford entertainment to the *baba logue*. In one particularly well-regulated family, in which the writer happened to be a temporary inmate, a little boy anxiously expressed a wish that we would go very early to a ball which was to take place in the evening, because, he said, he and his brothers were to have a *dhole*, and the bearers had promised to dance for them. A *dhole* is an instrument of forty-drum-power; fortunately, both children and servants had the grace to reserve it for their own private recreation, and doubtless, for that night at least, the jackalls were scared from the door.

The dinner for the children is usually served up at the same time with the tiffin placed before the seniors of the family. The young folks sit apart, accommodated with low tables, and arm-chairs of correspondent size; and as they are usually favourites with all the servants, it is no uncommon thing to see the whole *posse* of *khidmutgars* desert their masters' chairs to crowd round those of the *babus*. One of the principal dishes at the juvenile board is denominated *pish pash*, weak broth thickened with rice, and a fowl pulled to pieces; another, called *dhat baat*, consists of rice and yellow peas stewed together; *croquettes*, a very delicate preparation of chicken, beaten in a mortar, mixed up with fine batter, and fried in egg-shaped balls, is also very common; and there is always a *kaaree*. Europeans entertain only one notion respecting a curry, as they term the favourite Indian dish, and which they suppose to be invariably composed of the same ingredients, a rich stew, highly seasoned, and served with rice. There are, however, infinite varieties of the *kaaree* tribe; that which is eaten by the natives differing essentially from that produced at European tables; while there is a distinct preparation for children, and another for dogs; rice and turmeric are the constant accompaniments of all, but with respect to the other articles employed, there is a very wide latitude, of which the native cooks avail themselves, by concocting a kind peculiar to their own manufacture, which is not to be found at any table save that of the person whom they serve.

Captain Basil Hall assures us that the *kaaree* is not of Asiatic origin, and that the natives of India owe its introduction to the Portuguese; a startling assertion to those who are acquainted with the vehement objection to any innovation in dress or food entertained by Hindoos of all castes, and by the Moosulmans of this part of the world also, who are even less liberal than those of other countries. Nevertheless, it is an indisputable fact that, notwithstanding the prejudice which exists all over India against the adoption of foreign novelties, an exception has been made in favour of a few importations, which are now in universal request, and which even the best-informed natives can scarcely be made to believe were not indigenous to the soil, and entered as deeply into the household economy of their most remote ancestors as in their own at the present day. Tobacco, for instance, has found its way to every part of the Peninsula, and must have extended rapidly to the most remote places, immediately upon its introduction from Turkey or Persia, or by the early Portuguese colonists. The *chili*, another American plant, is in almost equal esteem, and is to be purchased in all the native bazaars; while every class,—whether the staple food, as amongst the wealthy Moosulmans, be flesh, or cakes of flour, which latter compose the meal of the poorer orders dwelling in the upper provinces, or the boiled rice of the low grounds,—is invariably accompanied by *kaaree*, composed of vegetables mixed up with a variety of spices, and enriched, according to the means of the party with *ghee*. *Chutney*, in all probability, was formerly used as the sauce to flavour the rice or flour-cakes, which, without some adjunct of the kind, must be extremely insipid; but the substitute offers a very superior relish, and as in its least elaborate state it is within the reach of the very

poorest native, its invention and dissemination are actual benefits conferred upon the country. The *kaaree* for children is, of course, extremely simple, nor indeed are highly-seasoned dishes very frequently seen at European tables in the Bengal Presidency. They have nothing like the pepperpot of the West-Indies, and it is rarely that the gastronome, delighting in the quintessence of spice, can be gratified by the productions of Indian cookery.

The *khana*, dinner of the *baba logue*, is washed down with pure water, and, in about an hour or two after its conclusion, preparations for the evening exercise commence. The children are to be bathed for the second, and re-attired perhaps for the tenth time in the day. In the hot weather, it is not until this hour that the slightest pains are considered necessary about the personal appearance of the young folks, who, until they are four or five years old, are permitted to go about the house during the earlier part of the day sometimes more than half-naked. In the evening, however, the toilette is a more serious affair; babies are decked out in their laced caps, and a pair of *pajammas* (trowsers) are added to the frocks of their elder brothers and sisters, while those still more advanced in years are enrobed in their best suits, and flourish in ribbonsashes and embroidered hems; but, excepting in the cold weather, there are no hats, bonnets, tippets, or gloves to be seen.

It is not often that parents accompany their children in the evening drive or walk; the latter are taken out by their attendants at least an hour before grown-up people choose to exhibit themselves in the open air. The equipages of the *baba logue* are usually kept expressly for their accommodation, and of a build and make so peculiar as to render them no very enviable conveyances for their seniors: palanquin-carriages of all sorts and descriptions, drawn by one horse or a pair of bullocks, in which the children and the servants squat together on the floor; common palanquins, containing an infant of two or three years old, with its bearer; *taun jauns*, in which a female nurse is seated with a baby on her lap; together with miniature sociables, chaises, and shandrydams,—in short every sort of vehicle adapted to the Lilliputian order, are put into requisition. Many of the little folks are mounted upon ponies; some of these equestrians are so young as to be unable to sit upon their steeds without the assistance of a *chuprassy* on each side, and a groom to lead the animal; others, older and more expert, scamper along, keeping their attendants, who are on foot, at full speed, as they tear across the roads, with heads uncovered and hair flying in the wind.

One of the prettiest spectacles afforded by the evening drive in Calcutta, is the exhibition of its juvenile inhabitants, congregated on a particular part of the plain between the Government-house and the fort, by the side of the river. This is the chosen spot; all the equipages, a strange grotesque medley, are drawn up at the corner, and the young people are seen, in crowds, walking with their servants, laughing, chattering, and full of glee, during the brief interval of enfranchisement. For the most part, they are pale, delicate little creatures; cherry-cheeks are wholly unknown, and it is only a few who can boast the slightest tinge of the rose. Nevertheless, there is no dearth of beauty; independent of feature, the exceeding fairness of their skins, contrasted with the Asiatic swarthiness around them, and the fairy lightness of their forms, are alone sufficient to render them exceedingly attractive. Not many number more than eight years, and perhaps in no other place can there be seen so large an assembly of children, of the same age and rank, disporting in a promenade. Before night closes in upon the gay crowd, still driving on the neighbouring roads, the juvenile population take their departure, and being disposed in their respective carriages, return home. At day-break, they make their appearance again, in equal numbers; but their gambols are *per-force* confined to the broad and beaten path; they dare not, as in Europe, disperse themselves over the green sward, nor enjoy the gratification of rolling and tumbling on the grass, filling their laps with wild flowers, and pelting each other with showers of daisies. Their attendants keep a sharp look-out for snakes, and though these reptiles are sometimes seen gliding about in the neighbourhood, there is no record of an accident to the *baba logue* from their poisonous fangs.

Itinerant vendors of toys take their station in the favourite haunt of their most liberal patrons, exhibiting a great variety of tempting articles, all bright and gaudy with gold and silver. These glittering wares are formed out of very simple materials, but a good deal of ingenuity is displayed in the construction: elephants more than a foot high, richly caparisoned, hollow, and made of paper, coloured to the life, with trunks which move about to the admiration of all the behold-

ers, may be purchased for a few pice; nearly equally good imitations of budgerows and palanquins, also of paper, bear a still smaller price; there are, besides, cages containing brilliant birds of painted clay, suspended from the top bars by an almost invisible hair, and so constantly in motion as to be speedily demolished by cats, should they happen to hang within reach of their claws; magnificent cockatoos made of the pith of a plant which is turned to many purposes in India, and which in China is manufactured into paper; to these whirligigs and reptiles of wax, set in motion by the slightest touch are added. The Calcutta toymen, though not equally celebrated, far surpass those of Benares in the accuracy of their representations of animate and inanimate objects; they work with more fragile materials, and their chief dependence being upon customers fond of novelties, they are constantly bringing new articles into the market. In the upper provinces, where the demand is less, European children are obliged to be content with the common toys of the bazaars; non-descripts carved in wood, fac-similes of those which pleased former generations, but which are discarded the instant that better commodities are offered for sale.

The popular evening entertainment for children in Calcutta, juvenile balls not yet being established, is an exhibition of *fantoccini*, which goes by the name of a *kat poollee nautch*. The showmen are of various grades, and exhibit their puppets at different prices, from a rupee upwards, according to the richness of their scenery and decorations. A large room in the interior is selected for the place of representation; a sheet stretched across between two pillars, and reaching within three feet of the ground, conceals the living performers from view; there is a back scene behind this proscenium, generally representing the exterior of a palace of silver, and the entertainment commences with the preparations for a grand *darbar*, or levee, in which European ladies and gentlemen are introduced. The puppets are of a very grotesque and barbarous description, inferior to the generality of Indian handy-works, but they are exceedingly well-managed, and perform their evolutions with great precision. Sofas and chairs are brought in for the company, who are seen coming to court, some on horseback, some on elephants, and some in carriages; their descent from these conveyances is very dexterously achieved; and the whole harlequinade of fighting, dancing, tiger-hunting, and alligator-slaying goes off with great *éclat*. The audience, however, forms the most attractive part of the spectacle. The youngest babies occupy the front rows, seated on the ground or in the laps of their nurses, who look very picturesque in the Eastern attitude, half-shadowed by their long flowing veils; beyond these scattered groups, small arm-chairs are placed, filled with little gentry capable of taking care of themselves; and behind them, upon sofas, the manas and a few female friends are seated, the rest of the room being crowded with servants, male and female, equally delighted with the *baba logue* at the exploits of the wooden performers.

Generally, several of the native children belonging to the establishment are present, clad in white muslin chemises, with silver bangles round their wrists and ancles, their fine dark eyes sparkling with pleasure as they clap their little hands and echo the *wah! wah!* of their superiors. Many of these children are perfectly beautiful, and their admission into the circle adds considerably to the effect of the whole scene. The performances are accompanied by one or two instruments, and between the acts, one of the showmen exhibits a few of the common feats of sleight of hand accomplished with so much ease by the inferior orders of Indian jugglers.

There is another species of dramatic representation, in which the *baba logue* take especial delight. A man, a goat, and a monkey, comprise the *dramatis personæ*; the latter, dressed as a sepoy, goes through a variety of evolutions, aided by his horned and bearded coadjutor. The children—though from the constant repetition of this favourite entertainment they have the whole affair by heart, and could at any time enact the part of either of the performers,—are never weary of listening to the monologue of the showman, and of gazing on the antics of his dumb associates. This itinerant company may be seen wandering about the streets of Calcutta all the morning; a small *douceur* to the *durwan* at the gate admits them into the compound, and the little folks in the verandah no sooner catch a glimpse of the mounted monkey, than they are wild for the rehearsal of the piece.

Time in India is not much occupied by the studies of the rising generation; an infant prodigy is a *rara avis* amongst the European community; for, sooth to say, the education of children is shockingly neglected; few can speak

a word of English, and though they may be highly accomplished in Hindostanee, their attainments in that language are not of the most useful nature, nor, being entirely acquired from the instructions of the servants, particularly correct or elegant. Some of the *babas* learn to sing little Hindostanee airs very prettily, and will even *improvise* after the fashion of the native poets; but this is only done when they are unconscious of attracting observation, for the love of display, so injudiciously inculcated in England, has not yet destroyed the simplicity of Anglo-Indian children. The art in which, unhappily, quick and clever urchins attain the highest degree of proficiency, is that of scolding. The Hindostanee vocabulary is peculiarly rich in terms of abuse; native Indian women, it is said, excel the females of every other country in volubility of utterance, and in the strength and number of the opprobrious epithets which they shower down upon those who raise their ire. They can declaim for five minutes at a time without once drawing breath; and the shrillness of their voices adds considerably to the effect of their eloquence.

This description of talent is frequently turned to account in a manner peculiar to India. Where a person conceives himself to be aggrieved by his superior in a way which the law cannot reach, he not unfrequently revenges himself upon his adversary, by hiring two old women out of the bazaar, adepts in scurrility, to sit on either side of his door. These hags possess a perfect treasury of foul words, which they lavish upon the luckless master of the house with the heartiest good-will, and without stint or limitation. Nor are their invectives confined to him alone; to render them the more poignant, all his family, and particularly his mother, are included; nothing of shame or infamy is spared in the accusations heaped upon her head; a stainless character avails her not, since she is assailed merely to give a double sting to the malicious attacks upon her son. So long as these tirades are wasted upon the ears of the neighbours, they are comparatively innocuous; but should they find their way to the tympanums against which they are directed, the unfortunate man is involved in the deepest and most irremediable disgrace; if he be once known to have heard it he is undone: consequently, for the preservation of his dignity, the object of this strange persecution keeps himself closely concealed in the most distant chamber of his house, and a troop of horse at his gate could not more effectually detain him prisoner than the virulent tongues of two abominable old women. The *chokeydars*, who act in the capacity of the *gendarmes* of Europe, take no cognizance of the offence; the mortified captive is without a remedy, and must come to terms with the person whom he has offended, to rid himself of the pestilent effusions of his tormentors.

With such examples before their eyes,—for there is not a woman, old or young, in the compound, who could not exert her powers of elocution with equal success,—a great deal of care is necessary to prevent the junior members of a family from indulging in the natural propensity to scold and call names. Spoiled and neglected children abuse their servants in an unlawful manner, using language of the most horrid description, while those parents who are imperfectly acquainted with Hindostanee are utterly ignorant of the meaning of the words which come so glibly from the tongues of their darlings.

In British India, children and parents are placed in a very singular position with regard to each other; the former do not speak their mother-tongue; they are certain of acquiring Hindostanee, but are very seldom taught a word of English until they are five or six years old, and not always at that age. In numerous instances, they cannot make themselves intelligible to their parents, it being no uncommon case to find the latter almost totally ignorant of the native dialect, while their children cannot converse in any other. Some ladies improve themselves by the prattle of their infants, having perhaps known nothing of Hindostanee until they have got a young family about them, an inversion of the usual order of things; the children, though they may understand English, are shy of speaking it, and do not, while they remain in India, acquire the same fluency which distinguishes their utterance of the native language. The only exceptions occur in King's regiments, where of course English is constantly spoken, and the young families of the officers have ample opportunity of making themselves acquainted with their vernacular tongue in their intimate association with the soldiers of the corps. Under such tuition, purity of pronunciation, it may be supposed, would be wanting; but children educated entirely at the schools instituted in King's regiments, do not contract that peculiar and disagreeable accent which invariably characterizes the dialect of the country-

born, and which the offspring of Europeans, if brought up in the academical establishments of Calcutta, inevitably acquire. The sons of officers who cannot afford to send their children to England for their education, often obtain commissions in their fathers' regiments, having grown up into manhood without quitting the land of their birth, and without having enjoyed those advantages which are supposed to be necessary to qualify them for their station in society; yet these gentlemen are not in the slightest degree inferior to their brother officers in their attainments in classic and English literature; in the latter, perhaps, they are even more deeply versed, since they can only obtain an acquaintance with many interesting circumstances relative to their father-land through the medium of books; while they excel in Hindostance, and are certain of being appointed to the interpretship of the corps to which they belong. Clergymen's sons, also, do infinite credit to the instructions which they receive in India; and though it may be advisable for them to follow the general example, and finish their studies in Europe, it is not actually necessary; but without the advantages enjoyed by the parties above-mentioned, it is scarcely possible to obtain even a decent education in India.

The climate is usually supposed to be exceedingly detrimental to European children after they have attained their sixth or seventh year; but vast numbers grow up into men and women without having sought a more genial atmosphere, and when thus acclimated, the natives themselves do not sustain the heat with less inconvenience. When the pecuniary resources of the parents leave them little hope of returning to Europe with their families, the accomplishments secured to the daughters by an English or French education, are dearly purchased by the alienation which must take place between them and their nearest relatives. If interest be wanting to obtain commissions in the King's or Company's service for the sons, boys must be sent to seek their fortune at home, since there are very few channels for European speculation open in India. Indigo-factories form the grand resource for unemployed young men; but, generally speaking, family connexions in the mother-country offer better prospects. With the female branches of Anglo-Indian families it is different; the grand aim and object which their parents have in view is to get them married to men possessing civil or military appointments in India, and they consider the chances of so desirable a destiny materially increased by the attainment of a few showy and superficial accomplishments in some European seminary. In too many instances, the money thus bestowed must be entirely thrown away; young ladies, emancipated from the school-room at an early age, and perchance not acquainted with any society beyond its narrow limits, have only the name of an English education, and know little or nothing more than might have been acquired in India; others, who have enjoyed greater advantages, are in danger of contracting habits and prejudices in favour of their own country which may embitter a residence in India; and as it frequently happens that men of rank choose their wives from the dark daughters of the land, or are guided wholly by the eye, the good to be derived scarcely counterbalances the great evil of long estrangement from the paternal roof.

The delight of Anglo-Indian parents in their children is of very brief duration, and miserably alloyed by the prospect of separation; the joy of the mother, especially, is subjected to many draw-backs; the health of the baby forms a source of unceasing anxiety from the moment of its birth. Infant life in the torrid zone hangs upon so fragile a thread, that the slightest ailment awakens alarm; the distrust of native attendants, sometimes but too well-founded, adds to maternal terrors, and where the society is small, the social meetings of a station are suspended, should illness, however slight, prevail amongst the *baba logue*. Where mothers are unable to nurse their own children, a native woman, or *dhye*, as she is called, is usually selected for the office, Europeans being difficult to be procured; these are expensive and troublesome appendages to a family; they demand high wages on account of the sacrifice which they affect to make of their usual habits, and the necessity of purchasing their reinstatement to caste, forfeited by the pollution they have contracted, a prejudice which the Mussulmans have acquired from their Hindoo associates. Their diet must be strictly attended to, and they are too well aware of their importance not to make their employers feel it: in fact, there is no method in which natives can so readily impose upon the European community as that in which their children are concerned. The dearest article of native produce is asses'-milk, in consequence of its being recommended by medical men for the nutriment of delicate children; the charge is never less than a rupee per pint, and it frequently

rises much higher. It is useless to add a donkey to the farm-yard belonging to the establishment, in the hope of obtaining a regular and cheaper supply; the expense of the animal's keep is enormous, and it is certain to become dry or to die in a very short time. Few servants refuse to connive at this knavery, and the same donkey may be purchased two or three times over by its original proprietor, and not an individual in the compound, though the fact may be notorious to all, will come forward to detect the cheat. It is a point of honour amongst them to conceal such delinquencies, and they know that if asses'-milk be required for the *baba*, it will be purchased at any price.

Notwithstanding the extreme terror with which attached parents regard the hour which is to separate them from their children, their greatest anxiety is to secure for them the advantages of an European education, and in almost every instance those who remain in India are only kept there in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments. The misery of parting with beloved objects seems even less severe than that of retaining them under so many circumstances supposed to be adverse to their advancement in life; and the danger of entrusting them to unamiable or incompetent persons in England, appears to be nothing compared to the wretchedness of seeing them grow up under their own eyes, without the means of acquiring those branches of polite learning deemed indispensable by ambitious mothers: numbers, who are too completely the offspring of the soil to require change of climate, are sent to England, in order that in accomplishments at least they may vie with their fairer associates.

It must be confessed that many difficulties are placed in the way of female instruction in India, and indeed it is only where a mother is qualified to take an active part in the tuition of her daughters that they can acquire more than the rudiments of education. The climate is unfavourable to occupation of this kind; English ladies soon learn to fancy that it is impossible to exert themselves as they would have done at home; they speedily become weary of the task, and they have so many obstacles to contend against, in the Upper Provinces especially, where the necessary books cannot always be obtained, that only spirits of the most active nature can persevere. Calcutta offers more facilities; it possesses schools, although of a very inferior description, and private education may be carried on with the aid of masters, whose qualifications are quite equal to those which are to be found in some of the best provincial towns in England; but the climate of Bengal is unfortunately more trying to youthful constitutions than that of the higher districts; and at the first indication of declining health, parents take the alarm, and strain every nerve to procure the means of sending their children home. Not unfrequently the mother accompanies her young family, leaving the father thus doubly bereaved; the husband and wife are sometimes parted from each other for many years, where the latter is unwilling to relinquish the superintendence of her sons and daughters to other hands; but, in many cases, the lady spends the time in voyaging between England and India. Where there are funds to support the expense, the wives of civil or military residents seem to think nothing of making the passage half a dozen times before they settle finally in one quarter of the globe; establishments which appear to be permanent are often broken up in an instant; some panic occurs; the mother flies with her children to another land, or, should it be convenient for the father to apply for his furlough, the whole family take their departure, leaving a blank in the society to which perchance they have contributed many pleasures.

Ladies who take their children home at a very early age, when the dangerous period has passed, sometimes venture the experiment of bringing out a governess to complete their education in India. The expedient is seldom successful; though bound in the heaviest penalties not to marry during a stipulated number of years, they cannot be kept to their engagements; the hand of the governess is often promised before the end of the voyage, and there is no chance of retaining her in the Upper Provinces; seclusion from society is found to be ineffectual, as it only serves to arouse the knight-errantry of the idle youth of the station; rich suitors pay at once the sum that is to be forfeited by previous agreement, and poor ones declare that marriage cancels all such bonds, and defy the injured party to recover. Neither fortune nor connexion is much regarded in India in the choice of a wife; a few showy accomplishments,—that of singing especially,—will always be preferred, and even where all these are wanting, gentlemen of high birth and suitable appointments will stoop very low: the European waiting-maid has as fair a chance as her young mistress of making the best match which the society can afford, and mortifying instances are of no unusual occurrence, in which a

Genere de chambre has carried off a prize from the belles of the most distinguished circle of the presidency.

With these melancholy facts before their eyes, it seems surprising that the heads of houses should ever burthen themselves with the care and responsibility which the addition of a governess to their families must always entail; the only chance they have of retaining the services of a person in this capacity occurs when the choice has fallen on some well-conducted woman, who is separated from her husband, and desirous of obtaining an asylum in a foreign land.

The eagerness with which females of European birth are usually sought in marriage in India is the cause of the depressed state of the schools in Calcutta. No sooner is a lady, to whom mothers would gladly entrust their children, established as a school-mistress, than she is induced to exchange the troubles and anxieties attendant upon her situation for a more desirable home. If men of rank should not offer, rich tradesmen are always to be found in the list of suitors; and where pride does not interfere, the superior wealth of many individuals of this class renders them equally eligible for the husbands of unportioned women. The bride deserts her charge for more sacred duties, and the school falls into incompetent hands. Owing to these adverse circumstances, few female pupils who have European mothers living, are to be found in any of the establishments for their education in Calcutta: but where there is an adequate provision for the maintenance of the child, private seminaries have hitherto been preferred to the Orphan School at Kidderpore; an institution which, under the zealous superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Hovenden, made rapid strides in improvement. The death of this gentleman, whose whole heart was engaged in the plans which he formed for the advantage of the youthful community placed under his direction, must long be severely felt; but from his judicious arrangements, the establishment cannot fail to derive lasting benefit; and in the present spread of intellect, we may hope that in the course of a few years a still better system may be introduced at Kidderpore, and that other schools may spring up, in which every advantage of education may be obtained without the necessity of a voyage to Europe.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUDE.

THE fate of the kingdom of Oude seems now verging to a crisis, and, in all probability, a short period will decide whether it is to continue under the mismanagement of its present rulers, or be placed entirely under the control of the British Government. At the present period, Lucknow affords an almost perfect realization of the *beau ideal* of the court of an Asiatic despot, though the power over life and limb has been somewhat abridged by the presence of the British Resident.

In natural advantages, the kingdom of Oude does not yield to any part of India. The whole surface of the province is level, and watered by numerous streams; and the land, when properly cultivated, is exceedingly productive, affording rich crops of every sort of grain, cotton, sugar, indigo, opium, and all the most valuable products of Hindostan. The gifts of Heaven have, however, been neutralized by the ruinous policy of an oppressive government. "The impression, which generally remained uppermost," observes the writer of a private letter,* dated in December last, "as the general result of our visit to Lucknow, was that of disgust. In a state in which the people have no voice, in respect of the amount or kind of taxation, or as to the disposal of the revenue raised, every sort of improvement must depend upon the ruling power. Every where we saw proofs of the frivolity of the amusements of the sovereign, and of the lavish expense at which they are gratified; no where could we perceive any public work in progress for the benefit of the community. Along one entire side of this extensive and populous capital runs the river Goomtee, over which there is not a single bridge; that which was commenced being left unfinished. What might not be done in this kingdom! It has no national debt, and if there be truth in reports generally believed, it has stores of wealth, though secretly hoarded. But even if these rumours be groundless, it is known that the present annual revenue, without reviving an old, or imposing a new tax, is fully adequate to meet all proper demands for

the state and splendour of the sovereign, the maintenance of efficient judicial and fiscal establishments, and for carrying forward works of improvement and of utility. It is sad to say, that whatever the public servants do not peculate, and put by in secret, against times of need and difficulty, to themselves, is squandered by the dominant authority in vain and frivolous amusements, in the pursuits of a weak mind, and a vitiated taste, and the indulgence of depraved habits. Although his servants bow down their necks to the royal person, he has little or no voice in the management of the affairs of the country, and the sin of misrule must rest upon the head of his chosen minister.

"In the short space between Cawnpore and Lucknow, as well as from appearances immediately around the capital, I was disposed to think the tales of mal-administration exaggerated. The reverse, however, became but too obvious each stage we proceeded, by the way of Seetapore, to Shahjehanpore. We passed over miles and miles of waste in succession, not of barren land, incapable of cultivation,—for the fertility of the soil was manifest in many places, and traces of former tillage plainly discernible; such as ridges dividing fields; wells for irrigation, now dilapidated and useless, and groves of mango-trees, far remote from present habitations;—but evincing that these parts of the country had once been populous. Where the soil is naturally so rich, where so much facility for irrigation exists, as well in the nearness of water to the surface, as in the numerous small streams running from the mountains to unite themselves with the Ganges, it seems impossible to trace the mournful waste and depopulation to any other source than that of impolitic and unjust administration. This cause alone was assigned by all those with whom I conversed on the subject,—and they were of all classes, such as officials now in employ, or who had been employed under former ministers, cultivators, shop-keepers, pensioned sepoys, chokeydars, &c.,—they all declared that oppressive taxation occasioned this melancholy state of things; that it was the same whether an *amil* (agent) or a renter farmed; that no faith was kept; that the rent assessed was merely nominal, there being no limit to the demand, except the degree of means and power to enforce it. This it was which drove the stronger *malgozers* (landholders) into resistance, and forced the weaker to fly the country. It is a matter for surprise that any cultivators remain; but the tenacity with which this class cling to their homes is notorious, and it is probable, indeed, that the very lowest grade of the people,—the ryots,—suffer least, because oppression falls principally on the chiefs of villages; while it is certain that the custom of paying rent in kind by *buttai*, which prevails uniformly in Oude, is beneficial to the mere ryot. In our provinces, money-rents, fixed without advertence to fluctuation of prices, and adhered to for several successive years, have much injured our cultivators.

"At no time, and on no occasion, did I ever feel more proud of being in the service of the British Indian Government, than on recrossing within its frontier. After having travelled through a wilderness, we passed the small stream called Sooketa, which divides Oude from our territory, and is not more than ten yards wide. Up to this point we scarcely saw a tilled field;—from it, all the way to Shahjehanpore, about four coss, we gazed upon one vast sheet of rich cultivation, wheat, barley, *urhur* (a species of rye), grain of all kinds, cotton, sugar-cane, &c.;—the road bounded by banks or ditches; in short, every indication of industry, prosperity, and security. There is no perceptible change in the nature of the soil, nor is anything changed, in fact, except the ruling power."

The unfinished bridge intended to span the Goomtee, mentioned in the foregoing remarks, was a project of Saadut Ali, the late sovereign; it was to have been of iron, and the materials had arrived from England; but the death of that monarch taking place before they could be employed for the intended purpose, his successor, imbibing the prejudice common in Hindostan, that no luck can attend the completion of an undertaking thus arrested in its progress, suffered the design to fall to the ground. There is, however, or at least there was, a bridge of solid masonry across the Goomtee, at Lucknow, besides one of platformed boats, that in the centre being moveable and opened for an hour every day.

The king of Oude has kept up a greater degree of state than his more highly decedent, but less fortunate, contemporary of Delhi; and, in fact, Lucknow is the only native court in Hindostan, which can afford any idea of the princely magnificence affected by the former rulers of India; that of Gwalior can bear no comparison, nor are those in the central provinces distinguished by the pomp and splendour which still characterize the throne of this ill-governed kingdom.

Like the generality of Indian cities, Lucknow presents a

* Addressed to the Editor of *The Calcutta Literary Gazette*, and forwarded by him to the writer of this work.

more imposing spectacle at a distance than its interior can realize, though some of its buildings may bear a comparison with those of the most celebrated capitals in the world. When viewed from some commanding point, the city exhibits a splendid assemblage of minarets, cupolas, pinnacles, towers, turrets, and lofty-arched gateways, through which, with many windings, the river glides, while the whole of this bright confusion of palace and temple, is shadowed and interspersed with the rich foliage of trees of gigantic growth and redundant luxuriance. But when visited in detail, the gorgeousness of the picture is obscured by the more than ordinary degree of dirt, filth, and squalid poverty, which are placed in juxtaposition with its grandest feature: the lanes leading from the principal avenues are ankle-deep in mud; and many of the hovels, which afford an insufficient shelter to a swarming population, are the most wretched habitations that imagination can conceive.

The capital of Oude is divided into three quarters. The first is chiefly appropriated to the mercantile community attached to the court and the residency; this district is composed of narrow, dirty, and inconvenient streets, and with the exception of a chowk, or market-place, and one or two open spaces occupied by the higher order of shopkeepers, the whole is mean beyond any comparison with the correspondent portions of other native cities. The population is immense, and the beggars quite as abundant as in places where mendicity is sanctioned by a higher degree of holiness than Lucknow can boast. Every corner of the streets is occupied by fakeers, whose stentorian voices are heard above the Babel-like dissonance of an Asiatic city. The second quarter which sprang up principally under the auspices of Saadut Ali, in addition to one exceedingly handsome street above a mile long, consists of a spacious chowk, and several well-appointed bazaars. It is entered at each end by a lofty gateway, and is composed of many palaces, and palace-like mansions, belonging to the king, and occupied by the members of his family, and the officers of his household. The architecture, though striking and picturesque, is rather whimsical, being an admixture of all sorts of orders and styles, Grecian and Moorish, diversified by modern innovations and alterations. The furniture of these houses is in the European style, and many contain a very curious and heterogeneous assemblage of upholsterer's goods, such as are seldom now to be seen in the countries which produced them. The third and most interesting quarter is of a more purely Oriental character, and contains numerous splendid buildings, mosques, and royal residences, chiefly completed during the sovereignty of Asoph-ud-Dowlah, who, upon his accession to the throne, quitted Fyzabad, the former capital of Oude, and fixed the seat of his government at Lucknow. The palace, which faces the Goomtee, comprises six principal courts or quadrangles, surrounded by pavilion-like buildings. In the first of these, which is entered by two lofty gateways, the attendants of the court have their apartments. Over the outer gate there is a handsome chamber, called the Nobut-Khana, or music-room, forming an orchestra upon a very splendid scale. The second court, encompassed by state apartments, is laid out as a garden, having a well, or bowlee, in the centre. Round this well are pavilions, opening to the water, and intended to afford a cool retreat during the hot weather; the air is refreshed by the constant dripping of the fountain, and the piazzas and arcaded chambers beyond, within the influence of its luxurious atmosphere, are well calculated for sleeping chambers in the sultry nights so constantly occurring throughout the period of the hot winds. Parallel to the second court, and at the eastward of it, stands a splendid edifice, raised upon an arched terrace, entirely of stone. This fabric, which is called the Sungee Dalaun, contains a grand hall, surrounded with a double arcade, crowned with a cupola at each angle, and one over the principal front, all of copper doubly gilt. At the extremities of the terrace there are wings, and flower-gardens stretch along each front, divided into parterres by walks and fountains. A corridor extends round this court, planted with vines, and out of three entrances, one with a covered passage is appropriated to the ladies. These gateways are decked with gilded domes, and the mosque, zenana, and other buildings attached to the palace, give to the whole edifice the air of a city raised by some enchanter. Without entering farther into dry descriptive details, it may be sufficient to say, that in no place in India can there be a more vivid realization of visions conjured up by a perusal of the splendid fictions of the *Arabian Nights*. Those who have visited the Kremlin, have pronounced that far-famed edifice to be inferior to the Imambara; and the palaces of the Hyder Bugh, Hossain Bugh, and Neeza Mahal, have nearly equal claims to admiration.

The banks of the Goomtee are beautifully planted, and its parks and gardens rendered singularly attractive by the multitude of animals kept in them. At a suburban palace, European visitants are delighted with the novel sight of a herd of English cattle, their superior size, roundness of form, and sleek looks, offering a strong contrast to the smaller, humped, and dewlapped breeds of Hindostan: the latter are perhaps more picturesque, but the associations connected with cows bred in English meads, the numerous pastoral recollections which their unexpected appearance revive in the mind, render them, when viewed beneath the shade of the tamarinds and banians of a tropical clime, objects of deep and peculiar interest.

The menageries of Lucknow are very extensive, and besides those wild and savage animals kept for the purpose of assisting at "the pomps of death and theatres of blood," in which this barbaric court delights, there are many fierce beasts, not intended for fighting, retained merely as ornamental appendages. Several rhinoceroses are amongst the number; they are chained to trees in the park, but some of the tigers appear to be so ill-secured, rattling the wooden bars of their cages with such vigorous perseverance, that it requires rather strong nerves to approach the places of their confinement. Delkusha (heart's delight) is one of the most celebrated of the parks belonging to the king; it is planted and laid out with great care and taste, open glades being cut through the thick forest, in which numerous herds of antelopes, Indian deer, and the gigantic variety of this interesting species, the nyghau, are seen disporting. This park abounds with monkeys, which are held sacred; for, though the Moslem religion has the ascendancy, that of the Hindoo is not only tolerated, but allowed the fullest enjoyment of its superstitions: the monkeys in this district are under the guardianship of a party of fakeers, who have established themselves in the private park of a Mohammedan monarch. The palace of Delkusha possesses no great exterior pretensions to elegance, but it is handsomely fitted up, and, in common with the other royal residences, contains toys and *bijouterie* sufficient to stock a whole bazaar of curiosity shops.

The pigeons belonging to Lucknow even exceed in number those of Benares, and other places where they are objects of reverence; here they are more esteemed for their beauty than for any peculiar sanctity, and the different breeds are preserved with the greatest care. On the summits of nearly all the roofs of the palaces, particularly the zenanas, these interesting birds are seen in flocks of from seventy to a hundred in each; they are selected for the beauty of their plumage, and each variety is kept in a separate flock. Boys are employed to teach them different evolutions in their flights. When on the wing, they keep in a cluster, and at a whistle fly off into the fields of air, ascend, descend, or return home as the signal directs. When turning suddenly, and darting towards the sun, the gleam of their variegated necks produces a beautiful effect, and when they alight upon the ground, they form a carpet of the most brilliant colours and the richest design imaginable. So great is the native attachment to the amusements which these birds afford, that it is recorded of some of the sovereigns of Lucknow that, in their country excursions, "they were accompanied by their women and pigeons."

Another remarkable feature of this extraordinary city is its elephants, which are maintained in multitudes; immense numbers belong to the king, and all the nobility and rich people possess as many as their means will admit. In royal processions, festivals, and state-occasions, they appear in crowds. A battalion of elephants, fifteen abreast, formed into a close-serial column, richly caparisoned in flowing *jhoods* of scarlet and gold, with silver *howdahs*, and bearing natives of rank clothed in glittering tissues, form an imposing sight; but this can only be seen with full effect in the open country beyond the city. Once within the streets, the jostling and confusion are tremendous, and not unfrequently, in very narrow passes, ladders, and housings, or perhaps part of the roof on the verandah of the projecting buildings, are torn away by the struggles for precedence displayed by elephants, acquainted with their strength, and entering with ardour into the resolves of the mahouts to gain or maintain the foremost places. Elephants breed in a state of domestication, and young ones not larger than a good-sized pig, are frequently seen frolicking by the side of their mothers through the streets of Lucknow, — a spectacle fraught with interest to the eye of a European stranger. Camels are equally numerous, and, when handsomely caparisoned, add considerably to the splendour of a procession. The king's stud does not consist of fewer than a thousand horses, many of which are perfect specimens of

the bamboo of a budgerow for a whole day, exhibited in the evening so much strength and fierceness, as to be a dangerous neighbour. Many of these monsters are fifteen feet long, and they swim fearlessly past the boats, lifting up their terrific heads, and raising their dark bodies from the water as they glide along. Though not so frequently as in former times, when the echoes of the river were less disturbed by the report of fire-arms, natives are still the victims of that species of alligator, which lies in wait for men and animals, venturing incautiously too near their haunts. In many that have been killed, the silver ornaments worn by women and children, have been found, a convincing proof of the fearful nature of their prey.

An alligator, it is said, will sometimes make a plunge amidst a group of bathers at a ghaut, and, singling out one of the party, dart into the middle of the stream, defying pursuit by the rapidity of its movements against the current, through which it will fly with the velocity of an arrow, and having reached deep water it sinks with its victim into the abysses of the river. Eye-witnesses have given very frightful descriptions of the cruelty practised upon the unfortunate creatures fated to become the prey of these savage monsters. It is said that the alligator will play with its victim like a cat with a mouse, tossing it into the air, and catching it again in its jaws, before the final despatch; and persons standing at a ghaut have witnessed this horrid spectacle, when one of their juvenile companions has been carried away without a chance of rescue. Probably, however, the alligator is obliged by its peculiar conformation to adopt this mode of swallowing its food: when it has captured one of the finny tribe, the fish is always seen to flash far above the water before it descends into the capacious jaws opened to receive it.

Sportsmen, the younger portion especially, delight in waging war against these giants of the stream, as they lie wallowing in the mud in shallow places, and presenting the defenceless parts of their bodies to the marksman. In the Sunderbunds, where the creeks and natural canals of the Ganges wind through the forest, whose margin almost mingles with the stream, alligators are sometimes engaged in deadly encounters with the tiger. A battle of this kind witnessed by a missionary is described to have been a drawn one, for although the tiger succeeded in dragging his unwieldy adversary into the jungle, after the lapse of an hour or two the alligator was seen to emerge, and to regain the water, not very materially injured by the conflict it had sustained.

The natives of Monghyr are a quiet industrious race, rarely participating in the crimes which are so frequently perpetrated in the upper and lower country, neither addicted to the lawless proceedings, the onslaughts, murders, and highway robberies often committed in open day by the warlike tribes of Hindostan, nor to the petty thefts, forgeries, burglaries, and sundry kinds of knavery, so common amidst the more artful and more timid Bengallees. Like all other natives, they are exceedingly litigious, and the attention of the public courts is taken up by suits of the most frivolous nature.

A civilian of rank, marching through the district, upon entering the breakfast tent, at the place of encampment for the day, was surprised by a very extraordinary apparition. An old woman, so withered and so wild in her attire as scarcely to seem to belong to humanity, was squatted in the corner. Rising up at his approach, she began to exclaim, or rather to scream out at the top of her voice, with all the fervour and volubility which mark her sex and country, a most unintelligible harangue, which the servants, who looked rather conscious, attempted to stop by vociferating "*Choop! choop!*" (silence!) and by an endeavour to eject her from the tent. The judge, however, insisted upon hearing her story; and becoming a little calm, she stated that her ancestors had ruined themselves by defending their right to a certain tree, which grew upon the boundaries of two estates; that judgment had been given and reversed many times, and that she, having carried on the suit in her own person, had obtained a decree, the fifteenth given, in her favour, and that now that she was absolutely reduced to poverty, with nothing but the possession of the tree to console her for the loss of the land, which had been sold to establish her right to it, the Saib's *khidmutgars* requiring wood to boil water in a tea-kettle, had cut down this identical tree with their sacrilegious hands. The men, in vindication, stated that it was a stunted pollard, absolutely worthless, and fit only for fire-wood, a fact which they proved by incontestable evidence. Nevertheless, the old woman persisted in demanding justice, told her story over and over again, aggravating at each time the magnitude of the injury she had sustained, demanding many hundred rupees as a compensation; and finally, the judge, having ascer-

tained that the woman's statement was true, and that her family had been ruined in consequence of repeated legal contests for the property, sent her off with a gold mohur, the highest price which our friend had ever paid for a bundle of sticks.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BABA LOGUE.

It is possible to penetrate into the drawing-room of a mansion in England without being made aware that the house contains a troop of children, who, though not strictly confined to the nursery, seldom quit it except when in their best dresses and best behaviours, and who, when seen in any other part of the house, may be considered in the light of guests. It is otherwise in India. Traces of the *baba logue*, the Hindostanee designation of a tribe of children, are to be discovered the instant a visitor enters the outer verandah; a rocking-horse, a small cart, a wheeled chair, in which the baby may take equestrian or carriage exercise within doors, generally occupy conspicuous places, and probably—for Indian domestics are not very scrupulous respecting the proprieties in appearances—a line may be stretched across, adorned with a dozen or so of little muslin frocks, washed out hastily to supply the demand in some extraordinarily sultry day. From the threshold to the deepest recesses of the interior, every foot of ground is strewn with toys of all sorts and dimensions, and from all parts of the world—English, Dutch, Chinese, and Hindostanee. In a family blessed with numerous olive branches, the whole house is converted into one large nursery; drawing-rooms, ante-rooms, bed-rooms, and dressing-rooms, are all peopled by the young fry of the establishment. In the first, a child may be seen sleeping on the floor, under a musquito-net, stretched over an oval bamboo frame, and looking like a patent wire dish-cover; in the second, an infant of more tender years reposes on the arms of a bearer, who holds the baby in a manner peculiar to India, lying at length on a very thin mattress, formed of several folds of thick cotton cloth, and croaking a most lugubrious lullaby, as he paces up and down; in a third, two or more of the juveniles are assembled, one with its only garment converted into leading-strings, another sitting under a punkah, and a third running after a large ball, with a domestic trotting behind, and following the movements of the child in an exceedingly ludicrous manner.

Two attendants, at the least, are attached to each of the children; one of these must always be upon duty, and the services of the other are only dispensed with while at meals; an *ayah* and a *bearer* are generally employed, the latter being esteemed the best and most attentive nurse of the two. These people never lose sight of their respective charges for a single instant, and seldom permit them to wander beyond arms' length; consequently, in addition to the company of the children, that of their domestics must be endured, who seem to think themselves privileged persons; and should the little master or miss under their care penetrate into the bed-chamber of a visitor—no difficult achievement, where all the doors are open—they will follow close and make good their entrance also. It is their duty to see that the child does not get into any mischief, and as they are certain of being severely reprehended if the little urchin should happen to tumble down and hurt itself, for their own sakes they are careful to prevent such a catastrophe at any personal inconvenience whatever to their master's guests. When the children are not asleep, they must be amused, an office which devolves upon the servants, who fortunately take great delight in all that pleases the infant mind, and never weary of their employment. They are a little too apt to resort to a very favourite method of beguiling time, that of playing on the *tom-tom*, an instrument which is introduced into every mansion tenanted by the *baba logue* for the ostensible purpose of charming the young folks, but in reality to gratify their own peculiar taste. An almost constant drumming is kept up from morning until night, a horrid discord, which, on a very hot day, aggravates every other torment. The rumbling and squeaking of a low cart, in which a child is dragged for hours up and down a neighbouring verandah, the monotonous ditty of the old bearer, of which one can distinguish nothing but *baba*, added to the incessant clamour of the *tom-tom*, to say nothing of occasional squalls, altogether furnish forth a concert of the most hideous description.

Nevertheless, the gambols of children, the ringing glee of their infant voices, and the infinite variety of amusement which they afford, do much towards dispelling the *ennui* and *tedium* of an Indian day. The climate depresses their spirits to a certain point; they are diverting without being troublesome, for there is always an attendant at hand to whom they may be consigned should they become unruly; and certainly, considering how much they are petted and spoiled, it is only doing Anglo-Indian children justice to say, that they are, generally speaking, a most orderly race. There can scarcely be a prettier sight than that of a group of fair children, gathered round or seated in the centre of their dark-browed attendants, listening with eager countenances to one of those marvellous legends, of which Indian story-tellers possess so numerous a catalogue; or convulsed with laughter as they gaze upon the antics of some merry fellow, who forgets the gravity and dignity considered so becoming to a native, whether Moslem or Hindoo, in his desire to afford entertainment to the *baba logue*. In one particularly well-regulated family, in which the writer happened to be a temporary inmate, a little boy anxiously expressed a wish that we would go very early to a ball which was to take place in the evening, because, he said, he and his brothers were to have a *dhol*, and the bearers had promised to dance for them. A *dhol* is an instrument of forty-drum-power; fortunately, both children and servants had the grace to reserve it for their own private recreation, and doubtless, for that night at least, the jackalls were scared from the door.

The dinner for the children is usually served up at the same time with the tiffin placed before the seniors of the family. The young folks sit apart, accommodated with low tables, and arm-chairs of correspondent size: and as they are usually favourites with all the servants, it is no uncommon thing to see the whole *posse of khidmutgars* desert their masters' chairs to crowd round those of the *babas*. One of the principal dishes at the juvenile board is denominated *pish pash*, weak broth thickened with rice, and a fowl pulled to pieces: another, called *dhal baat*, consists of rice and yellow peas stewed together; *croquettes*, a very delicate preparation of chicken, beaten in a mortar, mixed up with fine batter, and fried in egg-shaped balls, is also very common; and there is always a *kaaree*. Europeans entertain only one notion respecting a *kaaree*, as they term the favourite Indian dish, and which they suppose to be invariably composed of the same ingredients, a rich stew, highly seasoned, and served with rice. There are, however, infinite varieties of the *kaaree* tribe; that which is eaten by the natives differing essentially from that produced at European tables; while there is a distinct preparation for children, and another for dogs; rice and turmeric are the constant accompaniments of all, but with respect to the other articles employed, there is a very wide latitude, of which the native cooks avail themselves, by concocting a kind peculiar to their own manufacture, which is not to be found at any table save that of the person whom they serve.

Captain Basil Hall assures us that the *kaaree* is not of Asiatic origin, and that the natives of India owe its introduction to the Portuguese; a startling assertion to those who are acquainted with the vehement objection to any innovation in dress or food entertained by Hindoos of all castes, and by the Moosulmans of this part of the world also, who are even less liberal than those of other countries. Nevertheless, it is an indisputable fact that, notwithstanding the prejudice which exists all over India against the adoption of foreign novelties, an exception has been made in favour of a few importations, which are now in universal request, and which even the best-informed natives can scarcely be made to believe were not indigenous to the soil, and entered as deeply into the household economy of their most remote ancestors as in their own at the present day. Tobacco, for instance, has found its way to every part of the Peninsula, and must have extended rapidly to the most remote places, immediately upon its introduction from Turkey or Persia, or by the early Portuguese colonists. The *chili*, another American plant, is in almost equal esteem, and is to be purchased in all the native bazaars; while every class,—whether the staple food, as amongst the wealthy Moosulmans, be flesh, or cakes of flour, which latter compose the meal of the poorer orders dwelling in the upper provinces, or the boiled rice of the low grounds,—is invariably accompanied by *kaaree*, composed of vegetables mixed up with a variety of spices, and enriched, according to the means of the party with *ghee*. *Chetney*, in all probability, was formerly used as the sauce to flavour the rice or flour-cakes, which, without some adjunct of the kind, must be extremely insipid; but the substitute offers a very superior relish, and as in its least elaborate state it is within the reach of the very

poorest native, its invention and dissemination are actual benefits conferred upon the country. The *kaaree* for children is, of course, extremely simple, nor indeed are highly-seasoned dishes very frequently seen at European tables in the Bengal Presidency. They have nothing like the pepperpot of the West-Indies, and it is rarely that the gastronome, delighting in the quintessence of spice, can be gratified by the productions of Indian cookery.

The *khana*, dinner of the *baba logue*, is washed down with pure water, and, in about an hour or two after its conclusion, preparations for the evening exercise commence. The children are to be bathed for the second, and re-attired perhaps for the tenth time in the day. In the hot weather, it is not until this hour that the slightest pains are considered necessary about the personal appearance of the young folks, who, until they are four or five years old, are permitted to go about the house during the earlier part of the day sometimes more than half-naked. In the evening, however, the toilette is a more serious affair; babies are decked out in their lace caps, and a pair of *pejammas* (trousers) are added to the frocks of their elder brothers and sisters, while those still more advanced in years are enrobed in their best suits, and flourish in ribbonsashes and embroidered hems; but, excepting in the cold weather, there are no hats, bonnets, tippets, or gloves to be seen.

It is not often that parents accompany their children in the evening drive or walk; the latter are taken out by their attendants at least an hour before grown-up people choose to exhibit themselves in the open air. The equipages of the *baba logue* are usually kept expressly for their accommodation, and of a build and make so peculiar as to render them no very enviable conveyances for their seniors: palanquin-carriages of all sorts and descriptions, drawn by one horse or a pair of bullocks, in which the children and the servants squat together on the floor; common palanquins, containing an infant of two or three years old, with its bearer; *taun jauns*, in which a female nurse is seated with a baby on her lap; together with miniature socables, chaises, and shandrydams,—in short every sort of vehicle adapted to the Lilliputian order, are put into requisition. Many of the little folks are mounted upon ponies; some of these equestrians are so young as to be unable to sit upon their steeds without the assistance of a *chuprassy* on each side, and a groom to lead the animal; others, older and more expert, scamper along, keeping their attendants, who are on foot, at full speed, as they tear across the roads, with heads uncovered and hair flying in the wind.

One of the prettiest spectacles afforded by the evening drive in Calcutta, is the exhibition of its juvenile inhabitants, congregated on a particular part of the plain between the Government-house and the fort, by the side of the river. This is the chosen spot; all the equipages, a strange grotesque medley, are drawn up at the corner, and the young people are seen, in crowds, walking with their servants, laughing, chattering, and full of glee, during the brief interval of enfranchisement. For the most part, they are pale, delicate little creatures; cherry-cheeks are wholly unknown, and it is only a few who can boast the slightest tinge of the rose. Nevertheless, there is no dearth of beauty; independent of feature, the exceeding fairness of their skins, contrasted with the Asiatic swarthiness around them, and the fairy lightness of their forms, are alone sufficient to render them exceedingly attractive. Not many number more than eight years, and perhaps in no other place can there be seen so large an assembly of children, of the same age and rank, disporting in a promenade. Before night closes in upon the gay crowd, still driving on the neighbouring roads, the juvenile population take their departure, and being disposed in their respective carriages, return home. At day-break, they make their appearance again, in equal numbers; but their gambols are *per-force* confined to the broad and beaten path; they dare not, as in Europe, disperse themselves over the green sward, nor enjoy the gratification of rolling and tumbling on the grass, filling their laps with wild flowers, and pelting each other with showers of daisies. Their attendants keep a sharp look-out for snakes, and though these reptiles are sometimes seen gliding about in the neighbourhood, there is no record of an accident to the *baba logue* from their poisonous fangs.

Itinerant venders of toys take their station in the favourite haunt of their most liberal patrons, exhibiting a great variety of tempting articles, all bright and gaudy with gold and silver. These glittering wares are formed out of very simple materials, but a good deal of ingenuity is displayed in the construction: elephants more than a foot high, richly caparisoned, hollow, and made of paper, coloured to the life, with trunks which move about to the admiration of all the behold-

ers, may be purchased for a few pice; nearly equally good imitations of budgerows and palanquins, also of paper, bear a still smaller price; there are, besides, cages containing brilliant birds of painted clay, suspended from the top bars by an almost invisible hair, and so constantly in motion as to be speedily demolished by cats, should they happen to hang within reach of their claws; magnificent cockatoos made of the pith of a plant which is turned to many purposes in India, and which in China is manufactured into paper; to these whirligigs and reptiles of wax, set in motion by the slightest touch are added. The Calcutta toymen, though not equally celebrated, far surpass those of Benares in the accuracy of their representations of animate and inanimate objects; they work with more fragile materials, and their chief dependence being upon customers fond of novelties, they are constantly bringing new articles into the market. In the upper provinces, where the demand is less, European children are obliged to be content with the common toys of the bazaars; non-descripts carved in wood, fac-similes of those which pleased former generations, but which are discarded the instant that better commodities are offered for sale.

The popular evening entertainment for children in Calcutta, juvenile balls not yet being established, is an exhibition of *fantoccini*, which goes by the name of a *kat pootlee nautch*. The showmen are of various grades, and exhibit their puppets at different prices, from a rupee upwards, according to the richness of their scenery and decorations. A large room in the interior is selected for the place of representation; a sheet stretched across between two pillars, and reaching within three feet of the ground, conceals the living performers from view; there is a back scene behind this proscenium, generally representing the exterior of a palace of silver, and the entertainment commences with the preparations for a grand *darbar*, or levee, in which European ladies and gentlemen are introduced. The puppets are of a very grotesque and barbarous description, inferior to the generality of Indian handy-works, but they are exceedingly well-managed, and perform their evolutions with great precision. Sofas and chairs are brought in for the company, who are seen coming to court, some on horseback, some on elephants, and some in carriages; their descent from these conveyances is very dexterously achieved; and the whole harlequinade of fighting, dancing, tiger-hunting, and alligator-slaying goes off with great *éclat*. The audience, however, forms the most attractive part of the spectacle. The youngest babies occupy the front rows, seated on the ground or in the laps of their nurses, who look very picturesque in the Eastern attitude, half-shadowed by their long flowing veils; beyond these scattered groups, small arm-chairs are placed, filled with little gentry capable of taking care of themselves; and behind them, upon sofas, the *mmas* and a few female friends are seated, the rest of the room being crowded with servants, male and female, equally delighted with the *baba logue* at the exploits of the wooden performers.

Generally, several of the native children belonging to the establishment are present, clad in white muslin chemises, with silver bangles round their wrists and ancles, their fine dark eyes sparkling with pleasure as they clap their little hands and echo the *wah! wah!* of their superiors. Many of these children are perfectly beautiful, and their admission into the circle adds considerably to the effect of the whole scene. The performances are accompanied by one or two instruments, and between the acts, one of the showmen exhibits a few of the common feats of sleight of hand accomplished with so much ease by the inferior orders of Indian jugglers.

There is another species of dramatic representation, in which the *baba logue* take especial delight. A man, a goat, and a monkey, comprise the *dramatis personee*; the latter, dressed as a sepoy, goes through a variety of evolutions, aided by his horned and bearded condjutor. The children—though from the constant repetition of this favourite entertainment they have the whole affair by heart, and could at any time enact the part of either of the performers,—are never weary of listening to the monologue of the showman, and of gazing on the antics of his dumb associates. This itinerant company may be seen wandering about the streets of Calcutta all the morning; a small *douceur* to the *durwan* at the gate admits them into the compound, and the little folks in the verandah no sooner catch a glimpse of the mounted monkey, than they are wild for the rehearsal of the piece.

Time in India is not much occupied by the studies of the rising generation; an infant prodigy is a *rara avis* amongst the European community; for, sooth to say, the education of children is shockingly neglected; few can speak

a word of English, and though they may be highly accomplished in Hindostanee, their attainments in that language are not of the most useful nature, nor, being entirely acquired from the instructions of the servants, particularly correct or elegant. Some of the *babas* learn to sing little Hindostanee airs very prettily, and will even *improvise* after the fashion of the native poets; but this is only done when they are unconscious of attracting observation, for the love of display, so injudiciously inculcated in England, has not yet destroyed the simplicity of Anglo-Indian children. The art in which, unhappily, quick and clever urchins attain the highest degree of proficiency, is that of scolding. The Hindostanee vocabulary is peculiarly rich in terms of abuse; native Indian women, it is said, excel the females of every other country in volubility of utterance, and in the strength and number of the opprobrious epithets which they shower down upon those who raise their ire. They can declaim for five minutes at a time without once drawing breath; and the shrillness of their voices adds considerably to the effect of their eloquence.

This description of talent is frequently turned to account in a manner peculiar to India. Where a person conceives himself to be aggrieved by his superior in a way which the law cannot reach, he not unfrequently revenges himself upon his adversary, by hiring two old women out of the bazaar, adepts in scurrility, to sit on either side of his door. These hags possess a perfect treasury of foul words, which they lavish upon the luckless master of the house with the heartiest good-will, and without stint or limitation. Nor are their invectives confined to him alone; to render them the more poignant, all his family, and particularly his mother, are included; nothing of shame or infamy is spared in the accusations heaped upon her head; a stainless character avails her not, since she is assailed merely to give a double sting to the malicious attacks upon her son. So long as these tirades are wasted upon the ears of the neighbours, they are comparatively innocuous; but should they find their way to the tympanums against which they are directed, the unfortunate man is involved in the deepest and most irremediable disgrace; if he be once known to have heard it he is undone; consequently, for the preservation of his dignity, the object of this strange persecution keeps himself closely concealed in the most distant chamber of his house, and a troop of horse at his gate could not more effectually detain him prisoner than the virulent tongues of two abominable old women. The *chokeydars*, who act in the capacity of the *gendarmes* of Europe, take no cognizance of the offence; the mortified captive is without a remedy, and must come to terms with the person whom he has offended, to rid himself of the pestilent effusions of his tormentors.

With such examples before their eyes,—for there is not a woman, old or young, in the compound, who could not exert her powers of elocution with equal success,—a great deal of care is necessary to prevent the junior members of a family from indulging in the natural propensity to scold and call names. Spoiled and neglected children abuse their servants in an unlawful manner, using language of the most horrid description, while those parents who are imperfectly acquainted with Hindostanee are utterly ignorant of the meaning of the words which come so glibly from the tongues of their darlings.

In British India, children and parents are placed in a very singular position with regard to each other; the former do not speak their mother-tongue; they are certain of acquiring Hindostanee, but are very seldom taught a word of English until they are five or six years old, and not always at that age. In numerous instances, they cannot make themselves intelligible to their parents, it being no uncommon case to find the latter almost totally ignorant of the native dialect, while their children cannot converse in any other. Some ladies improve themselves by the prattle of their infants, having perhaps known nothing of Hindostanee until they have got a young family about them, an inversion of the usual order of things; the children, though they may understand English, are shy of speaking it, and do not, while they remain in India, acquire the same fluency which distinguishes their utterance of the native language. The only exceptions occur in King's regiments, where of course English is constantly spoken, and the young families of the officers have ample opportunity of making themselves acquainted with their vernacular tongue in their intimate association with the soldiers of the corps. Under such tuition, purity of pronunciation, it may be supposed, would be wanting; but children educated entirely at the schools instituted in King's regiments, do not contract that peculiar and disagreeable accent which invariably characterizes the dialect of the country-

born, and which the offspring of Europeans, if brought up in the academical establishments of Calcutta, inevitably acquire. The sons of officers who cannot afford to send their children to England for their education, often obtain commissions in their fathers' regiments, having grown up into manhood without quitting the land of their birth, and without having enjoyed those advantages which are supposed to be necessary to qualify them for their station in society; yet these gentlemen are not in the slightest degree inferior to their brother officers in their attainments in classic and English literature; in the latter, perhaps, they are even more deeply versed, since they can only obtain an acquaintance with many interesting circumstances relative to their father-land through the medium of books; while they excel in Hindostanee, and are certain of being appointed to the interpretship of the corps to which they belong. Clergymen's sons, also, do infinite credit to the instructions which they receive in India; and though it may be advisable for them to follow the general example, and finish their studies in Europe, it is not actually necessary; but without the advantages enjoyed by the parties above-mentioned, it is scarcely possible to obtain even a decent education in India.

The climate is usually supposed to be exceedingly detrimental to European children after they have attained their sixth or seventh year; but vast numbers grow up into men and women without having sought a more genial atmosphere, and when thus acclimated, the natives themselves do not sustain the heat with less inconvenience. When the pecuniary resources of the parents leave them little hope of returning to Europe with their families, the accomplishments secured to the daughters by an English or French education, are dearly purchased by the alienation which must take place between them and their nearest relatives. If interest be wanting to obtain commissions in the King's or Company's service for the sons, boys must be sent to seek their fortune at home, since there are very few channels for European speculation open in India. Indigo-factories form the grand resource for unemployed young men; but, generally speaking, family connexions in the mother-country offer better prospects. With the female branches of Anglo-Indian families it is different; the grand aim and object which their parents have in view is to get them married to men possessing civil or military appointments in India, and they consider the chances of so desirable a destiny materially increased by the attainment of a few showy and superficial accomplishments in some European seminary. In too many instances, the money thus bestowed must be entirely thrown away; young ladies, emancipated from the school-room at an early age, and perchance not acquainted with any society beyond its narrow limits, have only the name of an English education, and know little or nothing more than might have been acquired in India; others, who have enjoyed greater advantages, are in danger of contracting habits and prejudices in favour of their own country which may embitter a residence in India; and as it frequently happens that men of rank choose their wives from the dark daughters of the land, or are guided wholly by the eye, the good to be derived scarcely counterbalances the great evil of long estrangement from the paternal roof.

The delight of Anglo-Indian parents in their children is of very brief duration, and miserably alloyed by the prospect of separation; the joy of the mother, especially, is subjected to many draw-backs; the health of the baby forms a source of unceasing anxiety from the moment of its birth. Infant life in the torrid zone hangs upon so fragile a thread, that the slightest ailment awakens alarm; the distrust of native attendants, sometimes but too well-founded, adds to maternal terrors, and where the society is small, the social meetings of a station are suspended, should illness, however slight, prevail amongst the *baba logue*. Where mothers are unable to nurse their own children, a native woman, or *dhye*, as she is called, is usually selected for the office, Europeans being difficult to be procured; these are expensive and troublesome appendages to a family; they demand high wages on account of the sacrifice which they affect to make of their usual habits, and the necessity of purchasing their reinstatement to caste, forfeited by the pollution they have contracted, a prejudice which the Mussulmans have acquired from their Hindoo associates. Their diet must be strictly attended to, and they are too well aware of their importance not to make their employers feel it: in fact, there is no method in which natives can so readily impose upon the European community as that in which their children are concerned. The dearest article of native produce is asses'-milk, in consequence of its being recommended by medical men for the nutriment of delicate children; the charge is never less than a rupee per pint, and it frequently

rises much higher. It is useless to add a donkey to the farm-yard belonging to the establishment, in the hope of obtaining a regular and cheaper supply; the expense of the animal's keep is enormous, and it is certain to become dry or to die in a very short time. Few servants refuse to connive at this knavery, and the same donkey may be purchased two or three times over by its original proprietor, and not an individual in the compound, though the fact may be notorious to all, will come forward to detect the cheat. It is a point of honour amongst them to conceal such delinquencies, and they know that if asses'-milk be required for the *baba*, it will be purchased at any price.

Notwithstanding the extreme terror with which attached parents regard the hour which is to separate them from their children, their greatest anxiety is to secure for them the advantages of an European education, and in almost every instance those who remain in India are only kept there in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments. The misery of parting with beloved objects seems even less severe than that of retaining them under so many circumstances supposed to be adverse to their advancement in life; and the danger of entrusting them to unamiable or incompetent persons in England, appears to be nothing compared to the wretchedness of seeing them grow up under their own eyes, without the means of acquiring those branches of polite learning deemed indispensable by ambitious mothers: numbers, who are too completely the offspring of the soil to require change of climate, are sent to England, in order that in accomplishments at least they may vie with their fairer associates.

It must be confessed that many difficulties are placed in the way of female instruction in India, and indeed it is only where a mother is qualified to take an active part in the tuition of her daughters that they can acquire more than the rudiments of education. The climate is unfavourable to occupation of this kind; English ladies soon learn to fancy that it is impossible to exert themselves as they would have done at home; they speedily become weary of the task, and they have so many obstacles to contend against, in the Upper Provinces especially, where the necessary books cannot always be obtained, that only spirits of the most active nature can persevere. Calcutta offers more facilities; it possesses schools, although of a very inferior description, and private education may be carried on with the aid of masters, whose qualifications are quite equal to those which are to be found in some of the best provincial towns in England; but the climate of Bengal is unfortunately more trying to youthful constitutions than that of the higher districts; and at the first indication of declining health, parents take the alarm, and strain every nerve to procure the means of sending their children home. Not unfrequently the mother accompanies her young family, leaving the father thus doubly bereaved; the husband and wife are sometimes parted from each other for many years, where the latter is unwilling to relinquish the superintendence of her sons and daughters to other hands; but, in many cases, the lady spends the time in voyaging between England and India. Where there are funds to support the expense, the wives of civil or military residents seem to think nothing of making the passage half a dozen times before they settle finally in one quarter of the globe; establishments which appear to be permanent are often broken up in an instant; some panic occurs; the mother flies with her children to another land, or, should it be convenient for the father to apply for his furlough, the whole family take their departure, leaving a blank in the society to which perchance they have contributed many pleasures.

Ladies who take their children home at a very early age, when the dangerous period has passed, sometimes venture the experiment of bringing out a governess to complete their education in India. The expedient is seldom successful; though bound in the heaviest penalties not to marry during a stipulated number of years, they cannot be kept to their engagements; the hand of the governess is often promised before the end of the voyage, and there is no chance of retaining her in the Upper Provinces; seclusion from society is found to be ineffectual, as it only serves to arouse the knight-errantry of the idle youth of the station; rich suitors pay at once the sum that is to be forfeited by previous agreement, and poor ones declare that marriage cancels all such bonds, and defy the injured party to recover. Neither fortune nor connexion is much regarded in India in the choice of a wife; a few showy accomplishments,—that of singing especially,—will always be preferred, and even where all these are wanting, gentlemen of high birth and suitable appointments will stoop very low: the European waiting-maid has as fair a chance as her young mistress of making the best match which the society can afford, and mortifying instances are of no unusual occurrence, in which a

femme de chambre has carried off a prize from the belles of the most distinguished circle of the presidency.

With these melancholy facts before their eyes, it seems surprising that the heads of houses should ever burthen themselves with the care and responsibility which the addition of a governess to their families must always entail; the only chance they have of retaining the services of a person in this capacity occurs when the choice has fallen on some well-conducted woman, who is separated from her husband, and desirous of obtaining an asylum in a foreign land.

The eagerness with which females of European birth are usually sought in marriage in India is the cause of the depressed state of the schools in Calcutta. No sooner is a lady, to whom mothers would gladly entrust their children, established as a school-mistress, than she is induced to exchange the troubles and anxieties attendant upon her situation for a more desirable home. If men of rank should not offer, rich tradesmen are always to be found in the list of suitors; and where pride does not interfere, the superior wealth of many individuals of this class renders them equally eligible for the husbands of unportioned women. The bride deserts her charge for more sacred duties, and the school falls into incompetent hands. Owing to these adverse circumstances, few female pupils who have European mothers living, are to be found in any of the establishments for their education in Calcutta; but where there is an adequate provision for the maintenance of the child, private seminaries have hitherto been preferred to the Orphan School at Kidderpore; an institution which, under the zealous superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Hovenden, made rapid strides in improvement. The death of this gentleman, whose whole heart was engaged in the plans which he formed for the advantage of the youthful community placed under his direction, must long be severely felt; but from his judicious arrangements, the establishment cannot fail to derive lasting benefit; and in the present spread of intellect, we may hope that in the course of a few years a still better system may be introduced at Kidderpore, and that other schools may spring up, in which every advantage of education may be obtained without the necessity of a voyage to Europe.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUDE.

THE fate of the kingdom of Oude seems now verging to a crisis, and, in all probability, a short period will decide whether it is to continue under the mismanagement of its present rulers, or be placed entirely under the control of the British Government. At the present period, Lucknow affords an almost perfect realization of the *beau idéal* of the court of an Asiatic despot, though the power over life and limb has been somewhat abridged by the presence of the British Resident.

In natural advantages, the kingdom of Oude does not yield to any part of India. The whole surface of the province is level, and watered by numerous streams; and the land, when properly cultivated, is exceedingly productive, affording rich crops of every sort of grain, cotton, sugar, indigo, opium, and all the most valuable products of Hindostan. The gifts of Heaven have, however, been neutralized by the ruinous policy of an oppressive government. "The impression, which generally remained uppermost," observes the writer of a private letter,* dated in December last, "as the general result of our visit to Lucknow, was that of disgust. In a state in which the people have no voice, in respect of the amount or kind of taxation, or as to the disposal of the revenue raised, every sort of improvement must depend upon the ruling power. Every where we saw proofs of the frivolity of the amusements of the sovereign, and of the lavish expense at which they are gratified; no where could we perceive any public work in progress for the benefit of the community. Along one entire side of this extensive and populous capital runs the river Goomtee, over which there is not a single bridge; that which was commenced being left unfinished. What *might* not be done in this kingdom! It has no national debt, and if there be truth in reports generally believed, it has stores of wealth, though secretly hoarded. But even if these rumours be groundless, it is known that the present annual revenue, without reviving an old, or imposing a new tax, is fully adequate to meet all proper demands for

the state and splendour of the sovereign, the maintenance of efficient judicial and fiscal establishments, and for carrying forward works of improvement and of utility. It is sad to say, that whatever the public servants do not peculate, and put by in secret, against times of need and difficulty, to themselves, is squandered by the dominant authority in vain and frivolous amusements, in the pursuits of a weak mind, and a vitiated taste, and the indulgence of depraved habits. Although his servants bow down their necks to the royal person, he has little or no voice in the management of the affairs of the country, and the sin of misrule must rest upon the head of his chosen minister.

"In the short space between Cawnpore and Lucknow, as well as from appearances immediately around the capital, I was disposed to think the tales of mal-administration exaggerated. The reverse, however, became but too obvious each stage we proceeded, by the way of Seetapore, to Shahjehanpore. We passed over miles and miles of waste in succession, not of barren land, incapable of cultivation,—for the fertility of the soil was manifest in many places, and traces of former tillage plainly discernible; such as ridges dividing fields; wells for irrigation, now dilapidated and useless, and groves of mango-trees, far remote from present habitations;—but evincing that these parts of the country had once been populous. Where the soil is naturally so rich, where so much facility for irrigation exists, as well in the nearness of water to the surface, as in the numerous small streams running from the mountains to unite themselves with the Ganges, it seems impossible to trace the mournful waste and depopulation to any other source than that of impolitic and unjust administration. This cause alone was assigned by all those with whom I conversed on the subject,—and they were of all classes, such as officials now in employ, or who had been employed under former ministers, cultivators, shop-keepers, pensioned sepoys, chokeydars, &c.,—they all declared that oppressive taxation occasioned this melancholy state of things; that it was the same whether an *amul* (agent) or a renter farmed; that no faith was kept; that the rent assessed was merely nominal, there being no limit to the demand, except the degree of means and power to enforce it. This it was which drove the stronger *malgozars* (landholders) into resistance, and forced the weaker to fly the country. It is a matter for surprise that any cultivators remain: but the tenacity with which this class cling to their homes is notorious, and it is probable, indeed, that the very lowest grade of the people,—the ryots,—suffer least, because oppression falls principally on the chiefs of villages; while it is certain that the custom of paying rent in kind by *bultai*, which prevails uniformly in Oude, is beneficial to the mere ryot. In our provinces, money-rents, fixed without adherence to fluctuation of prices, and adhered to for several successive years, have much injured our cultivators.

"At no time, and on no occasion, did I ever feel more proud of being in the service of the British Indian Government, than on recrossing within its frontier. After having travelled through a wilderness, we passed the small stream called Sooketa, which divides Oude from our territory, and is not more than ten yards wide. Up to this point we scarcely saw a tilled field;—from it, all the way to Shahjehanpore, about four coes, we gazed upon one vast sheet of rich cultivation, wheat, barley, *urhur* (a species of rye), grain of all kinds, cotton, sugar-cane, &c.;—the road bounded by banks or ditches; in short, every indication of industry, prosperity, and security. There is no perceptible change in the nature of the soil, nor is anything changed, in fact, except the ruling power."

The unfinished bridge intended to span the Goomtee, mentioned in the foregoing remarks, was a project of Saadut Ali, the late sovereign; it was to have been of iron, and the materials had arrived from England; but the death of that monarch taking place before they could be employed for the intended purpose, his successor, imbibing the prejudice common in Hindoostan, that no luck can attend the completion of an undertaking thus arrested in its progress, suffered the design to fall to the ground. There is, however, or at least there was, a bridge of solid masonry across the Goomtee, at Lucknow, besides one of platformed boats, that in the centre being moveable and opened for an hour every day.

The king of Oude has kept up a greater degree of state than his more highly descended, but less fortunate, contemporary of Delhi; and, in fact, Lucknow is the only native court in Hindoostan, which can afford any idea of the princely magnificence affected by the former rulers of India; that of Gwalior can bear no comparison, nor are those in the central provinces distinguished by the pomp and splendour which still characterize the throne of this ill-governed kingdom.

Like the generality of Indian cities, Lucknow presents a

* Addressed to the Editor of *The Calcutta Literary Gazette*, and forwarded by him to the writer of this work.

more imposing spectacle at a distance than its interior can realize, though some of its buildings may bear a comparison with those of the most celebrated capitals in the world. When viewed from some commanding point, the city exhibits a splendid assemblage of minarets, cupolas, pinnacles, towers, turrets, and lofty-arched gateways, through which, with many windings, the river glides, while the whole of this bright confusion of palace and temple, is shadowed and interspersed with the rich foliage of trees of gigantic growth and redundant luxuriance. But when visited in detail, the gorgeousness of the picture is obscured by the more than ordinary degree of dirt, filth, and squalid poverty, which are placed in juxtaposition with its grandest feature: the lanes leading from the principal avenues are ankle-deep in mud; and many of the hovels, which afford an insufficient shelter to a swarming population, are the most wretched habitations that imagination can conceive.

The capital of Oude is divided into three quarters. The first is chiefly appropriated to the mercantile community attached to the court and the residency; this district is composed of narrow, dirty, and inconvenient streets, and with the exception of a chowk, or market-place, and one or two open spaces occupied by the higher order of shopkeepers, the whole is mean beyond any comparison with the correspondent portions of other native cities. The population is immense, and the beggars quite as abundant as in places where mendicity is sanctioned by a higher degree of holiness than Lucknow can boast. Every corner of the streets is occupied by fakers, whose stentorian voices are heard above the Babel-like din of an Asiatic city. The second quarter which sprang up principally under the auspices of Saadut Ali, in addition to one exceedingly handsome street above a mile long, consists of a spacious chowk, and several well-appointed bazaars. It is entered at each end by a lofty gateway, and is composed of many palaces, and palace-like mansions, belonging to the king, and occupied by the members of his family, and the officers of his household. The architecture, though striking and picturesque, is rather whimsical, being an admixture of all sorts of orders and styles, Grecian and Moorish, diversified by modern innovations and alterations. The furniture of these houses is in the European style, and many contain a very curious and heterogeneous assemblage of upholsterer's goods, such as are seldom now to be seen in the countries which produced them. The third and most interesting quarter is of a more purely Oriental character, and contains numerous splendid buildings, mosques, and royal residences, chiefly completed during the sovereignty of Asoph-ud-Dowlah, who, upon his accession to the throne, quitted Fyzabad, the former capital of Oude, and fixed the seat of his government at Lucknow. The palace, which faces the Goomtee, comprises six principal courts or quadrangles, surrounded by pavilion-like buildings. In the first of these, which is entered by two lofty gateways, the attendants of the court have their apartments. Over the outer gate there is a handsome chamber, called the Nobut-Khana, or music-room, forming an orchestra upon a very splendid scale. The second court, encompassed by state apartments, is laid out as a garden, having a well, or bowlee, in the centre. Round this well are pavilions, opening to the water, and intended to afford a cool retreat during the hot weather; the air is refreshed by the constant dripping of the fountain, and the piazzas and arcaded chambers beyond, within the influence of its luxurious atmosphere, are well calculated for sleeping chambers in the sultry nights so constantly occurring throughout the period of the hot winds. Parallel to the second court, and at the eastward of it, stands a splendid edifice, raised upon an arched terrace, entirely of stone. This fabric, which is called the Sungee Dalaun, contains a grand hall, surrounded with a double arcade, crowned with a cupola at each angle, and one over the principal front, all of copper doubly gilt. At the extremities of the terrace there are wings, and flower-gardens stretch along each front, divided into parterres by walks and fountains. A corridor extends round this court, planted with vines, and out of three entrances, one with a covered passage is appropriated to the ladies. These gateways are decked with gilded domes, and the mosque, zenana, and other buildings attached to the palace, give to the whole edifice the air of a city raised by some enchanter. Without entering farther into dry descriptive details, it may be sufficient to say, that in no place in India can there be a more vivid realization of visions conjured up by a perusal of the splendid fictions of the *Arabian Nights*. Those who have visited the Kremlin, have pronounced that far-famed edifice to be inferior to the Imambara; and the palaces of the Hyder Baugh, Hosein Baugh, and Seesa Mahal, have nearly equal claims to admiration.

The banks of the Goomtee are beautifully planted, and its parks and gardens rendered singularly attractive by the multitude of animals kept in them. At a suburban palace, European visitants are delighted with the novel sight of a herd of English cattle, their superior size, roundness of form, and sleek looks, offering a strong contrast to the smaller, humped, and dewlapped breeds of Hindostan: the latter are perhaps more picturesque, but the associations connected with cows bred in English meads, the numerous pastoral recollections which their unexpected appearance revive in the mind, render them, when viewed beneath the shade of the tamarinda and banians of a tropical clime, objects of deep and peculiar interest.

The menageries of Lucknow are very extensive, and besides those wild and savage animals kept for the purpose of assisting at "the pomps of death and theatres of blood," in which this barbaric court delights, there are many fierce beasts, not intended for fighting, retained merely as ornamental appendages. Several rhinoceroses are amongst the number; they are chained to trees in the park, but some of the tigers appear to be so ill-secured, rattling the wooden bars of their cages with such vigorous perseverance, that it requires rather strong nerves to approach the places of their confinement. Delkusha (heart's delight) is one of the most celebrated of the parks belonging to the king; it is planted and laid out with great care and taste, open glades being cut through the thick forest, in which numerous herds of antelopes, Indian deer, and the gigantic variety of this interesting species, the nyghau, are seen disporting. This park abounds with monkeys, which are held sacred; for, though the Moslem religion has the ascendancy, that of the Hindoo is not only tolerated, but allowed the fullest enjoyment of its superstitions: the monkeys in this district are under the guardianship of a party of faqueers, who have established themselves in the private park of a Mohammedan monarch. The palace of Delkusha possesses no great exterior pretensions to elegance, but it is handsomely fitted up, and, in common with the other royal residences, contains toys and *bijouterie* sufficient to stock a whole bazaar of curiosity shops.

The pigeons belonging to Lucknow even exceed in number those of Benares, and other places where they are objects of reverence; here they are more esteemed for their beauty than for any peculiar sanctity, and the different breeds are preserved with the greatest care. On the summits of nearly all the roofs of the palaces, particularly the zenanas, these interesting birds are seen in flocks of from seventy to a hundred in each; they are selected for the beauty of their plumage, and each variety is kept in a separate flock. Boys are employed to teach them different evolutions in their flights. When on the wing, they keep in a cluster, and at a whistle fly off into the fields of air, ascend, descend, or return home as the signal directs. When turning suddenly, and darting towards the sun, the gleam of their variegated necks produces a beautiful effect, and when they alight upon the ground, they form a carpet of the most brilliant colours and the richest design imaginable. So great is the native attachment to the amusements which these birds afford, that it is recorded of some of the sovereigns of Lucknow that, in their country excursions, "they were accompanied by their women and pigeons."

Another remarkable feature of this extraordinary city is its elephants, which are maintained in multitudes; immense numbers belong to the king, and all the nobility and rich people possess as many as their means will admit. In royal processions, festivals, and state-occasions, they appear in crowds. A battalion of elephants, fifteen abreast, formed into a close-serried column, richly caparisoned in flowing *jhools* of scarlet and gold, with silver *howdahs*, and bearing natives of rank clothed in glittering tissues, form an imposing sight; but this can only be seen with full effect in the open country beyond the city. Once within the streets, the jostling and confusion are tremendous, and not unfrequently, in very narrow passes, ladders, and housings, or perhaps part of the roof on the verandah of the projecting buildings, are torn away by the struggles for precedence displayed by elephants, acquainted with their strength, and entering with ardour into the resolves of the mahouts to gain or maintain the foremost places. Elephants breed in a state of domestication, and young ones not larger than a good-sized pig, are frequently seen frolicking by the side of their mothers through the streets of Lucknow, —a spectacle fraught with interest to the eye of a European stranger. Camels are equally numerous, and, when handsomely caparisoned, add considerably to the splendour of a procession. The king's stud does not consist of fewer than a thousand horses, many of which are perfect specimens of

the finest breeds, and are considered paragons of their kind; these are brought out to increase the splendour of his retinue, and, even upon ordinary occasions, his suwarree exceeds in multitude and variety any European notion of ostentatious show. When seeking amusement at his numerous parks and gardens, the king is attended by immense numbers of people, and spare equipages of every description, dogs, hawks, hunting leopards, with their keepers; and an almost endless train of guards and domestics, both on horseback and on foot, form his multitudinous accompaniments; and though the delight in show, which characterizes Asiatics, may be esteemed a childish and puerile taste, and we could wish the sovereign of so interesting a territory to be guided by nobler aims and to seek higher pursuits, one can scarcely desire that these pomps and pageantries, the relics of old romance, should be numbered with by-gone things.

Both the present and former rulers of Oude have manifested a strong partiality for European fashions and European manufactures, but their love of novelty has not been productive of any national improvement; they have thought of nothing beyond some idle gratification or indulgence, and their minds have not expanded, or their views become more enlightened, by constant intercourse with the people who possess so much knowledge, both moral and political. A great number of foreigners have for many years been attached to the court of the king of Oude; a large proportion unquestionably might be styled mere adventurers, ignorant of every art excepting that which teaches them to profit by the follies and weaknesses of mankind; but there are others of a superior order, from whom many lessons of the highest practical utility might have been acquired.

The king of Oude has selected English officers for his aides-de-camp, his physicians belong to the Company's medical establishment, and he has also other persons of equal rank and intelligence attached to his household. An artist of great respectability and very considerable talent grew old in the service of Saadut Ali and his successor. This gentleman retired, at an advanced age, to spend the remainder of his days at Cawnpore, where he kept up a handsome establishment, and, until the loss of his daughter and increasing infirmities rendered him averse to society, had been wont to exercise the most extensive hospitality to the residents of the station. The place of Mr. Home is supplied, at the court of Lucknow, by Mr. George Beechy, who had distinguished himself by several masterly efforts of the pencil before he left England, and whose portrait of a native female, sent over and exhibited two years ago at Somerset house, attracted the attention of the best judges of the art. It is said,—but whether on sufficient authority we are unable to state,—that Asiatic prejudices have been so far remitted as to allow this gentleman access to the royal zenana, for the purpose of taking the portrait of the favourite wife. Such an innovation cannot fail to produce important results; and there are too many indications of a similar nature occurring all over British India, to render it at all doubtful that, at no very distant period, the whole fabric of jealous restriction will give way, and that the women of Hindostan will receive the full enjoyment of liberty so long denied.

The Christian community of Lucknow is rather considerable when compared to that of other native cities; a great many of the shopkeepers and persons holding offices about the court are half-castes; and there are a multitude of hangers-on, of the same religion, who, attracted by the hope of enriching themselves under a monarch whose splendour and liberality have been of course exaggerated by report, pick up a subsistence, where they had expected to find an easy path to wealth. The military cantonments, in which the Company's battalions are garrisoned, are situated at some distance from the city, where their neighbourhood acts as a salutary check, without creating the annoyance a more close association would naturally produce. There are turbulent spirits amongst the population of Lucknow, that can ill brook the military superiority of their British rulers, and, however hopeless the attempt, would gladly measure swords with them; but this hostility is not so general as some persons have asserted, and it is rarely manifested except upon some strong provocation.

Europeans have made complaints of the insolence which they have sustained in passing through the city without a numerous train of attendants; their palanquin-doors have been rudely opened, and other marks of disrespect evinced; but, though such things may have happened, conduct of this nature is by no means general, and in most cases, upon investigation, it would be found that the natives were not the first aggressors. The character of the complainant should always

be taken into consideration; some Europeans are so imperious and exacting, that they see nothing but insolence and defiance upon the part of those who do not approach them with servility and homage; while others, who think less of their own importance, are struck with the urbanity and courtesy which seem almost innate in natives of any intellectual pretensions. Thus, at a party given by the king of Oude, very contradictory reports will be disseminated respecting the conduct of the native visitants towards the European guests. From one we shall hear a triumphant account of his having succeeded in maintaining an upper seat in a struggle with some rude Mussulman, anxious to uphold his own dignity, and to lower the pride of the English; while another will dilate upon the polite attention he has received, and upon the gentlemanly manners and address, which, as a prevailing characteristic, exceeds that of more civilized countries. No Frenchmen have better command over their countenances when conversing with persons ill-acquainted with their language; they betray no disgust at the ungrammatical, vulgar phrases introduced by those who are only accustomed to talk to their servants, though they themselves are choice in their expressions, having a vocabulary quite distinct from that of the lower orders, and deeming it the height of ill-breeding to deviate from the established rule. Unfortunately, this graciousness of demeanour, and tolerance of solecisms arising from an imperfect acquaintance with foreign manners and customs, is not very general amongst the English residents in India. They are glad to escape from society which is irksome to them, and it seems their endeavour to make their intercourse with the better class of natives as brief as possible. This spirit will account for the little progress which knowledge has made at the court of Lucknow; and it seems a reproach to the Europeans attached to the residency, rather than to the natives themselves, that so much superstition and almost brutal ignorance should still prevail amongst a people eminently capable of becoming wise and enlightened. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more childish than the belief in omens, the notions of lucky and unlucky days, by which the most serious transactions of life are regulated by the king and his courtiers; and their utter ignorance of the principles which actuate men of honour, or indeed of common morality, would be incredible, were it not supported by well known and undeniable evidence.

Aga Meer, the favourite minister of the late king, had incurred the deepest hatred of his successor, not only by the odium which he brought upon the government by his rapacity and cruelty, but on account of personal offences, which could neither be forgotten nor forgiven. A show of reconciliation had taken place previous to the death of the then reigning monarch; and his son, released from confinement, readily agreed to bury the past in oblivion. Once seated on the throne, the opportunities which offered themselves to satiate long-smothered vengeance, could not be rejected. Aga Meer, justly alarmed for his safety, took refuge at the residency. The meditated blow was arrested, and the king, much to his mortification, discovered that he could neither take the life, nor seize the property of the disgraced minister, both being under English protection. He, therefore, though reluctantly, contented himself with making him a prisoner in his own palace, the power which he was permitted to exercise extending no farther. Aga Meer's riches consisted of jewels and coin to a vast amount; these he had improvidently suffered to accumulate in his own house, instead of taking measures to secure them in foreign banks. There would have been little or no difficulty in effecting his own escape, but it was quite impossible to convey such bulky treasures away in secret. His servants and satellites were, however, instructed to make the most tempting offers to young English officers, whose spirit and enterprise it was thought might achieve this anxiously desired object, but the attempt was too hopeless to be undertaken.

Aga Meer, at one time, endeavoured to practise an old and common stratagem; but such stage-tricks are now worn out in Asiatic theatres. He asked leave to send his women away, and loaded their palanquins with jewels. On the present occasion, female privacy was not respected; the palanquins were searched, and Aga Meer was glad to get them back within his own walls. Though the minister despaired of effecting his purpose, the king felt extremely apprehensive that some powerful aid would be raised up in favour of a man possessed of such enormous wealth, and that he,—and the sequel proved that he was not wrong in his conjecture,—would be disappointed of the golden prize.

Aga Meer's death now became an object of the greatest importance, and in the opinion of the monarch's friends and

confidants, an easy mode of effecting it presented itself. The health of the prisoner, somewhat injured by anxiety and confinement, was entrusted to the care of a medical officer of the Company's establishment. This gentleman, in whom Aga Meer reposed the greatest confidence, was pitched upon by the conspirators for the instrument of their project. Nothing doubting that he would fall readily into their schemes, two exceedingly polite and plausible persons paid him a visit, and after a few hints, not easy to be understood by a man of high moral principles, proceeded to say that he would greatly oblige and gratify the king by administering a dose of poison to Aga Meer, a service which would be rewarded by the gift of a lac of rupees. Somewhat embarrassed by this extraordinary proposition, and not knowing how far his character might be implicated by its having been made to him, the gentleman dissembled his indignation and horror; asking time for consideration, he dismissed his guests, and repairing to the residency, laid the whole affair before the chief personage appointed by the Company to superintend the affairs of Oude. The surgeon was instructed to appoint another meeting, and to enter into some specific arrangement, which should fully commit the persons who had contrived the cold-blooded scheme. They did not hesitate to bring a deposit of half the money, and when surprised by some unseen witnesses of their interview, could not be made to comprehend the disgust which their proposal had occasioned. They seemed to think it very extraordinary that a poor man should refuse to enrich himself upon such easy terms, dwelling with great complacency upon the facility with which the whole affair might be managed, by the substitution of some deadly drug for a dose of medicine. Upon consideration, the resident deemed it most advisable to hush up this affair, but it was commonly talked of amongst the European community; and the writer of the present narrative received the whole account from the lips of the principal actor, who gave a most interesting, as well as amusing, description of the surprise which the discovery of his scruples elicited.

In little more than a year after this transaction Aga Meer obtained his release, but it was not effected without the most spirited interference on the part of the Governor-general, whose determination to compel the king of Oude to yield up his long-desired victim, could not be resisted. A regiment of cavalry was sent over to Lucknow to escort the prisoner across the frontier, and the whole of the garrison of Cawnpore were under orders to march, and lay siege to the capital of Oude, in case the king should refuse to allow Aga Meer to depart with all his treasure. The writer was at Cawnpore at the period of this important transit. It was a time of considerable excitement, though the result could scarcely justify a doubt. Amongst the young military men, nothing was more eagerly desired than a *tamasha* of the kind, and at one time great hopes were entertained of the king's obstinacy: but he was too wise to allow passion to over-master prudence, and with little less than Pharoah's reluctance, suffered his enemy to depart unscathed. Aga Meer's treasures, amounting, it was said, to the enormous sum of twenty-five crores of rupees (as many millions sterling,) were conveyed across the Ganges in eight hundred hackeries (bullock-carts); he established himself at Cawnpore, purchasing several of the most beautiful of the houses which had been built by the English residents for their own accommodation, at a period in which they could better afford to lodge sumptuously than at the present day. Aga Meer did not survive his emancipation very long; the circumstances of his death are enveloped in mystery, and rumours are abroad that the vengeance of the king of Oude overtook him at the moment in which he enjoyed a fancied security. His wealth also, it is said, unaccountably disappeared; many of his servants, after his decease, were in a state of destitution from the impossibility of procuring the payment of their wages, which had been long in arrears.

Those who are acquainted with all the particulars of his eventful life,—and they are known to many,—could furnish a very interesting memoir of this subtle adventurer, and the information conveyed by such a narrative would throw considerable light upon the complicated net-work of the affairs of Oude. Originally a common *mussalchee*, or scullion, Aga Meer contrived to ingratiate himself with his superiors, and rose, at length to the highest appointment in the state. His rapacity is said to have known no bounds, and if he sanctioned half the acts of cruelty and oppression which are laid to his charge, no monster in the human form ever committed crimes of more fearful magnitude. Reverencing neither sex nor age, upon any pretext for the seizure of property, his myrmidons were directed to violate the sacred precincts of the *zenana*. The males of the family, bound by the dearest ties of honour to prevent such an outrage, were usually slain in the rash at-

tempt; while the women, unable to survive the disgrace of exposure to the rude gaze, and still sadder touch of lawless men, threw themselves into the wells, perishing miserably by their own hands. Whole families were thus swept away, their habitations were razed to the ground, and their inheritance became the prey of the spoiler.

Though many Europeans might have been tempted by the hope of a rich reward to effect the deliverance of Aga Meer, none felt any pity for the captive, or deemed his fate unmerited. In our ignorance of the motives which actuated the Governor-general's resolute interposition in his behalf, we are not justified in condemning the measures he adopted; but it was generally considered rather hard upon the king of Oude, that so notorious a delinquent should have been suffered to carry away the wealth he had wrung from an impoverished country. Succeeding ministers have been little less oppressive than Aga Meer. Hukeem Mhende Ali, who, during the period of his former disgrace, entered into very extensive mercantile concerns at Futtighur, has been recalled, but is now again in banishment; rumours are afloat that the late failures in Calcutta, though long threatening, were ultimately occasioned by the sudden withdrawal of a very large sum of money from one of the agency-houses by this person, who it is said, was incited to revenge himself upon those members of the government who refused to support him in the administration of the affairs of Oude.

Oude is still celebrated for the barbarous spectacle in which, by a strange perversion of taste, men in all ages and countries have taken delight. While cock-fighting continues to be a favourite amusement in England, we ought not, perhaps, to visit the combats of wild beasts, which take place on occasions of great festivity at Lucknow, with the reprehension which such inhuman sports should call forth. Upon the arrival of a new resident, the visit of a commander-in-chief, or any occasion of equal importance, the court of Lucknow is seen in all its glory. It is the custom for one of the princes to meet the expected guest at the distance of perhaps two days' march from the city; the *cortège* at these times is very resplendent, the cavalcade being composed of a vast body of elephants, attended by battalions of infantry and cavalry, led-horses, palanquins, heralds, mace-bearers, and a nondescript-throng of half-armed and half-naked pedestrians. It is the fashion for one of the great men to invite the other to partake of his howdah; the two retinues join, and with all the noise they can make, and all the dust they can kick up, the whole *sawarree* sweeps along the road—the irregular cavalry darting out in all directions, displaying their horsemanship, and their skill as spear and swordsmen, by carrying on a running tilt, charging, careering, and curveting, without the slightest consideration of any impediment in the shape of bank or ditch. The king himself makes his appearance at the outskirts of the city, and the same ceremonies are gone through; the honoured guest is invited to share the monarch's howdah; and an embrace, performed in public, shows the amicable terms which the two governments are upon with each other.

It is astonishing how few accidents occur from the jostling and concussion of these promiscuous multitudes of horse and foot. Elephants, fortunately, rarely take any delight in wanton mischief; their sagacity enables them to estimate the damage they might commit, and even when most incited to action, they are careful of the lives and limbs of the multitude around them. Natives ride so admirably, that, notwithstanding the incurable vice of their horses, those who have been accustomed to the field are rarely or ever thrown; there will, however, be always some inexpert horsemen, where no one will walk if he can by any means mount himself; and hence the necessity of attendant grooms, armed with spears, whose business it is to keep off loose steeds, which, after throwing their riders, attack others with the ferocity of wild beasts, tearing at everything that comes in their way. It is the etiquette, upon a triumphal entry of this description, for the king to give a breakfast to his guests, and this is always attempted in the European fashion. Though splendid in its kind, and closely resembling its model, there are always some inattentions to minute particulars, which mar the whole affair; thus the tea and coffee are never served up hot, and the forks which are only put into requisition upon such occasions, look as if they had been thrown into a godown since the last entertainment, a year or two before, and left to accumulate rust and dirt.

It is exceedingly difficult to make native servants comprehend the propriety of serving up tea while it is hot; such a thing may be compassed in private families, but never at a public entertainment, where, in order to be ready, everything is prepared a long time before it is wanted. Old campaigners

usually contrive to bring a supply of such things as are essential to their own comfort. The writer, at a very large assembly of the kind, had the good fortune to find the only vacant seat at table next a gentleman who had provided himself with a tripod of charcoal, and other means and appliances for a comfortable breakfast. The tea-kettle was singing merrily outside the door, and the careful *khidmutgar* had ensconced the tea-pot under his master's chair. The neighbours came in for a portion of the beverage which "cheers but not inebriates," and which afforded a very requisite refreshment after an encounter with the dust and fatigue attendant upon a native spectacle. The *khansamah* of the king of Oude, however, must not suffer in his character of caterer, on account of little discrepancies, perhaps not in his power to remedy or avoid.

Bishop Heber has borne honourable testimony to the culinary powers of the *maitre-d'hotel* who officiated during his sojourn; and the writer can never forget a certain fowl, prepared by the hands of the king's especial attendant (for *khansamahs*, though they have cooks under them, always superintend the process themselves), which a Ude or a Carême might view with envy. It was roasted, and served up whole, but so spiced and saturated with curry-powder, as to form no bad representation of a salamander. It may not be unimportant to add, that the preparation, though excellent in its kind, which goes under the name of the king of Oude's sauce, does not bear any resemblance to the zests and relishes of various descriptions which are served up at the king's table; the chetney's and sweet pickles, for which Lucknow is famous, and which, especially the latter, London oilmen would do well to import or imitate.

The etiquette at the court of Oude differs considerably from that of Delhi; though in both the receiving and presenting nuzzurs form the principal ceremonial. In imitation of European sovereigns, the king gives his portrait set in diamonds to ambassadors and other persons of rank, this distinction being also bestowed upon the aides-de-camp, and officers who have accepted situations of equal honour at the court. There is nothing very remarkable about the audience-chamber, but the king's throne is extremely splendid. It is a square platform, raised two feet from the ground, with a railing on three sides, and a canopy supported upon pillars; of these the frame-work is wood, but the casing pure gold, set with precious stones of great value; the canopy is of crimson-velvet richly embroidered with gold, and finished with a deep fringe of pearls; the cushions, on which the king is seated, are also of embroidered-velvet; and the emblem of royalty, the chatah, is of the same, with a deep fringe of pearls. The king appears literally covered with jewels, the whole of the body down to the waist being decorated with strings of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, &c.; his crown is a perfect constellation of gems, and overshadowed by plumes of the bird of paradise. A native of rank stands on either side of the throne, waving chowries of peacocks' feathers set in gold handles. To the right of the throne are gilt chairs for the accommodation of the resident and his wife, if he be a married man, the rank of the British ambassador (who certainly acts the part of viceroy over the king) being recognized as equal to that of the monarch himself; he is the only person permitted the use of the chatah, the chowrie, and the hookah, in the sovereign's presence. The English persons attached to the residency take up their position behind and at the side of these chairs, standing; those in the service of the king wearing very handsome court-dresses of puce-coloured cloth, richly embroidered with gold. The left of the throne is occupied by natives of rank holding high official situations, splendidly attired in the picturesque costume of the country. The prime-minister stands at the king's feet to receive and present the nuzzurs. These consist of money, from twenty-one gold mohurs down to a few rupees in silver, according to the circumstances of the parties. The person offering advances to the throne with many salaams, and having his gift placed upon a folded handkerchief, presents it to the king to touch in token of acceptance; it is then given to the minister, who adds it to the heap by his side. After this ceremony, the king and the resident rise; the former takes from the hands of a person in waiting certain necklaces composed of silver ribbon, ingeniously plaited, which offer a cheap mode of conferring distinction; the investiture is made by the king in person; and upon taking leave, the resident is accompanied by the king to the entrance, where he salutes him with a short sentence, "God be with you!" pouring *atta* on his hands at the final exit. Should the ambassador happen to be in great favour at the time, the compliment is extended to all the English visitants as they pass out.

Titles of honour, khillauts, and their accompanying distinc-

tions,—such as an elephant fully caparisoned, a charger, or a palanquin,—are frequently conferred upon these court-days; the nuzzur is then of proportionate value, persons anxiously coveting some grant or distinction offering not less than a lac of rupees; this sum is conveyed in a hundred bags, covered with crimson silk, tied with a silver ribbon, and so solid a proof of attachment is not unfrequently rewarded by an embrace before the whole court, a mark of royal favour well worth the money bestowed upon it, since any person's fortune is made in native states, who is known to have interest at court.

The king's dinners are better than his breakfasts; there is abundance of wine for the English guests, and though the native visitants do not partake in public, many confess that they indulge at their own tables. Nautches and fireworks conclude the evening's entertainment; the latter can never be shown off to so much advantage as in an Indian city, where the buildings they illuminate are of the same fairy-like nature. No description can do justice to the scene presented on some fine, dark, clear night, when the Goomtee is covered with boats, of those long canoe-shaped graceful forms, belonging to the king, some resembling alligators, others swans, peacocks, or dolphins, enamelled in various colours, intermingled with gold, and filled with a splendid company glittering in gems and tissues. Blue lights, so artfully disposed as not to be visible, while they clothe the whole pageant with their unearthly gleams, render every adjacent object distinct; and as the blaze of ten thousand rockets bursts forth, palaces, mosques, and temples seem to rise majestically during the brief illumination. In the next moment, all is dark save the pageant on the Goomtee; and again minarets and domes, cupolas and spires spring up, silver and gold, as the marble and gilding catch the vivid gleams of jets and spouts of fire ascending to the skies.

CHAPTER XVII.

MAHOMMEDAN FESTIVALS.

THE poor remnants of splendour still possessed by the court of Delhi, are mustered and displayed with some approximation to former pomp at the annual celebration of the *Buckra Eade*; but it is at Lucknow that the most imposing spectacle takes place at this festival. The followers of Mahomet claim to be descendants of the patriarch, through his son Ishmael, who they aver to have been chosen for the offering of the Almighty, and not Isaac: thus differing from the belief of Jews and Christians, and supporting their assertion, in contradiction to the authority of the Bible, by writings which, in their opinion, contain sufficient evidence in favour of their claims. The offering thus made to Heaven is commemorated by the sacrifice of particular animals, camels, sheep, goats, kids, or lambs, according to each person's means; this is supposed to answer a double purpose, not only honouring the memory of Abraham and Ishmael, but the sacrifices assisting in a time of great need. It is supposed that the entrance to Paradise is guarded by a bridge made of a scythe or some instrument equally sharp, and affording as unstable a footing. The followers of the prophet are required to skait or skim over this passage, and it will be attended with more or less difficulty, according to the degree of favour they have obtained in the sight of heaven. The truly pious will be wafted over in safety, but the undeserving must struggle many times, and be often cut down in the attempt, before they can gain the opposite side. In this extremity, it is imagined that the same number and kind of animals, which, being clean and esteemed fitting for sacrifice, they have offered up at the celebration of the *Buckra Eade*, will be in waiting to convey them in safety along the perilous passage of the bridge. Under this belief, the richer classes of Mahomedans supply their indigent brethren with goats and sheep for the sacrifice: a work of charity incited by the purest motives, and which, if not possessing all the efficacy ascribed to it, at least furnishes the poor man's house with an ample and a welcome feast; for though poverty compels the lower classes of Mussulmans to imitate the Hindoos in the frugality of a vegetable meal, they never refuse meat when it is procurable.

Great preparations are made at Lucknow for the celebration of the *Buckra Eade*; a busy scene takes place upon the river, where the elephants are sent to bathe for the occasion. One

at least of these animals being kept by every person who can afford to maintain them, the multitude of elephants, in a population estimated at three hundred thousand persons, may be imagined. Since our acquaintance with the interior of South America has increased, we have become familiar with the appearance of beggars on horseback; but it is only, perhaps, at Lucknow that one of the fraternity aspires to an elephant. A few years ago, a mendicant, who went by the name of Shah Jee, being in high favour with the king, to whom it is said he had predicted things which afterwards came to pass, was permitted to levy contributions through the city, and, mounted upon an elephant, demanded five cowries daily of every shopkeeper. The tax upon each individual was very small, it taking four-score of these shells to make up the value of a half-penny; but the sum, when collected throughout all the bazaars of the place, amounted to a very considerable revenue.

After the elephants have been well washed in the river, their skins are oiled, and their heads painted with various devices; they are then decorated in their embroidered jhools, many of which have gold borders a quarter of a yard in depth, and these are surmounted by howdahs, either painted to resemble enamel, or formed entirely of silver. The caparisons of the horses are not less magnificent; the saddles and stirrups are of solid silver, and large silver necklaces, composed of pendant medallions spread over the chest, have a very beautiful effect, and give out a tinkling sound as the animal, proud of his trappings, prances along. The tails are dyed of a bright scarlet, and some have stars and crescents painted on their haunches. Gold is sometimes substituted for silver in the caparisons of these animals, and where ornaments of this kind are too costly for the purses of the owners, decorations not so rich, but equally gay, are substituted. The necklace is composed of beads, and the head is adorned with tufts of variegated silk, which have a very picturesque effect. Camels are usually decorated in the same manner, it not being very often that, with the exception of the bells attached to their collars, silver ornaments are bestowed upon animals more esteemed for their utility than for the beauty of their appearance, or as an appendage of state. The camel is perhaps underrated, for, as an adjunct to an oriental pageant, he is of great importance; the nodding heads, arched necks, and conical backs of these animals, though grotesque in themselves, add greatly to the effect of a mingled body of elephants, horses, and men; an Asiatic group never being perfect except when camels form a portion of it. The animals intended for sacrifice at the celebration of the Buckra Eade, are conveyed to a place at some distance from the city, built for the purpose of containing them, and called the Eade-Gaah, a court or quadrangle, surrounded by a bastioned wall, and entered by lofty gateways.

The processions at Delhi and Lucknow are particularly imposing, that of Delhi owing the greater portion of its splendour to the retinues of the Omrahs and great men of the court, while at Lucknow the *cortège* of the king renders every attempt at imitation hopeless. All his troops appear upon this day in new clothing, and the *coup d'œil* is rendered more effective by an attention to minute particulars generally neglected in native arrangements; Asiatics paying little regard to consistence. The van of the cavalcade is formed of fifty camels, carrying swivels, each accompanied by a driver and two gunners in white uniforms, with turbans and cummerbunds of red and green, the colours of the cloth composing the housings of the camels. A park of artillery succeeds, the gunners being clothed in blue uniforms; next two troops of cavalry, in the picturesque vests worn by suwars, of scarlet cloth, with pointed caps of black lamb-skin. After these a regiment of foot, only half-clad, in wild barbaric costume, the trowser scarcely extending mid-way down the thigh, where it is vandyked with black points: they have red jackets and small turbans of black leather, and the warlike but dissonant music of the *dunkah*, or kettle-drum, assimilates well with the strange fantastic display made by these troops. The *nijeebs* are closely followed by the most gorgeous portion of the spectacle, the elephant carriages of the king and his court; the great satrap himself sits enthroned in a sort of triumphal car of silver, canopied and curtained with crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold, and drawn by four elephants exactly matched in colour, height, and size. The others have only two elephants each, but all glitter with gold and silver, and the gallant company, so proudly borne along, shine from head to foot in gems and brocade. Their turbans are adorned with costly agrettes of jewels; clasps, studs, belts, rings, and bracelets, of the most precious treasures of the mine, appear in the greatest profusion, down to the gem-

enamelled slipper, and these are set off by the graceful flow of drapery composed of the most beautifully woven tissues, and shawls of the finest fabric. Round these chariots, *chobdars* (mace-bearers), *chuprassies*, *hukaras*, and other state attendants—some brandishing sheathed scimitars, and others fanning the air with *chowries*—shout out the titles of the illustrious and puissant personages to whom they belong; while a cloud of irregular horse hover on either side, tilting and curvetting apparently with disorderly recklessness, yet in reality conducting their evolutions with the most consummate skill. The king's led horses follow to swell the pomp and the parade; they are all richly caparisoned, and attended by grooms in handsome liveries. The royal *paalkie* and palanquin next appear; these native vehicles are of the most splendid description, constructed entirely of wrought gold, each carried by bearers clad in long scarlet vests, embroidered with gold, their turbans ornamented with the emblems of royalty. The state-carriage also forms a portion of this part of the show; it is of English make, drawn by eight black horses, driven in hand by an European coachman in scarlet livery, or rather uniform. The English gentlemen composing the foreign portion of the king's suite appear in their court-dresses, mounted upon elephants, and after them a long train of the native nobility, also mounted in the same manner, the whole being closed by horse and foot soldiers, those belonging to the India Company marching with their colours unfurled, and their bands playing, while hundreds of bannerolers, of gold and silver tissue, flaunt in the air in every direction.

Notwithstanding the want of order and discipline, which seems essential to the movement of so large a body, the procession arrives at its place of destination without being materially disarranged by the apparent confusion, which is considerably augmented by the clashing of instruments, those of Europe striving with hopeless efforts to vie with the clang and clamour of the native trumpet and drum. The cavalcade being drawn up at the place appointed, the superior priest or moollah, after going through the usual religious service, presents a knife to the king, who, repeating a prayer, plunges his weapon into the throat of a camel, the victim selected for sacrifice. The artillery-men are all in readiness, and when the signal is given of the completion of the ceremony by the king himself, a general discharge of musketry and cannon announces the circumstance to the whole of the city. The religious part of the festival is then ended, and the rejoicings begin. The camel thus slaughtered is served up at the royal table, on the only occasion in which the flesh of this animal is eaten in Hindostan; portions are sent as presents, a gift which is supposed to confer no small degree of honour; and the European residents, both at Lucknow and at Delhi, are often complimented with a share. The feasting is universal, for it being an essential duty on the part of the Mahomedans to dispense to others the bounties and blessings which they themselves receive, the poor on this day partake of the luxuries of the rich man's table. Upon his return to the city, the king of Oude holds a court, and the Buckra Eade is often chosen as the period of conferring honour and titles. Formerly it was the custom for Europeans to receive regular patents of nobility from native courts; but this does not appear to be common at present, the honour being little coveted by people who affect to look down upon Asiatic dignities. On the presentation of a *khillaut*, titles of honour are always included, and the heralds are very liberal in their proclamations, especially at Delhi, where it is cheaper and consequently more expedient to substitute high-sounding words for more solid marks of royal favour. Many governor-generals and commanders-in-chief have been made omrahs, khans, or nawabs by the king of Delhi; yet it is very questionable whether any have thought it worth their while to have these titles confirmed according to the etiquette practised concerning those conferred at European courts; and both the *khillaut* and the title seem now to have degenerated into an idle ceremony, which, as far as Europeans are concerned, means nothing but an empty compliment. With natives, however, the rank and consequence of each individual materially depend upon the degree of estimation in which he is known to be held at court; certain distinctions are withheld from the multitude, which are eagerly coveted, and made the subject of much cabal and intrigue. The rank of a party is known by his equipage, palanquins of a peculiar construction being only permitted to privileged persons, who receive them with the grant of their titles from the king.

The festivities of the Buckra Eade are concluded by nautches and fire-works; every palace throughout the city of Lucknow is illuminated; the river is covered with boats filled

with musicians and dancing-girls, and though the rejoicings are more strictly private in the zenanas, they too have their share: the ladies, sumptuously attired, and laden with jewels, congregate together; dances of a more decorous nature than those exhibited to male eyes are performed before them, and after a luxurious banquet, they indulge with never-failing zest in the hookah and paan.

Notwithstanding the time occupied in the procession to the Eade-Gaah, or in the court or durbar held after it, the king contrives to devote a portion of the day to the favourite spectacle, the wild-beast fights, at which, strange to say, many European ladies submit to be present. A public breakfast also to the members of the Residency forms a part of the entertainments. In so anomalous a proceeding as the appearance of females at an Asiatic court, there can of course be no established rule respecting their dress; convenience more than etiquette is consulted, and the ladies do not scruple to attend these breakfasts in morning dresses, and in bonnets. During the reign of those enormous hats, which scarcely fell short of a carriage-wheel in circumference, the king of Oude experienced considerable difficulty in the investiture of the *haahrh*, or necklace; the tinsel garland, on more than one occasion, stuck half-way, producing no little embarrassment on the part of the lady, and compelling the king to abandon the hope of performing his part of the ceremony with his accustomed grace.

Few things surprise the natives of India more than the changes in European fashions; no sooner has an unfortunate *dirzee* (tailor) mastered the intricacies of a folded body, than he has to exert his bewildered faculties upon the production of another, without plait or pucker; some ladies, who are unable to afford any instructions to their work-people, exhibit prints of fashions to the wondering eyes of these poor men, who gaze upon them with amazed and hopeless countenances, honestly acknowledging their inability to follow such a guide. The mysterious phraseology in which the milliners of Paris and London are wont to envelope their descriptions, are equally puzzling to the ladies themselves; and strange, indeed are some of the articles produced by the joint efforts of the mystified *dirzee*, and his equally perplexed mistress. This state of things is not very propitious to feminine display; and, accordingly, it must reluctantly be said that the court at Lucknow does not derive any additional lustre from the ladies of the Residency when they make their appearance at it, the effect being rather diminished than heightened by the contrast of the somewhat plain if not dowdy apparel of the fair visitants, with the gorgeous show of the Asiatic groups.

The king of Oude is often present at the celebration of European marriages, and upon one occasion, at least, gave the bride away; a strange office for a Mahommedan monarch to perform to a Christian lady. The rigid laws made and enacted by the British government, are in a slight degree relaxed when such a circumstance takes place, and the bride is permitted to retain the string of pearls with which the king encircles her neck. At other festivals, the situation of English ladies is exceedingly tantalizing; they see trays laid at their feet containing shawls such as had haunted their early dreams, dazzling brocades of silver, and necklaces of glittering gems. These are offered to their acceptance with flattering compliments, in which they are told that all the riches of the kingdom shall be at their disposal. They are content with the portion assigned to them, but see,—and sometimes the sight brings tears into their eyes,—the tempting treasures seized by a government *chuprassy*, and restored to the place from whence they came. It is necessary that the Resident should be made of very stern stuff to resist the pleadings of young ladies, who implore him to make an exception in their particular case from the general rule so despotically enforced, and resistance is rendered more difficult by the good-humoured endeavours of the natives to second the fair damsels' wishes. Confidential servants sometimes contrive to rescue a shawl or two from the hands of the Philistines, and after the whole *nuzzur* has been hopelessly surrendered, a part has been clandestinely conveyed, under cover of the night, to the private apartment of the disconsolate fair one, who, if unmarried, and therefore not implicating any one but herself, does not feel bound to respect the ordinances of the government, and accepts with as little scruple as if she were purchasing some piece of contraband goods in England.

The celebration of the Mohurum, in all large Mahommedan communities of the Sheah sect, though, strictly speaking, a fast of the most mournful kind, is accompanied by so much pomp and splendour, that strangers are at some loss to distinguish it from festivals of pure rejoicing. In no part of India is this interesting anniversary of the Moslem year commemorated with more zeal and enthusiasm than at Lucknow.

It is certain that the Sheah sect, who are settled in Hindostan, are in some degree obnoxious to the charge brought against them by their enemies, of introducing rites and ceremonies almost bordering upon idolatry in their devotion to the memory of the Imams Hossein and Houssein. Imbibing a love of show from long domestication with a people passionately attached to pageantry and spectacle, they have departed from the plainness and simplicity of the worship of their ancestors, and in the decorations of the *tazees*, and the processions which accompany them to the place of sepulture, display their reverential regard for Ali and his sons in a manner which would be esteemed scandalous if thus accompanied in Persia and Arabia, where the grief of the Shea is more quietly and soberly manifested, without the admixture of those theatrical exhibitions, which so wonderfully excite and inflame the mind at the celebration of this festival all over India.

Several processions take place during the celebration of the Mohurum. At Lucknow, on the fifth day, the banners are carried to a celebrated shrine, or *durgah*, in the neighbourhood, to be consecrated, it being supposed that the standard of Hossein, miraculously pointed out to a devout believer, is preserved at this place. The veneration in which this sacred relic is held, nearly equalling that which in some places in Europe is displayed towards pieces of the true cross, affords another proof of the corruption of the Mahommedan religion by the Sheah sect of India. The *durgah* at Lucknow is not only visited at the commemoration of Hossein's obsequies, but prayers and oblations are offered in its holy precincts, upon recovery from illness, or any other occasion which calls for praise and thanksgiving. The gifts deposited at the *durgah*, consisting of money, clothes and other valuable articles, become the property of the officiating priest, who is expected to disburse the greater portion in charity. All the Moslem inhabitants of Lucknow are anxious to consecrate the banners employed at the Mohurum, by having them touched by the sacred relic, and for this purpose they are conveyed to the shrine with as much pomp and ceremony as the circumstances of the proprietors will admit. A rich man sends his banners upon elephants, surrounded by an armed guard, and accompanied by bands of music; these standards are pennant-shaped, and very long, some formed of silver or gold tissue, and all richly embroidered; they are followed by a procession on foot, clad in mourning. The arms and accoutrements, representing those worn by Hossein, are carried in some of these processions; and one of the most important features is Dhull Dhull, the horse slain with his master on the fatal field of Kurbelah: his trappings are dyed with blood, and arrows are seen sticking in his sides. Multitudes of people form these processions, which frequently stop while the moollahs recite the oft-told, but never-tiring story, or the tragic scene is enacted by young men expert at broad-sword exercises: and as Hossein is surrounded and beaten down, muskets are fired off, and shouts and beating of the breast attest the sincerity with which his followers bewail his untimely end.

The celebration of the Mohurum is not confined to the higher classes; every person who has a small sum to spare subscribes, with others of the same means, to purchase the necessary articles for the purpose. *Tazees* and banners of all sizes, prices, and denominations, are sold in the bazaars, and group after group are seen on the roads and public avenues, some accompanied by the most splendid decorations, and others content with a very humble display, but all impressed with the same desire to do honour to the martyrs. One of the most curious effects of these multitudinous assemblages, is produced by the umbrellas, or *chattahs*, which are generally very gay, and formed of various colours; they are seen in moving masses, like the billows of the sea, and have a more singular appearance when carried by persons on foot, than when they canopy the *howdah*, to which, however, they form a very magnificent appendage.

The open plains of India are calculated to show off these processions to great advantage; and as the Mohurum takes place during the rainy season, there is no dust, and cloudy weather enables European spectators to gaze upon the pageant without danger of being blinded by the glare of a noon-day sun. On the seventh night of the Mohurum, the marriage of Hossein's daughter with her cousin, a faithful partisan of the house of Ali, is celebrated with much pomp and show. This event really took place on the day of the battle on the plains of Kurbelah, where Hossein was surprised in his camp and compelled to combat with his enemies at the greatest disadvantage. The marriage procession repairs to some celebrated tomb or mosque in the neighbourhood; and at Lucknow it is

sometimes directed to the Imaum-baareh, the magnificent cathedral-like edifice in which Asoph ud Dowlah, its founder, and the first king of Oude, lies buried. The interior, when fitted up for this purpose, is gorgeous beyond imagination; and though, if examined in detail, the display will be found to resemble the gew-gaw frippery of theatric pomp, yet, when lighted up at night, and accompanied by the florid beauties of Asiatic architecture, and the picturesque assemblages of its crowds, the splendid effect of the whole disarms criticism, and the spectator abandons himself wholly to the enchantments of the scene.

The *tazees* belonging to the kings of Oude, which, strange to say, was manufactured in England, forms one of the most striking ornaments. It is formed of green glass, mounted with brass mouldings. Models in silver of holy places at Mecca are supported upon stands of the same metal, in recesses made for their reception; the royal emblem, the fish, appears in all directions; and selections from the armory of the king form some of the most costly of the decorations. Few monarchs are in possession of a more valuable collection of offensive and defensive weapons. The fire-arms are of unrivalled beauty, inlaid and set with gold and gems: while the swords and daggers, of the finest polish, have hilts of agate, lapis lazuli, chrysolite, or blood-stone, and are ornamented in relief or in intaglio, with an immense variety of figures and foliage of the most delicate patterns, wrought in gold and silver. These and other ornamental devices are reflected from numerous mirrors, and the whole is bathed in floods of light from multitudes of wax tapers and lamps of various colours. The quadrangles of the Imaum-baareh are similarly illuminated, and their vast dimensions, the beauty of their proportions, the rich grouping of the pinnacles and domes, the long arcades, lofty gateways, and tall minars, can seldom, if ever, be seen to such advantage as when the dazzling resplendence of artificial light imitates the blaze of day, without its heat and glare, and when the darkness of the surrounding atmosphere throws each illuminated building into bright relief.

The procession of the marriage of the unfortunate Cossim and his ill-fated bride is distinguished by trays bearing the wedding-presents, and covered palanquins, supposed to convey the lady and her attendants; the animals employed in the cavalcade, with the exception of the favoured Dhull Dhull, are left outside the walls; but the trays containing sweet-meats, &c., a model of the tomb of Cossim, and the palanquin of the bride, are brought into the interior and committed to the care of the keepers of the sanctuary, until the last day, when they make a part of the final procession to the place of interment. Dhull Dhull, trained and educated with the same attention devoted to the champion's horse at the coronation of the kings of England, is conducted round the *tazee*, and his performance, which is somewhat difficult (the polished pavement being very slippery), usually excites a proportionate degree of admiration in the spectators. Money is distributed amongst the populace, as upon the occasion of a real wedding; and when it is considered that a strict fast is maintained during the whole period of the Mohurram, the least devout relinquishing the greater portion of their usual indulgences, the immense sums of money lavished upon the mere parade of grief seems almost incredible. Many of the followers of Ali, in addition to the austerities practised at the Mohurram, will stint themselves in clothes and food during the whole year, in order to launch forth with greater *éclat* at this time: privations partly induced by the enthusiastic affection cherished by all classes of Sheahs for their murdered Imaums, and partly by the passion for display common to the Asiatic character.

The most extraordinary feature, however, in the commemoration of Hossein's and Houssein's death, is the participation of the Hindoos, who are frequently seen to vie with the disciples of Ali in their demonstrations of grief for the slaughter of his two martyred sons; and in the splendour of the pageant displayed at the anniversary of their fate. A very large proportion of Hindoos go into mourning during the ten days of the Mohurram, clothing themselves in green garments, and assuming the guise of fakere. A Mahratta prince of Gwalior was distinguished for the ardour with which he entered into all the Mahomedan observances of the period. He appeared at the Durbah attired in green, wearing no ornaments excepting eight or ten strings of magnificent emeralds round his neck, even discarding his pearls, though the favourite decorations of his person, and worn in such profusion as to entitle him to the designation to which he aspired, *Motee-wallah*, 'man of pearls.'

Amongst the Mahrattas, the brahmins alone decline to join in the rites and ceremonies practised at the Mohurram, many of the wealthy sirdars constructing *tazees* at their own ex-

pense, and joining with true Mahomedan zeal in the lamentations poured forth at the recital of the melancholy events at Kurbalah. The complaisance of the Hindoos is returned with interest at the Hoolee, the Indian Saturnalia, in which the disciples of the prophet mingle with the heartiest good will, apparently too much delighted with the general license and frolic revelries of that strange carnival, to be withheld from joining it by the horror of its heathen origin.

In many points there is a blending between the two religions, which could scarcely be expected from the intolerant disciples of Mahomet and the exclusive followers of Brahma; the former are no longer the furious and sanguinary bigots, carrying fire and sword into the temples of strange gods, and forcing conquered tribes to conform to their opinions upon pain of death. Their zeal has relaxed, and they have become vitiated by the examples around them. The courtesy of the Hindoo is more consistent, for he is of opinion that the numerous modes of worship, practised by the different nations of the earth, all emanate from the deity, and are equally acceptable to him, who prescribed various forms to suit various persons; and, under this impression, he pays respect to the holidays prescribed by the Koran, or distinguished for the commemoration of remarkable events in the life of the prophet or his apostles. Political expedience has had some effect in producing this toleration. Hindoos have found it advantageous to their interests to assist at Mussulman ceremonies, and the faithful have not been backward in the sacrifice of religious prejudices upon occasions of great importance. Conversions have also been extremely imperfect; many of those, who conformed to the creed of Mahomet, retaining ceremonials and observances little less than idolatrous; while others of purer descent have found it almost impossible to withstand the corrupting influence of example. Yet, amidst this harmonious accordance between persons professing such opposite religions, there are occasional out-breaks, in which the Moslem and the Hindoo display all the fierceness and animosity which formerly distinguished them, against each other. Insults are offered at festivals which neither party are slow to return or avenge; and when, as it sometimes happens, the holidays of the Hindoo and the Mussulman fall together, it requires no small exertion on the part of the authorities to prevent a hostile collision. At Allahabad, on the celebration of the Mohurram, some of the leading persons repaired to the judge to request that the Hindoos, who were about to perform some of their idolatrous worship, should not be permitted to blow their trumpets, and beat their drums, and bring their heathenish devices in contact with the sad and holy solemnity, the manifestations of their grief for the death of the Imaums. They represented, in the most lively manner, the obligation which Christians were under to support the worshippers of the true God against infidels, and were not satisfied with the assurance that they should not be molested by the intermixture of the processions, which should be strictly confined to opposite sides of the city. The Hindoos were equally tenacious in upholding their rights, and it became necessary to draw out the troops for the prevention of bloodshed.

The ceremonials observed at the celebration of the Mohurram are not confined to processions out of doors; persons of wealth and respectability having an Imaum-baareh constructed in the interior of their own dwellings. This is usually a square building, containing a hall and other apartments, in which the mourning assemblages during the period of the festival are congregated. It is decorated for the time with all the splendour which the owners can afford. The *tazee* is placed upon the side facing Mecca, under a canopy of velvet or tissue richly embroidered, and near it there is a pulpit very handsomely constructed of silver, ivory, ebony, or carved wood, having a flight of stairs covered with an expensive carpeting of broad-cloth, velvet, or cloth of gold. The walls on either side of the *tazee* are covered with banners, the staves being eased with embossed silver, or gold, beautifully chased, and finished at the top with a crest, or the emblem of the sect, a spread hand. The streamers are of silk richly embroidered in gold and silver, and decorated with fringes, cords, and tassels of the same. Representations of the equipments worn by Hossein at Kurbalah are placed upon cushions at the foot of the *tazee*: these consist of a splendid turban, a sword and sword-belt set with precious stones, a highly emblazoned shield, and a bow and arrows beautifully enamelled.

The *tazee* is lighted up by numerous wax candles, and near it are placed offerings of fruit and flowers presented by pious ladies to do honour to the memory of the Imaums. The remainder of the hall is fitted up with considerable splendour, furnished with mirrors which reflect the light from

numerous lustres, lamps, and girandoles. Poorer persons are content with less glittering ornaments; and in all, an assemblage is held twice a day, that in the evening being the most imposing and attractive. The guests are seated round the apartment, the centre of which is occupied by a group of hired mourners, consisting of six or eight persons. These men are usually of large stature and of considerable muscular strength. They are very scantily clothed in a drapery of green cloth, their breasts and heads being perfectly uncovered. A moollah or priest, selected on account of his superior elocution, ascends the pulpit, and proceeds to the recital of a portion of a poem in the Persian language, which contains a detailed account of the persecution and tragic fate of the Imam. The composition is said to be very pure, and its effect upon the auditory is prodigious. After some well-wrought passage, describing the sufferings of the unhappy princes, the reader pauses, and immediately the mourners on the ground commence beating their breasts and shouting "Hossein! Hossein!" giving themselves such dreadful blows that it seems incredible that human nature should sustain them, until at length they sink exhausted on the ground amid the piercing cries and lamentations of the spectators. As the narrative proceeds, the interest is deepened: cries of wild despair are uttered on all sides, and even the Christians who may be present cannot always escape the infection or refrain from tears. A part of each day's service consists of a chant in the Hindostanee language, in which the whole assembly join; and the Sheahs end it by standing up and cursing the usurping Caliphs by name, devoting the memory of each offending individual to universal execration. The Soonnees hold these solemn assemblies; but their grief at the cruel sufferings of so many estimable members of the prophet's family, does not assume so theatrical, or it may be added, pagan a character. Attired in the deepest mourning, they evince the most profound sorrow; and it is persons of this persuasion who manifest the greatest indignation when there is any risk of their processions being crossed by the heathen revelries of the Hindoos.

The pomps and ceremonies which preceded it are nothing to the grandeur reserved for the display on the last day of the Mohurram, when the *tazees* are borne to the place of interment. This pageant represents the military cavalcade of the battle of Kurbelah, together with the funeral procession of the young princes, and the wedding retinue of the bride and bridegroom, divorced by death upon their nuptial day. The banners are carried in advance, the poles being usually surmounted by a crest, composed of an extended hand, which is emblematic of the five holy personages of the prophet's family, and a symbol particularly designating the Sheah sect. Many make a declaration of their religious principles by holding up the hand; the Soonnee displays three fingers only, while the Sheah extends the whole five. The horse of prince Hossein and his camp-equipage appear, furnished with all the attributes of sovereignty; some of the *tazees*, of which there is a great variety, are accompanied by a platform, on which three effigies are placed,—the ass Borak, the animal selected by Mahomet to bear him on his ride to Heaven,—and two houries, the latter, generally speaking, being frightful figures, more closely resembling demons than the idea they are intended to convey of the beauties of the Moslem paradise. The tomb of Cossim, the husband of Hossein's daughter, is honoured by being carried under a canopy; the bridal trays, palanquins, and other paraphernalia, accompany it, and the whole is profusely garlanded with flowers. When numbers of these processions, all composed of the same emblematic devices, differently ornamented, join together, the effect is exceedingly imposing, forming a spectacle of which it is impossible to give an adequate description. Thousands and tens of thousands are frequently assembled, with long trains of horses, camels, and elephants; a certain number of the two latter are laden with cakes of the finest wheaten bread, which, at every place where the *tazees* are rested, are distributed amongst the populace; large pitchers of sherbet are also provided for the same purpose; and numbers of water-carriers are in full employment, paid by the rich and charitable to administer to the wants of the poor followers of Ali. These processions take the field at break of day, but there are so many pauses for the reading of the poem dedicated to this portion of the history of the events of Kurbelah, and such numerous rehearsals of Hossein's dying scene, that it is night before the commencement of the interment.

Devout Mussulmans walk, on these occasions, with their heads and their feet bare, beating their breasts, and tearing their hair, and throwing ashes over their persons with all the vehemence of the most frantic grief; but many content them-

selves with a less inconvenient display of sorrow, leaving to hired mourners the task of inciting and inflaming the multitude by their lamentations and bewailments. The zeal and turbulence of the affliction of Ali's followers are peculiarly offensive to the Soonnees, who, professing to look upon Hossein and Houssein as holy and unfortunate members of the prophet's family, and to regret the circumstances which led to their untimely end, are shocked by the almost idolatrous frenzy displayed by their less orthodox brethren; and the expression of this feeling often leads to serious disturbances, which break out upon the burial of the *tazees*. Private quarrels between the rival sects are frequently reserved for adjustment to this period, when, under pretext of religious zeal, each party may make an assault upon his enemy without exposing the real ground of his enmity: amongst the Mussulman sepoys in the Company's service such feuds are but too common, and it is sometimes found expedient to march the Soonnees off to a distance during the period of the Mohurram. In a few places which border on the Ganges or Jumna, the *tazees* are thrown into the river; but generally there is a large piece of ground set apart for the purpose of the burial. It is rather a curious spectacle to see the tombs themselves consigned to earth, with the same ceremonies which would attend the inhumation of the bodies of deceased persons; the *tazees* are stripped of their ornaments, and when little is left except the bamboo frames, they are deposited in pits. This ceremony usually takes place by torch-light, the red glare of innumerable flambeaux adding considerably to the wild and picturesque effect of the scene. A *mussaulchee*, or torch-bearer, is, generally speaking, one of the most demoniac-looking apparitions that can be imagined. Those who follow this occupation are a poor and low class of people, burthened with a small quantity of clothing, and that stained and smeared by the greasy implements of their trade; the *mussaul* itself is merely a piece of wood entwined with filthy rags, and fed from a cruise containing a coarse thick oil, which gives out an impure and lurid flame. The swart countenances, dark limbs, and uncouth drapery of men so withered and so wild in their attire as to be easily mistaken for beings of a lower sphere, assume an even fearful aspect under the flickering light of the torches, which they brandish with strange gestures, as they rush with wild halloos along the plains. In such an illumination, the whole pageant becomes confused and indistinct; here and there some bright object catching the light, comes forth—glittering arms, or the blaze of gold and gems; but the rest is one black phantom,—a moving mass, strange and indefinite, rendered almost terrific by the shouts of highly-excited men and the continual discharge of musketry.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ETAWAH.

In the days of Moghul power, the native city of Etawah was a flourishing place, the abode of omrahs and grandees belonging to the imperial court; but with the downfall of Moslem dominion it has sunk into insignificance, and possesses few, if any, attractions, excepting to the artist, who cannot fail to admire a splendid ghaut, one of the finest on the river Jumna, and several picturesque buildings, which latter, however, are falling fast into decay. The cantonments in the neighbourhood are peculiarly desolate, and exhibit in full perfection the dreary features of a jungle-station. Upon a wide sandy plain, nearly destitute of trees, half a dozen habitable bungalows lie scattered, intermixed with the ruins of others built for the accommodation of a larger garrison than is now considered necessary for the security of the place, a single wing of a regiment of sepoys being deemed sufficient for the performance of the duties of this melancholy out-post. The civilian attached to it, who discharges the joint office of judge and collector, is seldom resident, preferring any other part of the district; and the few Europeans condemned to linger out their three years of banishment in this wilderness, have ample opportunity to learn how they may contrive to exist upon their own resources. The bungalows of Etawah, though not in their primitive state,—for upon the first occupation of these remote jungles, doors and windows were not considered necessary, a *jaump*, or frame of bamboo covered with grass, answering the purpose of both—are still sufficiently rude to startle persons who have acquired their notions of India from

descriptions of the City of Palaces. Heavy ill-glazed doors, smeared over with coarse paint, secure the interiors from the inclemencies of the cold, hot, and rainy seasons. The walls are mean and bare, and where attempts are made to colour them, the daubing of inexperienced workmen is more offensive to the eye than common whitewash. The fastenings of the doors leading to the different apartments, if there be any, are of the rudest description, and the small portion of wood employed is rough, unseasoned, and continually requiring repair.

The intercourse between the brute denizens of the soil and their human neighbours is of too close a nature to be agreeable. If the doors be left open at night, moveable lattices, styled *jaffrys*, must be substituted, to keep out the wolves and hyenas, which take the liberty of perambulating through the verandahs; the gardens are the haunts of the porcupine, and panthers prowl in the ravines. The *chopper*, or thatch of a bungalow, affords commodious harbour for vermin of every description; but in large stations, which have been long inhabited by Europeans, the wilder tribes, retreating to more desolate places, are rarely seen; squirrels or rats, with an occasional snake or two, form the population of the roof, and are comparatively quiet tenants. In the jungles, the occupants are more numerous and more various; wild cats, *ghosaumps*, (a reptile of the lizard tribe as large as a sucking-pig,) *vis copras*, and others, take up their abode amid the rafters, and make wild work with their battles and their pursuit of prey. These intruders are only divided from the human inhabitants of the bungalow by a cloth, stretched across the top of each room, from wall to wall, and secured by tapes tied in a very ingenious manner behind a projecting cornice: this cloth forms the ceiling, and shuts out the unsightly rafters of the huge barn above; but it proves a frail and often insufficient barrier; the course of the assailants and the assailed may be distinctly traced upon its surface, which yield with the pressure of the combatants, showing distinctly the outlines of the various feet. When it becomes a little worn, legs are frequently seen protruding through some aperture, and as the tapes are apt to give way during the rains, there is a chance of the undesired appearance of some hunted animal, which, in its anxiety to escape from its pursuers, falls through a yawning rent into the abyss below. Before the introduction of cloths, snakes and other agreeable visitants often dropped from the bamboos upon the persons of those who might be reposing beneath; but although, where there are no dogs or cats to keep the lower story clear of intruders, the dwellers of the upper regions will seek the ground-floor of their own accord, they cannot so easily descend as heretofore. Notwithstanding the intervention of the cotton canopy, however, there is quite sufficient annoyance without a closer acquaintance with the parties, for night being usually selected for the time of action, sleep is effectually banished by their gambols. The noise is sometimes almost terrific, and nervous persons, females in particular, may fancy that the whole of the machinery, cloth, fastenings and all, will come down, along with ten thousand combatants, upon their devoted heads. The sparrows in the eaves, alarmed by the hubbub, start from their slumbers, and their chirping and fluttering increase the tumult. In these wild solitudes, individuals of the insect race perform the part of nocturnal disturbers with great vigour and animation. At nightfall, a concert usually commences, in which the treble is sustained by crickets, gifted with lungs far exceeding in power those of the European hearth, while the bass is croaked forth by innumerable toads. The bugle-horns of the musquitos are drowned in the dissonance, and the gurgling accompaniment of the musk-rats is scarcely to be distinguished. In the midst of this uproar, should sleep, long wooed, descend at last to rest upon the weary eyelids, it is but too often chased away by the yells of a wandering troop of jackalls, each animal apparently endeavouring to outshriek his neighbour. A quiet night in any part of India is exceedingly difficult of attainment; the natives, who sleep through the heat of the day, protract their vigils far beyond the midnight hour, and, however silent at other periods, are always noisy at night. Parties from adjacent villages patrol the roads, singing; and, during religious festivals or bridal revelries, every sort of discordant instrument, gongs, and blaring trumpets six feet long, are brought in aid of the shouts of the populace.

Such is the usual character of a night in the jungles, and it requires nerves of no ordinary kind to support its various inflections. Fortunately, the beds, as they are constructed and placed in India, afford a secure asylum from actual contact with invaders, the many-legged and many-winged host, which give so lively an idea of the plagues of Egypt. The couch

occupies the centre of the floor, and is elevated to a considerable height from the ground; the musquito-curtains, which are tightly tucked in all round, though formed of the thinnest and most transparent material, cannot easily be penetrated from without; and though bats may brush them with their wings, lizards innumerable crawl along the walls, and muskrats skirt round the posts, admission to the interior is nearly impossible: on this account, as well as for the great preservative which they form against malaria, it is advisable to sleep under a musquito-net at all seasons of the year.

The noisome broods nurtured in the desolate places round Etawah, have not yet been taught to fly from the abode of the European; but to counterbalance the annoyance which their presence occasions, the brighter and more beautiful inhabitants of the jungles fearlessly approach the lonely bungalow. In no other part of India, with the exception of the hill-districts, are more brilliant and interesting specimens of birds and insects to be seen; extremely small brown doves, with pink breasts, appear amid every variety of the common colour, green pigeons, blue jays, crested wood-peckers, together with an infinite number of richly-plumed birds, glowing in purple, scarlet, and yellow, less familiar to unscientific persons, flock around. A naturalist would luxuriate in so ample a field for the pursuit of his studies, and need scarcely go farther than the gardens to find those feathered wonders which are still imperfectly described in works upon ornithology. Here the lovely little tailor-bird sews two leaves together, and swings in his odorous nest from the pendulous bough of some low shrub.

The fly-catcher, a very small and slender bird of a bright green, is also an inhabitant of the gardens, which are visited by miniature birds resembling those of paradise, white, and pale brown, with tails composed of two long feathers. Nothing can be more beautiful than the effect produced by the brilliant colours of those birds, which congregate in large flocks; the ring-necked paroquets, in their evening flight as the sun declines, show rich masses of green; and the byahs, or crested sparrows, whose breasts are of the brightest yellow, look like clouds of gold as they float along.

Numbers of aquatic birds feed upon the shores of the neighbouring Jumna, and the tremendous rush of their wings, as their mighty armies traverse the heavens, joined to other strange and savage sounds, give a painful assurance to those long accustomed to the quietude of sylvan life in England, that they are intruders on the haunts of wild animals, which have never been subjected to the dominion of man. There is one sound which, though not peculiar to the jungles, is more wearying than in more thickly inhabited places, on account of the extreme loudness of the note, and its never ceasing for a single instant during the day,—the murmuring of doves: the trees are full of them, and my ear, at least, never became reconciled to their continual moaning. At sunset, this sound is hushed, but the brief interval of repose is soon broken by the night-cries already described.

The roads around Etawah, if such they may (by courtesy) be called, are about the very worst in the world: they are the highways leading to the neighbouring stations, Mynpoorie, Futtyghur, Agra, and Cawnpore, and afford no picturesque views within the range of a day's excursion. There is little temptation to drive out in a carriage in the evening, the favourite method of taking air and exercise in India; a few mango-groves, skirting villages surrounded by high walls of mud, probably as a security against the incursions of wild beasts, alone diversify the bare and arid plains, while the ruts threaten dislocation, and the dust, that plague of Hindostan, is nearly suffocating. The gardens afford a more agreeable method of passing the short period of daylight which the climate will permit to be spent in the open air. They are large and well planted; but the *mallees* (gardeners) are extremely ignorant of the European methods of cultivation, not having the same opportunity of acquiring knowledge as at larger stations. The pomegranate is of little value except for its rich red flowers; for the fruit—in consequence, no doubt, of either being badly grafted or not grafted at all—when ripe, is crude and bitter; it is greatly esteemed, however, by the natives, who cover the green fruit with clay, to prevent the depredations of birds. The pomegranates brought from Persia never appeared to me to merit their celebrity: whether any attempt has been made to improve them, by a graft from the orange, I know not, but I always entertained a wish to make the experiment. Sweet lemons, limes, oranges, and citrons offer, in addition to their superb blossoms and delicious perfume, fruit of the finest quality; and grapes, which are trained in luxuriant arcades, not only give beauty to a somewhat formal plantation, but afford a grateful banquet at a period

of the year (the hot winds) in which they are most acceptable.

Amongst the indigenous fruits of these jungles is a wild plum, which has found an entrance into the gardens, and which, if properly cultivated, would produce excellent fruit; in its present state, unfortunately, it is too resinous to be relished by unaccustomed palates. The melons, which grow to a large size, and are abundant in the season, are chiefly procured from native gardens, on the banks of the Jumna, as they flourish on the sands which border that river. Mangos and jacks occupy extensive plantations, exclusive of the gardens, and are left, as well as custard apples, plantains, and guavas, to the cultivation of the natives, the ground in the neighbourhood of a bungalow being chiefly appropriated to foreign productions.

The seeds of European vegetables are sown after the rainy season, and come to perfection during the cold weather; green peas, cauliflowers, and cos lettuce appear at Christmas, sustaining, without injury, night-frosts which would kill them in their native climes. Either the cultivation is better understood, or the soil is more congenial to these delicate strangers, since they succeed better than the more hardy plants, celery, beet-root, and carrots, which never attain to their proper size, and are frequently deficient in flavour. To watch the progress of the winter-crop of familiar vegetables, and to inspect those less accurately known, cannot fail to be interesting, although the climate will not permit a more active part in the management of a garden.

The oleanders, common all over India, are the pride of the jungles, spreading into large shrubs, and giving out their delicate perfume from clusters of pink and white flowers. The *baubool* also boasts scent of the most exquisite nature, which it breathes from bells of gold; the delicacy of its aroma renders it highly prized by Europeans, who are overpowered by the strong perfume of the jessamine, and other flowers much in request with the natives. The sensitive plant grows in great abundance in the gardens of Etawah, spreading itself over whole borders, and showing on a grand scale the peculiar quality whence it derives its name: the touch of a single leaf will occasion those of a whole parterre to close and shrink away, nor will it recover its vigour until several hours after the trial of its sensibility. Equally curious, and less known, is the property of another beautiful inhabitant of these regions; the flowers of a tree of no mean growth arrive to nearly the size of a peony; these flowers blow in the morning, and appear of the purest white, gradually changing to every shade of red, until, as the evening advances, they become of a deep crimson, and falling off at night, are renewed in their bridal attire the following day. When gathered and placed in a vase, they exhibit the same metamorphosis, and it is the amusement of many hours to watch the progress of the first faint tinge, as it deepens into darker and darker hues.

Around every shrub, butterflies of various tints sport and flutter, each species choosing some particular blossoms, appearing as if the flowers themselves had taken flight, and were hovering over the parent bough: one plant will be surmounted by a galaxy of blue-winged visitants, while the next is radiant with amber or scarlet. Immense winged grasshoppers, whose whole bodies are studded with emeralds which no jeweller can match; shining beetles, bedecked with amethysts and topazes; and others, which look like spots of crimson velvet, join the gay carnival. These lovely creatures disappear with the last sun-beams, and are succeeded by a less desirable race. Huge vampire-bats, measuring four feet from tip to tip of their leathern wings, wheel round in murky circles; owls venture abroad, and the odious musk rat issues from its hole.

The remaining twilight is usually spent upon the *chubootur*, a raised terrace or platform of chunam, generally commanding an extensive prospect. Chairs are placed for the accommodation of the females and their visitors, and the road beneath often presents a very lively scene. Native conveyances of all kinds, and some exceedingly grotesque, pass to and fro; fukers are conveyed from the city to their residences in the neighbouring villages, in a sort of cage, not larger than a modern hat-box, in which the wonder is how they can contrive to bestow themselves; these miniature litters are slung on a bamboo, and carried by two men; covered carts drawn by bullocks, camels, and buffaloes returning home, with occasionally an elephant stalking majestically along, are the most common passengers; but native travellers of rank, attended by numerous trains of well-armed dependents, wedding and religious processions, composed of fantastic groups, frequently attract the gazing eye, amusing by their novelty.

As night draws on, packs of jackalls may be dimly descried

on the roads, looking like dark phantoms; and even while the bungalow is blazing with lights, the wolf may be seen prowling at a little distance, watching for some unguarded moment to snatch an infant from its mother's lap. Such catastrophes are not uncommon: frequently, while seated at tea, the party has been startled by the shouts of the servants, too late aware of the intruder's presence. Pursued by cries and the clattering of bamboos, the wretch is sometimes known to drop its prey; but in general he succeeds in carrying it off to some inaccessible spot. These occurrences take place just before nightfall, when the appearance of a wolf is not suspected, and if he should be seen, he may be mistaken for a pariah dog. When the natives retire to their houses, every aperture is secured by strong lattices, and none venture to sleep outside who are not capable of protecting themselves. Europeans do not seem to consider wolves as worthy game; when a tiger makes his appearance in the neighbourhood of a cantonment, all the residents, civil and military, are astir, and it seldom happens that he is suffered to escape the crusade which is formed against him; the more ignoble animal is left to the natives, who however, seldom claim the reward given by government of five rupees per head, in consequence of a superstition which prevails amongst them, that wherever a wolf's blood is spilled, the ground becomes barren: this notion is unfortunate, since they display both courage and conduct in the attack of fiercer beasts of prey. No sooner were the yells of two hyenas heard in the cantonments of Etawah, than a party of half-naked men, armed only with bamboos, went up to the lair which they had chosen, and after a severe struggle secured them alive. The victors bound their prizes to bamboos, and carried them round to each bungalow, where of course they received a reward in addition to that given by the judge.

The hyena of a menagerie affords a very faint idea of the savage of the jungles; these creatures, though severely injured, retained, even in their manacled state, all their native ferocity, unsubdued by long fasting and blows. A gentleman present, anxious to exhibit his skill with the broad-sword, brandished a *tuhour*, with the intention of cutting off their heads: but he was disappointed; one of the expected victims snatched the weapon from his hand, and broke it in pieces in an instant; they were then less ostentatiously despatched.

It is unfortunate that beauty of prospect cannot be combined in India with the more essential conveniences necessary for the performance of military duties; while nothing can be more ugly than the tract marked out for the cantonments of Etawah, the ravines into which it is broken, at a short distance, leading to the Jumna are exceedingly picturesque, affording many striking landscapes; the sandy winding steeps on either side are richly wooded with the *neem*, the *peepul*, and a species of the palm, a tree which in the Upper Provinces always stands singly, the soil being less congenial than lower grounds near the coast: in these situations, it is more beautiful than when it plants itself in whole groves. Sometimes an opening presents a wide view over wild jungle; at others, it gives glimpses of the Jumna, whose blue waters sparkle in the beams of the rising or setting sun. These ravines can only be traversed upon horseback, or upon an elephant, and they must be visited by daybreak to be seen to advantage.

However beautiful the awakening of nature may be in other parts of the world, its balmy delights can never be so highly appreciated as in the climes of the East, where its contrast to the subduing heat of burning noon, renders it a blessing of inestimable value. The freshness of the morning air, the play of light and shade which is so agreeable to the eye, the brightness of the foliage, the vivid hue of the flowers opening their variegated clusters to the sun, rife with transient beauty, for evening finds them drooping; the joyous matins of the birds, and the playful gambols of wild animals emerging from their dewy lairs, exhilarate the spirits, and afford the highest gratification to the lover of sylvan scenes. Every tree is tenanted by numerous birds; superb falcons look out from their lofty eyries, and wild peacocks fling their magnificent trains over the lower boughs, ten or twelve being frequently perched upon the same tree. The smaller birds, sparrow-hawks, green pigeons, blue jays, &c. actually crowd the branches; the crow-pheasant whirrs as strange footsteps approach, and wings his way to deeper solitudes; while flocks of parrots, upon the slightest disturbance, issue screaming from their woody coverts, and spreading their emerald plumes, soar up until they melt into the golden sky above. At the early dawn, the panther and the hyena may be seen, skulking along to their dens: the antelope springs up, bounding across the path; the nyghau scours over bush and briar, seeking the distant plain; the porcupine retreats grunting, or stands

at bay erecting his quills in wrath at the intrusion; and innumerable smaller animals—the beautiful little blue fox, the civet with its superb brush, and the nimble mungoose—make every nook and corner swarm with life. Gigantic herons stalk along the river's shores; the brahmanee ducks hover gabbling above, and huge alligators bask on the sand-banks, stretched in profound repose, or watching for their prey.

As the jungles recede from the dwellings of man they become wilder and more savage; large *jheels* (ponds) spread their watery wastes over the low marshes, and are the haunt of millions of living creatures. Small hunting parties frequently encamp during the cold season on the banks of these glassy pools, where, in addition to every description of smaller game, the wild boar, though not so common as in Bengal, may be ridden down and speared by the expert sportsman. The native hunters (*shikarrees*) go out at all periods of the year, and are frequently retained in European establishments for the purpose of ensuring regular supplies for the table.

The equipments of these men would astonish the hero of a hundred *battus*; they are armed with an old rusty clumsy matchlock, which they never fire, except when certain of their quarry, making up in skill and patience for the inefficiency of their weapons. They go out alone, and never return empty-handed; and young men desirous of obtaining good sport, and of securing the shy and rare beasts of chase, prefer seeking their game attended by one of these men to joining larger parties, who are frequently disappointed of the nobler species, and are compelled to be contented with snippets.

The nyghau, when stall-fed, is more esteemed in India than it deserves, as the flesh resembles coarse beef, and when made into hams is apt to crumble; smaller venison, on the contrary, is not prized according to its merits, Europeans preferring the half-domesticated tenant of an English park to the wild flavour of the dweller in the jungles.

There is the same prejudice against pea-chicks, which few are aware are considered a dainty at home (the grand criterion of Anglo-Indians), and they are neglected, though affording an excellent substitute for turkeys, which are dear and over-fed. This American importation does not thrive very well in India; so many die before they arrive at maturity, that the native breeders are obliged to put a high price upon the survivors, which are often sold for fifteen rupees each: they are generally encumbered with fat, and are in fact vastly inferior to young pea-fowl, which combine the flavour of the pheasant with the juiciness of the turkey. Guinea-fowl find a more congenial climate in India, and in many places run wild and breed in the woods. Common poultry also are found there in an untamed state; they go under the denomination of jungle-fowl, and are quite unequal to any feathered game which is brought to table.

The river Jumna is well stocked with fish, and during the rainy season numerous nullahs supply Etawah with many excellent sorts, including the finest, though not the largest, prawns to be had in India. The mutton and beef are of the best quality, the former being usually an appendage to each resident's farm. Native butchers feed cattle and sheep for European consumption, taking care, however, not to kill the former until all the joints shall be bespoken. A family who entertain, will not find a whole bullock too much for their own use, slaughtered at Christmas; and the salting pieces reserved for the hot weather, when cured by experienced hands, will keep good for a whole year. The expedient in less favourable seasons to procure salt-beef, when fresh killed, is to boil it in strong brine, and serve it up the same day.

There is no regular supply of European articles at Etawah; the residents are not sufficiently numerous to encourage a native to traffic in beer, wine, brandy, cheese, &c.; these things, together with tea and coffee, several kind of spices, English pickles, and English sauces, must be procured from Cawnpore, a distance of ninety-six miles. A crash of glass or crockery cannot be repaired without recourse to the same emporium, excepting now and then, when an ambulatory magazine makes its appearance, or the *dandies* belonging to boats which have ascended the Ganges from Calcutta, hawk about small investments, which they have either stolen, or purchased for almost nothing at an auction. On these occasions, excellent bargains are procured; boxes of eau-de-cologne, containing six bottles, being sold for a rupee, and anchovy-paste, mushroom-ketchup, &c. at less than the retail price in England; the true value of Brandy or Hollands is better known, and these articles are seldom sold much below the current price at Cawnpore. The female residents of Etawah must depend entirely upon their own stores, for they cannot purchase a single yard of ribbon, and are frequently in great distress for such trifling articles as pins, needles, and

thread; shoes, gloves, everything in fact belonging to the wardrobe, must be procured from Cawnpore, the metropolis of the Upper Provinces.

In the cold season, strings of camels laden with the rich productions of Thibet and Persia pass on their way to Benares and Patna; some are freighted with costly merchandise,—shawls, carpets, and gems; others carry less precious articles,—apples, *kistmists* (raisins), dried apricots, pomegranates, grapes, and pistachio-nuts. Upon the necks of these camels, beautiful little Persian kittens are seen seated, the vendors finding a ready sale for their live cargo both at European and native houses. These silken-haired bushy-tailed cats make the prettiest and the most useful pets of an Indian establishment; they are capital mousers, and will attack snakes and the larger kind of lizards; a bungalow, tenanted by one of these long-furred specimens of the feline race and a terrier dog, will soon be cleared of vermin. They are in great esteem all over the country, and will fetch from eight to fifty rupees, the latter price being offered at Calcutta, where they are not so easily procured as in the upper country. The common cat of Hindostan is exceedingly ugly when unmixed with foreign breeds; but there is a very pretty and curious variety in the Indian islands, with a sleek coat and a short flat tail, square at the end. The Persian merchants also bring very beautiful greyhounds to India, for sale, but they are always extremely high-priced, being much in request; the native, or pariah dogs, are a degenerate and useless race of mongrels, and infinite care is taken to preserve foreign breeds, which require great attention, the climate being very unfavourable to all except the hardiest sort of terriers.

The unsheltered site of Etawah affords ample opportunity for the contemplation of the changes of the atmosphere; in no part of India do the hot winds blow with greater fury. This terrible visitation takes place in March, and continues during the whole of April and May. The wind usually rises about eight o'clock in the morning, and if coming from the right point (the west), and strong enough to cause sufficient evaporation, the *tatties* are put up—thick mats, made of the roots of a fragment grass (*cuscus*), upon bamboo-frames, fitting into the doors or windows; all the apertures in a contrary direction being closely shut. These *tatties* are kept constantly wet, by men employed to throw water upon them on the outside, and the wind which comes through them is changed into a rush of cold air, so cold sometimes as to oblige the party within to put on additional clothing. While the wind continues steady, the only inconveniences to be borne are the darkness—that second plague of Egypt, common to Indian houses—and the confinement; for those who venture abroad pay dearly for their temerity: the atmosphere of a gasometer in full operation might as easily be endured; exhaustion speedily follows, the breath and limbs fail, and if long exposed to the scorching air, the skin will peel off. Yet this is the period chosen by the natives for their journeys and revelries; they cover their faces with a cloth, and with this simple precaution brave the fiercest blasts of the simoom. These winds usually subside at sunset, though they sometimes blow to a later hour, and are known to continue all night. If they should change to the eastward, the *tatties* are useless, producing only a hot damp steam. In this event, the only means of mitigating the heat is to exclude the wind by filling up the crevices, hanging thick curtains (*pardahs*) over the doors, and setting all the *punkahs* in motion: inefficient expedients, for, in despite of all, the atmosphere is scarcely bearable; excessive and continual thirst, languor of the most painful nature, and irritability produced by the prickly heat, render existence almost insupportable. Every article of furniture is burning to the touch; the hardest wood, if not well covered with blankets, will split with a report like that of a pistol, and linen taken from the drawers appears as if just removed from a kitchen fire. The nights are terrible; every apartment being heated to excess, each may be compared to a large oven, in which M. Chabert alone could repose at ease. Gentlemen usually have their beds placed in the verandahs, or on the *chubootur*, as they incur little risk in sleeping in the open air, at a season in which no dews fall, and there is scarcely any variation in the thermometer. Tornadoes are frequent during the hot winds; while they last, the skies, though cloudless, are darkened with dust, the sun is obscured, and a London fog cannot more effectually exclude the prospect. The birds are dreadful sufferers at this season; their wings droop, and their bills are open as if gasping for breath: all animals are more or less affected, and especially those which have been imported to the country. Our Persian cats were wont to coil themselves round the jars of water in the bathing-rooms, and to lie on the wet grass between the *tatties*, where they frequently

received a sprinkling from the copious libations poured upon the frames without. If, tired of confinement, they ventured into the verandah, they would speedily return, looking quite aghast at the warm reception they had met with abroad.

The breaking-up of the hot winds affords a magnificent spectacle; they depart in wrath, after a tremendous conflict with opposing elements. The approaching strife is made known by a cloud, or rather a wall of dust, which appears at the extremity of the horizon, becoming more lofty as it advances. The air is sultry and still, for the wind, which is tearing up the sand as it rushes along, is not felt in front of the billowy masses, whose mighty ramparts gather strength as they spread; at length the plain is surrounded, and the sky becomes as murky as midnight. Then the enchained thunder breaks forth; but its most awful peals are scarcely heard in the deep roar of the tempest; burst succeeds to burst, each more wild and furious than the former; the forked lightnings flash in vain, for the dust, which is as thick as snow, flings an impenetrable veil around them. The wind, having spent itself in a final effort, suddenly subsides, and the dust is as speedily dispersed by torrents of rain, which in a very short time flood the whole country. The *talties* are immediately thrown down, and though they may have previously rendered shawls necessary, the relief experienced when breathing the fresh air of heaven, instead of that produced by artificial means, is indescribable. All the animal creation appear to be endued with fresh life and vigour, as they inhale the cooling breezes; the songs of the birds are heard again, and flocks and herds come forth rejoicing. Before the watery pools have penetrated into the parched earth, so rapid is the growth of vegetation, patches of green appear along the plain, and those who take up their posts in the verandah for an hour or two, may literally see the grass grow. In the course of a single day, the sandy hillocks will be covered with verdure, and in a very short time the grass becomes high and rank. While the clouds are actually pouring out their liquid treasures, the rainy season is not unpleasant; *punkahs* may be dispensed with, and the venetians may be removed without danger of being blinded by the glare; but the intervals between the showers are excessively hot, and the frequent changes of the atmosphere, and the malaria arising from the surrounding marshes, render it dreadfully unhealthy. Fever, and ague are the common complaints; the former is often fatal, and the utmost vigilance is requisite to avoid the danger to which both natives and Europeans are continually exposed, since infection is frequently brought from distant places by currents of air.

The effects of these partial tornadoes is very curious; they are almost seen to traverse the plain, their course resembling that of a swollen river or a lava-flood. Persons may occupy a position at a very short distance from the spot in which the tempest is raging without feeling the agitation of the elements; and behold at ease the devastation which they cause; trees are torn up by the roots, roofs are stripped of their tiles, and the choppers of out-houses fly off like gigantic birds, being carried several yards beyond the place where they originally stood. I once witnessed a very amusing scene of this nature: the servants of a neighbour, anxious to preserve their master's property, on the roof of the cook-room taking wing, rushed out of their houses, and with great vigour and alacrity seized the ends of the flying bamboos ere they reached the ground, running along with their canopy until its impetus had ceased, and then restoring it to the deserted walls on which it had formerly rested.

The rains usually continue from the first or second week in June until the middle of October, and in some seasons are extremely violent; the desolation on the rivers' banks is frightful; whole villages are plunged into the flood, a catastrophe seldom attended by loss of life, as the natives usually have timely warning, and escape with their goods and chattels, taking care, however, like the Sicilians in the neighbourhood of Etna, to build again in places equally exposed to inundation. Bungalows often sustain considerable damage during a very wet season; the pillars of the verandahs sink and lose their perpendicular, and out-offices and servants' houses are frequently washed away, leaving nothing but fragments of mud-walls behind. The thunder and lightning which accompany these cataclysms are terrific, filling the heavens with blue and crimson light, and carrying death into the plains, where herdsmen and shepherds frequently perish. The final fall is generally the heaviest, lasting three or four days, and bringing cold weather along with it. A sudden and grateful change of climate takes place upon the departure of the rains; the sun is deprived of its noxious power, and renders the heavens bright without being sultry; exercise may be taken on foot until ten o'clock in the day, in the Upper Provinces, and in a

carriage at all times without inconvenience. While the weather is cloudy (generally during a few days in December), it is exceedingly practicable to walk out in the middle of the day in Etawah, and higher up, at Kurnaul, this gratification may be enjoyed for two months.

The climate all over India, even in Bengal, is delightful from October until March; all its brightness and beauty outside the house; summer gardens glow with myriads of flowers, native and exotic, while within, fires, especially in the evening, are acceptable, and blankets are necessary to ward off the inclemencies of the night. This is the gay season, and even Etawah loses part of its dullness, being visited by regiments on their march to and from other stations, who sometimes make it their halting-place for a couple of days. A canvass city starts up, as if by magic, on the bare plain; bullocks, camels, horses, and elephants are grouped amid the tents; sheep, cows, goats, and poultry, following the fortunes of their owners, occupy temporary farm-yards in the rear; and bazaars are opened for the sale of all the necessaries of life. At day-break, the striking of tent-pins, the neighing of horses, the lowing of herds, and the grunt of the camels, mixed with the long roll of the drums and bugle-calls, give warning that the march is about to commence; and when the sun has risen, troops of hideous white vultures are seen feeding on the offal, where all the day before had been crowd and bustle.

CHAPTER XIX.

INDIAN SPORTS.

HAPPY are those young men who take with them out to India the tastes and habits of a scholar or of a sportsman, though perhaps neither can be carried to excess, without danger, in a climate almost equally hostile to mental and to bodily exertion. Moderation, either in study or in field-sports, requires more self-command than is usually practised by the young and enthusiastic; and the latter pursuit, especially, is so fascinating, as to beguile veterans into rash enterprises, which could only be excusable in the days of boyhood. Formerly almost all the European residents of India were mighty hunters; but, in the present day, though there are quite enough to keep up their ancient reputation, the slaughter of wild animals is not so general, or so absorbing a passion as it used to be, when the Company's territories were surrounded by the courts of native princes, who were accustomed to take the field against the furred and feathered rangers of the forest, with all the pomp and circumstance of war. Parties of gentlemen from Calcutta are in the habit of spending a part of the cold season amid the wildest jungles of Bengal; but their *cortège*, though exceedingly numerous, and the havoc they make, though sufficiently great to satisfy any reasonable person, are nothing compared to the displays of former times. The amusements of Cossim Ally Khan, the nawab of Bengal, in 1761, afford a strong contrast to the habits and pursuits of his degenerate representatives. The fame of his exploits still survives in the memory of the people, and their scenes are pointed out with no small degree of exultation.

In one of his grand hunting-parties, his retinue, including a body-guard of cavalry, consisted of not fewer than twenty thousand persons. The officers of his army and household, and his European guests, were conveyed to the theatre of action on elephants, camels, and horses, or in palanquins. The hunters were armed with spears, bows arrows, and matchlocks, and they were accompanied by greyhounds, hawks, and cheetahs. The scene of the chase was one of the most beautiful which the splendid landscapes of Bengal can present. Between the Ganges and one of the ranges of hills, which spread themselves along the frontiers of the province, there is a wide tract of country, diversified with rocks, woods, lakes, heaths, and rivulets, and abounding with every sort of game; hither the nawab and his party repaired, and, forming an extensive line, roused up the denizens of the field as they advanced, and letting the hawks fly as the wild-fowl sprang up, and loosening the greyhounds and cheetahs upon the deer; the spear and matchlock-men attacked the wild hogs; while others, mounted upon elephants, marked out the still more ferocious animals, and brought them down with a two-ounce ball. The nawab was one of the most active of the party; sometimes he rode in an open palanquin, carried on the shoulders of eight bearers, with his shield, sword, gun, bow and quiver, lying beside him; sometimes he mounted on horse-

back, and at others, where the grass and bushes were high, he got upon an elephant. After the diversion had been carried on for three or four hours and to the distance of twelve miles, the nawab and his guests repaired to their encampment, where a sumptuous repast was served up for their entertainment.

Hunting-parties, upon so grand a scale, are now rare in India, even amongst native princes; and though the imagination can scarcely fail to be dazzled by an assemblage of twenty thousand men, with their picturesque accompaniments of stud and equipage, scouring through the woods, and across the plains, in search of the noblest species of game, such scenes of barbaric splendour would soon become exceedingly tiresome. The truest enjoyment of field-sports is offered to small parties of Europeans, who blend intellectual tastes with the love of the chase; who, while sojourning in the forest, delight to make themselves acquainted with the manners and habits of its wild tribes, and who, not entirely bent upon butchery, vary their occupations by devoting themselves to botanical or geological pursuits.

The period usually chosen for these excursions is from the beginning of November until the end of February, a season in which the climate of Hindostan is delightfully temperate, the air perfectly serene, and the sky often without a cloud. Some verdant spot, shaded by adjacent groves, and watered by a small lake or rivulet, is selected for the encampment. An Indian jungle offers so great a variety of beauties, that there is no difficulty in the selection of an appropriate scene. A natural lawn, sloping down to a broad expanse of water, shaded by palm-trees, whose graceful, tufted foliage forms so striking a feature in oriental scenery, or beneath the canopy of the cathedral-like banian, stretching its long aisles in verdant pomp along the plain, or in the neighbourhood of a mosque, pagoda, or stately tomb, whose numerous recesses and apartments offer excellent accommodation for such followers of the party as are not provided with other shelter. There is no danger of being in want of any of the comforts and conveniences of life, during a sojourn in wildernesses, perchance as yet untrodden by the foot of man, or so long deserted as to leave no traces of human occupation. Wherever a party of this kind establishes itself, it will be followed by native shopkeepers, who make themselves very comfortable in a bivouac beneath the trees, and supply the encampment with every necessary which the servants and cattle may require. European stores are, of course, laid in by the *khan-samahs* of the different gentlemen, and unless the sportsmen and their fair companions,—for ladies delight in such expeditions,—determine upon living entirely upon game, sheep and poultry are brought to stock a farm-yard, rendered impervious to the attacks of savage beasts. Every part of the surrounding country swarms with animal life; in the Upper Provinces insects are not very troublesome during the cold weather, nor are reptiles so much upon the alert; in Bengal, however, the cold is never sufficiently severe to paralyze the mosquitoes, which are said then to sting more sharply, and to cherish a more insatiate appetite than during the sultry part of the year. The inconveniences arising from too intimate a connexion with lizards, spiders, and even less welcome guests, are more than counterbalanced by the gratification which inquisitive minds derive from the various novelties which present themselves upon every side. The majestic appearance of the trees, many of them covered with large lustrous flowers, or garlanded with creepers, which attain to an enormous size, must delight all who possess a taste for sylvan scenery. In some of the jungles of India, the giant parasites of the soil appear, as they stretch themselves from tree to tree, like immense boa-constrictors, and the blossoms they put forth, at intervals, are so large, and cluster so thickly together, as to suggest the idea of baskets of flowers hanging from a festoon: the underwood is frequently formed of richly-flowering plants; the *corinda*, which is fragrant even to satiety, and scarcely bearable in any confined place, loading the air with perfume; while the *dhag*, with its fine, wide, dark-green leaf, and splendid crimson vase-like flowers, contrasts beautifully with other forest-trees, bearing white blossoms, smaller but resembling those of the *camellia japonica*.

So magnificent a solitude would in itself afford a very great degree of pleasure and interest to contemplative minds; but both are heightened by the living objects which give animation to the scene. Though wild hogs are most abundant in plantations of sugar-cane, which is their favourite food, and which imparts to their flesh the delicious flavour so highly esteemed by epicures, they are also to be found in the wildest and most uncultivated tracts. The roebuck, musk and hog-deer, conceal themselves amidst the thickest heath and her-

bage, and the antelopes and large deer rove over the plains. All these animals, however, seek the thickets occasionally, and they are fond of resorting to the tall coarse grass, which attains to the rankest luxuriance in the levels of the jungle, and is the favourite lair of the tiger and the hyæna. Panthers, leopards, bears, and the beautiful tiger-cat, are likewise inhabitants of these hiding-places; and in the neighbourhood of Rajmhal, the Deyra Dhoon, the Terraie, &c., rhinoceroses and wild buffaloes are added to the list. Amid the smaller and more harmless creatures which haunt the jungle, one of the prettiest and most interesting is the fox; its size scarcely exceeds that of an English hare; the limbs are slender, and it is delicately furred with soft hair, generally of a bluish grey. It has not the offensive smell of the reynard of Europe, its food being principally grain, vegetables, and fruit. The passion of the fox for grapes was by no means a flight of fancy on the part of our old friend Æsop, who showed himself well acquainted with the habits of the Asiatic species. They burrow in holes, and prefer the side of a hillock, where the grass is short and smooth, to the wood; and there they may be seen in the morning and after sunset, frisking about and playing with their young. They afford excellent sport when hunted; for, though not strong or persevering, they are fleet and flexible, and make many efforts (by winding in successive evolutions) to escape their pursuers. Jackals are almost as common as crows, in every part of India; but, notwithstanding their numbers, and the great desire which they evince to make themselves heard, there is some difficulty in getting a sight of them, except when the moon is up, and then they seek concealment in the shadows, gliding along under covert, with a stealthy movement, like some dark phantom, or when the prospect of a banquet upon some newly-slain victim lures them from their retreat, in open day.

However bare and solitary the place may be, the instant any animal falls to the ground, exhausted by wounds or disease, it is immediately surrounded by troops of two legged and four-footed cormorants, which do not await its last gasp to commence their attack: four or five hundred vultures will be assembled, in an incredibly short period of time, in places where they are not usually to be found, whenever a bullock or deer has fallen a sacrifice to a tiger. Upon these occasions, if the rightful master of the feast should be in the neighbourhood, and choosing, as often is the case, to delay his meal until sunset, the jackals and the vultures, cowering close to the spot, await with great patience the moment in which they may commence their operations without giving offence, taking care to remove to a respectful distance, when the tiger, who is said to approach the dead carcass in the same cautious and crouching manner as when endeavouring to steal upon living prey, makes his appearance upon the scene.

It is affirmed that, wherever tigers roam or couch, multitudes of birds collect and hover about them, screaming and crying, as if to create an alarm; and it is also said that peacocks are particularly allured by the tawny monarch of the wood, and that, when he is perceived by a flock, they will advance towards him immediately, and begin, with their usual ostentatious pomp, to strut around him, their wings fluttering, their feathers quivering, and their tails bristly and expanded.* Native sportsmen, who always prefer stratagem to open war, take advantage of this predilection, and painting a brown cloth screen, about six feet square, with black spots or streaks, advance under its cover, which is placed fronting the sun. The pea-fowl either approaches the lure, or suffers the fowlers, who are concealed behind it, to draw near enough to their mark to be quite certain of not missing it. A hole in the canvas enables them to take an accurate aim, and the ruse is always successful.

Strange instances of the fascination of animals are recorded, by which it would appear, that, under its influence, the most active and timid rush into the danger which we should suppose they would be most anxious to avoid. The power which serpents possess over birds, squirrels, &c., is well known; and those who have visited unfrequented places have had opportunities of witnessing the effect of novel sights upon the shyest denizens of the waste.

When the line of march of large bodies of troops has led across sequestered plains, they have attracted the attention of herds of deer grazing in the neighbourhood. When startled by the humming murmuring noise made by the soldiers in passing, they have stood for some time staring, and apparently agast with astonishment, with their eyes fixed upon the pro-

* Some writers aver that the Indian peacocks never spread their tails.

gressive files, whose glaring red uniforms and glittering muskets might well inspire them with fear. At length, in his bewilderment, the leading stag, striking the ground, tossing his antlers, and snorting loudly, has rushed forward across the ranks, followed by the whole herd, to the utter dismay and confusion of the soldiers, the frightened deer bounding over the heads of those files who were taken too much by surprise to halt, and make way for them. Incidents of a similar nature have occurred more than once, and they serve to give interest and variety to a march across some of those apparently boundless plains, which stretch to the horizon on every side, and are not of unfrequent occurrence in the thinly-peopled districts of Hindostan.

The birds, in many places, are to be seen literally in myriads; water-fowl especially congregate in the greatest abundance and variety; their numbers almost covering the lakes and *jheels*, when resting upon the water; and forming thick clouds, when, upon any alarm, they rise simultaneously upon the wing. The margin of the stream is surrounded by storks and cranes. The species of both are numerous, and the gracefulness of the shape of many can only be exceeded by the beauty of their plumage. The crested heron, whose snow-white tuft is an emblem of sovereignty in India, and the only feather which the religious prejudices of the Rajpoot princes permit them to wear, is one of the loveliest creatures imaginable; its eyes are of bright scarlet, and amidst many competitors in beauty, it shines conspicuous.

There are no pheasants in the woods of Bengal or Behar; but they are found upon the confines of Assam, Chittagong, and the ranges of the Himalaya. In Nepal, and particularly about the Morung, they are large and beautiful, more especially the golden, the burnished, the spotted, and the azure, together with the brown argus-eyed pheasant. There are several varieties of pea-fowl, black, white, and gray, in addition to the common sort; and though there are some districts in India, styled *par* distinction, *More-bunje*, "the place of peacocks," they are so common all over the country, that it would be almost difficult to find a woodland haunt where they do not abound. They are certainly not prized in India according to their merits, either as an ornamental appendage, or as an addition to the board. Some Europeans have only been reconciled to their admission at table, by an account which has reached them of their appearance at the Lord Mayor's state-dinners in London: Anglo-Indians, generally speaking, being exceedingly unwilling to judge for themselves where their gastronomic taste can be called in question. Nevertheless, those who, where native productions are worthy of praise, entertain no absurd prejudices in favour of exotics, are glad to have an opportunity of repeating the justly-merited claims to distinction of the pea-chick, as an article of provender.

High as are the merits of this fowl, however, in its happy combination of the game-flavour of the pheasant with the juiciness of the turkey, it must hide its diminished head before the glories of the florkin; the flanderkin of feudal banquets, and the peacock's early rival at the baronial feasts of the Montacutes and the Courtenayes. The florkin is nearly, if not quite, as large as a turkey, and the plumage on the back is not unlike that which distinguishes the monarch of our poultry-yard: but the cock is furnished with a much more splendid crest. A tuft of fine black velvet feathers, which usually lies smooth upon the back of the head, can be erected at pleasure, and, when spread out, adds greatly to the noble appearance of the bird. Its favourite harbour is in the natural pastures which edge the extremities of swamps, and the borders of lakes, always in the neighbourhood of marshy ground, but not far distant from the uplands. In consequence of this choice of situation, and the variety of food which it presents, its flesh acquires a peculiarity unknown to other birds; the legs, which are white, resemble in flavour those of a pheasant, while the breast and the wings bear a similarity to the wild-duck: epicures pronounce the whole to be delicate, savoury, and juicy beyond all comparison. This fine bird is not sufficiently common in India to pall upon the appetite; it is found in Bengal and in the neighbourhood of the hill-districts; but, in many parts of the Upper Provinces, it will be searched for in vain.

The woodcock is not an inhabitant of southern Asia, but snipes are exceedingly abundant; and there is one variety, the painted snipe, which attains a very large size, and which compensates for the absence of the former-mentioned bird.

The jungle-fowl performs the same duty for the pheasants, where they are not to be found; and in some places the speckled poultry of Guinea, which have wandered into the woods, and bred there, are discovered in a wild state. It is one of the most agreeable, amid the numerous enjoyments of

forest scenery, to see the hens and chickens sculking and scudding between the bushes, and to hear the crowing of the jungle cock. The black and the rock partridge form very acceptable adjuncts to the table, whilst every variety of pigeons may be had for the trouble of killing them.

A camp-dinner for a hunting party is not only an exhilarating, but a very interesting meal. The most elaborate *pic-nic* provided for a *fête champêtre* in England, where people are put to all sorts of inconveniences, and must content themselves with a cold collation, is nothing to the luxurious displays of cookery performed in the open air in India. Under the shelter of some brushwood, the spits turn merrily and rapidly over charcoal fires; an oven is constructed for the baking-department, and all the beneficial effect of hot hearths, for stews and other savoury compounds, are produced with the greatest ease and facility. All that can be attainable within the range of fifty or sixty miles, is brought into the camp upon the heads of *coolies*, glad to earn a few *pice* for their daily bread, and indifferent to the obstructions which may beset their path. The multitude of followers, attendant even upon a small encampment, precludes the possibility of any dreary or desolate feeling; the habits of the people are in unison with the scene; they are quite as happy under the umbrageous and odoriferous canopy of a tope, as they would be in the marble chambers of a palace. A gipsy-life appears to afford them the truest enjoyment; and the scattered groups, which they afford in the glades and openings of the forest, their blazing fires, cheerful songs, and the majestic and picturesque forms of the elephants and camels glancing between the trees, make up a panorama, which the eye of taste can scarcely tire of contemplating, and which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Living in a jungle-encampment presents the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with the habits and manners of the elephant, which its domestication can permit. The *mahouts* live in the most intimate association with the huge animals entrusted to their care; they have each an assistant *coolie*, part of whose business it is to prepare and bake the cakes for the evening meal. A fourth of the number he appropriates to himself, after going through the ceremony of asking the elephant's leave, a piece of etiquette performed in dumb-show, and which the sagacious animal seems perfectly to comprehend. The *coolie* feeds his companion, standing under the trunk, and putting each morsel into his mouth; an act of supererogation, but one in which native courtesy, or as it may be called officious zeal, delights, men as well as elephants being obliged to submit to more attendance than they require.

The *khidmutgars* who wait at table, will stir the tea for their masters, and would cut the meat upon their plates, if permitted to show their diligence by such minute attentions. Though the gift of speech is denied to the elephant, he not only appears to understand all that is said to him by those with whom he is intimately acquainted, but also to possess the power of making his own sentiments and opinions known. He can be incited to extraordinary attempts by praises and by promises; and when sweetmeats, of which he is inordinately fond, are held out to him, as the reward of successful exertion, he cannot be disappointed of the expected treat without danger.

The *mahouts* converse with their charges, as if they were rational beings; perhaps the difference in intellectual acquirements is not very great between them, and where a strong friendship has been contracted, the elephant will refuse to admit of a successor in the office. Upon the dismissal of his keeper, an elephant, which had always been exceedingly gentle and tractable, suddenly changed its character and became unmanageable. Vain were all the efforts made to soothe and reconcile it to its new associates. After the struggle of several weeks, the attempt was given up; and the discharged servant being again re-established in his office, the elephant re-assumed its former demeanour, and returned quietly to its duty.

Elephants, though sometimes tempted to fly the abodes of man, and roam in freedom through the wilderness, never forget those persons to whom they have been attached during their state of servitude. One, which had rejoined a wild herd, when encountered by a hunting party, which was accompanied by the *mahout* who had formerly had the charge of him, suffered the man to mount upon his neck, and, notwithstanding the experience he had gained of the sweets of liberty, returned at once to all his old habits. They are subject, however, at least a few, whose tempers are not particularly good, to fits of caprice and ferocity. It is astonishing with what ease and dexterity they can hook in, with that un-

wieldy-looking limb, the hind-leg, any object with which it comes in contact. Upon some slight provocation, an elephant has been known to ensnare the unfortunate *cooly* in attendance, in this manner, and it is an expedient which is resorted to with infinite effect upon the attack of a tiger in the rear: the beast is speedily kicked to death, when once he is drawn within the range of those enormous feet.

The courage of the elephant is also liable to ebbs and flows: sometimes, at the sight of danger, especially on the sudden appearance of a tiger, he will take to flight, rushing wildly through the woods, and endangering the safety of the hunters on his back, by the violent collision of the howdah against the branches of the trees; at other times, he will run into the contrary extreme, and charge upon the tawny brute, by falling on his knees, and endeavouring to pin the tiger down with his tusks. This operation, which renders the howdah a very untenable position, is often followed by another of a still more hazardous nature; the elephant is apt to roll over upon its side, in order to crush the foe by its weight, and in this event the sportsman has a good chance of being thrown into the clutches of the tiger, while all the guns go overboard as a matter of course. The courage of an elephant should be of a passive nature; and those whose good qualities have been improved by training, stand firm as a rock, sustaining the first burst of a tiger, uproused from his repose, with imperturbable coolness.

When an elephant has exhibited repeated proofs of cowardice, its dastardly conduct is punished by the degradation of being reduced from the honour of conveying the castle on its back, to the burthen of the baggage. It is not insensible to this disgrace, nor will a caparisoned elephant deign to associate with its brethren of the pad. No animal is better acquainted with its claims of distinction, or prouder of the splendour of its array; and the difference of the bearing between those decked in flowing jhools, richly bordered with gold, and bearing the silver howdah, or canopied ambarry on their backs, and the humble beast of burthen, whose housings are of the meanest description, and whose load confers neither honour nor dignity, is very striking.

The care which elephants take of their trunks, in an encounter with wild beasts, shows how conscious they are of the value of that important instrument; sometimes they will erect it over their heads like a horn, and at others pack it into the smallest possible compass.

The elephant's partiality for sweetmeats has been already noticed; it is acquired in plantations of sugar-cane, and is universal. A curious instance of this attachment to confectionary, and the method pursued to gratify it by an elephant in its savage state, is upon record. It chanced that a *cooly*, laden with jaggery, a coarse preparation of sugar, was surprised in a narrow pass, in the kingdom of Candy, by a wild elephant. The poor fellow, intent upon saving his life, threw down the burthen, which the elephant devoured, and being well pleased with the repast, determined not to allow any person egress or regress who did not provide him with a similar banquet. The pass occurred upon one of the principal thoroughfares to the capital, and the elephant, taking up a formidable position at the entrance, obliged every passenger to pay tribute. It soon became generally known that a donation of jaggery would ensure safe conduct through the guarded portal, and no one presumed to attempt the passage without the expected offering.

The elephant is fond of petting and protecting some inferior animal; it often takes a fancy to a little dog, and the latter, speedily becoming acquainted with the value of such a friend and ally, indulges himself in all sorts of impertinences. His post, a very secure one, under the shelter of the elephant's body, enables him to attack and annoy anything that happens to come in his way; he rushes out to the assault, and when likely to get the worst in the encounter, flies back to his place of refuge, and barks defiance at his adversaries. Sometimes the *saras*, a tall bird of the crane species, which is often domesticated in an Indian compound, is taken into favour; but instances of similar friendship, between animals of very different habits and species, are not at all uncommon. A terrier-dog, a Persian cat, and an antelope, brought up together in the family of an officer, who was accustomed to divide his carresses amongst them, lived with each other in the greatest harmony and affection. During his residence in Calcutta, he was in the habit of spending the whole morning abroad, and of returning about sun-set to dress. His four-footed favourites were acquainted with the hour in which they might expect to see him, and the trio always came in a body to meet and give him welcome: the cat cared nothing about change of place, being perfectly satisfied to accompany her master in all his

travels, and feeling quite at home wherever he and the dog were to be found.

A party of Europeans, encamping in a jungle, will speedily discover their powers of attraction by the number of carrion-birds drawn to the spot by the scent of the slaughter in their farm-yard. The acuteness of the smell of these creatures has already been remarked; at the most extraordinary distance, they seem to be perfectly acquainted with every matter which can interest them, and solitary bungalows, where, on ordinary occasions, the kites and crows are allowed to collect the offal unmolested, will be certain of a visit from vultures, whenever anything worthy of attention is to be had.

The *argeelah*, or butcher-bird, though sometimes inhabiting solitary places, prefers a large cantonment to the jungle; they are always to be seen where European soldiers are quartered, but scarcely think it worth their while to visit small stations garrisoned by native troops, the few English officers in command not killing enough provision to satisfy their inordinate appetites. Their nests are, however, almost invariably found in remote and thinly-peopled tracts, the country retirement, at the breeding-season, for the fashionable visitants of the metropolis of Bengal, being the neighbourhood of Commercolly. It is not generally known, that the marabout feathers, by some supposed to be the tribute of the paddy-goose, are in fact furnished by this disgusting-looking animal, whose coarse ragged attire gives no promise of the delicate beauty of the plumes so much in esteem in France and England. They grow in a tuft under the tail, and are not visible except upon close inspection. The men who get their bread by the sale of these feathers, conceal the fact as much as possible, under the idea that it would deteriorate their value. As the *argeelah* is protected by law in Calcutta, the people who collect the plumes, visit the place of their retirement for the purpose, and give its name to their merchandize, which is sold under the appellation of Commercolly feathers. The tuft is easily extracted, and it sometimes happens that, when an adjutant, as the bird is commonly called, is caught upon some high terrace or roof-top, where the depredation cannot come under the surveillance of the authorities, he is robbed of the valuable appendage: it is only necessary to catch him by the feathers under the tail; the first struggle to be free, leaves them in the hand of the marauder. Excepting the heron's, there are no Indian plumes so highly prized, and, as an article of commerce, the marabouts' are the most important.

In enumerating the amusements afforded by a jungle, that supplied by the monkeys must not be omitted. In topes where particular tribes have taken up their quarters, they are innumerable, and upon the least alarm keep up an incessant discord and chatter amidst the branches. The frolics and gambols of these animals, when viewed at a distance, are highly diverting; but it is by no means desirable to come into close contact with a troop, their fierceness being quite equal to their cunning; they have been known to attack a single huntsman, and so far get the better of him as to deprive him of his gun. Young men can scarcely withstand the temptation of having a pop at them, either to scare them from some act of depredation, or out of mere wantonness, and they are not slow to perceive the cause of their alarm: after the first consternation, occasioned by the report of a fowling-piece, has subsided, they are apt to resent it upon the person of the offender. They will shake the boughs over his head, grin and chatter through them, and a few of the most daring will beset the path; and, with some hundreds to back them, in the event of an assault, the battle is best avoided, since its issue would be rather doubtful. The extraordinary veneration with which the monkeys are regarded by the Hindoo natives of India, prevents the extirpation, which their exploits amongst the corn and other plantations seems to render necessary, as a measure of precaution. Monkeys, it is said, are no bad eating, and there appears to be a sufficient number to supply the bazaars of a district during a scarcity of grain.

There is no part of the world, perhaps, which produces game in greater plenty or diversity than Bengal. Besides fifteen species of deer, including the antelope, the roe-buck, the red-deer, the small moose-deer, the hog or bristled-deer, and the musk-deer, there are wild-hogs, hares, several kinds of common partridge; quails, which at a particular season have been compared to flying pats of butter; peacocks, ortolans, and black-partridge; wild-geese, wild-ducks, teal, widgeon, water-hens, cranes, storks, and snipes of sundry shapes, colours, and sizes; the florikin, before-mentioned, though not in such abundance as the others, and the jungle-fowl. A great variety of fish is also supplied from the lakes, jheels, tanks, and nullahs: the latter are caught in large quantities, either with nets, or by a still more simple contrivance, that of

placing large bundles of rushy bushes in the water over-night. Water-fowl are caught in Hindostan by people, who either wade or swim into the lakes with an earthen pot over their heads, or the artificial representation of a duck, made to fit on like a cap. Thus disguised, they are enabled to get so close to the objects of their pursuit as to pull them by their feet under water, and to deposit them in their game-bag: the manoeuvre is effected by expert persons with very little disturbance to other flocks upon the lake, and so easily as to allow them to sell the produce of their day's sport at a very low price.

CHAPTER XX.

THE JUNGLES.

THE term jungle is very ill-understood by European readers, who generally associate it with uninhabited forests and almost impenetrable thickets; whereas all the desert and uncultivated parts of India, whether covered with wood or merely suffered to run waste, are styled jungles; and *jungle-wallah* is a term indiscriminately applied to a wild cat or to a gentleman who has been quartered for a considerable period in some desolate part of the country. Persons who are attached to very small stations in remote places, or who reside in solitary houses surrounded only by the habitations of the natives are said to be living in the jungles.

For a short period, a sojourn amidst the untamed wildernesses of Hindostan is very desirable, and with the exception of the fixed inhabitants of Calcutta, all persons visiting India must have had more or less experience of the delights of savage life in their passage through those unreclaimed tracts which continually occur during a long march. But though, perhaps, as much as may appear to be desirable may be seen in a journey of two or three months, it is necessary to occupy the same spot for a considerable length of time, in order thoroughly to understand the ways and modes of spending the day in the solitary districts of a foreign country; for, in constant movements through wilds, however monotonous, the incidents of the march and the change of scene afford a salutary relief to ennui, which is not to be found in a fixed residence. If our fellow-sojourners in the wilds do not happen to be congenial spirits, if the boar of the neighbouring *cote* (plantation) happen to be as agreeable a companion as the *bore* of the adjacent bungalow, the misnamed *society* of the place becomes an additional grievance.

There are perverse people in the world who refuse to accommodate themselves to the circumstances in which they may be placed, and who, by carrying the formalities and observances of large communities into the jungles, effectually prevent the easy sociability which can alone render constant intercourse desirable. Where the circle is extremely circumscribed, the evil is without remedy; the efforts of one individual, or even of one family, must be unavailing, and the minority are condemned to lead the most irksome life imaginable, thrown entirely upon their own resources, and those resources miserably contracted by the peculiarities of the climate, and the difficulty of procuring the materials necessary to carry on any little ingenious art by which they may hope to beguile the time. To descend to particulars, we may imagine a small station (there are many such in India, though it would be invidious to name them), in which the number of Europeans does not amount to more than a dozen individuals; this station, at least a hundred miles from the head-quarters of the district, and the inhabitants depending entirely upon each other for society, with the exception of any chance traveller who may happen to pass through. Where the persons thus congregated together are of cheerful, obliging dispositions, ready to fall into any rational plan for the benefit and advantage of the whole, a residence in the jungles of India may be rendered exceedingly delightful; and those who have enjoyed its freedom from worldly cares and worldly vanities, its quiet sober existence, will look back upon it as the most enviable portion of their lives. Conversation will supply the place of books, and the few books which the station may boast will furnish topics for conversation, if those who are fond of reading can be induced to enter into discussions upon what they read. When this is the case, the value of a book is enhanced to a degree scarcely conceivable to those who can command a well-furnished library at home: the commentaries elicited may not be very profound, but, if lively and entertain-

ing, they form admirable substitutes for the Edinburgh and Quarterly, and where anything like talent is brought into play, the absence of many of those prejudices, which can scarcely fail to bias opinions concerning new works in the places of their production, renders decisions formed in the jungles of India more just and impartial than those which are so peremptorily pronounced by the leading reviews of the day.

The bachelors of a station usually bestow all their tediousness upon each other, and unless one should be more studious than the rest, whether their tempers and habits should assimilate or not, will be constantly together, frequently taking no sort of pleasure in that daily intercourse which they cannot live without. With the ladies it is different; they will not be at the trouble of leaving their houses except upon formal invitations, unless inclination should lead them into society; in this event neither rains nor hot winds can prevent them from traversing the short distances which divide the bungalows from each other; and when kindness of heart or mutual tastes bring them into constant association, the gentlemen follow in their train, very few preferring the jovialities of their own exclusive circle to the attractiveness of a female coterie. The fruits of domestication amid the ladies, where the harmony is not interrupted by any mal-accident, are of incalculable value; so much, indeed, depends upon the wives and sisters of the residents, that there ought to be an Act of Parliament to prohibit the exportation of any lady, who is not qualified to lighten the dreariness of an Indian jungle.

It has been before remarked, that there is little scope for feminine industry in our eastern possessions. Charity bazaars, which put so many fair fingers into motion in Europe, are almost unknown out of Calcutta. Where there is no theatre, no fancy ball in perspective, requiring dresses and decorations to be fashioned out of such materials as only a bold and imaginative spirit would consider applicable, invention flags; people like to fancy that they are manufacturing something useful, and though nothing in India is unprofitable which affords employment for the fingers, preventing the miserable tedium resulting from utter inactivity of body and mind, encouragement is necessary to induce perseverance; and it must be confessed that the gathering together of ladies in the days of tapestry-hangings or of eleven-sided pincushions, has always tended to the production of a thousand stitches where one would suffice. The climate in India is unfortunately adverse to needle-work, or any work whose beauty may be endangered by hands which cannot be kept at a proper temperature: thread-netting, taking the precaution to use silver implements, is the employment best adapted to the hot weather, but the fair proportions of many a scarf have been curtailed by the want of a few reels of cotton. The natives twist all the thread they use as they need it from the raw material, division of labour being very ill-understood in Hindostan,—in consequence perhaps of the dearth of political economists,—and Calcutta does not always afford a supply of the precise article wanted to complete some delicate manufacture, which will not admit of any inferior substitute. European shopkeepers vary their prices so considerably, according to the demand, that prudent persons will not indulge in the purchase of goods charged so much beyond their value. The ladies at a jungle station were disappointed of a supply of glazed cotton, in consequence of the enormous price put upon the stock which only one milliner in Calcutta happened to have on hand; six rupees (twelve shillings) per ounce was asked for what in England sold for half the number of pence; and the gentleman employed to execute the commission, struck with the magnitude of the sum, requested fresh instructions from his fair correspondents, who laid their work aside in despair. Thus, it appears that there are many temptations to idleness and few incitements to industry; and in nine cases out of ten, where the ladies of a station only meet upon ceremonial occasions, all the work, both useful and ornamental, will devolve upon the native tailor employed in the household.

It is difficult to say how the females of Anglo-Indian families, who are only visible upon great occasions, pass away their time. At large stations, it may be supposed that they are really not at home when such an announcement is made to the visitor; but in the jungles, where every movement must be known at the neighbouring bungalows, there is something mysterious in the seclusion of the lady of the house, and it is to be feared that she does not think her neighbours worthy the trouble of making herself visible: her dressing-room forms an *impenetrabilia* which is only to be guessed at: if country-born, or transplanted at a very early age, she perhaps finds more amusement in conversation with her native attendants than in that of Europeans of a higher grade of intellect.

There are generally a few ladies at every European station addicted to this mode of thinking and acting; but in a large society their habits are of little consequence; it is only when a malign star condemns the members of some family, whose mental acquirements are of a superior order, to drag out two or three years of their existence in a jungle where there can be no reciprocity of sentiment between them and the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses, that the indulgence of idle and debasing habits can be felt as a grievance. But this is a conjunction which too frequently occurs, and, though quarrelling and ill-will may be avoided, the intercourse which takes place is constrained and heartless.

The observation of the same hours is absolutely essential to the comfort and sociability of a small station, and where the majority of the inhabitants persist in dining at night, as it is called, it is impossible to establish a free and friendly intercourse. In the first place, this custom involves the necessity of entertaining dinner company, or not receiving any company at all. You cannot dismiss your guests before dinner, and there is no time to see them afterwards. In these days of reduction and retrenchment, there are not many of the servants of the Company who can afford to give frequent invitations to dinner, particularly in the Upper Provinces, where the European supplies for the table are so expensive, that beer and wine are luxuries which prudent subaltern officers deny themselves. Where people of limited incomes do not choose to meet at tea and spend the evening cheerfully together, invitations must necessarily be restricted, and can only occur at long intervals. These station-dinners, as they are called, which in large cantonments are only given by persons who can afford them, and in extensive societies bring people agreeably together, are the dullest things imaginable when composed of some eight or ten individuals, who have nothing on earth to say to each other when they meet.

The family of the commandant of a small station, who were willing to promote sociability in any form that would be most acceptable to the circle around them, having failed in an attempt to introduce early dinners and evening parties, were content sometimes to put off their own repast for the convenience of their guests, and to see company occasionally after the most approved fashion. The sacrifice of domestic comfort upon these occasions was very great indeed; the disarrangement of household economy formed but a small part of it, as it was merely necessary to substitute an early tiffin for the four o'clock dinner; but in incurring a certain expense, there was no commensurate gain in the solace of a dull and tedious day, to be got through, as usual, without exterior assistance. There is nothing so fatiguing as *ennui*; at night-fall, it would have been much more agreeable to prepare for bed than to sit upon the *chubootur*, or terrace, in expectation of guests, from whose conversational powers little pleasure could be anticipated; and frequent repetition had diminished the amusement at first derived from the great absurdity of making a formal and state affair of a meeting between persons located in the same wilderness, and whose happiness might have been so much increased by a more rational method of spending their time. At the hour prescribed by a goddess destined to reign supreme amidst the untamed savages, the wolves and hyenas of an Indian plain, these votaries of fashion began to arrive; carriage after carriage drove up to the door, until the whole council of ten were fairly set down from their respective vehicles; the ladies dressed in ball attire, and the gentlemen uncomfortable in the prospect of being obliged to sit with their feet *under* instead of *on* the table, without their due allowance of cigars. To inordinate self-indulgence at home might be traced the difficulties of getting the station together in a sociable and friendly way; the decencies of life had become irksome to persons who were in the habit of lounging about their houses in dishabille; and this slatternly luxury could only be relinquished for something in the style of those great entertainments, which seemed to them to be alone worthy of any sacrifice of personal comfort. The dinner of course was dull, the conversation confined to those common-place topics, which may be made agreeable in a family party, but which offer lenten entertainment to a formal circle. After a few hours, wasted in vain attempts to amuse people who belong to the most difficult class in the world, a sort of universal joy takes place at the separation; the guests are glad to go, the hosts are glad to see them depart; they have been defrauded of a comfortable sleep; they rejoice that a disagreeable duty has been performed, and that a considerable period will elapse before they shall think themselves called upon to perform it again.

The peaceably inclined console themselves with the idea that it is far better to vegetate in this way than to live in a

state of warfare: but there is generally at least one person in the community who thinks otherwise, and who, for the sake of a little variety, contrives to pick a quarrel with his neighbours—no difficult matter, where there is a disinclination to conform to the wishes of others. Indeed, it requires no inconsiderable portion of good sense and good temper to avoid giving offence to persons who expect a great deal and concede nothing; although they may refuse to lend themselves to any scheme proposed by the more active and social spirits, they are highly indignant when they are left out of such amusements as the place may afford. Should any strangers pass through, though they would never think of inviting them to their own houses, they take it much amiss if they should not be asked to meet them at the more hospitable mansions; they have no idea of being made conveniences of—sent for when there is nobody else; and to be asked in the evening, when there is a dinner party, is an indignity to which they will not submit. In fact, such is the high tone of society in India, that no consideration of small rooms and limited space would excuse those, who, in the attempt to bring a large party together, should ask a certain portion to join it after dinner; it is a thing not to be thought of.

Twenty persons formed the utmost number which could be accommodated at table in the bungalow before-mentioned, as the grand theatre of the station-dinners at a remote jungle. A regiment passing through, the family were anxious to invite all the strangers as well as the individuals composing their own circle, but it could not be accomplished; not a soul would condescend to come to tea; it was therefore necessary to make a selection: the married people were asked, and the young men were left to their tents. There was no use in giving them the option of coming in the evening, they would have been offended by so great a mark of disrespect as the supposition that they could be induced to act in a manner so derogatory to their dignity.

This spirit pervades every part of India; in Calcutta, the seats at a dinner party, vacated by any unforeseen contingency, cannot be filled up; intimate acquaintance, who would readily come in a friendly way at a day's notice, will not submit to stop a gap after invitations to others had been sent out; where the party, not intended to be a large one, has been diminished by disappointments, the evil becomes very serious; upon such occasions, illnesses and deaths assume the character of affronts, for the guests who fulfil their engagements are, in nine cases out of ten, annoyed at having so few persons to meet them, and receive the apologies of the master and mistress of the house with ill-concealed resentment. The Medes and the Persians appear to have given the laws to Anglo-Indians; no innovations can be tolerated, and young men, who in England would feel honoured by being invited to attend the ladies in the drawing-room, must in India be treated with all the respect and consideration due to age and rank; they are offended by any distinction, and the ensign, if invited at all, must be invited with the same form and ceremony observed towards his colonel.

At the period of the relief, even the jungles participate in the amusements which the cold season produces all over India; they are seldom or never entirely out of the line of march, and the influx of strangers, although only for a couple of days, affords an agreeable variety to those who are happy to avail themselves of the change. Chance travellers pass through occasionally, even at the most hostile period of the year; but in the cold weather, pleasing expectations may be entertained of the arrival of guests, bringing with them the news and fashions of more frequented places. The appearance of a tent is always signified by the servants of a family known to delight in the performance of the duties of hospitality. If double-poled, the inhabitant must be a person of some rank; his name and quality are speedily discovered; and, in nineteen cases out of twenty, this revelation brings with it a tolerably accurate knowledge of the disposition and character.

People in India are well known by report throughout the whole of the Presidency to which they may be attached, and there are few whose acquaintance is so little desirable as to exclude them from the houses of social individuals condemned to solitude during a considerable period of the year. Where persons of congenial dispositions meet in this manner, the accidental collision leads to valuable friendships. A well-informed, well-educated civilian, travelling with two or three chests of books, by way of beguiling time, in a lonely journey, proved to be a prize of the first magnitude; the day was spent in lively discussion; an interchange of volumes took place, and as the residence of the owner of an extensive library was only at the distance of three days' march, a pros-

pect was opened of the most cheering kind, since the assistance of a *coolie* could at any time procure a fresh supply of standard works from the well-filled shelves of this accommodating neighbour. The inhabitants of the station had been accustomed to send to a miserable circulating library, about a hundred miles off, for the "last new work by the author of *Waverley*," and were often fain to be content with the refuse of the Minerva press: happy were they, when the unconscious messenger deposited at their feet the lucubrations of some popular writer!

The exquisite delight of reading a book really worth reading in an Indian jungle is almost worth a journey to the wilds of Hindostan, especially if it should arrive upon one of those sultry, oppressive days, in which the hot wind blows from a wrong quarter; when weariness and listlessness prevail, and each member of the family, stretched at length upon a sofa, can cherish no hope of entertainment beyond that afforded by a reverie, in which he may transport himself to more genial skies. The dreary monotony of time passed in this manner is sometimes broken in upon by the unexpected arrival of a *dák* traveller, who makes his appearance without the note of preparation sounded by blows upon the tent-pins. A palanquin is seen making its way through the dust; the soiled, travel-stained, weary look of the bearers, the baggage, and utensils heaped on the top of the vehicle, announce that it belongs to a wayfarer, and presently it is deposited at the door. The servants in waiting rush in with the intelligence that there is a strange gentleman outside; the master of the house, who is of course sitting without his jacket, makes a hasty toilette, and advances to receive his guest, who enters sometimes more than half-dead, red and roasted, by long exposure to hot air, cramped with lying for so many hours in a palanquin, and so completely covered with dust that it is difficult to determine what has been the original hue and texture of his garments. He is ushered, in the first instance, to the bathing-room, where a plentiful ablution, change of clothes, and a glass of brandy and water enable him to shake off his fatigue and join the family circle. The transition from a hot, jolting conveyance—a moving dungeon—to a spacious and comparatively cool apartment, is the most enjoyable thing in the world; the miseries of the past are forgotten, and the lately subdued and jaded traveller soon becomes sufficiently recovered to impart as much pleasure as he receives. A renewal of the journey in the cool of the evening is anticipated without dread: it is only when the great distance from station to station obliges a European to travel through the heat of the day, that much difficulty and annoyance must be endured.

The natives, Hindoos in particular, choose the most oppressive season for long journeys, which they frequently perform in the hottest hours of the four-and-twenty. Marriage-processions are then to be seen traversing the roads in great abundance, and where a *bungalow* commands a view of the highway, a good deal of amusement may be derived from the fantastic pomp exhibited upon these occasions. The poorest make a faint attempt at magnificence; but their humble bridegrooms are distinguished only by yellow garments and blaring trumpets; neither noise nor turmeric is wanted, and the eyes are dazzled and the ears split as the revel rout pass along. Camels, horses, palanquins, and *rhuts*, more or less ornamented, accompany the march of the wealthy suitor; but it is only in the marriage-retinue of a great man that there is much display of wealth and grandeur. The wedding, or rather the betrothment of a son of a rich noble (for the bridegroom was a child of eight or ten years old), celebrated with all the pomp and splendour which the rank and fortune of the parties could command, afforded an agreeable spectacle to the dulllest of dull cantonments. The natives affect a great deal of state, and make as much show as possible with the means which they possess; accordingly, the line of march was stretched out to its utmost length. A small troop of camels, jingling all over with bells, and richly bedizened with tufts of various colours, led the van; behind them came bullock-carriages, covered with scarlet cloth; then a company of grave personages mounted on tattoos; next, two or three open palanquins, canopied with fringed curtains, in one of which the little bridegroom gleamed and glittered like a rich ornament in a velvet casket. After these, a stately elephant appeared, bearing a silver *howdah*, screened from the sun by an umbrella of all colours of the rainbow; this was followed by a disorderly troop of *sowars* or soldiers, ill-clad and ill-mounted, and trailing clumsy uncouth matchlocks and harquebusses along; more camels, more bullock-carts, more servants, on horseback and on foot, armed and unarmed, some carrying spears and bucklers, and some blowing trumpets; more elephants marching singly, at a great distance from each other; more palan-

quins, some shut, some open, and all decorated with gold and silver; and, to crown all, an old-fashioned English gig, with a nondescript kind of harness and a horse of the alligator species, wherein two men in flowing green robes and white turbans were seated, with strange incongruity, found a place amid a procession in which all else was truly Asiatic.

In gazing upon a spectacle of this nature, Europeans are often startled by the apparition of an old coach, which looks as if it had been taken off one of the stands of London, with a native head proudly stuck out of the worm-eaten, rat-eaten, worn-out rusty vehicle, to which neither paint nor varnish have been applied for many a long year. Highly delighted with a *bellatee garree* (European carriage), they never trouble themselves about the manner in which it may be kept; and, as long as it will hang together, however tatterdemallion may be its condition, exhibit it on state occasions with undisguised exultation.

The bringing home of the young bride, after the betrothment had taken place, was rendered more picturesque by the passage through the cantonments being performed at night. The bells of the camels and elephants announced the approach of the cavalcade, and it certainly made a very splendid appearance by the light of innumerable torches. The palanquins glanced along like gorgeous birds, the fluttering of the fringed curtains being alone distinguishable; the camels assumed somewhat of a supernatural appearance, as their nodding plumes, arched necks, and shapeless humps appeared and disappeared in the flickering glare; the elephants looked like moving monuments of black marble, and strange monsters—flying griffins—and chimeras dire—might be dimly shaped out amid the promiscuous multitude of horse and foot, which spread themselves over the broad road; while the wild discord of the music, and the shout and cry always an accompaniment of an Asiatic procession, joined to the partial illumination of flaming torches, gave to the whole an air of mystery and romance, and no fanciful imagination could forbear associating the *rajah*, despite of his attendant in the gig, with some potent magician, summoning good and evil genii to his aid, in protecting or kidnapping the hopeful heir of a neighbouring monarch. In beholding these strange pageants, the wonders of an Arabian tale become realities; we are no longer surprised at the wild phantasies of the authors; they may justly be said to draw from nature, and to present to their readers, if not existing objects, things as they appeared in the chaotic confusion of men and animals crowding together at night. In driving home from late parties, in the Upper Provinces, Europeans frequently encounter strange groups of very unearthly character; incantation scenes, which would make the fortune of a manager of a minor theatre, and solitary individuals so withered and so wild in their attire as to be absolutely startling. Three or more demoniac-looking personages, of a horrid blackness, half-clad in uncouth garments, will suddenly emerge from some ravine, brandishing flaring torches, and making the air ring with discordant cries, and the clang of still more fearful instruments. They seem as if they were that instant disgorged from the subterranean dominions of some mighty magician; and it is only by an effort of reason that the mind can be divested of the idea that these masqueraders actually belong to the invisible world. The performers are usually Hindoos engaged in religious ceremonies, and they certainly contrive to equal in horror the most frightful descriptions of the writers of fiction. A disguise of this kind is sometimes assumed to cover desperate undertakings, and even bridal processions are made subservient to the designs of robbers.

The treasure collected by officers employed in the revenue branch of the service, is frequently the object of hostile attempts. It is always conveyed to a place of security under a guard of sepoy, and the officer commanding takes care to encamp in some strong secure place, at a considerable distance from a town or village, and where the approach of a band of marauders may be easily descried. But, on one occasion, the robbers practised a *ruse de guerre*, which proved eminently successful; they clothed themselves in yellow garments, and, crowding together in the promiscuous throngs which are commonly assembled in nuptial cavalcades, effectually deceived the sentinels, who, looking upon them as the guests of some gay wedding, did not discover their real intentions until they were surrounded, and resistance was rendered hopeless.

The inhabitants of a jungle-station frequently, during the cold weather, betake themselves to canvases, and change the scene a little by forming hunting and shooting parties in the most picturesque spots in the district. The ladies are usually included in these engagements, and when there is any congeniality of disposition, a few days or weeks may be passed very

delightfully in the wildest solitudes. Elephants are too expensive animals to be generally maintained by private individuals belonging to the Anglo-Indian community; but as they are indispensable in attacking the highest species of game, they are borrowed for the time from the commissariat, or from rich natives, who are always willing to lend them, or to assist in any sport which may require the aid of those animals, which they delight to train for the field. Though hawks are frequently kept by Europeans stationed in the Upper Provinces of Hindostan, they are seldom so numerous or so well taught as those belonging to native gentlemen, Hindoos especially, who, if they should be strict in their religious principles, cannot enjoy the pleasures of the chase, unless their falcons are so admirably broken in as to take the prey alive. Notwithstanding their scruples respecting the destruction of animal life, they do not object to be present at the slaughter of a hecatomb of victims. On one occasion, though no Hindoo could be found to cut the throat of a partridge captured by a hawk, and to whom a libation of blood was to be offered, a Brahmin, acting in the capacity of a chuprassee, readily relinquished his sword to a Moosulman for the purpose. Hawking in India, to those who are not bent upon the extermination of beasts of prey, is one of the most exhilarating things in the world, and the sport is peculiarly suited to feminine participation. To ladies, hog-hunting is of course quite out of the question, and there are very few whose nerves could stand against the terror and carnage of an expedition against tigers, to say nothing of the fatigue to be encountered in a chase which frequently lasts for hours under a burning sun. Hawking, where there is less excitement, may be relinquished at pleasure, and the pursuit of game leads the party into wildernesses far removed from the dwellings of man. The sylvan denizens of the soil are seen in their native haunts; the majestic nyghau, roused at the approach of intruders, scours across the plain, or crashes through the boughs of a neighbouring thicket: herds of antelopes are seen grazing, and at every step the elephant puts up some beautiful bird or some strange and interesting animal; wolves and bears may be detected stealing off to a more secluded covert, whilst the porcupine utters its shrill cry of alarm, and the monkey gibbers at the passing pageant.

Wild geese afford the best sport: they soar exceedingly high, and frequently bid defiance to the falcon's adventurous wings. Smaller birds, partridges especially, have no chance of escape, and when appearing on the edge of those basin-like valleys, which so frequently diversify the plains of India, their capture is seen to great advantage from the back of an elephant, as the spectator can look down upon the whole scene; and following the flight of the hawk along the steep, where the frightened partridge hurries for shelter, observe the fatal precision of his aim, and see him pounce directly on the victim, which he bears to the falconer in his claw. In some parts of the country, the largest description of the hawk is trained to the chase, and its murderous talons are directed against antelopes and the smaller kinds of deer; it darts at the head of the quarry, blinds and confuses it with its flapping wings, tears it with its beak and claws, and finally succeeds in depriving it of life. This is not, however, a common exhibition, and is seldom witnessed except at the courts of native princes. Hunting with *cheetahs* (leopards) is more commonly practised; but though the manœuvres of the cat-like pursuer are exceedingly curious and interesting, as they develop the nature and habits of the animal, there is nothing noble, generous, or exciting in the sport. The *cheetahs*, hooded like hawks, are secured by a slight harness to a platform fastened on a bullock-cart; the keeper holds the beast in his hand, and those who wish to obtain a good view of the chase, take a seat beside the driver. Antelopes, accustomed to the sight of bullocks, will permit them to make a much nearer approach than any less familiar animal. When the carts have arrived at a prudent distance from the herd, the driver halts, the *cheetahs* are unloosed, and espying the prey, they drop silently off the vehicle, taking care to choose the contrary side from that on which the deer are feeding. They steal, crouching along the ground, screening themselves behind every bush, hillock, or tuft of grass which may occur in their way, pausing occasionally when there seems to be any danger of a premature alarm; each has singled out his victim, and measuring the distance with an experienced eye, they dart forward with a sudden bound. Two or three springs ensure success or disappointment; the victor alights upon his prey. But if a threatened antelope should have the good fortune to escape the first attempt, no second effort is made; the *cheetah* returns growling and in ill-humour; to his keeper; he has lost his advantage, and sullenly relinquishes a field which must be won fairly by strength and speed.

The poorer class of natives, who take up the occupation of hunters for their own subsistence, or pecuniary emolument, sometimes avail themselves of the services of a bullock in approaching within shot of a herd of antelopes. Theirs is a matter of business, not of excitement, and they have no idea of allowing a chance to the objects of their pursuit. A bullock is carefully trained for the purpose, and when his education is completed, he makes a quiet entrance into the jungles, followed closely by his master, who contrives to screen himself completely behind the animal. The bullock grazes carelessly as he advances, making circuitous and apparently unpremeditated movements; at last he arrives at a convenient distance without having disturbed the unconscious herd; he then stands still, the *shikaree*, or hunter, fixes his clumsy matchlock along the back of the animal, and still unseen, takes unerring aim; down drops the devoted antelope, and away fly the rest of the herd, dispersed and out of sight in an instant. Europeans rarely witness this kind of sport, if such it may be called; but it sometimes falls to the lot of a solitary traveller, who from some elevation obtains an extensive view over a wide plain, to have an opportunity of watching the singular manœuvres employed by the hunter and his uncouth agent.

Where the weapons at hand are inefficient for open warfare, stratagems must supply the place of more generous hostility; and even Anglo-Indians are sometimes compelled to adopt native arts, and when the assistance of elephants cannot be procured, they will condescend to lay a bait for a tiger, and sit patiently in a tree until the fierce animal shall repair to his evening repast, and then they can shoot him while, in fancied security, he is indulging his appetite; others, disdaining such unwarlike defences, will encounter a tiger singly on horseback. This is of course a very difficult and dangerous enterprise; few steeds, however noble, can be brought to face an enemy of which they entertain an instinctive dread. The vicinity of a tiger is often discovered by the distress and terror exhibited by horses, which even in their stables have been known to fall into fits of trembling and perspiration, occasioned by their secret conviction that their foe is at hand; and when a horse is found sufficiently courageous to encounter so terrible a savage, the most extraordinary activity, coolness, presence of mind, accuracy of eye and strength of arm, are necessary to ensure the victory. The hunter, after putting up the tiger, wheels round him in a circle at full speed, never permitting, in the rapidity of his movements, a single moment for the fatal spring; and when the tiger, bewildered and dazzled, offers an unguarded front, pins him to earth with the thrust of a spear. Such enterprises must be of rare occurrence, and can only be contemplated by adventurous spirits delighting in the excitement produced by the wild and dangerous sports of India, and anxiously bent upon braving the most fearful terrors of the field.

A long residence in the Upper Provinces is extremely favourable to pursuits of this nature; during protracted intervals of peace, active minds are driven to difficult and perilous exploits for the employment of their vacant hours; injured to desperate hazards, should any real emergence call for their services, they face grim-visaged war with stern delight; and though the scene is too distant, and the campaigns too unimportant to Europe, to attract much attention at home, the dangers dared and the deeds which are done by the gallant youth of our Eastern army, are not inferior to the most spirit-stirring enterprises chronicled in the records of chivalry. Where there are no wild beasts to be encountered, fatigues and hardships of another kind are eagerly sought out. To ride easily and without stopping, that hard-trotting beast, an express-camel, becomes an object of ambition.

During the Mahratta war, one or two corps of dromedaries were formed: two men, completely armed, were mounted on each animal, but though traversing the country in an incredibly short period of time, these troops were unserviceable, in consequence of the exhaustion of the soldiers, occasioned by the dreadful jolting of their mode of conveyance. Some European officers, however, will ride these camels at their swiftest pace: thus qualifying themselves for the conveyance of orders or despatches, should their services ever be required in that way. Meanwhile, it affords an agreeable diversion to beguile time destined to be spent in almost interminable sands; and should duty or pleasure call them to less remote stations, they astonish the fastidious and refined society there, by bringing to it habits and manners contracted in lonely and sequestered places. An European officer, mounted on a camel, is a strange sight on the British side of the central provinces of India, and inevitably procures for him the appellation of

jungle-wallah. Others exhibit themselves with their hair cut so closely to their skulls, for coolness, as to look exactly as if they had just escaped from a mad-house; some people ask who the gentleman is without a *chopper*, a witticism which can only be understood by those who are versed in the architecture of country-boats and bungalows, of which the thatched roofs are denominated *choppers*.

In the midland stations of Hindostan, a great deal of amusement may be derived from the varieties of costume and manners displayed by arrivals from Europe and Calcutta, and those from the frontier towards the Himalaya, or the deserts of Nasseerabad. Where two ladies are dancing *vis-à-vis* in the same quadrille, there will be a difference of at least ten yards in the skirts of their gowns, the one expanding in the amplitude prescribed by a London or Parisian *modiste*, the other cramped in the narrow dimensions which obtained at the period of her outfit, some ten years before. A few of the wardrobes of India are actual curiosities, presenting modes and manufactures now unhappily lost to the fashionable world. The writer admits with shame that her attention was once distracted from a sermon, by the contemplation of a most remarkable fabric of cambric muslin, interwoven with a sort of lace-work, the like of which her eyes had never till that hour beheld; at another time the vision of a brown muslin spotted with gold absorbed every faculty and arrested a due reply to the *burra beebee*, who had rescued this antiquated piece of raiment from the depths of some neglected wardrobe, apparently unconscious of the extraordinary sensation it would create. The gentlemen are not a whit behind the ladies: some of them affect the Asiatic style of dress, and wear long beards; elderly civilians have their clothes made by native *dirzees*, after the patterns which they brought out with them, and the most eccentric coverings for the head are adopted, hats of straw or of white cotton, and foraging-caps of every description: the newly-arrived dandy gazes with horror and surprise; but his gay apparel soon loses its gloss; he finds it convenient to change his cloth coat for one made of shining China silk; the dresses of the visitors from the jungles are re-modelled, and thus an equilibrium is preserved, and people in remote districts become enlightened on the subject of modern inventions.

CHAPTER XXI.

AGRA.

In this age of tourists, it is rather extraordinary that the travelling mania should not extend to the possessions of the British Government in India; and that so few persons are induced to visit scenes and countries in the East, embellished with the most gorgeous productions of nature and of art. The city of Agra is well worthy of a pilgrimage from the uttermost parts of the globe: yet a very small number amid those who have spent many years in Hindostan are tempted to pay it a visit; and the civil and military residents, together with casual travellers passing through to the places of their destination, alone, are acquainted with a city boasting all the oriental magnificence which imagination has pictured from the glowing descriptions of eastern tales. The Smelfungus tribe is very numerous in India; necessity, and not "a truant disposition," has occasioned the greater portion of the servants of the Company to traverse foreign lands; and the sole remark frequently made by persons who have sojourned amid the marble temples and citron groves of Agra, consists of a simple statement, that "it is exceedingly hot." Bishop Heber, who possessed a true relish for the sublime and beautiful, and who delighted with all a poet's enthusiasm in the picturesque, has not done Agra justice in his interesting narrative. He was ill during the brief period of his sojourn there, and had come immediately from Delhi, the stately rival of the city of Achar. This is the more unfortunate, as his work, being very popular, and considered good authority, has led a favourite writer of the day to portray ruin and desolation as the prominent features of Agra; whereas, though somewhat shorn of the splendour it possessed in the times of the Moghul emperors, it is still a place of wealth and importance, inhabited by rich natives, both Mocoelman and Hindoo, and carrying on an extensive trade. Should steam navigation ever be introduced with effect upon the Ganges and Jumna, there can be little doubt that the seat of government will be, at some time, removed from Calcutta to a more central station, and the proba-

bilities are greatly in favour of Agra being the selected spot. In this event, improvements of vast magnitude may be expected to take place in the upper country. The hill-stations especially will be benefited by the influx of visitors; they must necessarily be enlarged; roads must be made, bridges constructed, gardens cultivated, and public buildings erected, until they will offer the accommodations of European watering-places, in addition to the far superior attractions of their scenery. Persons weary of Cheltenham, Baden, Spa, and other springs of fashionable resort, may take a trip to the Himalaya, and visit the source of the Ganges by way of variety. Even now, it would be perfectly practicable for a tourist, in search of novelty, to climb the heights of the Asiatic mountains to the limits of eternal snow, that untrodden barrier which has defied, and will defy, the adventurous foot of man, and return to England, without experiencing a single day in which the thermometer shall have risen beyond the bounds of moderate heat. By landing in Calcutta in the middle of October, four months of cold weather is secured, a period sufficient to admit of easy travelling through the Upper Provinces, *vis* Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Bhurtbore, Delhi, and Meerut; from the latter station it is only a few marches, or a three-days' journey by *dak* (post), to Landour, a sanatorium perched upon the crags of the Himalaya. This place, and Mussooree, another hill-cantonment, should form the headquarters during the eight months of heat endured in the plains; and in the following October, passing through the central provinces, and visiting Jyepore, Nusseerabad, Ajmere, and Mhow, the tourist may proceed to Bombay, and take his passage home before the commencement of the hot weather.

To a lover of the picturesque, Agra is one of the most delightful stations in India; but as persons of this description form a very small portion of the community, a residence amid the splendid monuments of Moghul power is not considered desirable, in consequence of the alleged heat of the climate, and the high prices demanded for the bungalows. It possesses a garrison, consisting of one European or King's corps, and three of Native Infantry, with their requisite staff, under the command of a brigadier. The military cantonments are the ugliest in India, being situated upon a wide bare plain, enlivened only by a few Parkinsonias,* trees which are too uniformly covered with yellow flowers to appear to advantage when not mingled with others of more varied foliage. The Jumna is completely hid from view by intervening sand-banks, which also shut out the beauties of the Tanje Mahal, with the exception of its silvery dome; and the exteriors of the bungalows, with few exceptions, are hideous. They are usually built of brick, a material amply supplied by the ruins in the neighbourhood; the gateless, and sometimes fenceless compounds, have a desolate appearance; and a handsome church is the only redeeming feature in the scene. The houses, however, have good gardens, though the latter are not made ornamental to the landscape; and their interiors are remarkable for the elegance of the fitting-up, an abundance of marble furnishing chimney-pieces, cornices, and plasters of a very superior kind of chunam; and, instead of bare white-washed walls, the apartments are decorated with handsome mouldings and other architectural ornaments. The civil lines, at the distance of two miles, are much more beautifully situated, amidst well-wooded ravines, which, during the rainy season, are covered with a verdant carpet of green, and watered by numerous nullahs. The roads are excellent, and kept in the finest order by the labours of gangs of convicts who are employed upon the public works of British India. Many of the houses belonging to the families of civilians are *puckha*, and built in the style of those of Calcutta; others assume a more fanciful aspect, the centre being composed of an abandoned mosque, or tomb, with wings spreading on either side.

The distance between the military and civil lines at Agra constitutes a very considerable obstacle to the social intercourse of the station: throughout India there exists a degree of jealousy on the part of the former, which renders them tenacious of appearing to show too much deference to the superior wealth of the judges and collectors, whom they fancy must look down upon a poorer class. There are, of course, a few instances of civilians in high appointments, who hold themselves far above their less fortunate military compeers,—a set of persons who have obtained the cognomen of "Buhadur," a very significant phrase, borrowed from the title of honour

* So called from having been introduced into India from the Cape by Colonel Parkinson.

bestowed by natives upon great men, or assumed by those who desire to give themselves consequence;—but, generally speaking, the civilians, being fewer in number, are glad to pay attention to all the military in the neighbourhood; and—at least during my residence at Agra—they made far less difficulty in coming over to the balls in the cantonments than was raised by the families of officers, who frequently declined invitations to the civil lines on account of the distance, or because they would not receive civilities which they were unable to return. This sort of pride is very detrimental to the society of small communities; and at Agra it always appears to be in full operation, the station never having had a reputation for gaiety.

There are no subscription-balls at Agra, and dancing depends upon the hospitalities exercised by private individuals; a play is occasionally performed at the theatre, a building of no exterior beauty, and whose properties are of a very inferior order; and races have been established, which, however, bear no proportion to the celebrity acquired by those at Meerut and Ghazee-pore.

It is in the city of Agra and its environs that intellectual persons must seek gratification. The Taaje Mahal is usually deemed the most attractive object, and, considered in its character of a mausoleum, it has not its equal in the world. The reader of Eastern romance may here realize his dreams of fairy land, and contemplate those wondrous scenes so faithfully delineated in the brilliant pages of the Arabian nights. Imagine a wild plain, broken into deep sandy ravines, the picture of rudeness and desolation, a tract as unpromising as that which Prince Ahmed traversed in search of his arrow. In the midst of this horrid wilderness, a palace of deep red stone, inlaid with white marble, and surmounted by domes and open cupolas, appears. It is ascended by flights of steps; in the centre is a large circular hall, with a domed roof, and a gallery running round, all in the most beautiful style of Oriental architecture. This is the gate of the Taaje Mahal, a building which, in any other place, would detain the visitant in rapture at the symmetry and grandeur of its proportions, and the exquisite elegance of the finishing; but the eyes have caught a glimpse of a delicious garden, and the splendours of this noble entrance are little regarded. At the end of a long avenue of graceful cypresses, whose rich foliage is beautifully mirrored in marble basins, fed with water from numerous sparkling fountains, the Taaje arises, gleaming like a fairy palace. It is wholly composed of polished marble of the whitest hue; and if there be any faults in the architecture, they are lost in the splendour of the material, which conveys the idea of something even more brilliant than marble, mother-of-pearl, or glistening spar. No description can do justice to this shining edifice, which seems rather to belong to the fanciful creations of a dream than to the sober realities of waking life—constructed of gathered moonbeams, or the lilies which spring in paradise. The mausoleum is placed upon a square platform of white marble, rising abruptly to the height of about twelve or fifteen feet, the steps being concealed, which is perhaps a blemish. The place of actual sepulture is a chamber within this platform; round it on three sides are suites of apartments, consisting of three rooms in each, all of white marble, having lattices of perforated marble for the free transmission of air and opening to the garden. At each of the four corners of the platform, a lofty minaret* springs, and the centre is occupied by an octagonal building, crowned by a dome, surrounded by open cupolas of inferior height. Nothing can be more beautiful or more chaste; even the window-frames are composed of marble; and it would seem as if a part of Aladdin's palace had been secured from the general wreck, and placed in the orange groves of Agra. The plan of the building, which is purely Asiatic, is said to have been the design of the founder, who placed the execution in the hands of foreigners of eminence. The interior is embellished with beautiful mosaics, in rich patterns of flowers, so delicately formed, that they look like embroidery upon white satin, thirty-five different specimens of cornelions being employed in a single leaf of a carnation; while agates, lapis lazuli, turquoise, and other precious materials, occur in profusion. The mausoleum, washed by the Jumna, looks out upon that bright and rapid river; and its gardens of many acres, planted with flowery forest trees, and interspersed with buildings and fountains, stretch to the banks of the stream. It is truly a place which a votary of Mohammed would form from

his ideas of the paradise of the true-believer, haunted by beautiful birds of variegated plumage, and filled with blossoms of every scent and hue.

No lover of ancient or modern times ever testified more genuine attachment to the memory of the object of his affection, than that which is recorded by this enchanting edifice. It was erected under the auspices of the Emperor Shah Jehan, the son of Jehanguire and the father of Aurungzebe, who, however, failing in his duty as a son, in his character of a husband and a father stands unrivalled. When his beloved wife, Moom Taza Mahl, lay dying, in the passionate anguish of his heart he assured her, that as, while existing, she surpassed in loveliness and virtue all the women of her time, so after her decease she should possess a monument which should be unequalled in the world. He fulfilled his promise. It was his intention to have built a mausoleum of similar magnificence upon the opposite side of the river, for himself, and to have connected both by a marble bridge across the Jumna; but the troubles of his reign did not allow him to complete this superb design, and his bones repose beside those of the object dearest to him while on earth. To Shah Jehan's strong paternal affection we are indebted for our first settlement in Hindostan; he gave a grant of land in Bengal to an English physician travelling through Agra, as a token of his gratitude for the restoration of one of his daughters, whose malady was subdued by the stranger's skill and attention.

In wandering over the princely gardens of the Taaje Mahal, the monarch's virtues alone can be remembered, and it is with feelings of no common gratification that those who are not wholly engrossed by passing objects add a flower to the fresh coronals daily strewn upon the monarch's grave. The natives of Agra are justly proud of the Taaje Mahal; they are pleased with the admiration manifested by strangers, and gratified by the care and attention bestowed to keep it in repair: upon Sunday evenings especially, crowds of Moosulmans of all descriptions, rich and poor, visit the gardens, and contribute not a little, by their picturesque groups, to the attraction of the scene.

At the distance of about a mile from the "palace-tomb," for that is the signification of its name, stands the fort of Agra, a place of great strength in former times, before the introduction of fire-arms. One side is defended by the river, the others are surrounded by high battlemented walls of red stone, furnished with turrets and loop-holes, and, in addition to several postern entrances, a most magnificent building, called the Delhi-gate. Perhaps Lord Byron himself, when he stood upon the Bridge of Sighs, his heart swelling with reminiscences of Othello, Shylock, and Pierre, scarcely experienced more overwhelming sensations than the humble writer of this paper, when gazing, for the first time, upon the golden crescent of the Moslems, blazing high in the fair blue heavens, from the topmost pinnacle of this splendid relique of their power and pride. The delights of my childhood rushed to my soul; those magic tales, from which, rather than from the veritable pages of history, I had gathered my knowledge of eastern arts and arms, arose in all their original vividness. I felt that I was indeed in the land of genii, and that the gorgeous palaces, the flowery labyrinths, the orient gems, and glittering thrones so long classed with ideal splendours, were not the fictitious offspring of romance.

Europe does not possess a more interesting relique of the days of feudal glory than that afforded by the fort of Agra. The interior presents a succession of inclined planes, so constructed (the stones with which they are paved being cut into grooves) that horses, and even carriages may pass up and down. The illustrations of fortified places, in Froissart's Chronicle, offer an accurate representation of these ascents, where knights on horseback are depicted riding down a steep hill, while descending from the walls.

The fort is of very considerable extent, and contains many objects of interest and curiosity. The Mootee Musjid, or pearl mosque, disputes the palm of beauty with the Taaje Mahal, and is by many persons preferred to that celebrated edifice. Neither drawing nor description can do it justice, for the purity of the material and the splendour of the architecture defy the powers of the pencil and the pen. An oblong hall stretches its arcades along one side of a noble quadrangle, surrounded by richly sculptured cloisters, whence at intervals spring light and elegant cupolas, supported upon slender pillars. The whole is of polished white marble, carved even to the very slabs that compose the pavement; and when moonlight irradiates the scene, the effect is magical.

Acbar was the first of the Moghul emperors who, preferring Agra as a residence to its neighbour Delhi, embellished and beautified the city; his name, as the "mighty lord," is of

* These minarets, though beautiful in themselves, have a formal appearance as they stand, and look too much like high and slender castles upon a gigantic chess-board.

course held in great reverence by the inhabitants, and his tomb, a gorgeous pyramidal structure, at about five miles distance, is scarcely less an object of admiration than the *Taaje*. The durbar, or hall of audience, a magnificent apartment, is converted into an arsenal; but the marble palace remains nearly in the same state in which it was left by the Jauts, when the city was taken by Lord Lake. After the beautiful buildings already mentioned, this palace, though very rich and splendid, has comparatively little to recommend it. If, however, wanting in the external attractions of its prouder rivals, it is not less interesting on account of the recollections attached to it, having been the residence of some of the most celebrated conquerors of the East. It is pleasantly situated upon the banks of the Jumna, which its balconied chambers overlook. The hall, formerly coiled with silver, is still a fine apartment; but the smaller suites of rooms, being more singular, are more interesting to a stranger. These are mostly of an octagonal form, leading out of each other, or connected by a smaller antichamber; they are composed of white marble, the walls, floors, and roofs being all of the same material, the former decorated with mosaics of flowers rudely executed in many-coloured agates and cornelians. The windows open upon narrow balconies, having very low parapet walls, which overhang the Jumna: the bosom of the river is gay with boats, and the opposite bank finely planted, and adorned with bright pavilions glancing from between the trees, or raised upon some jutting point of land. From these suites, flights of marble stairs lead to the roof, which is flat, and commands a still nobler view. The plan of the palace is very curious as seen from this elevation: with the exception of the range of buildings fronting the river, it is laid out in small quadrangles, each with its garden or its bath in the centre. One of these, destined for a retreat during the hot winds, is particularly curious. It contains a square apartment of tolerable dimensions, unprovided with windows. The walls are lined with fantastic ornaments of spar, silver, and other glittering materials, intermixed with small oddly-shaped pieces of looking-glass; the pavement is cut into channels, for the purpose of allowing a perpetual flow of running water in the hot season. Here the emperors were wont to retire during the most sultry hours, substituting the glare of torches for the light of day, and admiring, doubtless, the barbaric splendour with which they were surrounded.

The palace of Agra had been frequently irradiated by the presence of the 'Light of the Harem,' the beautiful Nourmahal, one incident in whose eventful life has been immortalized by the pen of Mr. Moore. The marvellous adventures of her history might fill a volume. Shere Afkun, the husband who stood between her and a throne, was one of the paladins of Eastern chivalry, and the deeds imputed to him, by authentic records, are only to be paralleled in the pages of romance: he seems to have formed his character after that of Rustum Khan, or some other poetical hero equally celebrated. He is said to have rushed unarmed upon a lion, and quelled the monster single-handed; and when, after a hundred victories in perilous adventures, in which his cruel master involved him, for the purpose of procuring his death: in a struggle with twelve assassins, he fell at last; he yielded rather to the determined hatred of the king than to the weapons of his murderers; throwing away a life embittered by ingratitude. Nourmahal, by her intrigues for her children's elevation, her caprice, and her revenge, endangered the sceptre of her imperial husband a thousand times, yet maintained her ascendancy over him to the latest period of life. Once he was wrought upon, by the representations of a faithful friend, to consent to her death, but could not refuse a farewell interview: the consequences were such as had been predicted; she regained her influence, and the realm was again distracted by civil dissension. Highly accomplished, according to the fashion of her country, and the age in which she flourished, Nourmahal was indeed the 'light of the harem'; her inexhaustible fancy devised new schemes of pleasure for each day and hour, and in her seductive society a luxurious monarch forgot his duties as well as his cares. Nourmahal can make no pretensions to excellence as a wife; for, if not consenting to the persecution of her first husband, she tacitly sanctioned his rival's pretensions; while to her second she brought discord and ruin; but, as a parent and a child, she seems to have acted in an exemplary manner.

On the opposite bank of the Jumna, near the stately gardens of the Rambaugh, said to have been originally planted and laid out by Jehanghire, stands one of the most beautiful specimens of Oriental architecture which India can boast—the tomb of *Utta ma Dowlah*, the beloved father of the empress Nourmahal. Anxious to ensure its durability, she proposed to erect this monument of silver, as a less perishable

material than stone; but some judicious friend assured her that marble would not be so liable to demolition, and accordingly, Time alone has injured a building, which the Jauts were not tempted to plunder. It is lamentable that the British government should have limited its expenditure to the repairs of the *Taaje Mahal*, and that so beautiful a gem of art should be suffered, for want of the necessary repairs, to fall into decay; its surrounding garden is now a wilderness, destitute of fences, and this exquisite monument is left to the care of a few poor natives, who lament over the neglect sustained by the great lord, once the pride and glory of the East. The attention paid to the dead, forms a beautiful trait in the Moosulmaun character. Kingdoms have passed away, and dynasties have failed, and while nothing of the magnificence of the silent tenants of the tomb is left save the name, their graves are still honoured and respected, and flowers are strewed over them, and lamps are burned, by those who have long submitted to foreign dominion. *Utta ma Dowlah's* tomb is one of the most attractive spots in the immediate neighbourhood of Agra. It is within the compass of a morning or evening drive; and the gardens of the Rambaugh, in its close vicinity, are as splendid as those we read of in the Arabian tales. From the roof of this monument one of those views are obtained which, once seen, can never be forgotten. The blue waters of the Jumna wind through a rich champaign country, with gardens stretching down on either side to its rippling current; opposite, the city of Agra, with its bastioned fort, its marble palace, splendid cupolas, and broad ghauts, intermixed with trees, stands, in all the pomp of eastern architecture: below, in silvery pride, the lustrous *Taaje Mahal* is seen; and, far as the eye can reach, country houses, decorated with light pavilions springing close to the margin of the stream, diversify the landscape.

The tomb of Achar, like that of *Utta ma Dowlah*, is falling into a state of dilapidation. Its splendid gate is threatening to fall, and the once luxuriant park is now wild and desolate. It is on the road to this celebrated mausoleum that the decay of Agra is most visible; at every step, we pass the remains of houses, which show how far the city formerly extended. *Secundra*, a village in the close vicinity of Achar's tomb, also has fallen from its high estate, and exhibits a succession of ruined buildings. Its name affords one of the numerous evidences of the fond belief entertained by the natives of Hindostan, that Alexander the Great crossed the Indus. As he could only have traversed India as its conqueror, it is extraordinary that they should cling so tenaciously to the idea; but numerous towns, which he is supposed either to have founded or visited, are named after him *Secundra*, and the people imagine that they possess his remains; a tomb at the summit of *Secundermallee*, a mountain in the Carnatic, being said to be that of Alexander. Probably the invasions of some of his successors may have led to the error: but it is one too strongly cherished to be abandoned, for all castes reverence his memory, and boast his exploits as if they had cause to be proud of both.

The mausoleum of Achar is of a character admirably suited to the splendid barbarian to whom it is dedicated. It is more difficult to describe than the *Taaje Mahal*, to which, however, it does not bear the slightest resemblance. Superb colonnades of white marble sweep on either side a gigantic pyramid of red stone. Below, in a dark vault, illumined only by a single lamp, lies the body of Achar; but each of many stories arising above contains a sarcophagus, placed over the spot where his remains are interred; and the lofty building terminates in a square roofless chamber of white marble, whose walls are perforated in exquisite patterns, and which enclose the last and most beautiful of the marble coffins. Narrow flights of stairs lead to a terraced platform surrounding low corridors, and decorated at the angles with open cupolas, faced with blue enamel and gold; a second flight leads to another platform of smaller dimensions, similarly embellished, and a third and a fourth story succeed. The view from each is magnificent, and the design, though certainly grotesque, is rendered majestic by the air of grandeur imparted by the immense size of the building. At *Futtehpore Secri*, and at *Deeg*, distant a few marches from the city of Agra, there are equally splendid remains of Moslem glory. *Bhurtpore* also, the strong hold of the Jauts, and *Gwalior*, a fort supposed to be impregnable until stormed and taken by a young British officer, the residence of *Scindia*, are within an easy journey; together with *Muttra* and *Bindrabund*, the seats of Hindoo superstition, which possess several extremely curious and ancient temples. The profusion of marble, with which Agra abounds, has been brought from *Odipore*, and the adjoining district of *Bundelkhand* has furnished its more precious stones.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHOPS AND SHOPPING.

THE attention and flattery which ladies, who possess any claims to admiration, receive in India, must be exceedingly gratifying to those who are consoled by such homage for the loss, or rather the curtailment, of one of the most delightful recreations of the sex—namely, *shopping*. In many parts of the Upper Provinces, years may elapse without affording an opportunity for the purchase of a single European article, excepting by commission. Friends at some distant station must be applied to; and should the supply of goods not be very superabundant, the refuse of the *box-wallah's* stores are rummaged over, and the purchaser must take what she can get, and be thankful.

Remote inland stations are very rarely visited by travelling merchants, who are afraid of incurring the expense of the conveyance of their goods upon an uncertainty, and thus trade is wholly confined to native dealers; a solitary *box-wallah* making his appearance occasionally, and asking upon his arrival such an extravagant price for his merchandize, as to render the purchase almost out of the question. Europeans are expected to pay exorbitantly for the products of their own country when the supply is scanty; and ladies have often the mortification of seeing an article, for which a very fair price has been refused, figuring on the person of one of their attendants, who has got it for next to nothing. Stations on the river are better supplied; few boats come up without bringing some small investment, by which the *dandies* (boatmen) hope to increase the profits of their voyage; and European shopkeepers frequently engage a *budgerow*, freighting the vessel with all sorts of articles for which there is any demand. Upon their arrival at the *ghaut*, they send a catalogue round to the different resident families, with the prices affixed, and too frequently a tantalizing notice, "all sold," against the items most in request.

The joy with which the arrival of any long-desired object is hailed, of which the attainment was nearly hopeless, is great. Ladies' slippers, especially of European manufacture, which happen to fit, seem like a blessing sent from heaven, after having gone almost barefoot in the soft, ill-shaped, spongy-soled shoes, of native construction. Even Chinese Crispins, though they are by far the best to be found in India, and bear a very high reputation, do not supply their fair customers with those Cinderella-like shoes, which alone are fitted for delicate feet. The upper portion may be constructed of beautiful and appropriate materials, satin or prunella; but there is always a falling-off in the soles, which are made of leather not sufficiently tanned, while the heels are never properly stiffened. Native shoemakers succeed better with gentlemen's boots, &c., those from Europe soon becoming too hard to be wearable. The happiest efforts of Hoby must be discarded for a base imitation, which has the merit of being more comfortable and better suited to the climate. A wide street in Calcutta, called the Cossitollah, is almost filled with the shops of Chinese shoe-makers, who make satin slippers, to order, at four shillings a pair, and prunella or jean for three. It seems a thriving trade, these operatives being always well dressed in the costume of their country, wearing upper garments of silk when they walk abroad, or repair to European houses to take orders and measures. Some of the native shoes are very handsome, but they can only be worn by foreign residents as slippers when in their dressing gowns; the heel, though it may be raised at pleasure, is laid down across the inner part of the sole; the points are peaked, and turned up; and the whole is stiffened with embroidery, beneath which a very small portion of the cloth or velvet composing the shoe is to be seen.

The only shops in Calcutta, which make much show on the outside, are those of the chemists and druggists, who bring all the London passion for display to a foreign country: they exhibit splendid and appropriate fronts duly embellished with those crystal vases, in which gems of the most brilliant dye appear to be melted. They are flourishing concerns, and the establishment of manufactories of soda-water has added not a little to their profits. Until of late years, this refreshing beverage, which forms one of the greatest luxuries of a tropical climate, was imported from Europe and sold at a very high price; there is now a large establishment at Futtighur, which sends out supplies all over the country.

An officer, having a high command at the time that Java was taken from the Dutch, found a mineral spring upon the island of bright sparkling bubbling water, as delicious and refreshing as that which, when bottled and stamped with the

seal of the Duke of Nassau, travels to every quarter of the globe. He instantly made the discovery known to the captain of a trader, who freighted his vessel with it for the Calcutta market, where it obtained a rapid sale; but it does not appear that any permanent advantage was derived from this event, or that the Dutch government were aware of the existence of this fountain, which springs in the midst of a thick forest, and is in all probability only the resort of the poor natives in its vicinity.

The European jewellers' shops in Calcutta are large and handsome; they do not make any show on the outside, but the interiors are splendid; the pavement of one or two is of marble, and the glass-cases on the various counters display a tempting variety of glittering treasures—diamonds of the first water, pearls of price, with every precious stone that can be named in rich profusion. The setting of these gems is exceedingly beautiful, and according to the most fashionable patterns of London or Paris, neither of those places boasting a more superb assortment; but the prices are so ruinous, that it is wonderful where sufficient custom can be obtained to support establishments of the kind, of which there are at least four, in addition to the vast number of native artisans, who are not only exclusively employed by their own countrymen, but do a great deal of work for Europeans. Nothing could be more unconscionable than the profits which English jewellers sought and obtained for their goods in those days in which wealth flowed into Calcutta from many sources now cut off. Hitherto the European shop-keepers of Calcutta have transacted business in the most arbitrary manner, according to their own devices, without any reference to the regulations of trade at home.* They have had no competition to dread excepting with the natives, whose retail business, though extensive, has been carried on in a silent, unostentatious manner.

Formerly, an idea was entertained that European goods could only be obtained in perfection from European dealers; but this notion is now exploded, and it will be seen, in the course of these remarks, that the shopkeepers of both countries obtain their supplies from the self-same sources. It is the policy of Europeans to cast a stigma on their native competitors; for, living at an expensive rate, they are obliged to charge enormously for their commodities; while the humbler-minded native, whose whole establishment is maintained at a very small cost, is enabled to sell at a fair profit. In their anxiety to secure the genuine productions of Hoffman, or some other noted London house, families have sent to the accredited agents of these traders in Calcutta, paying of course the highest price, and have afterwards discovered that the vender, being out of the article, has kept the messenger waiting, while he despatched one of his own people to the bazaar, where it was to be had for about a fifth part of the money put down to their account.

Fortunes, however, are not accumulated in the rapid manner which might be surmised from the immense profits thus obtained; the goose is too often killed for the sake of its golden eggs, and customers are driven away in disgust by some piece of rapacity practised upon them. The princely style of living, also, afforded by Calcutta shop-keepers, forms another drawback; they spend nearly as much as they gain, there being little or no difference between the establishment of a first-rate tradesman and that of a civil servant. The modest few, who are content to occupy their houses of business, and who do not display close carriages and services of plate until they have realized sufficient capital for the indulgence of such luxuries, must inevitably acquire considerable wealth; at least the opportunity has been offered under the old regime. But the stern necessity for retrenchment felt by so large a portion of the community, and the paralyzation of trade consequent on the late failures, together with the host of adventurers, which the alteration of the East India Company's charter will in all probability send out, cannot fail to

* The jewellers, especially, set no bounds to the exorbitance of their demands. The counterpart of a gold smelling-bottle set with precious stones, which was sold in London for fifteen pounds, had the modest price of seventy affixed to it in Calcutta. A common chain of hair, with a locket attached to it, of the plainest description, was charged seven pounds ten; not being executed according to order, it was sent back for alteration, and sixteen shillings added to the original bill, for the reparation of the blunders made by the workmen. A perfumer charged six shillings for an old bottle sent with a sample which was disapproved; and whole pages might be filled with similar instances of the utter disdain of the recognized principles of trade exhibited by the shopkeepers of Calcutta.

effect a striking change in the mercantile classes of Calcutta.

Next to the jewellers' shops, the most magnificent establishment in the city is that of the principal bookseller, Thacker & Co.; there are others of inferior note, which have circulating libraries attached to them; but the splendid scale of this literary emporium, and the elegance of its arrangements, place it far above all its competitors. The profit obtained upon books is more moderate than that of any other European commodity, the retail prices being entirely regulated by those of the London market; rupees are reckoned for shillings; a book which is sold at the publishers at home for a pound, is charged at twenty rupees in Calcutta; and, considering the cost of freight and insurance, the perishable nature of the commodity, and the very great care requisite to secure both leaves and binding from being injured by damp, or devoured by insects, the price cannot be considered high. Books intended for sale must be carefully taken down from the shelf and wiped every day, and not only the outside, but the interior also, must be examined; a work of time which, in a large establishment, will occupy a great number of servants. The warping of splendid bindings in hot weather, and the rusts and mildews of the rainy season, must be taken into account; while the white ants being no respectors of engravings, notwithstanding the greatest care, a *hiatus* will sometimes be visible in the centre of some superb specimen of art from the *burin* of Finden, Heath, or others of equal celebrity. The most expensive standard works are always procurable at this establishment; and though it may be cheaper to literary clubs and book societies to import their own supplies from London, so much must be left to the discretion of the agent employed, and, in the trade, there is such great temptation to get rid of unsaleable volumes, that, in the end, little saving is effected.

Immense consignments of books sometimes come out to Calcutta, through different mercantile houses, which are sold by auction, and are often knocked down for a mere trifle. American editions of works of eminence also find their way into the market at a very cheap rate; and those who are content with bad paper, worse printing, and innumerable typographical errors, may furnish a library of the best authors at a small expense. The way in which a fashionable novel is got up is of little importance out of London, where an inelegant appearance would condemn the ablest production of the day; but in works of science, and those intended for the diffusion of useful knowledge, the mistakes and misprints, which are of constant occurrence in the American editions, may produce mischievous consequences. The inhabitants of Calcutta, or its occasional residents, can alone be benefited by the shoal of books brought upon the coast by a fleet more than ordinarily freighted with literary merchandize. The supply at out-stations never is superabundant; it is only at such places as Meerut and Cawnpore, that booksellers' shops are to be found, and their catalogues are exceedingly scanty, people generally preferring to send to Calcutta than to take the chance of what may be obtained from a shopkeeper, who has not sufficient custom to lay in an extensive stock. At the Cape of Good Hope, the beach is said sometimes to be literally strewn with novels; an occurrence which takes place upon the wreck of a ship freighted from the warehouses of Paternoster Row; and certainly, in the streets of Calcutta, those who run may read; for books are thrust into the palanquin-doors, or the windows of a carriage, with the pertinacity of the Jews of London, by natives, who make a point of presenting the title-pages and the engravings upside down. Some of these books seem to be worthy of the Minerva press in its worst days; and it is rather curious that novels, which are never heard of in England, half-bound in the common pale blue covers so long exploded, and which do not figure in any of the advertisements ostentatiously put forth on the wrappers of magazines, &c., are hawked about in the highways and byeways of Calcutta; and, as they are not expressly intended for foreign markets, it must be presumed, though the fact appears doubtful, that there is some sale for them at home, and that "Mysterious Involvements," "Errors of the Imagination," and "Delicate Dilemmas," still find supporters among the twaddlers of both sexes.

Though the jewellers must be styled the ruination shops of Calcutta, the establishment of Messrs. Tulloh and Co. may be called the Howell and James of the city of palaces. It is seldom without a vast concourse of carriages at the door, and the attractions within are of a superior order. On the ground-floor, a large but by no means handsome hall is set apart for auctions; a pulpit is erected in the centre, and every description of property (houses, horses, carriages, &c. down to thim-

bles and needles) comes under the hammer in the course of a short time; sales of all kinds being very frequent. The auction-room is accessible to males alone; it is open to the entrance-hall, but should a lady wander by mistake into the forbidden precincts, she becomes the talk of Calcutta; it is an act of *griffinism*, which strikes the whole community with astonishment and horror. A broad flight of stairs leads to a suite of apartments above, in which there is a multifarious assortment of merchandize, oddly enough contrasted, the merest trumpery being often placed in juxtaposition with articles of great value. The walls are hung with framed engravings, many of them from plates nearly worn out, intermixed with others of a superior description, and a few bad paintings; an accurate knowledge of the art being confined to a very small number of persons, and the worst specimens having as good a chance, especially with the natives, of procuring purchasers, as those of a higher order. The tables and counters are covered with glass cases, containing various kinds of British and foreign *bijouterie*; others support immense quantities of China and glass, lamps, lustres, and mirrors; there are quantities of silk mercery and linen drapery, and upholstery of all sorts. At one time, a tempting collection of furniture *en suite*, fitted for a boudoir, was displayed in these ware-rooms, which would have formed an appropriate decoration for the most *recherche* cabinet of the fairest queen in the world. It consisted of a work, sofa, and circular table, six chairs, and a couch of the beautiful black lacker, which even Chinese art cannot imitate. The landscapes were of the richest and most splendid enamel, and the cushions and draperies of pale green damask. They had been made in Japan, to order, from drawings or models sent from Calcutta, and were therefore of the most fashionable and approved form.

The gentleman who had despatched this splendid commission did not live to see it completed, and it was consigned by his executors to Messrs. Tulloh and Co., to be sold for the benefit of the estate. Many bright eyes were directed towards these elegant decorations, although the circumstance of their not being of European manufacture lessened their value in the estimation of the greater number of gazers, who would have preferred glittering trumpery from France. The expense rendered a speculation for the English market rather hazardous; the price of each chair was four pounds, which together with the freight and the *ad valorem* duty imposed at the Custom-house of London, would have rendered it too costly for a fair chance of profit. Stuffed Chinese birds, beautifully arranged in glass cases, are amongst the rarities of Messrs. Tulloh's emporium; these were reckoned cheap at fifty pounds a case, and in all probability found purchasers in the captains of trading-vessels. Native sircars, who speak English, attend to acquaint the visitors with the different prices of the articles; but there are no chairs for the accommodation of the ladies, who in the hottest weather must either walk about, stand, or sink exhausted upon the stairs. Large consignments of goods, to be sold by auction upon some future day, are frequently exhibited; but ladies, however anxious they may be to become purchasers, are not permitted to select any of the lots at a fair price, although the sale may be so peremptory as to amount almost to giving them away. Such is the despotism of custom at Calcutta! Flaming advertisements, which put the ornate and elaborate productions of George Robins to shame, draw crowds of carriages to Tulloh's rooms; and great is the disappointment of the fair visitants, when, as it frequently happens, they see the old-remembered articles in their accustomed places, as well known as the Ochterlony monument, with as little chance of ever being removed from their site. No abatement whatever is made in the price, in consequence of the dilapidations which time may have occasioned; bargains are only to be procured at auctions, and the stock remains on hand during time immemorial, while newer and more fashionable importations, of the same nature, are knocked down to the highest bidder for anything they will fetch.

Mackenzie and Lyall, and Leyburn and Co., have establishments similar to that of Messrs. Tulloh, but neither so extensive nor so splendid. The sircars in attendance,—fine gentlemen, profusely arrayed in white muslin, and evidently fattening upon their profits,—assume a cavalier air, and seem to take any disparagement of their employers' goods in high dudgeon. Auction-rooms are attached to the premises of both these parties, and the heads of all the establishments are expected to officiate in turn. This is a *sine quâ non*, and many gentlemen, who would otherwise have devoted their time and property to mercantile pursuits, have been prevented from entering into a partnership with these firms, in consequence of the unpleasant nature of the duties. According to the old

system, an auctioneer, however respectable his connexions might be, and whatever his previous rank, was not admitted into society. The rigid exclusiveness of etiquette has somewhat relaxed in the present day, and military and civil servants do not object to meet at other houses, or receive at their own, those persons who were formerly considered to be quite beyond the pale. Still the ascent of the rostrum is considered to entail the loss of caste; and it is supposed that the rigid enforcement of the rule is made to preserve equality amongst the partners of the establishment, who are or were all rendered equally unpresentable at the vice-regal court.

Besides the quantity of goods, daily disposed of at auctions there are vast accumulations, which seem to be utterly forgotten, in the *godowns*, or warehouses, belonging to every merchant. The terms applied to these receptacles is a corruption of the Malay word *Gadong*. The ransacking of the vaults and store-places of Calcutta, and the discovery of all the strange things which the rats and white-ants have left unconsumed, would be an amusing employment. What a quantity of forgotten lumber would see the light! Patent lever fids, and other vaunted inventions, equally at a discount, lie mouldering in these recesses with things of greater value and utility, crates of china and glass, hardware, perfumery, &c. &c. Perhaps, in no other place are there such numerous commodities put out of sight, and totally out of memory, as at Calcutta. The consignees who have failed to dispose of goods according to their invoice prices, and who have not received instructions to sell them by auction, allow them to choke up their warehouses without an effort for their rescue from oblivion. All that is perishable is, of course, speedily demolished; a destiny little anticipated by the sanguine speculator, who perchance hoped to lay the foundation of his wealth in the Calcutta market.

Though this market is sometimes overstocked with the luxuries of the table, yet as the "eaters of ham and the eaters of jam," as the European community have been styled by a witty writer in the *Bengal Annual*, are insatiate in their demand for the sweet and savoury importations from oil, pickle, and confectionary-shops, they form the safest investment. Upon the arrival of a ship freighted with preserved salmon, lobsters, oysters, herrings, and other exotic fish; hams, reindeer-tongues, liqueurs, dried fruits, and a long list of foreign dainties, the wholesale purchaser, anxious to sell them in their freshest and purest state, usually puts forth a series of advertisements, in which the art of puffing is carried to its fullest extent. Nothing is too absurd to be printed in the Calcutta newspapers; the vauntings of Day and Martin must hide their diminished heads before those which figure in our eastern periodicals. Numerous pens are engaged in the composition; the young men in the "Buildings," the grand patronizers of tiffins and suppers, frequently lending their assistance at a sounding paragraph, and encouraging the perpetration of divers execrable jokes, and familiar invitations in the worst taste imaginable. Cheese, in these shops, is sold for three shillings a pound; ham frequently at four, and everything else in proportion.

Happily, the economical part of society may furnish their tables at a cheaper rate. The native bazaars of Calcutta, in which European goods are sold, though not very tempting in appearance, are well stocked. They consist of a collection of narrow streets, furnished with shops on either side, some of which have show-rooms on the upper floor, but all darker, dirtier, and more slovenly than those in the fashionable quarters of the city. The *Soodagurs*, fat, sleek, well-dressed men, clad in white muslin, and having the mark of their caste (if Hindoos) painted in gold upon the forehead and down the nose, stand at their doors, inviting customers to enter. Capital bargains are to be obtained by those who are willing to encounter the heat, fatigue, and abominations which beset their path. It is not, however, necessary to inspect these districts in person, as a sircar may be employed, or samples of the goods sent for. The millinery exhibited in these places is absolutely startling, and the people are puzzled to guess how it can ever be disposed of; but this mystery is solved by an apparition not unfrequent, a half (or rather whole) caste female, — for many of the Portuguese are blacker than the natives, — belonging to the lower ranks, attired in the European costume. No Christian of European descent, however remote, ever wears a native dress. Rich Indo-British ladies attire themselves in the latest and newest fashions of London and Paris, greatly to their disadvantage, since the Hindostanee costume is so much more becoming to the dark countenances and pliant figures of Eastern beauties: those of an inferior class content themselves with habiliments less in vogue, caring little about the date of their construction, provided the style be European. At native

festivals, the wives of Portuguese drummers, and other functionaries of equal rank, are to be seen amid the crowd, arrayed in gowns of blue satin, or pink crape, fantastically trimmed; with satin slippers on their feet, their hair full-dressed, and an umbrella carried over their heads by some ragged servant, making altogether an appearance not very unlike that of Maid Marian on May-day. To these ladies, in process of time, are consigned the blonde lace, or silver lama dresses, to which, on their first arrival in India, so exorbitant a price was affixed, that nobody could venture to become a purchaser. After displaying themselves for years in a glass case at Leyburn's, they suddenly disappeared, remaining in the deepest oblivion, until some lucky *box-wallah* procures a customer unacquainted with the changes which have taken place in the London fashions since the period of their debut from the *boutique* of a first-rate professor.

Amidst an intolerable quantity of rubbish, articles of value may be picked out; the piece-goods are equal to those which are obtainable in magazines of higher pretensions, and the hams, cheeses, oil-man's stores, &c., are of the best quality; and furniture, palanquins, in short, all the necessities and conveniences of life, are to be found at these bazaars. The shopkeepers are, for the most part, very rich native settlers in Calcutta, having derived more benefit from the increasing opulence of the city, than any other class of its inhabitants, since the greater part of the wealth flows through their hands. Having large capitals, they are enabled to purchase the whole of a captain's investments direct from the ship; the principal European establishments do the same, putting about twenty per cent. upon the original price. Many of an inferior class, having no ready money, are obliged to go into the China bazaar, and buy from the natives (perhaps upon credit) those European commodities they are unable to procure at first-hand; yet these men live in the same style as the large capitalist, driving about in the streets in buggies, and disdain the thrift and economy which their brethren at home are compelled to practise.

Under the British Government, the Mussulmans or Hindoos, who have accumulated property, are not afraid of making a display of it in their shops or warehouses; destitute of those apprehensions which, in the days of anarchy and despotism, embittered the enjoyment of riches, they pursue their avocations with a keenness and avidity which bid defiance to all rival efforts. Ready-money customers do well to make their purchases of persons willing to sell at a fair profit; but there is some danger of getting into debt, or borrowing largely from a Hindoo. The Jews — a class of persons with whom, in other places, pecuniary dealings are to be dreaded — form in Calcutta so small a portion of the community as scarcely to be worth naming. They have little chance against the sircars, banyans, and money-changers professing Hindooism, whose usurious practices far exceed anything related of the scattered tribes of Israel.

Shops at up-country stations, without being half so well supplied, are generally ten times dearer than those of Calcutta. Raspberry jam, the preserve most in request at an Indian table, bears a most preposterous price; a jar, which is sold in London for about four shillings, will cost twenty-four, and can never be purchased for less than sixteen. The charges at Cawnpore for half-a-pint of salad-oil is six shillings; and, in a camp, a two-pound square jar of pickles, and a pine cheese, have sold for three pounds each — an act of extravagance in the consumer which is without any excuse, the native pickles being infinitely superior to those brought from England, and the Hissar cheeses of far better quality than the importations, which are always either dry or rancid.

There are at least half-a-dozen French and English milliners of note settled in Calcutta, some of whom make regular voyages to Paris and London, for the purchase of their own investments. The displays of their show-rooms materially depend upon the shipping arrivals; sometimes there is a "beggarly account of empty boxes," and at others the different apartments are replete with temptations. The high rents of houses, in good situations, in Calcutta, and the necessity of keeping large establishments of servants, preclude the possibility of obtaining goods of any kind, at these fashionable marts, at low prices. The milliners of Calcutta seem to depend entirely upon supplies from Europe; they have never thought of enlisting Chinese manufactures into their service. Large importations of silks, satins, damasks, crapes, &c., arrive from Canton, and some of the higher orders of native merchants have pattern-books to show, filled with the richest of these fabrics woven in the most exquisite patterns; but the ladies of Calcutta disdain to appear in dresses which would be eagerly coveted by those of the great capitals of Europe

Chinese silks and satins are scarcely to be seen in any of the shops; if they should be wanted, they must be sought out like the Cashmeres, the Dacca muslins, and the Benares tissues, concealed from public view in chests and warehouses. At half the expense of their present apparel, the Calcutta belles might be more splendidly attired than any female community in the world; but the rage for European frippery is so great, that the most magnificent fabrics of the East would have no chance against a painted muslin. If these rich products were more seen, the purchase would be more highly appreciated; but the custom of the country, founded in all probability on the deleterious effects of the climate, forbids the outward show which forms the characteristic, and the attraction, also, of a London shop. The dampness of the atmosphere of Bengal is ruinous to every delicate article exposed to it; and the natives of India have not yet learned the methods by which careful English dealers preserve their stock from dust and dilapidation, nor can they acquire these arts from their European employers, who are in a great measure ignorant of the principles of trade, and are induced to become general dealers in consequence of finding it the most profitable speculation. The indolence occasioned by the heat is usually too great to admit of much personal superintendence; the details are left to native assistants, and, with very few exceptions, every kind of merchandize is huddled together in confusion, or arranged in the most tasteless manner.

The jewellers and the establishment of the leading bookseller have already been exempted from this charge, and the praise which their respective owners merit, must be awarded to the European proprietors of a shop, the prettiest in Calcutta, devoted wholly to the sale of Chinese goods. There is a constant succession of new articles to be seen in this shop, captains of traders and people desirous of sending presents to England, speedily sweeping away the whole stock. The goods are charged at about double the price for which they may be purchased at Canton; but there are always many pretty things which come within the reach of humble purses, and the privilege of looking over some of the most beautiful specimens of human ingenuity is worth a few rupees. This shop, though not large, occupies a good situation upon the Esplanade; it is remarkably clean and cheerful, offering a striking contrast to the dens of dirt and darkness, which in many parts of the city look more like rat-holes than the emporiums of European goods. The door is generally thronged with carriages, and in the hot season there is some difficulty in getting up to it; the *garreewans*, or coachmen, of Calcutta, ignorant of the etiquette practised in England, do not draw off at the approach of another vehicle with a party to set down or take up. For want of some arrangement of this kind, there are perpetual contests for mastery; and timid people, or those who have a thin attendance of servants to clear the way, prefer walking a few yards to disputing possession with the carriage at the door. In narrow passages, equipages are obliged to drive away to make room for each other; but where space will permit, it seems a point of honour amongst the coachmen to cause as much confusion and hubbub as possible. Every body drives on which side the road he pleases to take, either left or right; and, considering the vast number of carriages which assemble in the public places, it is wonderful how few accidents occur.

During the cold season, ladies may shop in Calcutta without any personal inconvenience, and many are not to be deterred by the heat from pursuing so favourite an amusement. The arrival of adventurers from France, who hire apartments for the display of their goods, is a great temptation to venture out; these people, who are anxious to get away again with the vessel which brought them, usually undersell the regular shopkeepers, disposing of the stock remaining on hand by public outcry, a favourite method all over India. Upon some of these occasions, amazing bargains are to be had, of which the natives usually avail themselves; boatmen and others upon the very smallest wages being enabled to make purchases, which they are certain of selling to advantage in the upper country, though at a hundred per cent. below the regular price. English captains of vessels have been known to open a warehouse on their own account, and to sell their investments by retail; but whether the experiment answered or failed, the example has not been generally followed. The first arrivals in the market, or those freighted with goods in demand, of course, speedily get rid of their cargo; while the remainder are frequently compelled to make great sacrifices. The pale ale, so much in request at an Indian table, is often sold at a dead loss, and may be had occasionally at Calcutta at three or four rupees a dozen to the consumer; but it is never procurable at the same comparative rate of cheapness in the Mofussil. Should the new steam-boats, which have been sent out from

England, prove successful in the navigation of the Ganges to Allahabad or Cawnpore, vast additions and improvements will take place in the shops already established at those and the intermediate stations. The reduced rate of European goods, and the more general introduction of articles of native manufacture, will enable the British residents of India to live as well upon inferior allowances, as they were accustomed to do in the days of splendid incomes and profuse expenditure. Mango, corunder, hybiscus, guava, and various other jams and jellies, when prepared without an admixture of spice, are quite equal to the finest of Hoffman's fruits. Hams and bacon can be as well cured in India as in England; and the table at least may be independent of every European article excepting wine and beer, while very excellent cider may be made from melons.

All the musical instruments used in India are importations: as yet no manufactory of the kind has been ventured upon. Very few carriages are brought from England, there being a large coach-maker's establishment of great celebrity in Calcutta, besides others in different parts of the country; some maintained by Europeans, and others by natives, who work from the instructions of gentlemen, especially artillery and engineer officers, possessing amateur acquaintance with the art. All sorts of harness and saddlery have attained great perfection at Cawnpore, where the natives work upon leather with much success, producing such delicate articles as white kid gloves of a very fair quality; their saddles and bridles are exceedingly neat and elegant, and if not so durable as those of English make, are infinitely cheaper. The price of a hunting-saddle and bridle imported from England is twelve pounds, while those manufactured at Cawnpore may be had for one, equally good in appearance, though they probably will not last quite so long. The great demand for leather at Cawnpore has proved very fatal to troop-horses, and those of travellers proceeding to that station. The villages, at the distance of a march or two, are inhabited by gangs of miscreants, who do not hesitate to procure so lucrative an article of commerce by the most nefarious means. It is their custom to poison the wells, or otherwise to administer some deleterious mixture to the horses encamped in their neighbourhood. They either die immediately, or drop upon the road during their next day's march, and their skins are stripped off and sold at Cawnpore. It is seldom that a native of India can be detected in his knaveries. After many vain attempts to discover the perpetrators of these enormities, gentlemen who lost their horses came to a determination to defeat the projects of the wretches by whom they had been destroyed. Upon the death of any animal, they had it flayed instantly by their own people, and either carried away the skin or caused it to be burned upon the spot. This plan has at length proved effectual: the horse-killers, tired of their vain attempts to secure the object of their villainy, allow the most tempting studs to pass unmolested, the *thanadars* in the neighbourhood having received orders to warn all travellers of the danger, and to recommend them, in the event of any casualty amongst their cattle, not to leave the skin behind. There is an exceedingly good English coach-maker settled at Cawnpore, and very excellent and elegant carriages are made at Bareilly, a place famous for the beauty of its household furniture, which is painted and lackered with much taste, and in a peculiar manner.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GHAZEEPORE.

THE precious incense of the rose, the *atta-gool*, so celebrated throughout all the civilized parts of the world, is produced in considerable quantities in the gardens round Ghazee-pore. A paradise of roses conveys enchanting ideas of floral pomp and luxuriance to the mind. Fancy decks the scene with brilliant hues;—parterres, where idle zephyrs wanton through the day;—canopies, flinging their living tapestry of buds and interweaving leaves over banks and beds strewn with the blossoms which the sighing breeze has scattered. Sober reality, however, dispels these gay illusions; the cultivation of roses at Ghazee-pore is a mere matter of business; and the extensive fields, planted with the brightest ornament of the garden, do not invest the station with the attractions which are conjured up by a poetical imagination.

The Indian rose, though its very name seems to imply distinction, can only sustain a comparison with its European sis-

ters in the fragrance which it yields. It is beautiful, for could a rose be otherwise? but, excepting at Agra, it does not attain to the magnificent size common in England, nor does it present the infinite varieties which adorn our gardens. The cultivators of India are content to take what the hand of nature has given them, and resort to few artificial aids for the improvement of her lavish beauties: to a large majority, the rose appears to be too valuable a plant to be made the mere embellishment of a bouquet, and, for commercial purposes, that which they have found indigenous to the soil proves quite sufficient.

England is not the land of romance, but her hop-grounds are far more beautiful than the vine-wreathed valleys of France, or the rose-gardens which bloom in the East; unfortunately they are associated with breweries and ale-casks, and want the classic elegance which surrounds the bowl, brimmed with the red grape's ruby flood,—the lingering scent which clings round odours crushed, and makes them sweeter still. The rose of an English cottage, clambering from lattice to lattice, and mantling over the rustic porch in bright redundancy, is infinitely more attractive than its Indian namesake. We do not see the roses of Oriental climes spreading themselves over arches, or flinging down their crimson wealth in rich red clusters. They bloom sparingly upon a low shrub, which is kept to a dwarfish size by the gardener's knife, and the full-blown flowers being carefully gathered every morning, the trees rarely present the luxuriance of loaded boughs drooping beneath the weight of their silken treasures.

The roses of Ghazee-pore are planted formally, in large fields, occupying many hundred acres of the adjacent country. The flush of their flowers, when opening to the morning ray, and enamelling the verdant carpet of green spread over a sun-lit plain, cannot fail to delight the eye; but would afford far greater pleasure if diversified with bowers and labyrinths, trellises hung with garlands, and crimson clusters peeping between the luxuriant foliage wreathing over long arcades. If the voluptuous Moghuls ever celebrated a festival of roses in so appropriate a scene of their Indian conquests, no traces or memorials now remain to fill the spot with recollections of the Floral fête. The gathering of the flowers, either at its commencement or its close, is unaccompanied by those bright revels, which seem to be almost inseparable from a harvest of roses. No gay troops of youths and maidens pile the glowing treasures in osier baskets, or wreath them round their brows. The work is performed, systematically, by a multitude of poor labourers, who, while carefully securing every full-blown flower, think of nothing except the *pie* which will repay their easy toil.

The first process which the roses undergo is that of distillation. They are put into the alembic with nearly double their weight of water. The *goolabee paanee* (rose water) thus obtained is poured into large shallow vessels, which are exposed uncovered to the open air, during the night. The *narnes*, or jars, are skimmed occasionally; the essential oil floating on the surface being the precious concentration of *aroma*, so highly prized by the worshippers of the rose. It takes 200,000 flowers to produce the weight of a rupee in *atta*. This small quantity, when pure and unadulterated with sandal-oil, sells upon the spot at 100 rupees (£10); an enormous price, which, it is said, does not yield very large profits. A civilian, having made the experiment, found that the rent of land producing the above-named quantity of *atta*, and the purchase of utensils, alone, came to £5; to this sum the hire of labourers remained still to be added, to say nothing of the risk of an unproductive season.

The Damascus, or rose of Sharon, is the flower in most esteem in some parts of India; in others, the common cabbage, or hundred leaved rose is the favourite. The oil produced by the above-mentioned process is not always of the same colour, being sometimes green, sometimes bright amber, and frequently of a reddish hue. When skimmed, the produce is carefully bottled, each vessel being hermetically sealed with wax; and the bottles are then exposed to the strongest heat of the sun during several days.

Young ladies in England, who spend the rosy months of June and July in the country, and who can command a hot-house where the thermometer rises to 100° or 120°, might try the experiment of manufacturing *atta*: 200,000 roses could easily be obtained by levying contributions upon friends and neighbours; and from the rose-water they would yield, poured into China vases, and placed amongst the pine-apples, delicate hands might be employed to extract the floating essence.

Rose-water which has been skimmed is reckoned inferior to that which retains its essential oil, and is sold at Ghazee-pore

at a lower price; though, according to the opinion of many persons, there is scarcely, if any, perceptible difference in the quality. A *seer* (a full quart) of the best may be obtained for eight *annas* (about 1s.). Rose-water enters into almost every part of the domestic economy of the natives of India: it is used for ablutions, in medicine, and in cookery. Before the abolition of *nuzzurs* (presentations), it made a part of the offerings of persons who were not rich enough to load the trays with gifts of greater value. It is poured over the hands after meals; and at the festival of the *Hoolce*, all the guests are profusely sprinkled with it. Europeans, suffering under attacks of prickly heat, find the use of rose-water a great alleviation. Natives take it internally for all sorts of complaints; they consider it to be the sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise, and *eau de Cologne* cannot be more popular in France than the *goolabee paanee* in India. Rose-water, also, when bottled, is exposed to the sun for a fortnight at least.

The environs of Ghazee-pore are exceedingly pretty, planted with fine forest-trees, which may be supposed to bear the nests of the *bulbul* haunting the gardens of the rose; though, whether the nightingales of the East are found in this district I cannot vouch with any degree of certainty, having only heard and seen those divine warblers in cages. Birds, however, abound; the branches are loaded with the pendulous nests of the crested sparrow, and the blue jay sports in dangerous proximity to the Ganges, being selected at a barbarous Hindoo festival as a victim to the cruel Doorga. At the annual celebration of her inhuman rites, these beautiful birds are thrown into the river, and though sometimes rescued by Europeans, who do not share in the superstition that it is unlucky to intermeddle with the vengeful goddess's offerings, they seldom survive the immersion. There are some fine old banian-trees in the neighbourhood of Ghazee-pore; one, in particular, which overshadows a *ghaut* in an adjacent village, may be styled the monarch of the Ganges. This tree, as well as the peepul, is sacred; and when a Brahmin takes up his abode under its boughs, it becomes an asylum for all sorts of animals: the fine old patriarch of the woods near Ghazee-pore is the haunt of innumerable monkeys, which actually crowd the branches, and gambol along the steps of the *ghaut*, perch upon its balustrades, and play their antics with the bathers in perfect security, and in multitudes which remind the gazer of rabbits in a warren.

Snakes are very numerous in this part of the country, and their deadly enemy the mongoose is frequently seen on the watch for the victims which he pursues with unrelenting animosity. Both natives and Europeans, who have witnessed the encounters of these extraordinary animals with venomous reptiles, are convinced that the mongoose is acquainted with an antidote to the poison, which medical men of the highest eminence have pronounced to be mortal, refusing, in many instances, to yield to the strongest repellent known (*eau de luce*) a remedy sometimes administered with success. It is certain that the mongoose frequently receives very severe bites in its conflicts with the snake; that after being wounded it is seen to retire, as it is supposed for the purpose of applying the antidote, and that it will return again to the charge with unflinching vigour, never relinquishing the fight until it has succeeded in destroying its opponent. The mongoose is often domesticated as a pet, for the purpose of keeping houses free from snakes; and thus amateurs have constant opportunities of witnessing its combats with the cobra de capello. Its movements are so exceedingly rapid, that no one has as yet been able to follow it to the plant which yields the specific; and scientific men have not hitherto thought it worth their while to ascertain this interesting point by a series of experiments.

Ghazee-pore is the quarter of a King's regiment of infantry, and is reckoned a very desirable station, on account of the easy nature of the duties, and the healthiness of the climate. In times of peace, upon the landing of European corps of foot soldiers, it has usually been the custom to allow them to make the tour of the provinces by slow degrees, resting, during intervals of two or three years, either at Berhampore, or Boglipoore, on their way to Dinapore, Ghazee-pore, Cawnpore, and Meerut. This practice, however, has been departed from in the case of the 26th regiment, which, almost immediately after its arrival at Fort William, was marched up to Kurnaul, a frontier station on the distant borders of the Company's territories. The Upper Provinces being considered infinitely more healthy than the low plains of Bengal, it would be advisable, if not interfering with the welfare of the service, to send the King's corps into the interior at the first season in which it would be practicable to perform a long march. The process of acclimation is attended with a melancholy catalogue

of deaths, when it is carried on in the damp districts near the presidency. Though Dinapore has the advantage of a dry sandy soil, cholera is no stranger to its cantonments; and it is not until the arrival of a regiment of Europeans at Ghazepore, that much hope can be entertained of clean bills of health in the medical report.

King's troops are very expensive appendages to the Company's territories; the care and attention necessary for the preservation of their lives, generally has the effect of unfitting them for the duties which a soldier is called upon to perform in a colder climate; while, in despite of the pains taken to ensure their health and comfort, their existence in India must be far less pleasurable than a life of toil and hardship under a more genial atmosphere. During many months, European soldiers are doomed to spend their whole time in imprisonment and idleness; their parades take place very early in the morning, and after the daily exercise is over, they must confine themselves to their barracks. They are strictly enjoined not to proceed to the bungalows of their officers upon duty, in the heat of the sun, without an umbrella, and it is no uncommon sight to meet a private with a black attendant carrying a *chattah* (awning) over his head. The penny literature of the day would be invaluable, could it reach the stations of European soldiers in India with the regularity and cheapness of its production in England, for reading is their grand resource. Happy are those who find in the Bible every book they need! Religious exercises form the consolation and the occupation of many; but there is still a very large majority who require other aids to fill up their time. Books are, unfortunately, rather a scarce commodity, and notwithstanding the establishment of regular libraries, want of funds renders the supply inadequate to the demand.

Commanding officers have usually the good sense to encourage, or at least to sanction, intellectual amusements. In many places, the soldiers have been permitted to construct a theatre for their own performances, and at others they are allowed the use of that belonging to the station. The prices of admission are generally sufficient to cover the expenses, though in India, as well as in England, dramatic speculations are often found to be losing concerns, and scarcely any manager or managing committee can contrive to keep out of debt. Infinite pains are taken to divest theatrical amusements of the danger which might arise from love-scenes between married women and gay Lotharios. The soldiers' wives are not permitted to enact the heroines in dramatic entertainments, lest it should lead to deviations from the path of duty; and when female characters cannot be cut out, they are performed by beardless youths, much to the deterioration of the spectacle, although the principle which deprives the Mofussil stage of feminine attraction cannot be too highly commended.

A theatre affords interesting occupation to numbers of poor exiled soldiers, who would otherwise be devoured with *ennui*. Those who can handle a brush are employed in painting the scenes; less accomplished amateurs are too happy to be allowed to shift them; and the orchestra is open to musical aspirants, the Orphii of the Mofussil, who, maugre the disadvantages of instruments which will not keep a single instant in tune, beguile many weary hours with the practice necessary for a grand display. Petting animals also offers a pleasing source of employment to a soldier; great varieties of parrots, highly accomplished in the vulgar tongue, are to be found in the barracks, and the master frequently becomes too much attached to a docile and apt scholar to part with it, though tempted by a high price: twenty rupees (£2) being usually given for a well-taught bird. Constant attention and untiring patience are necessary for the instruction of the feathered race; and as the organ of speech is much more strongly developed in the skulls of some paroquets than in those of others, an acquaintance with phrenology would save an infinity of labour. The parrot's cage is hung in some dark place, not unfrequently down a well, while the tutor, lying on the brink, repeats the same sentence over and over again for an hour together. The education of parrots on the continent of India is almost wholly confined to Europeans; though they are frequently kept in a state of captivity by the natives, and are objects of veneration to some castes of Hindoos, they are rarely if ever taught to speak by them. All their cares appear to be lavished upon the hill mynahs, beautiful large black birds with a yellow mark on each side of the head, which are easily trained to the performance of a variety of amusing tricks, and turn out far better orators than the paroquets.

That pining after home, which, in hearts endued with sensibility, too often sows the seeds of disease and death, is acutely felt by a large portion of the King's soldiers, whose terms of service in India being seldom less than twenty years,

nearly amounts to a sentence of perpetual banishment. Excepting during a war, when hardships, however severe, are rendered endurable by the spirit-stirring incidents attendant on a hot campaign; destitute of all excitement, bold and hardy men drag out a life of inglorious ease, in a completely artificial state of existence, preserved, as it were, in glass cases for times of need. Their society at all periods is exclusively military; they have no communication, as at home, with their fellow-citizens; no jovial meetings with strange faces in public-houses; no large assemblages of persons belonging to their own class at fairs and festivals. Their wants are carefully attended to, but their enjoyments are few; beer is a luxury which their purses can rarely command; they have not many opportunities of forming matrimonial connexions with people of their own colour, and life must be irksome to all who cannot give themselves up to sedentary employments. Long habit lends its aid to the subduing influence of the climate to reconcile the greater number of European soldiers to this state of vegetation; they are conscious that a protracted residence in India has rendered them unequal to the performance of military duties elsewhere; and when, at length, a regiment receives orders to embark for England, numerous volunteers are found willing to remain in the country in which they have worn out the fairest portion of their existence. The ties which bound them to their native land have all been severed; the fond hopes which they cherished of an early return, laden with the spoils of conquered rajahs, have melted away, and they are contented at last to relinquish the fair visions of home and happiness, for the solid provision which can be attained in India. These are usually steady men, of sober views and habits, who have outlived the illusions of their youth, and are satisfied to have a choice of minor evils. Warmer temperaments indulge more vivid expectations; to them the name of *home* acts like a spell; painful experience has not yet taught them to anticipate disappointment, and they return with the same bright hopes which led them gladly to seek a land whose splendid promises remain unfulfilled. A few, driven to despair by the melancholy prospect of interminable exile, unable to await the slow approach of their recall, and allured by the flowery descriptions of Australia, plunge into crime for the purpose of exchanging honourable servitude in India for a felon's lot in a climate resembling that of England. It is no very unusual circumstance for a soldier to attempt the life of his officer or his comrade, in the hope of being transported to a country possessing so many features akin to the land of his birth; and even the punishment of death is to some less terrible than the prospect of eternal banishment from "the home they left with little pain."

In no other country in the world can the wives and children of European soldiers enjoy the comfort and happiness which await them in India. The lot of the latter is peculiarly fortunate, for they have no reminiscences of another land to poison the blessings of competence and freedom from the pressure of early cares; schools are established in every regiment for the instruction of children of both sexes. The education of persons belonging to their class in society, can be carried on as well in India as in England: they are taught to make themselves useful; the boys with a view of becoming non-commissioned officers, regimental clerks, &c.; the girls to be made industrious servants, and fitting wives for men in a rank rather superior to that from which they themselves have sprung. The clergy take great delight in the instruction of the youthful members of their respective flocks, and they form the most numerous and the most interesting candidates for confirmation at the visits of the Bishop of Calcutta to the distant scenes of his vast diocese. European ladies gladly take the females into service at an early age, and if they do not retain their situations long, it is because they are eagerly sought in marriage by their fathers' comrades, or by shopkeepers who chance to be located in their vicinity. The daughters of dragoon soldiers sometimes aspire to be belles; they copy the fashions brought out by new arrivals of a higher class, and do great execution at the balls, which upon grand occasions are given by the *élite* of the non-commissioned officers of the corps.

The wives of soldiers in India are secured from all those laborious toils and continual hardships to which they must submit in countries where the pay of their husbands is inadequate to their support. If sober and industrious, they may easily accumulate a little hoard for the comfort of their declining years. Acquaintance with any useful art, dress-making, feather-cleaning, lace-mending, washing silk stockings, or the like, may be converted into very lucrative employments; and the enormous wages demanded by European women, when they go into service as ladies'-maids, or wet

nurses (from fifty to a hundred rupees per month), shows how indifferent they are to the means of acquiring money by personal exertion. Few officers' wives attached to King's corps can afford to have a white female attendant; and the unaccustomed luxuries which these women enjoy, when domesticated in wealthy families, unfortunately, in too many instances, are apt to render them so lazy, insolent and overbearing, as to be perfectly intolerable; and consequently it is not often that they are to be found out of the barracks.

Soldiers are not in England very scrupulous in the choice of their wives, and amid the numbers who come out to India, a very small proportion remain uncorrupted by bad example and the deteriorating influence of campaigns and long voyages. It is not absolutely necessary that they should undertake anything beyond the care of their own family, and many prefer idleness to the slightest exertion. They and their children have regular rations served out for their daily food; while the regiment is upon a march, they are provided with suitable conveyances; during the hot winds, their quarters are supplied with *tatties*; and in passing along the lines *punkahs* may be seen swinging in the sergeants' barrack-rooms, and curious scenes are displayed to view through the open doors. Some fat and unshapeable lady, attired in a loose white gown, indulging in a siesta in an elbow-chair, with a native attendant, ragged and in wretched case, who, fan in hand, agitates the air around her.

To those Anglo-Indians who cherish vivid recollections of home, and who delight in all things which recall their native country to their mind, it is exceedingly gratifying to be stationed in the vicinity of a King's regiment or a European corps in the service of the Company. After a long absence from England, and long association with persons of education, the homely provincial accents of some untaught soldier come in music on the ear, bringing with them a rush of painfully-pleasing emotions; recalling past scenes and past days, "awakening thoughts which long have slept," restoring youth, hope, health, and happiness, for a brief delightful period. Experience alone can tell how sad, and yet how dear, are the first meetings with country people of an inferior class in the jungles of India. A detachment of artillery, passing through a small out-post, whose European inhabitants did not exceed a dozen persons, occasioned a burst of anguish, which revealed to a pining exile the full extent of that home-sickness which had preyed in secret on her mind. Returning from an evening walk, a soldier's wife crossed the path, and at first, rejoicing to meet a countrywoman, the lady eagerly stepped forward and accosted her; but no sooner did the familiar sounds of bygone days strike upon her heart, than she burst into a flood of tears. Aware that the person who had caused this violent emotion would be quite unconscious of the effect which her homely speech had produced, she stifled her feelings, and, inviting the poor woman to come to the bungalow, hastened onward to order out the contents of the larder to form a little feast for her comrades in the camp; but she dared not trust herself beyond a few simple questions, and, unwilling to make a display of sensibility which might be misconstrued, and could not be understood, she did not indulge in the pensive gratification which a protracted interview would have afforded. When accustomed to see and converse with the lower order of Europeans, the keenness of the emotions produced by the reminiscences which they call up subsides, and the feelings they create are wholly of a pleasurable nature. The evening drive is rendered doubly gratifying by the groups of healthy-looking, tidily-dressed English children, at play in front of their quarters, or bending their way in the train of their parents along the road, upon a Sunday evening, to the church, whose tinkling bell charms the ear as in days of old, when the peal from a village spire filled the heart to overflowing with delightful sensations.

Though destitute of the rich red roses, which bloom so freshly on the cheeks of youthful cottagers in England, the sickliness and delicacy, so strikingly apparent in the petted and carefully-attended offspring of the higher order, are rarely the characteristic of soldiers' children, who seem to preserve their strength and vigour in a climate considered to be exceedingly detrimental to the juvenile classes of Europeans. The mortality amongst the infants of this grade is not so great as might be expected: where their mothers have been unable to suckle them, and where the expense of a native nurse could not be incurred, a goat has performed the maternal office with infinite success, the little creatures thriving under the nourishment afforded by this humble animal; nor is it so usual to droop and pine away at the period in which change of climate is so earnestly recommended to the children of the rich; numbers of fine young men and women grow up to maturity with-

out having tasted a colder air than that which blows in Hindostan.

The station-duties are performed at Ghazepore by two or three companies of a native regiment, detached from Benares, sepoy standing sentinel at the hospital, store-houses, and at all places where the heat is considered to be injurious to European constitutions. There are a few staff-appointments held by officers of the Company's service, and the society receives a very agreeable addition from the families of several indigo-planters residing in the neighbourhood.

It is always a fortunate circumstance when the higher class of Anglo-Indian cultivators are settled in the vicinity of an European cantonment, since there are no set of persons who exercise more boundless hospitality, or from whom travellers receive more cordial kindness. Those with whom it would not be desirable to associate form a very small portion. The greater number of the country-born, or Eurasians, many of whom show complexions still darker than that of the natives, are, generally speaking, intelligent, well-informed men, ever ready to contribute to any proposed amusement, and opening their doors readily at all times for the reception of guests; while those Europeans who have embarked in indigo speculations are usually of a very high order of intellect.

Although no rank is recognized in India, excepting that which is held by the civil and military servants of the Company, much to the credit of the society, there are no invidious distinctions made between the persons who compose it. Individuals who are gifted with pleasing manners and accomplishments will always receive the respect and attention due to their merits; little or no regard is paid to colour or to circumstances, where there are personal claims to the notice of those more highly endowed with the gifts of birth and fortune. Fine houses, fine equipages, and fine entertainments, though they may render individuals popular who have little else to recommend them, are not, as in England, essentially requisite to obtain a passport into good society. It is sufficient that the party shall have the *entré* of government-house, the grand test of gentility in India; but even ineligibility in this particular does not, amid liberal-minded people, form an insurmountable barrier; many families, both in the Mofussil and in Calcutta, being received in society, whose occupation and calling must exclude them from the vice-regal court.

The India Company have a stud for the breed of horses in the vicinity of Ghazepore, under the superintendence of European officers peculiarly qualified for the appointment. The cattle which they turn out, though inferior in beauty to English and Arab chargers, are extremely useful, particularly for harness; a stud-bred horse with a good pedigree is a valuable animal, and always obtains a fair price, though considerably lower than that which would be demanded for a horse of equal merit in England. The common country breed, though it is said that they possess more blood than any other horses in the world, are so unseemly in their appearance and so unconquerably vicious in their habits, that they are rarely used, except upon some great emergency, by European officers. There are, however, some very handsome animals brought from distant parts of India, and others, especially those from Cutch, which are more curious than beautiful, but which prove hard-working useful roadsters, better fitted for the climate than those of English parentage, which are very soon knocked up, and are consequently taken the utmost care of.

From Calcutta to Barrackpore, a distance of sixteen miles, carriage-horses are always changed midway; and as none are kept for posting, a pair must be sent on the day before. Medical men, or those who spend a good deal of their time in visiting, cannot take out the same horses in the evening which they have used in the morning; and it is one of the objections to Cawnpore, that officers who have only one buggy-horse, are unable to take their wives to the course in the evening, because it has been driven a long distance during the day to some court-martial or committee sitting at the extremity of the cantonments, which straggle along a space of five miles in length. Notwithstanding the care and attention paid to horses in India, the luxury of a stable is often of necessity denied them. When out in the field, or during long marches, they are picqueted under trees, the only covering which they or their *syces* have to protect them from the inclemency of the weather being a blanket; unless the grooms are liberally supplied with horse-cloths, they are too apt to make themselves comfortable at the expense of their charge; and it is therefore the best economy to provide sufficient clothing for man and horse.

An Indian *syce* is generally exceedingly attached to the animal under his care; it is no uncommon circumstance for gentlemen travelling by a different route to entrust their most

valuable chargers to the sole guardianship of their grooms, who proceed alone, through jungle districts, seldom if ever mounting the animals, which are led by their conductors, and which arrive at the place of their destination, at the end of two or three months, according to the distance, in excellent condition. Sometimes the *syce* is taken ill upon the road, in which event he will drag himself with difficulty to the next European station, and deliver up the horse to the care of some English gentleman, who, if the poor man's case should be desperate, will hire a new groom, and send him on with his charge, well assured that he will perform the duties of the service with fidelity and despatch. Instances of horses being lost or injured upon long journeys of this nature, if known, are so exceedingly rare, that they cannot be adduced in prejudice of the national character, which, in the faithful discharge of the trust reposed in the humblest individuals, is unrivalled. Sepoys despatched upon treasure-parties, if surprised and outnumbered by bands of armed robbers, will make a desperate though hopeless resistance, and suffer themselves to be cut to pieces to a man rather than desert their posts, although retreat under the circumstances could not be considered dishonourable.

There is scarcely a servant in any establishment who could not, if he pleased, make himself master of what would be wealth to him: for there are very few things which are not left open and at the mercy of the domestics, who have many facilities for escape beyond the reach of justice: but it is seldom that the poorest and lowest abuse their employer's confidence; nothing but ill-treatment, and, in many cases, not even that, will induce a servant to rob his master; frequently the whole household will abscond in the night, but they do not often carry anything away with them, though there may be arrears of wages due, which they dare not return to claim. Yet, notwithstanding facts of this nature, which are notorious, and the unlimited confidence which the greater number of Europeans repose in their servants, no set of persons are more calumniated or reviled. There are certain perquisites to which they think themselves entitled, and which, if they are not very sharply looked after, they will appropriate; but, excepting where great carelessness and extravagance on the part of the heads of houses encourage similar waste in their inferiors, their peculations are very trifling, and by no means deserve to be designated by the opprobrious terms which people, unaccustomed to the tricks and frauds practised by European domestics, are wont to use in decanting upon the knaveries of those of India. Were the same power to be placed in the humble classes of England, it would be much more frequently abused; but persons who have come out young and inexperienced to India, and who, in too many instances, entertain a prejudice against the colour of those with whom they are surrounded, are apt to fancy excellencies and perfections in servants at home, which only exist in their own imaginations: a truth of which, upon their return to Europe, they are soon painfully convinced.

Extraordinary examples of honesty are of perpetual occurrence in India; large sums of money, accidentally left upon tables, have been carefully secured by the first servants who espied them, and produced without any ostentation, as a matter of course, at the owner's return. The sirdar-bearer has usually the care of his master's purse, and when these men are judiciously selected, they may be entrusted with untold gold. The poorest class of labourers, *coolies*, are often employed to convey a box or parcel, containing valuable property, from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces, receiving an advance of pay at the period of their setting out, as they have no means of maintaining themselves upon the road; fifteen or twenty rupees, if the journey be a long one, are often given for this purpose, and always without the slightest danger of the sum being misapplied. Nothing could be more easy than the appropriation of box and money to the use of the person who carries his load over many weary miles for scanty pay, and who, by diverging into a neighbouring district, might defy the pursuit of justice; but such things never occur; the only danger to be apprehended is the murder of the *coolie* by those prowling bands of robbers by profession which infest every part of Hindostan.

Ghazeepore is notorious for its thieves, many of whom pursue their vocation under a religious character, and in the garb of *gossieins* (devout beggars) inveigle their victims to their pagodas, where they assassinate them at leisure. Da-coits of a less atrocious description abound, and no travellers can escape their depredations, unless they consent to entertain one or two *chokeydars* during their halt, a set of gentry who act a double part, and are thieves when they are not watchmen. The vigilance and zeal of these guardians of the

night are manifested by loud and incessant cries of *khaubba daur!* 'Take care!' When they do not sleep themselves, they seem determined not to allow any persons to close their eyes who happen to be within hearing. Every quarter of an hour the warning is repeated, with a strength of lungs which effectually precludes the hope that the Stentorian voice may fail, and quiet be restored.

The native city of Ghazeepore is better built and better kept than many other places of more importance. The bazaars are neat, well-supplied, and famous for their tailors, whose excellent workmanship is celebrated in the adjacent districts. A very considerable number of the inhabitants are Moosulmans, though the neighbouring population is chiefly Hindoo; their mosques are numerous and handsome, and their former grandeur is evinced by a superb palace built by the Nawab Cossim Ali Khan, which occupies a considerable extent of ground overlooking the Ganges. This noble building is now in a melancholy state of dilapidation, neglected by the government, who have turned it into a custom-house, and have converted many of its suites of apartments into warehouses, and the residences of police *peons* belonging to the guard. Though thus rendered useful, it is not thought worthy of repair; its splendid banqueting-hall and cool verandahs, replete with architectural beauty, abutting into the river, are deserted and left to the swift devastations of the climate. In a very short period, the whole of this magnificent fabric will become a heap of ruins, and then some mean and tasteless edifice will be erected in its place. The great dislike which Europeans entertain to a residence within the precincts of a native city has probably prevented the civilians attached to Ghazeepore from selecting this palace for their abode. It might, however, be rendered subservient to some public purpose, and could be put into repair at a small expense by men zealously desirous to preserve so interesting a relic, as the workmen would be furnished from the neighbouring prison.

The place of confinement for felons of all descriptions at Ghazeepore is large, strong, airy, and commodious, and usually crowded with delinquents of all castes and denominations: refractory Moosulmans incarcerated for various offences, and fanatical Hindoos, whose crimes are in most instances connected with their religion. Not content with starving themselves to death, in order to revenge themselves upon their adversaries in another world, they are sometimes known to murder a member of their own family, in the belief that the blood of the victim will rest upon the heads of their adversaries. A memorable illustration of this notion occurred at Ghazeepore, where an old man, who conceived that he had a right to a piece of land which had been adjudged to his neighbour, brought his wife to the spot, an elderly personage, who could be easily spared, and forcing her, with the assistance of his friends and relations, into a hut made of straw, set it on fire, and burned her to death, in the expectation that the soil would be accursed and refuse to yield its fruits to the enemy who had triumphed over him.

The punishment of death is not often adjudged by the criminal courts to the natives of India. The law by which they are tried renders it very difficult to prove murders, however openly committed; and the usual sentence is hard labour upon the roads during a certain number of years, or for life, according to the enormity of the crime. The convicts work in irons, and are sometimes employed in weeding the paths round the houses of people of distinction.

A stranger seated in a drawing-room of an officer of very high rank was much amazed by the "*qui hi? punkah tanah!*" ('who waits! pull the punkah,') being answered by a felon, fettered and manacled, who, with the utmost coolness squatted down upon the floor, applied himself to the rope, and pulled away vigorously, his chains clinking in harmony all the time. Such an exhibition did not seem to strike the family as any thing extraordinary; they appeared to think that, provided the *punkah* was set in motion, the character and condition of the operator were of very little consequence: a proof amongst many others of the utter disregard of consistency manifested in an Anglo-Indian establishment.

In visiting persons of consequence in the Mofussil, travellers in their *griffinage* are exceedingly astonished by the appearance of the verandahs leading to apartments furnished with costliness and taste, they being generally made to resemble old clothes-shops, or pawnbrokers'-stalls; servants and sepoys of the guard are usually permitted to hang up their garments upon the pillars and bamboos, and to spread their beds under the awning. More attention is paid to appearances in Calcutta; but the basement-story of many of the houses frequently exhibits symptoms of carelessness and neglect; choked up with unseemly articles, which native ser-

vants never deem to be out of place in the most conspicuous situations.

The houses of the civilians attached to Ghazee pore are spacious and well-built, surrounded by good gardens, and occupying picturesque situations, amid tame but luxuriant scenery; where the green lanes, flowering hedge-rows, and receding glades bring the most cultivated portions of England to mind. The bungalows of the military residents are frightful; the huge thatched roofs, common to such edifices, being exchanged for still more ugly tiles of glaring red. They are fortunately well sheltered and somewhat concealed by intervening trees, and the interiors are commodious though overrun with rats and mice, which few of the European residents are at the trouble to destroy, notwithstanding the dirt they engender and the havoc which they commit in wardrobes, larders, and furniture. It is not difficult to exterminate this sort of vermin; but Indian servants, if not enjoined to keep the houses clean, will allow them to swarm in every apartment, and habit reconciles many persons to the intrusion. Those who entertain a disgust to such unclean animals are most cruelly annoyed by the multitudes which approach them whenever they pay their visits to friends.

The races of Ghazee pore are some of the best in India, and attract sporting characters from all the adjacent provinces; the horses are superior to those started for mere amusement by less ambitious members of the turf at other stations, and are frequently the subject of heavy bets. Commodious stables have been erected, which are occupied by the favourites, and the result of each meeting excites very general interest all over the country. The annual fair at Hadjee pore, held at an inconsiderable distance, and the occasional visits of families from Mirzapore, Chunar, Buxar, Sultanpore, and Benares, places situated within an easy journey, render Ghazee pore a very lively residence. The military cantonments are honoured by retaining the mortal remains of a soldier, eminent for the conquest of some of the fairest portions of the Honourable Company's territories, the great Cornwallis, who, after his glorious exploits upon the other side of India, died during a journey from the Upper Provinces, and is buried near the parade-ground of Ghazee pore. The mausoleum, which has been raised over his dust, is little worthy of the magnificent spirit which sleeps beneath; and shows to great disadvantage after a visit to the Moosulman tombs so profusely scattered over the neighbouring plains. The architects disdained to take a hint from the chaste and beautiful specimens of monumental remains which the country affords, and have erected a nondescript building, at a great expense, after a model of the far-famed sybil's temple; but deformed by mean pillars and a cumbrous attic story disproportioned to its support. It is built of excellent materials, free-stone, which promises great durability; and the dome, which, though it has been compared to the cover of a pepper-pot, is the best part of it, makes a good appearance from the river, and will look still better when shadowed by the trees which are planted in the back-ground. The mausoleum forms a point of attraction to the station; the military band, always an appendage to a King's regiment, plays near it of an evening, and the whole population of the different lines come forth in carriages, on horseback, or on foot, to enjoy the fresh cool breezes and the society of their acquaintance. A few European shopkeepers are settled at Ghazee pore, which is well supplied with foreign and native products; the sugar-cane is extensively cultivated in the district, but its manufacture is not so celebrated as at Kalpee on the Jumna, where the natives produce immense quantities of the finest descriptions. The best kind of sugar in India is crystallized, and sold in the shape of baskets, somewhat resembling those made of alum, which are constructed by ingenious young ladies in England. These have a pretty appearance when placed upon a tray, and always form a portion of the presents composed of dried fruits and sweetmeats.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GOVERNMENT-HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

BISHOP HEBER, in speaking of the vice-regal palace of Calcutta, says, that it has narrowly missed being a noble structure; persons of less refined, or as some would call it less fastidious taste, do not concur in this censure, or admit that the architectural blunders, of which the critic complains, have had an injurious effect upon the appearance of the building. It

is altogether, whatever may be the fault of its details, a splendid pile; and, standing isolated on the Calcutta side of the large open plain, which forms so magnificent a quadrangle opposite Chowringee, it is seen to the greatest advantage from every point, being sufficiently connected with the city to show that it belongs to it, yet unencumbered and not shut out by any of the adjacent buildings. It consists of two semicircular galleries, placed back to back, uniting in the centre in a large hall, and connecting four splendid suites of apartments. "Its columns, however," observes the Bishop, "are in a paltry style; and instead of having, as it might have had, two noble stories and a basement, it has three stories, all too low, and is too much pierced with windows on every side."

Somewhat of effect was probably sacrificed to convenience and the accommodation necessary for the establishment of the Governor-general; but the great objection to it as an Asiatic residence, which does not appear to have struck the elegant and accurate commentator, is the want of colonnades and porticos. The principal entrances are approached by noble flights of steps; but these, being without shelter, are never used except upon state occasions, when a native durbar is held, and the nobles of Hindostan come in all their barbaric pomp to pay their respects at the vice-regal court; a circumstance of rare occurrence in the present day. The carriages of the European visitants drive under these steps, and the company enter through the lower regions.

The effect upon a stranger, who has not been previously made acquainted with the cause of the arrangement, is very singular. It is scarcely possible for a lively imagination to escape the notion that, instead of being the guest of a palace, he is on the point of being conducted to some hideous dungeon as a prisoner of state. The hall which opens upon the dark cloister formed by the arch of the steps above, large, low, and dimly lighted, completely realizing the *beau ideal* of the interior of the Inquisition. A good deal of rubbish of various kinds, piled confusedly and put out of the way behind rows of pillars, traversing the length of the hall, favours the supposition that it is a place of punishment; for in their shapeless obscurity, these fire-engines, or printing-presses, or whatever they may be, have very much the appearance of instruments of torture.

Upon the floor, the spectator, who has imbibed the apprehension that he has been entrapped into some pandemonium of horror, may see the dead bodies of the victims to a tyrannical government thickly strewn around:—human forms apparently wrapped in winding-sheets, and stretched out without sense or motion upon the bare pavement, add to the ghastly effect of the scene. These are the palanquin-bearers, who, wrapped up from head to foot in long coarse cloths, are enjoying the sweets of repose, little dreaming of the appalling spectacle they present to unaccustomed eyes. Many dusky figures move about with noiseless tread; and were it not for one redeeming circumstance, the whole panorama would be calculated to inspire horror and alarm. In the midst of these dreary catacombs, gay parties of visitors, ladies in ball-dresses, and gentlemen in full uniform, are passing along, not in the least discomposed by appearances so familiar to them, even when there is the additional *agrément* of a fog, which in the cold season usually casts a mystic veil over these subterranean apartments.

Emerging from the damp, darkness, and corpse-like figures of the sleepers, an illuminated vestibule leads to a staircase, handsome in itself, but not exactly correspondent with the size of the building, and the halls of state to which it is the approach. It is not until the visitant has gained the altitude of the hall, that the eye is greeted by any portion of the pomp and grandeur associated with our ideas of a court. Guards are now stationed at intervals; those which were formerly attached to the Governor-general were a splendid and picturesque set of men, clad in strange and striking costume; warlike as became a military power, and particularly ornamental as the appendages of state. The spirit of retrenchment, which has lately descended to petty savings, unworthy of the masters of so magnificent a territory, has removed and abolished this appropriate guard of honour; and the natives, already astonished and disappointed by the contrast afforded by the simplicity and plainness of their European rulers, with the pomp and pageantry of oriental courts, viewed this last innovation with disapprobation and regret. As the visitor ascends, the turbaned domestics of the household become more numerous; long corridors, leading to the wings, matted and lighted, present noble ideas of the extent and grandeur of the building; and at every landing-place the necessary pause for breath is spent in admiration of the contrivance of the architect to ensure a circulation of air, which comes so freely through the connecting galleries.

The suites of apartments devoted to large evening-parties occupy the third story. The ball-room, or throne-room, as it is called, is approached through a splendid antechamber; both are floored with dark polished wood, and supported by Ionic pillars, leaving a wide space in the centre, with an aisle on either side; handsome sofas of blue satin damask are placed between the pillars, and floods of light are shed through the whole range from a profusion of cut-glass chandeliers and lustres. Formerly, the ceilings were painted, but the little reverence shown by the white ants to works of art, obliged them to be removed, and gilt mouldings are now the only ornaments. The throne, never particularly superb, is now getting shabby; a canopy of crimson damask, surmounted by a crown, and supported upon gilt pillars, is raised over a seat of crimson and gold; in front, there is a row of gilded chairs, and it is the etiquette for the viceroy and the vice-queen, upon occasions of state, to stand before the throne to receive the presentations. There is, however, nothing like a drawing-room held at this court; no lord chamberlain, or noblemen in waiting, or any functionaries corresponding with these personages, except the aides-de-camp, who are seldom very efficient, being more intent upon amusing themselves than anxious to do the honours to the company. In these degenerate days, so little state is kept up, that, after the first half-hour, the representatives of sovereignty quit their dignified post, and mingle with the assembled crowd.

There is no court-dress, or scarcely anything to distinguish the public nights at Government-house from a private party; excepting that until lately, no gentleman was permitted to appear in a white jacket. An attempt was made by Lady Hastings to establish a more rigid system of etiquette; she had her chamberlain, and her train was held up by pages. An intimation was given to the ladies that it was expected they would appear in court plumes, and many were prevented from attending in consequence of the dearth of ostrich feathers, the whole of the supply being speedily bought up; and as it was not considered allowable to substitute native products, there was no alternative but to remain at home. The extreme horror which European ladies entertained of appearing to imitate the natives, banished gold and silver from their robes: not contented with the difference in the fashion of their garments, they refused to wear any articles of Indian manufacture, careless of the mean effect produced by this fastidiousness. Few had been accustomed to European courts; and having once established rules and regulations of their own, they stoutly resisted all attempts at alteration and innovation, every arrival being obliged to submit to the customs of the colony. The great influx of strangers at Calcutta has effected some change in the system; visitors are not now so much under the control of the leading people; they appear in whatever may be the fashion in England; and instead of, as heretofore, being obliged to rip off the silver trimmings from their dresses, or discard them altogether, to avoid the appellation of *nauch girls*, they are allowed to sparkle and glitter without provoking many invidious remarks.

Where shall I walk at Government-house? formed an interrogatory to which, a few years ago, the suitors who could not give a satisfactory answer had little chance of success. The inquiry now is seldom made; the reply having lost much of its importance. At the state-dinners, ladies sit according to their rank, and they are as nearly paired with male attendants of equal pretensions as circumstances will admit; but at balls and suppers, after the Governor-general has led the wife of the greatest personage to table, the rest of the party follow in an indiscriminate manner. It is not, however, very long since the struggle for precedence was carried on with a spirit and perseverance worthy of colonial warfare; two or three questions were sent home for final adjustment, and the wives of civilians, high in office, were much mortified to find that they were not entitled to take place of the daughters of English peers, even though they should have married ensigns. It was decided that Lady Mary or the Honourable Mrs., had a right to precedence, whatever their husbands' military rank might be; and still worse, that the younger brothers of noble families could exalt their wives above the other ladies, though in their military or civil capacity they themselves must give place to their superiors in office. The humble titles assumed by the servants of the Honourable Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies, of senior and junior merchants, factors, and writers, were much at variance with their notions concerning their dignity, and the precedence they considered themselves to be entitled to take of the ancient nobility of England, and general officers holding the King's or the Company's commissions; but the narrow notions engendered by the pride of office, are not so prevalent as heretofore; the magnates of

the colony are not quite so important in their own eyes, or in the estimation of those beneath them, and too much ridicule is now attached to squabbles about a seat at table, to render the discussion of such topics very general.

Government-house is the only place in which the guests are not allowed to introduce their own attendants; the servants of the establishment are numerous, and perfectly equal to the duties required. They are handsomely clothed in livery according to the Hindostanee fashion; wearing in the hot weather, white muslin vests and trousers, with *cummerbunds* or sashes, twisted with scarlet or some other colour, and the crest in silver in their turbans. In the cold weather, the vest is of cloth of the livery colour. They are all fine-looking men, and the uniformity of their appearance gives them a great advantage over the promiscuous multitude usually in attendance at large parties; though the absence of the personal domestic is considered by many a heavy grievance, and more especially by those who are deprived by the existing regulations of the indulgence of the hookah.

There is no established rule respecting the entertainments at Government-house; no service of plate, or decorations for the table belonging to the establishment. The grandeur of the banquets depends entirely upon the taste and liberality of the person who holds the appointment of Governor-general for the time being; and it is whispered that there are not always a sufficient quantity of silver forks for all the guests, and that the side-tables are sometimes supplied with a manufacture of steel of no very tempting appearance. An ornamental supper, as far as the viands are concerned, is still a desideratum in Calcutta; Government-house being very little in advance of less distinguished mansions; and perhaps the only superiority it can boast, consisting in such refinement as excludes large heavy joints, and substitutes a loin for a saddle of mutton. The small, delicate, gem-like, tempting dishes, which glitter on a supper-table in London, have no counterparts in the City of Palaces; everything there is solid, substantial, and undisguised, a state of things entirely attributable to the prejudices of European society, since the genius of cookery possessed by the natives only requires to be drawn into action. A very small quantity of instruction would suffice to render them unrivalled in every confectionary and culinary art; and there cannot be the slightest reason for the inelegance which characterizes a Calcutta banquet, except the real or affected horror which is entertained of black cooks.

The parties at Government-house, for the reasons before assigned, do not derive the brilliancy which might be expected from the dresses of the ladies; the effect at least, when compared to that of European ball-rooms, is disappointing; there is a want of freshness and lustre about the attire, which is very striking to a stranger's eye; nor can there be so much fancy and variety exhibited in the form and ornaments, in a place where fashions and milliners are few, as in those more favoured capitals, where the success of multitudes of artists and tradespeople depends upon the taste and invention they display. Of course, there are numerous exceptions—many individual toilettes which may be pronounced perfect; but these are lost or obscured in the cloudiness which prevails, and always will prevail, so long as the female residents of India prefer the faded manufactures of Europe to the gorgeous fabrics of oriental looms. At fancy-balls, where the products of the country are rendered available, the difference of the effect is astonishing; instead of being confined within the narrow limits prescribed by the last bulletins from London or Paris, fancy and talent have free scope; and in no assemblage of the kind could more magnificent groups be found than those which have made their appearance at Government-house. Military uniforms, in some degree, make up for the sombreness of female attire upon more ordinary occasions; and the effect of a well-filled ball-room is much heightened when the company is not exclusively composed of Europeans. The dress of the Armenian ladies is picturesque and striking, though the peculiarity is chiefly confined to the head; they wear a glittering tiara of a very singular and classic form across the forehead, with a veil suspended from the top, and hanging down in graceful folds on either side. It is not, however, very often that these ladies are seen in the public assemblies of Calcutta, in which, until very lately, it has not been thought either advisable or agreeable to encourage a promiscuous assemblage of different classes and communities. Without wishing to impugn the motives upon which the former rulers of India have acted, it is impossible not to admit that a more liberal system is better suited to the present time. Doubtless the innovations which have taken and are still taking place, will be very unpalatable to those who remember the extraordinary dignity attached to official situations and white faces in former days;

but those who entertain more enlarged views, will rejoice that some of the barriers which have divided persons of different persuasions and different complexions from each other, have been broken down, and are disappearing. Bishop Heber, whose kindness of heart and liberality of mind have justly endeared him to the Indian world, was the first to show an example to the intolerant and exclusive patricians of Calcutta, by opening his doors to respectable persons of all sects and countries. At his house, Christians of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Protestant churches met, together with Hindoos, Moslems, Jews, and Parsees: he recommended the religion which he preached by the practice of the widest philanthropy; and, had he been spared, the popularity of his manners, and the well-known benevolence of his disposition, would have done much towards the removal of prejudices, which have for so long a period prevented a free and social communication between Europeans and Asiatics.

A few native gentlemen, who have either adopted English customs, or are so well acquainted with them as not to be guilty of any misapprehension or mistake, have for many years mingled freely in the fashionable circles of Calcutta, making their appearance at private parties, and joining in the subscriptions for public amusements; they were distinguished in large assemblies for the elegance of their costume, and the splendour of their diamonds; and persons who did not enter into the narrow notions which were but too prevalent, regretted that a much larger proportion of the same class should not have been encouraged to follow their example. Lately, invitations to Government-house have been very widely extended amongst the natives of rank; and the introduction of men, ignorant of the rules and regulations of European society has given offence, and occasioned disgust to those who do not consider the measure to be expedient, or who refuse to make allowance for early notions and rooted opinions, which nothing but more intimate association can dissipate. Asiatics, at present, are not aware of the restrictions imposed in Europe by etiquette and good-breeding on the intercourse between ladies and gentlemen; they see them converse together, dance together, and walk arm in arm together, and when admitted to the same degree of familiarity, they are apt to make very ridiculous trespasses. Without the slightest intentional rudeness, a native gave great offence by seating himself on the arm of a lady's chair; and not knowing the precise limits which propriety has marked out, they do not always offer the deferential respect which women expect, and which, rather inconsiderately, they exact more strictly from foreigners than from their own countrymen, who, being better acquainted with the rules and observances, are less excusable in their breach or omission. At this day, the degree of decorum necessary to be adopted in the presence of French ladies, is so little understood by John Bull, that he is continually offering insult and annoyance, by exceeding a latitude in conversation which he has erroneously supposed to have no bounds. It is thus that Asiatics offend, and constant intercourse can alone render them acquainted with the terms upon which gentlemen mix in respectable female society. It is certainly not very agreeable to be obliged to give the lesson; but the consequences are too important to be neglected, especially at a period in which there are such strong manifestations of the abandonment of prejudices hitherto supposed to be insurmountable.

In the native papers, published in Calcutta, the advantages and disadvantages of extending the indulgences enjoyed by European women to Asiatics are freely discussed; there seems to be no question about the expediency of improving the mind, and giving a more liberal education than has heretofore been considered necessary; emancipation must follow as a matter of course. Some of the writers have taken upon themselves the task of vindicating the privileges enjoyed by the Asiatic women, and have attempted to show that, in point of fact, they are not under any restrictions at all; but such persons have no chance against the advocates for improvement: the reasoning on both sides is not a little curious, bearing strong evidence of the novelty of the subject, and the crude ideas it has engendered.

The custom of polygamy, appears to be the grand difficulty to the approximation to European manners, which upon many accounts would be so desirable; but it is astonishing how very little is known concerning the domestic establishment of either Moslem or Hindoo.

A modern Persian writer* has said that, from his own experience in the matter, it is easier to live with two tigresses than two wives; and in India, many more persons than is

usually supposed, either through individual attachment, or for the sake of peace and quietness, content themselves with one. There is always so great a distinction between the first wife, and those who submit to take an inferior rank, that no persons of wealth or family would permit their daughters to contract a marriage with a man who has already placed a lady at the head of his establishment; and therefore it would appear that, in reality, there is rather a plurality of mistresses than of wives; and that, though the custom of the country sanctions their living together, the first, or, as she is sometimes termed, the *equal* wife, is the only person of great respectability or consequence, the other women being either in a very subordinate capacity, or degraded to the condition of household servants.

Few things are more surprising to native gentlemen than the display of female talent in arts or acquirements which have been considered the exclusive possession of men. Accomplishments, particularly those of music and dancing, are not held in any respect; but their encomiums upon female artists and authors, show that they entertain great reverence for such manifestations of intellectual superiority. A Mah-ratta General, at a ball, asked to be introduced to the lady who had written a book; and in looking at miniatures from a female pencil, it was frequently remarked that the English women exceeded the men in talent.

Want of urbanity, a too common trait in the English character, will, it is to be feared, retard the good understanding which ought to exist between natives of rank and the servants of their foreign rulers; but there can be little doubt that our retaining the possession of India will mainly depend upon the conciliation of a class of persons, whom it appears to have been hitherto the policy to depress and neglect, if not to insult. Natives of rank, property, and influence, must speedily acquire a knowledge of their position and of their strength; and unless they should obtain the respect, consideration, and importance, which seem so justly their due, it can scarcely be expected that they will continue to give their support to a government, whose servants are resolutely opposed to their interests. Hitherto there has been little to tempt them into private society; with very few exceptions, Anglo-Indian residents have been indisposed to impart or to receive information from natives; they have taken little pains to instruct them upon the subject of modes and manners which must have struck them as being odd and unaccountable, or to inspire them with respect by the display of superior mental powers. But while ball-rooms have been deserted, the theatre has always proved an attraction. Parties of Hindostanee gentlemen, beautifully clad in white muslin, and, should the weather be cold, enveloped in Cashmeres, which would make the heart of a Parisian lady swell with envy, take their places in the boxes of the Chowringhee theatre, sitting in the first row, and as near the stage as possible. They prefer tragedy to comedy; and when the treasury is very low, and a full attendance of some consequence, the manager, consulting rather the interests of the house than the talents of the actors, announces the representation of *Macbeth* or *Othello*, which is sure to crowd the benches with Asiatic spectators.

A spirit of inquiry is now awakened in the minds of the natives, which cannot fail to lead to very important results; their anxiety to render themselves acquainted with the means by which science has been enabled to produce such extraordinary effects, will establish the bond of union so much wanted between them and the European residents. At the formal visits, to which the intercourse has until now been too much restricted, the greater portion of gentlemen holding official situations, have found the mode of conversation, carried on according to eastern etiquette, too irksome for long endurance; and rather than submit to usages and customs which were new and disagreeable, they abridged all communication as much as possible, giving very little encouragement to the natives to persevere in the attempt to cultivate a better understanding. Where no interpreter is required, persons of equal rank, upon visits of ceremony, rarely converse with each other. Their observations are directed to the chief personages of their retinue, and the individual thus circuitously addressed, replies in the same manner. There is something very absurd in seeing, at some small military post, an interview of this nature take place between the English commandant and a petty rajah in the neighbourhood. The latter makes his appearance with as large a *sawarree* as he can muster; his elephants, horses, state-palanquins, *hircarrahs*, *peons*, and matchlock-men, many in very ragged case, are drawn up in an imposing manner on the outside, and he enters, accompanied by the younger branches of his family, and lingers-on of a rather inferior description, who put themselves behind the chairs set for the

* Abu Taleb Khan.

great people. However averse the officer thus visited may be to ostentation and parade, his servants have his honour too much at heart to permit him to use his own discretion; they crowd into the antechambers, and verandahs, those at the head of the establishment take up a position which enables them to support their master's dignity by becoming the medium of communication; conversation is thus necessarily reduced to common-places, and, excepting when circumstances require an almost daily intercourse, Europeans are seldom or ever at the pains to place it upon a more friendly footing.

While we must regret that so long a period has been suffered to elapse, without cementing a closer bond of union between the Anglo-Indian and the Asiatic community, it would be unfair not to make allowances for the peculiar position of the British residents in Hindostan. An Englishman always finds it very difficult to accommodate himself to foreign usages and customs; and as the greater number of civil and military servants were placed in very responsible situations, they might consider it advisable not to incur the suspicion of an interested partiality, by an intimate personal acquaintance with natives, whom in their official capacity they might be supposed to favour from some selfish motive. It must also be considered that, although we have now full and undisputed possession of the whole peninsula, the quiet settlement of the country under British rule has been effected within a limited period, and that in the difficult position in which Europeans were placed, it would have been impolitic to mix themselves up with persons, who in all probability would have taken advantage of confidence too rashly placed. It is highly honourable to the British character that, in spite of its want of urbanity, and the little personal affection which it creates, its uprightness and steadiness have secured the fidelity of immense multitudes bound to a foreign government by the equal distribution of justice and the security of property. It is unfortunate that we cannot unite the more endearing qualities with the moral excellencies for which we are distinguished: but, as the aspect of affairs is altering in India, we shall do well to consult the signs of the times, and remedy those defects which we have found in our system before it be too late.

It is greatly to the credit of the natives of India that they are disliked and despised only by those who are either unacquainted with their language, or who have been very little in their society. From such men as Mr. Hastings, Sir John Malcolm, Colonel Tod, Sir Thomas Munro, Mr. Elphinstone, and indeed all who have had opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with them, they have received justice; their faults and vices are those of their religion and their laws, but, notwithstanding almost innumerable circumstances adverse to the formation of moral character, they possess many endearing and redeeming virtues, and no people in the world are so quick at discerning merit, or so ready to acknowledge it.

The latest accounts from Calcutta state, that the present Governor-general has determined to break through "the unjust and aristocratical distinctions" which, as the writer terms it, "have for so long a period festered the feelings" of those in the less elevated grades of Indian society,* by extending the invitations to Government-house to persons who, previous to his appointment, had not been considered eligible to so high an honour. Whether this measure, which relates to the European portion of the community, will produce the good effect which the commentator of the *India Gazette* so fondly anticipates, is exceedingly questionable. He tells us that it will "strengthen the attachment to the government, and enable individuals in different stations of life to form intimacies engendered by merit." Few persons above the very lowest orders are desirous to destroy all the distinctions of rank; an unlimited *entrée* into Government-house to Europeans of every description would not, we believe, be considered advisable, and wherever the line of demarcation shall be placed, there will be discontent. Those who are most anxious to gain admission for themselves, feel equally desirous to exclude the class immediately beneath them; and on inquiry it will be found that those shopkeepers, who complain of the prejudices which kept them out of the best society, refuse to associate with trades which are not considered so genteel as their own. The reception-rooms at Government-house may be crowded by all sorts and conditions of men, but so far from engendering friendships between them, the only effect of such indiscriminate assemblages will be to bring the public parties into

disrepute, and to render private society more rigid and exclusive than ever.*

There is already a tendency to divide and separate in the Anglo-Indian community of Calcutta; several circles are now forming where one alone formerly embraced the whole of the resident gentry. In a less extensive population, every body of a certain rank became acquainted with each other, and visited without reference to superiority of income, or of the different degrees of honour attached to their individual occupations and pursuits; but as the number of residents have increased, they have been attracted to each other by similarity of circumstances. New arrivals have become too numerous to excite general observation and attention, and the hospitality which they experience is confined to those to whom they have been particularly recommended. Now that there is a choice of visitors, people are beginning to be fastidious, and to look with disdain upon parties which are not select; and in a short time Calcutta will resemble London in its exactions of certain passports and credentials for admission into the best society. When to visit at the Government-parties ceases to confer any distinction, the leading people of the presidency will only give their attendance when it cannot be avoided. Invidious differences will be made between private and public nights, and the feelings of those who are excluded will continue to fester, upon the discovery that little or nothing has been gained by a relaxation of court etiquette. At no period has exclusion from Government-house, rendered the party ineligible to admission to private society in Calcutta, where the distinctions are certainly not more invidious to Europeans than those of any other city.

The position of Indo-Britons at Government-house is somewhat singular, and it perhaps would have been advisable to have extended invitations to respectable persons of that class. In this case, native prejudice has been more considered than the aristocratic feeling which has excluded retail dealers, who boast an unsullied descent from European parents. The natives look down, or at least have looked down, with great contempt upon a mixed breed, which, upon the material side must have sprung from the lowest or the least virtuous class of society; and Anglo-Indians, who chose to associate with the half-caste children of the soil, forfeited their claims to mix among their equals. To be seen in public with, or to be known to be intimate at the houses of Indo-Britons, was fatal to a new arrival in Calcutta; there was no possibility of emerging from the shade, or of making friends or connexions in a higher sphere. The better classes of the Eurasians, as it is now the fashion to call them, bore their exclusion with more equanimity than the European shopkeepers, though certainly their case was the harder of the two; many were merchants on a very extensive scale, whose occupation could not be objected to, the tint of their skin being the only thing against them. Latterly, however, a great stir has been made by this portion of the community, who, in the orations with which the Town Hall has rung, and the appeals issuing from the press, descant with more eloquence than judgment upon the wrongs of their country, sometimes arrogating to themselves the glory of their maternal ancestors, and at others claiming the rights of Englishmen, and demanding to be placed in official situations under a government which they represent to be little better than an usurpation.

For a very long period, no half-caste was admitted into Government-house; marriages with this class of the community were discouraged by banishment from society, and even by the forfeiture of office. Nevertheless, the charms of the dark-eyed beauties prevailed; a man of high rank contrived to introduce his wife; other married ladies were admitted, there being no longer any plea for their exclusion; but it was still a long time before exceptions were made in favour of

* The study of grandiloquence cannot be pursued to more advantage than in the columns of a Colonial Newspaper.

* Cards of invitation to the balls and parties of Government-house have been lately sent to persons in the pilot service: very respectable men, no doubt, but from their habits, education, and manners, scarcely fitting guests for the circle of a court. It is said, that even the stewards of ships found entrance into these promiscuous assemblies, and that the company altogether made a strange appearance. Some of the gentlemen chose to appear in *deshabille*, wearing white calico jackets, and carrying white beaver hats under their arms; others were requested to withdraw in consequence of the unruliness of their demeanour; while those who were too well conducted to transgress the bounds of decorum, spent their time in a very uncomfortable state of restraint. On one of these guests being asked, how he was amused at the party? he replied, "Pretty well; five or six of us got together and sat down." This person brought his invitation with him to England in order to convince the incredulous.

illegitimate daughters. Several succeeding Governors-general positively refused to admit them; and it is not exactly known how their entrance was effected at last. These young ladies form the only individuals of their sex who enjoy greater privileges than are allowed to the masculine portion of the same class. Emancipation from the restrictions which oblige them to move in a very inferior grade of society, has been rigidly denied to the sons of Europeans by native women; their only employments leading to wealth have been wholly mercantile, and the greater number have been only qualified to fill the lower orders of clerkships. At the orphan schools, the sisters of families are taught to dance; but that accomplishment is not considered necessary in the education of the brothers, and the young ladies, conscious of their superior prospects, look down upon their male relatives with undisguised disdain. Nearly all the females aspire to marriage with Europeans, and are with great reluctance prevailed upon to unite themselves to persons of their own class. The men are less ambitious; they are afraid of being despised by their wives, or perhaps, in consequence of the great difficulty of forming alliances amongst persons of a different complexion, are content to match with those of their own condition.*

The city of Calcutta is indebted to the Marquess Wellesley for the erection of Government-house. Previous to the appointment of that nobleman to the viceroyship of India, there was nothing in the city worthy of the name, or at all superior to the residence in Fort William, intended for the retreat of the Governor-general in the event of the attack of the city by a hostile force. A great part of the furniture and ornamental decorations were purchased at the sale of General Claude Martine's effects at Lucknow; but they are little worthy of the edifice. There are a few good portraits in the council-chamber, those of Lord Clive and Mr. Hastings being esteemed fine specimens of the art; altogether, however, the interior disappoints, falling far short of the expectations raised by the size and external grandeur of the building, and the power of the Government by which it has been erected. Its pinnacles are the favourite resort of the *argeelah*, or butcher-bird, commonly called the adjutant. It is said that every one of these animals has its peculiar roosting-place, and, as they stand motionless on their perches, they are frequently mistaken at a little distance for stone appendages of the building.

Notwithstanding the exclusions which are described to be so "festering to the feelings," the walls of Government-house have witnessed an odd *mélange* of guests; many have strutted in great importance along its lighted saloons, whose pretensions to such an honour would have been considered more than doubtful in England.

The *entré* is extended to captains of free-traders, some of whom seem rather out of their element in fashionable parties; but the honours paid to merchants in the naval service are, in the present day, as nothing compared to the glories of their reception before the trade was open, and when they brought intelligence ardently looked-for, and supplies of still greater importance. Formerly, the commandant of an Indianman was received in Calcutta with a royal salute; his colonial rank was equal to that of a post-captain in the Royal Navy, and he was not less of a bashaw in the state-apartments of Government-house, than on the boards of his own quarter-deck. Skipper of chartered vessels trading to India were aspirants for seats in the direction; they made enormous fortunes by the sale of their cargoes; and a passage home in their floating hotels amounted to a sum, the interest of which would have maintained a moderate person in comfort for life. Old Indians are fond of reverting to these glorious days; when money was plenty and news scarce; when vessels were a year upon their voyage, and their freight, always insufficient to supply the demand, sold at the most extravagant prices; when people contrived to get in debt upon princely fortunes, and accustomed themselves to so lavish a profusion of money, that they found they could not return home unless they had the Bank of England at their command. It was in these days that the parties at Government-house were in their glory; when the visitants felt their importance, and were looked up to by the inferior orders of the community as kings and princes. Men high in office never appeared without their *choddars*; and all the natives whom they met were obliged, according to the custom

of the country, to alight from their vehicles, and remain standing until they had passed. It was necessary, in earlier times, for the English rulers to imitate the state and grandeur of the native potentates in their neighbourhood, who insisted upon this mark of respectful homage, and to which Europeans resident at their courts were compelled, however reluctantly, to submit.

In a letter dated 1776, we see how deeply the indignity, thus sustained by an Englishman, rankled in his mind. Speaking of the death of Cossim Ally Khan, who had experienced great reverses, and expired in poverty without friends or followers, the writer, an officer in the Company's service, says: "In passing by his children the other day, I could not help recollecting the having once, at Patna, been obliged to dismount from my horse and wait a-foot till his retinue had passed me, before I was permitted to mount again, or to retire. I could have done the same by his children: but I bear no malice, and besides he could not well have known it himself." At Delhi and Lucknow, the approach of the king is still announced by kettle-drums, which warn all other passengers to get out of the way; all the umbrellas are furred,—and the people who are unable to effect a retreat, are obliged to descend from their carriages and stand on foot, with folded hands, while the royal personage passes. The Resident alone is permitted to keep his *challah* over his head in the presence of the king of Oude, the rest of the Europeans being still obliged to endure the scorching rays of the sun unsheltered, while they have the honour to be in the monarch's company.

Such customs were only kept up by Europeans as long as they were positively necessary. The Governor-general now goes about Calcutta, not only without state, but in the humblest manner; the present viceroy, having, it is said, upon more than one occasion, asked a seat in a buggy of a stranger, who did not guess the rank of his companion until he was requested to drive to Government-house: like the most celebrated Caliph of Bagdad, he was fond of perambulating the city *incog*. Though, in former times, such conduct would have brought the government into contempt, the natives of Calcutta are now so much accustomed to the unostentatious mode of living pursued by the *Feringhees*, that they have lost a great part of the astonishment formerly excited: still they are of opinion that England must be a very poor country, in which people live so miserably that they do not know how to assume the state to which they might aspire in India.

Every native, however, who comes to England, expresses his surprise at the splendour which meets his gaze. The number and magnificence of the equipages particularly attract their notice. At one of the late drawing-rooms, two Suwars, who have made their way to the Court of Directors from the Upper Provinces, expressed their admiration in a very lively manner, of the carriages and horses which they saw assembled in St. James's Street. Several officers, who spoke their language, were amongst the spectators; and they derived infinite gratification from the questions and remarks of these men. They asked whether there were many other cities of equal size and splendour in England, and confessed that they had no expectation of seeing the wealth and comfort which were displayed in all directions. The quantity of goods exposed in the shops, and the abundant clothing worn by all ranks of the people, excited their surprise, and they will probably go back astonished that any body should be induced to leave a land flowing with riches of every description, to seek their fortunes in so poor a country as India.

CHAPTER XXV.

ARRAH.

THE beauties of the province of Behar have become extensively known from numerous drawings and lithographs, by the pencil of Sir Charles D'Oyly, whose views of this part of India and of Dacca are in possession of all who have the means of gratifying a taste for the splendid scenery of our Indian territories. River-travellers have little opportunity of judging of the richness and fertility of this fine tract of country, since its aspect towards the Ganges is less luxuriant than that of the greener shores of its neighbour, Bengal; but, in penetrating a little into the interior, every step is fraught with objects replete with interest. The province is not destitute of hills; and the whole surface is sufficiently undulated to give variety and picturesqueness to the views, which are dis-

* It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the reader's mind, that these exclusions originated in the prejudices of the natives, who, while professing their willingness to be governed by Europeans, absolutely refused to submit to persons springing from outcast females. Hence the impossibility of admitting half-castes into the Company's army.

tinguished by a quiet kind of beauty exceedingly delightful to the eye. Numerous mosques and pagodas, perched on rocky eminences or embosomed in trees, form the principal features, diversified occasionally by fine old Moosulman tombs in equally happy situations.

Arrah, a small, and, as it is technically termed, "civil station," five-and-thirty miles west of Patna, is one of the prettiest places of the kind in India. The society is very limited, seldom consisting of more than five families—those of the judge and the collector, their respective assistants and a surgeon. Not many European stations are without indigo-factories in their immediate vicinity; but when they are few in number, a variety of circumstances may occur to prevent their contributing their quota to the society of the place. The owners are not always resident; and where there are no ladies in the family, in those seasons of the year in which the planter is wholly occupied by the process of manufacturing the indigo, there can be little communication between him and his neighbours. Sometimes the station is nearly deserted, the judge and the collector betaking themselves to the woods, and making the circuit of the district in pursuance of their official duties.

It was at one of these periods that I paid my first visit to this beautiful spot; and though it could scarcely be dignified by the name of an adventure, it formed one of the most interesting and romantic incidents of a journey of seven hundred miles, undertaken alone, and with so limited a knowledge of the language as scarcely to permit me to boast of any acquaintance with it at all. Arrah had been mentioned by the post-master at Benares (from which station, after a rest of a few days, my journey had been continued) as a convenient halting-place for twenty-four hours, since, before I reached it, passing the hot period of each day at Ghazepore and Buxar, I must be three nights upon the road: a prospect threatening considerable fatigue, with the few chances of obtaining anything save broken and restless slumbers offered by a palanquin. On my arrival at Buxar, where I had expected to be furnished with letters of introduction to one of the principal families, I learned that all the married people were absent from their homes. The unbounded hospitality exercised all over India rendered this information immaterial, as far as my comfort was concerned; I could have no hesitation in entering the house of an European in the absence of its owners, as I felt assured that it would not, when reported to them, be considered an intrusion; but, that, on the contrary, they would only regret that they had not been at home to receive me. I felt anxious, however, to obtain some sort of credential to supply the want of oral communication, and was therefore furnished by the post-master with a letter, written in Persian, and addressed to the servant in charge of the house belonging to the judge.

I left a dinner-party at Buxar (which I had reached in the morning) about eleven at night; and in consequence of a mistake in the directions given to the bearers, who were not in attendance at the end of the first stage, did not arrive at Arrah until eight in the morning. The mansion of the *Burra Saib* was easily found, and in going up to the principal entrance, the worthy old sirdar-bearer aroused himself from a very comfortable repose, which he was enjoying in the verandah, to do the honours of the house. It was very evident that he could not read a word of the letter, which he twisted about in his hands with a hopeless expression of countenance; but, nevertheless, he was quite prepared to render me every service in his power, and as we could not comprehend a single syllable which we addressed to each other, he very judiciously made my arrival known to the only Europeans in the place, two young gentlemen, assistants to the magistrate and civil surgeon. Previous to the arrival of these visitors, he led the way to the apartments he had destined for my use, and I had excellent reason to be delighted with the splendour of my accommodation. Whilst perambulating the numerous chambers of this spacious mansion, under the superintendence of my dusky esquire, by a very slight stretch of the imagination, I could fancy myself in the situation of a heroine of a fairy tale, following the guidance of a strange conductor through the labyrinths of some enchanted castle. I certainly had never expected to see so perfect a realization of my youthful visions of the splendid retreat of the White Cat, the solitary palace of the King of the Black Islands, or the domicile of that most gracious of beasts, the interesting Azor. Long suites of lofty and beautifully-furnished apartments extended on every side; in the verandahs hung numerous cages filled with brilliantly-plumed birds, from the ranges of Nepal, rare even in the neighbouring plains; an immense chameleon had taken up its abode in a tree planted in a large tub, and en-

closed with lattice-work, and many other objects equally curious met my gaze; but I deferred a nearer inspection until I had changed my attire, and after crossing several handsome rooms, reached a bed-chamber, which opened into a boudoir and bathing-room, the prettiest of their kind which I had yet seen in India. A sort of terraced verandah, shut in by a balustrade, and leading down by a flight of stone steps into a beautiful garden, stretched along one side of these delightful chambers; the prospect from this balcony was loveliness itself; beyond the bright parterres of flowers, a small lakelet spread its calm and silvery waters, while the back-ground was filled up gloriously with masses of forest-trees, bearing the richest luxuriance of foliage.

Weary and a wanderer, as I sat down amidst all this pomp of scenery, and surveyed the luxuries of the habitation which had become my temporary abode, I could not repress the vain wish that I had arrived at the end of my pilgrimage, and that I was destined to pass the remainder of my life in a retreat so well adapted to my taste, and presenting so many objects of attraction—books, pictures, flowers, and birds—to a mind already shrinking from the turmoils and troubles of the world. And now, when involved in cares and anxieties, struggling against difficulties, and perplexed by the perverse accidents of life, I cannot refrain from casting wistful glances back to that beautiful spot, sighing, as fancy tells me how calmly and tranquilly existence would have worn out in scenes so congenial to a wearied spirit. My toilette was speedily completed; and, notwithstanding my raptures—breakfast being now a subject of considerable importance—I established myself in a splendid drawing-room, which, amongst its other embellishments, boasted a very excellent collection of books, ranged in chiffoniers, which stood between large panels in the walls, filled up with oil paintings from the pencil of the accomplished master of the house: decorations rather unusual in India, where it is so difficult to cultivate a taste for the fine arts, and where so many active enemies are at work to destroy the external appearance of volumes, generally worm-eaten and moth-eaten, if not wholly destroyed by white ants.

I had almost forgotten, over a new novel, my vexation at the obtuseness of the sirdar-bearer, who was at once the civil and the stupidest of men, and who could not be made to understand that I required a bottle of tea, which I had brought with me to be warmed for my morning's repast, when my studies were interrupted by the arrival of the two gentlemen before-mentioned, who hastened to pay their respects to the stranger, and to offer refreshment. My wish, it appeared, had been anticipated, for my visitors were speedily followed by their servants, who spread a very excellent breakfast on the table, brought from the hospitable residence of my new friends, and which explained the unwillingness of the old sirdar to exert the powers of his art upon my humble bottle of tea; he knew that there was better provision at hand, and he was also fully aware of the breakfasting propensity of Anglo-Indians. The natives of Hindostan, though able to support long fasts, are by no means partial to abstinence from food beyond the usual hour for their meal, and readily enter into the feelings of Europeans, where eating is concerned. The common bearers, on a *dak* journey, will suggest the necessity of the traveller's taking some refreshment, and will readily exert themselves in procuring and preparing anything that a village bazaar may afford.

The rage of hunger being repressed, I entered into conversation with the gentlemen who were at once my entertainers and my guests, and learned from them some very interesting particulars relative to the state of the province.

On passing along the road leading to the house of the judge, which is situated at the end of the village, I was struck with the similitude between the scenery of this far and foreign land with that which so frequently occurs in England. It looked like the approach to some populous hamlet, clustered with the houses and grounds of country gentlemen. The mansions of the European residents were too completely embosomed in trees to betray their Asiatic air; a small pagoda or two easily passed as a fantastic porter's lodge; and a large open foreground, together with a yard closely resembling that of a wheelright, completed the illusion. The village, whose outskirts had already attracted my attention, became indelibly engraved upon my memory by the narrative of some exceedingly shocking events which had lately occurred in it.

During a long series of years, the domestic quietude of Arrah had not been disturbed by brawls or bloodshed; its inhabitants appeared to be a quiet, inoffensive, industrious race, removed from all temptation to commit outrages on the persons or purses of their fellow creatures. In the midst of this tranquillity, the judge was surprised by the sudden ap-

pearance of a peasant, who, with looks betokening the most direful alarm, informed him, that in ploughing a field in the close vicinity of the village, he had turned up the earth which covered the corse of a newly-murdered man. The judge immediately proceeded in person to the spot, attended by the *cutual* of the place, and other officials. The body had been stripped; but, by some accident, the knife, with which its hasty sepulture had been effected, had dropped into the grave. Upon farther search, a vast number of human remains, in various stages of decomposition, were discovered; the field, indeed, appeared to be a perfect Golgotha, and, as no one had been missed from the neighbourhood, it followed that the victims must be strangers. The horrible system of *Thuggy* had not, at that period been fully developed, nor was it supposed to be practised in any part of this well-governed province, which had as yet escaped the infamous celebrity acquired by so many of its neighbours. The only clew to the perpetrator of these fearful murders was afforded by the knife, for suspicion failed to rest upon any inhabitant of the quiet village, where it appeared no man distrusted his neighbour; yet, as it was scarcely possible that professional banditti could exist so close to a populous place without the knowledge of the police, the slaughter was deemed to be the work of a single assassin, living in the heart of a well-regulated community, and outwardly conforming to its simple and harmless practices. Farther investigation established the truth of this conjecture. The knife was acknowledged at once by the blacksmith of the village to be his own workmanship; he had manufactured many such; but the difficulty remained in tracing it to the purchaser. The owner of a toddy-shop, the only person who was in the habit of offering accommodation to travellers and wayfarers—the class to which the unfortunate victims evidently belonged—was well-known as a customer, and his apprehension led to a disclosure of the frightful details of his infamous calling.

Dissipated and profligate characters alone, in India, indulge in the pernicious habit of drinking fermented liquors; travellers of this description, allured by the intoxicating beverage offered by the owner of the toddy-shop, were induced to take up their quarters for the night under his roof. They were readily stupified by the effects of this potent spirit, and in that helpless condition easily became the prey of their treacherous host. It was his custom to strangle the unfortunate wretches who fell into his toils, and, after stripping, to bury them in a convenient field. Usually, he made the graves too deep for any ordinary accident to reveal their hideous secrets; but, upon the last occasion, some unforeseen circumstance retarded the perpetration of the murder to so late an hour, that he had not time to take the proper precautions, and the whole mystery of his abominable occupation was laid open to his shuddering neighbours. The confession of the assassin placed the matter beyond all doubt, and his execution restored the quiet village of Arrah to its usual character of innocence and peace. *Thugs* are generally gregarious, but this monster, though evidently belonging to the tribe designated by that name, pursued his dreadful trade alone.

One of the relators of the foregoing incident remarked, that he had the authority of a very respectable native for believing that practised murderers frequently prowl about the roads and villages in disguise, apparently in so helpless a condition as to disarm the suspicions of travellers; who, strong, active, and courageous, entertain no apprehension from the sinister designs of withered, wretched-looking objects whom they could annihilate at once with a blow. "The narrator of the following incident," continued my kind entertainer, "was proceeding homeward from Lucknow, together with some others of his friends who resided near his abode; before they had quitted the Oude frontier they fell in with a Mussulman *faqeer*, who was apparently travelling in the same direction. As is often the case with native travellers (and the custom, by the way, affords great facilities to *Thugs*), a proposal was made that they should join company; this was agreed to, and the party proceeded forward. A little farther on they met another person whose abject and scarcely human appearance excited disgust as well as compassion. He begged piteously for alms, and represented himself to be in a starving condition. The narrator, a Rohilla Patan, of some blood, felt indignant at the intrusion of this squalid stranger, who, not content with asking charity, demanded to be allowed to travel on in company; the rest of the party except the *faqeer*, who was not so scrupulous, objected also. The *faqeer*, however, assured the new comer of his protection, and gave him some rice, which he had got ready-cooked; and with this disagreeable addition to their number, the company proceeded. Towards the evening of that day, the whole of the travellers arrived

near a village, in which it was proposed to rest during the night: to this all except the *faqeer* agreed; but he had some vow to perform, which obliged him to take up his quarters under a tree, and, having selected one for the purpose, he pulled out his *narial*, or smoking apparatus, spread his carpet, and asked the mendicant, to whom he had shown so much kindness, to go into the village and get him a piece of lighted charcoal. The main body, after exchanging compliments, parted, and went on towards the village; but they had scarcely proceeded four hundred yards before they heard a cry coming from the direction of the place where they had left their late companions. Running back with all haste, they found the *faqeer* and his miserable-looking guest struggling on the ground; but before they could reach the combatants, the former had got the better of his adversary, whom he was holding down. A knife and a divided noose was lying on the ground. The *faqeer* explained the circumstances in which he had been discovered in the following manner: his faithless messenger had pretended to go upon the errand to the village, but, instead of proceeding thither, had hidden himself beneath some bushes, and, watching his opportunity, while the *faqeer* was busy about his smoking materials, stole softly behind him, and contrived to throw a noose over his head. The attack would have been rendered instantaneously fatal, had not the *faqeer*, while ignorant of his danger, put his hand to his throat, and luckily got his fingers entangled in the cord, which prevented it from being so closely and tightly drawn as is usual in similar attempts. More providentially still, he had a knife in his girdle; this he drew, and having severed the noose, he threw himself on the villanous *Thug*, who, now compelled to trust to personal strength alone, was speedily worsted in the conflict. The assassin being secured, it was proposed that he should suffer death upon the spot, a punishment he justly merited; but which, notwithstanding the abundance of proof, would not perhaps be inflicted by the judicial authorities of a country so ill-governed as that of Oude, where the greatest criminals are frequently allowed to escape; but the *faqeer* again interceded in behalf of the ungrateful wretch, and, at his earnest persuasion, the rest of the party agreed to let him go. The *faqeer* was not, however, inclined to suffer his prisoner to escape altogether without receiving some punishment for his misdoings; he said that he could not part with him without giving him a token in remembrance of his late adventure, and, sharpening his knife, he cut off the *Thug's* nose, and then gathering his effects together, pursued his journey with great coolness and composure.

"Knowing the narrator of this story," continued my new friend, "to be a man of respectable character and undoubted veracity, as he assured me that he was an eye-witness of the whole affair, I have no doubt whatever that the incident actually occurred." From another intelligent native, with whom I conversed on the subject of those numerous hordes of banditti which, during so many ages, have been supposed to infest various parts of Hindostan, I learned that there existed a tradition which imputed the massacre of three thousand *Thugs* to the emperor Shah Jehan, who pursued these wretches with a secret but unremitting enmity, in consequence of the murder of one of his officers. The story is thus told, and, though not so well authenticated as many of a similar description, there being no direct evidence of the facts related, is generally believed by those who have handed it down from their forefathers.

"An officer of high repute as well as great personal courage, was sent by the emperor on a confidential mission to Bengal. Having fulfilled his instructions, he set out on his return to the capital, and while upon the road, fell in with a considerable body of *Thugs*. Being of a wary and circumspect disposition, and, moreover, well-acquainted with the habits and manners of this description of robbers, he was upon his guard, and as they dared not make an open attack, he knew that he was only in danger from stratagem. Completely alive to all the devices of his enemies, the first party, who tracked his route to a considerable distance, were unable to take him at disadvantage, and being at length weary of the pursuit, they made him over for a sum of money to a fresh band, who were easily incited by the report of the rich effects which he carried about with him, to attempt to possess themselves of them. These villains were as unsuccessful as their predecessors; they found the murder beset with too many difficulties to be accomplished, and meeting with another set of their associates, who were buoyed up with inflated notions of their own cleverness, they made the same bargain with them which had formerly appeared so promising to themselves. The officer continued to be so strictly upon his guard, that these new assail-

ants had not a single opportunity of approaching his person, until he had nearly reached the end of his journey. The traveller's horse becoming quite exhausted, while in the midst of a wide plain, it was absolutely necessary to afford the wearied animal a short respite; and directing the *syce* to clean his charge and then keep watch until he should awake, he laid himself down with his bundle of valuables by his side. The *syce* cleaned his master's horse, but, as it might be expected from a Hindoo domestic, neglected the latter part of the command, and soon, weary of acting as sentinel, lay down and fell asleep. A *Thug*, who was on the reconnoitre, crept slowly and stealthily through the grass, and succeeded in flinging a noose over the bundle, which was too heavy for him to carry off without assistance; he then retreated, but the officer, who only counterfeited sleep, aware of the whole proceeding, disengaged his property from the snare and fastened the noose round the leg of his less vigilant *syce*. In consequence of this manœuvre, when two or three of the confederates began to draw in the line, instead of securing the prize they sought, they got nothing but the astonished and half-stupified *syce*. The officer, with a laugh, mounted his horse, and rode onward until he entered the capital. Here he considered himself safe, and rejoicing at having escaped so many and such dangerous enemies, entered, as he began to feel hungry, the house of a person who kept a cook-shop, and ordered a *kubáb*, or dish of roast-meat, for his regale. He was shown into an upper apartment furnished for the reception of visitors, and was soon supplied with what he required. A short time afterwards, a second guest appeared, who was ushered into the same room and entertained in a similar manner. Some time elapsed, everything remained quiet in the travellers' apartment, who did not make their re-appearance, as the man of the house had expected them to do when they had finished their meal. Somewhat surprised, he ran up stairs, and was horror-struck by the sight of a strangled corpse lying on the floor. He recognized in the murdered man the person of the first traveller; his assassin had effected his escape through a small window. Overwhelmed as he was by this shocking catastrophe, the cook had sense enough to know that, unless he could give an explanation of the business sufficiently clear to satisfy the *cutwal*, he should not escape death, and perhaps not even then. After some consultation with his wife and servant, he determined on concealing the affair altogether; he, therefore put the body into a large wide-mouthed jar, and tying some heavy stones about it, flung it into the river. Murder, they say, will out; and this case proved one in point, for the cook's artifice did not succeed; the waters, refusing to conceal this foul deed, cast up the jar, which rose to the surface of the stream. It chanced that his majesty the emperor was sitting in an open balcony of his palace, and beheld the jar swimming down the river. Curiosity, or some undefinable motive, caused him to determine to see what fortune had sent in this adventure; his commands to that effect were speedily obeyed, the jar was fished out of the water and the dreadful nature of its contents made manifest. The king, enraged beyond all bounds by the discovery that such fearful acts were perpetrated close to his own residence, sent for the *cutwal*, and told him that he should lose his head unless he brought the murderer to punishment within a given time. The *cutwal*, stimulated by the fear of death, made strict inquiry, but for a considerable period without success; at length, he summoned all the potters of the city, and placing the jar before them, it was recognized by the manufacturers and traced to the owner of the cook-shop. The poor wretch loudly protested his innocence, and the king consented to spare his life on condition of his bringing the real offender to justice. The cook's wits were sharpened by the danger in which he stood, and, calling to mind the person of the second traveller, he succeeded, after some time, in pointing him out to the police. A ring, which was identified as belonging to the murdered officer, being found amongst the garments of the prisoner, placed the matter beyond a doubt, and Shan Jehan having examined him privately, and thus made himself acquainted with the frightful nature of the practices, and the extensive combinations of the *Thugs*, dissembled deeply, and, pardoning the offender, rendered him the instrument of a more signal act of justice. Through the agency of this person, he succeeded in persuading great numbers of professional *Thugs* to enter his service; it is said by some that he formed them into a distinct corps, but this was only a snare to ensure their destruction; for he turned their own arts upon them, and at a feast to which they were solemnly invited, he surrounded the miscreants with his guards, and they were all cut to pieces."

These narratives, and the discussions they produced wore

away the morning; stories of murdered travellers, however frequently told, are always invested with a strange charm, and in the last adventure the introduction of the jar afforded a pleasing illustration of the popular tale of *The Forty Thieves*. To a lover of those agreeable fictions which go under the name of the *Arabian Nights*, some of the most delightful circumstances attendant upon travelling in India, proceed from the recognition of curious things mentioned in the wild and wonderful legends, which have beguiled so many hours of our youth. The first time I saw one of the earthenware jars, in common use in Hindostan, fully capable of containing a man, standing in the small yard of a respectable native's house, the midnight sally of Morgiana recurred to my mind, with all the freshness and vividness made by the perusal of her courageous exploit, in years long numbered with the past.

The sun being on the decline, I was tempted, by the extreme beauty of the surrounding pleasure-grounds, to walk abroad, and, attended by the two gentlemen, entered a flower-garden, in which, in addition to the blossoming plants common to India, a great variety of European exotics bloomed. With the exception of balsams, single altheas and roses, very few of the out-of-door flowers of English growth are to be seen in the gardens of Hindostan; even the mignonette, though a native of Arabia, is not common, but will thrive, like many others, if a succession of fresh seeds can be procured: for, unless the cultivators of distant places exchange their seeds with each other, foreign productions soon dwindle and die away.

This lovely garden led to the banks of a large tank, or rather lake, one of the most beautiful of those pieces of artificial water with which the cultivated parts of India are so profusely embellished. In the centre, an island covered with lustrous flowering shrubs, formed a nest for innumerable small white herons, with snowy crests and feet of shivered topazes. Glancing in and out of the dark green foliage, skimming along the surface of the water, or bending into it from the golden sands sloping from their flowery abode, these delicate creatures recalled to the mind the fanciful creations with which painters delight to people their enchanted islands and haunts of fairies. At every step, I was reminded of the magic touches of Stanfield's pencil, so exquisitely depicting the scenery in *Oberon*, or of the still more magnificent delineations of paradise by Martin.

Opposite to a ghaat, or flight of steps, a superb tree spread its lofty and umbrageous canopy over a well. This monarch of the forest being held in great reverence by the Hindoo population of the place, groups of natives were gathered under it, filling their water-pots, or proceeding to and fro laden with those graceful vessels, which add such a picturesque effect to the finely-moulded forms and becoming garments of Indians of all castes. The crimson splendours of a setting sun threw a rich glow upon every object, and lit up the whole scene with hues divine. I have subsequently met with many persons to whom this glorious landscape was familiar, and who spoke of it with indifference; but even under the influence of weak health and considerable bodily fatigue, it appeared to me one of the loveliest spots of earth on which my eyes had ever rested.

My companions pointed to a small tope, which fringed the border of the tank, and told me that it had been for many years the abode of a *faqeer*, whose story was somewhat romantic. A former proprietor of this beautiful domain, in a promenade through his grounds, stumbled over a strange unsightly object, which lay huddled up under a tree. On questioning this unfortunate remnant of humanity, the miserable wretch told him that he for a long time had not had any other shelter than that which the boughs of the trees afforded, or any food excepting the wild roots and berries of the wood. He said that he had never been molested by the former owner of the estate, and that he hoped he should not now be driven out from the rude asylum for which he had conceived a strong attachment. The early part of his life had been spent with credit in the Company's military service, but, unhappily, smitten with a loathsome disease, on procuring his discharge, his wife and family refused to receive him, and thrust him from the door, and he was compelled to wander about at a distance from his fellow-men, who abjured companionship with a leper. The extreme misery of his existence rendered him totally regardless of life, or the means of supporting it, and abandoning himself to fate, he lay down at night at the foot of a tree, without any security from the attacks of wild animals, and exposed to the ravages of the jackalls, so bold as to gnaw the dead flesh from his hands and feet as they prowled around him, the bones in many places being laid bare. But the sufferings of this unfortunate had now reached their climax,—

he had met with a benefactor at last. His mental and bodily grievances were soothed and alleviated by the compassionate kindness of his new friend, and the poor outcast leper found that, under the guardianship of a faithful follower of the divine precepts of the Christian religion, life had still many comforts and much happiness in store.

Mr. G—— lost no time in building a commodious hut, in which the maimed object of his bounty would be effectually sheltered from the inclemencies of the weather and the incursions of wild beasts. The next acquisition of the *faqeer*, after his establishment in this habitation, was rather a singular one: he was provided with a tattoo, or country pony, which had free liberty to graze on the adjacent pastures. A beggar on horseback is frequently talked about, but seldom seen, yet the exhibition is not very uncommon in India, where mendicancy is a trade, and where pretenders to sanctity ask alms while they are carried about in palanquins. The state of the poor leper's feet rendered some conveyance necessary, and he had, in consequence of the various comforts lavished upon him by his kind protector, become sufficiently attached to existence to make an effort to preserve it. Accordingly, mounted on his pony, he took his daily rounds through the village; and those who had shunned him while lying deserted on the bare earth, now, that he had shaken off a portion of his wretchedness, and basked under the favour of a great man, crowded around him with gifts. He obtained an ample supply of food and garments from the stores of the villagers, and began to accumulate money; though formerly so reckless of life and limb as to remain at the mercy of savage beasts, when possessed of an establishment of his own, he became rather particular respecting its arrangements, and, not liking the way in which it had been thatched, ordered a new roof at his own expense: so true it is, that one acquisition always leads to the desire of others.

The *faqeer*, in all probability, died a rich man; for, although left to perish at the period in which, disgusted with the cruelty of the world, he had abandoned himself to the most abject wretchedness, no one was deaf to the solicitations of a person who had, through the hands of a gentleman in universal estimation, received so many marks of the favour of an overruling providence.

On my return to the house, I found dinner prepared, and the founders of the feast, taking leave, left me to the enjoyment of my repast; and I again, while seated alone in an illuminated apartment, and attended by strange domestics, who did their spiriting silently, might fancy myself in the castle of some enchanter. Nor was the illusion dispelled until I had quitted the mansion and was upon my road to Dinapore; for, in exploring the different chambers which led to the one in which I was to repose for the night, it was impossible to banish the recollection of those numerous errant dames in white muslin, whose adventures, in long galleries and interminable suites of deserted rooms, had charmed my fancy in days long past. Unlike the ladies of romance, however, I enjoyed profound repose, and rather unwillingly obeyed the summons of the old sirdar, who knocked at my door to acquaint me that it was time to rise. I quitted Arrah with an indelible impression on my mind; but can never hope to convey to my readers the effect produced by its wild tales and gorgeous scenery.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SKETCHES OF REMARKABLE LIVING CHARACTERS IN INDIA.

COLONEL GARDINER.—THE BEGUM SUMROO.

A FEW years ago, India presented a wide field for adventure. The distracted state of the country, the ambitious projects and conflicting interests of native princes, were highly favourable circumstances to those who brought with them a competent knowledge of the art of war and of military discipline, and who preferred a wild, erratic, roving life, amongst the children of the soil, to the regular service of the India Company. There are two individuals still living in the Bengal presidency, and occupying a distinguished, though singular, position in society, whose eventful career, if circumstantially related, could not fail to prove highly interesting. The general outlines of the history of the Begum Sumroo, and of Colonel Gardiner, of Khasgunje, are known to every person

who has visited the theatre of their exploits, but very few are acquainted with the details; for such is the shifting nature of Anglo-Indian society, that it is impossible to gain more than the passing information of the day, in places rendered memorable from circumstances of universal notoriety, but of which nobody can give the particulars.

Some apology ought, perhaps, to be made for associating the name of so gallant and highly-respected an officer as Colonel Gardiner with that of the Begum, and her still more worthless husband; but as many persons who have not been in India, are puzzled by the announcement of the marriages, or projected marriages, of the daughters of this gentleman with the nephews of the King of Delhi, an explanation of the circumstances which have produced these apparently extraordinary alliances, may prove acceptable. The writer of these pages does not pretend to know more of Colonel Gardiner than the tongue of rumour could tell, or a casual meeting in society could afford; but so remarkable a person naturally made a strong impression, and the anecdotes extant concerning him were too singular to be easily forgotten. Colonel Gardiner's tall, commanding figure, soldier-like countenance, and military air render his appearance very striking. When at his own residence, and associating with natives, it is said that he adopts the Asiatic costume; but while visiting a large military station, in company with the resident of Lucknow, he wore a blue surtout, resembling the undress uniform of the British army, but profusely ornamented with silk lace.

Colonel Gardiner, who is a connexion of the noble family bearing that name, came out to India in the King's service, which he soon afterwards quitted. The cause of his resignation is variously related; and in the absence of an authentic account, it would, perhaps, be wrong to give sanction to any one of the reports afloat concerning it. At this period, it was impossible to foresee that the tide of fortune would bring the British Government of India into actual warfare with the sovereigns of provinces so far beyond the frontier, that human ambition dared not contemplate their subjugation. Many loyal men were, therefore, induced to follow the banners of native princes, under the expectation that they never could be called upon to bear arms against their own country; but fate decreed it otherwise, and, in the Mahratta war, those officers who had entered into Holkar's service found themselves in a very awkward predicament, especially as they were not permitted a choice, or even allowed to remain neutral, their new masters endeavouring to force them, upon pain of death, to commit treason to the land of their birth, by fighting in the ranks of a hostile force.

In some of the native courts, the English were immediately put to death upon the approach of the enemy, or on the slightest suspicion of their fidelity. Upon more than one occasion, Colonel Gardiner, who, independent of his military skill, possessed a thorough knowledge of the native character and very considerable talent, penetrated the designs of his employers, and withdrew in time from meditated treachery; but his escape from Holkar was of the most hazardous description, not inferior in picturesque incident and personal jeopardy to that of the renowned Dugald Dalgetty, who was not more successful in all lawful strategy than the subject of this too brief memoir.

Anxious to secure the services of so efficient an officer, after all fair means had failed, Holkar tied his prisoner to a gun, and threatened him with immediate destruction should he persist in refusing to take the field with his army. The Colonel remained staunch, and, perchance in the hope of tiring him out, the execution was suspended, and he was placed under a guard, who had orders never to quit him for a single instant. Walking one day along the edge of a bank leading by a precipitous descent to a river, Colonel Gardiner suddenly determined to make a bold effort to escape, and perceiving a place fitted to his purpose, he shouted out *bismillah*! 'in the name of God!' and flung himself down an abyss of some forty or fifty feet deep. None were inclined to follow him, but guns were fired, and an alarm sounded in the town. He recovered his feet, and making for the river, plunged into it; after swimming for some distance, finding that his pursuers gained upon him, he took shelter in a friendly covert, and with merely his mouth above the water, waited until they had passed; he then landed on the opposite side, and proceeded by unfrequented paths to a town in the neighbourhood, which was under the command of a friend, who, though a native, and a servant of Holkar, he thought would afford him protection. This man proved trustworthy, and after remaining concealed for some time, the colonel ventured out in the disguise of a grass-cutter, and reaching the British outposts in safety, was joyously received by his countrymen. He was

appointed to the command of a regiment of irregular horse, which he still retains; and his services in the field, at the head of these brave soldiers, have not been more advantageous to the British Government, than the accurate acquaintance before-mentioned, which his long and intimate association with natives enabled him to obtain of the Asiatic character. It was to his diplomatic skill and knowledge of the best methods of treaty, that we owed the capitulation of one of those formidable hill-fortresses (Komulmair, in Mewar), whose reduction by arms would have been at the expense of an immense sacrifice of human life. The commandant of the division despatched to take possession of it, wearied out by the procrastinating and indecisive spirit of the natives, would have stormed the place at every disadvantage, had not Colonel Gardiner persuaded him to entrust the negotiation to his hands. The result proved that he had made a just estimate of his own powers: the garrison agreed to give up the fortress on the payment of their arrears; and Colonel Tod, in his *Annals of Rajasthan*, mentions the circumstance as one highly honourable to the British character, that, there being not more than four thousand rupees at the time in the English camp, an order, written by the commandant for the remainder, upon the *shroffs* or bankers in the neighbourhood, was taken without the least hesitation, the natives not having the slightest doubt that it would be paid upon presentation.*

The marriage of Colonel Gardiner forms one of the most singular incidents in his romantic story. In the midst of his hazardous career, he carried off a Mahomedan princess, the sister of one of the lesser potentates of the Deccan, who, though now reduced to comparative insignificance, during the rise and progress of the Mahrattas, were personages of considerable consequence.

Ever the first to climb a tower,
As venturesous in a lady's bower,

the sacred recesses of the zenana were penetrated by the enterprising lover, who, at the moment in which his life was threatened by the brother's treachery, bore away his prize in triumph, and sought an asylum in another court.

An European of popular manners and military experience, could in those days easily place himself at the head of a formidable body of soldiers, ready to follow his fortunes, and trusting to his arrangements with the princes whose cause he supported for their pay, which was frequently in arrear, or dependent upon the capture of some rich province. In the command of such a troop, Colonel Gardiner was a welcome guest wherever he went, and, until the affair with Holkar, he had always contrived to secure his retreat whenever it was prudent to commence a new career in another quarter.

It is difficult to say what sort of bridal contract is gone through between a Moslem beauty and a Christian gentleman, but the ceremony is supposed to be binding; at least it is considered so in India, a native female not losing the respect of her associates by forming such a connexion. The marriage of Colonel Gardiner seems perfectly satisfactory to the people of Hindostan, for the lady has not only continued steadfast in the Mahomedan faith, and in the strict observance

of all the restrictions prescribed to Asiatic females of rank, but has brought up her daughters in the same religious persuasion, and in the same profound seclusion,—points seldom conceded by an European father. They are, therefore, eligible to match with the princes of the land, their mother's family connexions and high descent atoning for the disadvantage of foreign ancestry upon the paternal side. Educated according to the most approved fashion of an oriental court, they are destined to spend the remainder of their lives in the zenana; and this choice for her daughters shows that their mother, at least, does not consider exclusion from the world, in which European women reign and revel, to be any hardship.

So little of the spirit of adventure is now stirring in India, that the Misses Gardiner, or the young Begums, or whatsoever appellation it may be most proper to designate them by, have not attracted the attention of the enterprising portion of the European community. Doubtless their beauty and accomplishments are blazoned in native society, but, excepting upon the occasion of an announcement like that referred to in the Calcutta periodicals, the existence of these ladies is scarcely known to their father's countrymen residing in India. We are ignorant whether their complexions partake most of the eastern or of the northern hue, or whether they have the slightest idea of the privileges from which their mother's adherence to Mahomedan usages has debarred them. Their situation, singular as it may appear in England, excites little or no interest; nobody seems to lament that they were not brought up in the Christian religion, or permitted those advantages which the half-caste offspring of women of lower rank enjoy; and, acquainted with the circumstances of the case, the editors of the aforesaid periodicals do not enter into any explanation of intelligence of the most startling nature to English readers, who, in their ignorance of facts, are apt to fancy that European ladies in India are willing to enter into the zenanas of native princes.

Colonel Gardiner has of course adopted a great many of the opinions and ideas of the people with whom he has passed so great a portion of his time, and in his mode of living he may be termed half an Asiatic; this, however, does not prevent him from being a most acceptable companion to the European residents, who take the greatest delight in his society whenever he appears amongst them. His autobiography would be a work of the highest value, affording a picture of Indian policy, with which few besides himself have ever had an opportunity of becoming so intimately acquainted. As he is still in the prime and vigour of existence, we may hope that some such employment of these "piping times of peace" may be suggested to him, and that he may be induced to devote the hours spent in retirement at Khasgunje to the writing or the dictation of the incidents of his early life.

From a personal narrative of this nature, we should become acquainted with the *Condottieri*, if they may be so styled, of India, and obtain an insight into all the complicated systems of intrigue and espionage so necessary to secure the interests of those splendid mercenaries. Colonel Gardiner had a native follower attached to his service, whose exploits were of the most daring and romantic character—a one-eyed fellow, persons who in India are supposed to be compensated for the defect in their vision, by a double allowance of sagacity. This man smoked his pipe in the tent of the Pindarree chief, the night before the British troops put his forces to the rout, and captured his women and baggage. Had the authorities consented to act upon the intelligence brought by this accomplished spy, the camp might have been more effectually surprised, and the leader himself taken; but though the event proved that the information communicated by Colonel Gardiner was correct, the fidelity of his emissary was either distrusted, or the commandant did not choose to owe success to a person of his description.

In looking back upon past events, the colonel occasionally expresses a regret that he should have been induced to quit the King's service, in which, in all probability, he would have attained the highest rank; but, eminently qualified for the situation in which he has been placed, and more than reconciled to the destiny which binds him to a foreign soil, the station he occupies leaves him little to desire, and he has it in his power to be still farther useful to society by unlocking the stores of a mind fraught with information of the highest interest.

The life of the Begum Sumroo presents a more extraordinary tissue of events, extraordinary even in Asiatic annals, notwithstanding the numerous stepping-stones to wealth and power which were offered to the enterprising in the wild and troublous periods of Indian misrule. In early youth, this sit-

* The above passage is preserved entire for the purpose of retaining an anecdote, which shows the impression made by British faith in India, and to afford an opportunity of apologizing to Colonel Tod for having inadvertently sought to deprive him of one of his laurels. In a conversation with an officer who served at Komulmair, he mentioned the circumstance of its capitulation, in consequence of Colonel Gardiner's adroit method of dealing with the natives, as a story current in the camp; and not having Colonel Tod's work upon Rajasthan at hand to refer to, the writer told the tale as it was told to her, unaware that the gallant and learned author was in command at the time. There is no British name connected with India for which she entertains so high a respect, and no history of the country to which she has been so deeply indebted for sources of amusement and information. In justification of herself, she can only observe, that she stated in the commencement of her account of two very remarkable personages, that the whole of the details rested upon hearsay evidence; the chapter was originally written with a view to induce Colonel Gardiner to come forward with an autobiography full of enterprise and interest, which would correct any misstatements made under circumstances so adverse to the collection of authentic information; and she can scarcely regret an inaccuracy which could not detract from Colonel Tod's high reputation, since it has drawn from his pen the clever article which appeared in a late number of the *Asiatic Journal*.

gular woman attached herself to a German adventurer, called by the natives Sumroo; but whether this appellation was a corruption of Summers, a name he is said to have taken upon his entrance into the Company's service, or of a *soubriquet* supposed to have been bestowed upon him on account of his gloomy and saturnine aspect, is not known; both versions of the story being equally current in India. This man commenced his career in the East as a private soldier in the English army, from which he speedily deserted, and made his way to the Upper Provinces. He is described as a low-born, uneducated person, so illiterate as not to be able to write his own name. He possessed talents, however, which recommended him to the notice of Cossim Ali, nawab of Bengal, who took him into favour, and gave him the command of his army. While in the service of this prince, Sumroo perpetrated a deed which stamped his name with indelible infamy. Inviting the English residents at Patna to his table, while partaking with the most unreserved confidence of the banquet, he gave a signal for a general massacre, and not one escaped the assassin's dagger. This act of perfidy proved as useless as it had been base and treacherous; the Company's troops under Major Adams speedily recaptured the city, and soon afterwards the entire conquest of Bengal obliged Cossim Ali and his followers to seek refuge at the court of Sujah Dowlah, Nawab Vizier of Oude. During the remainder of his life, English officers had often the mortification of seeing this renegade basking in the sunshine of favour at the courts of native princes; and though, as their star prevailed, he was compelled to try his fortune in more distant scenes, his prosperity daily increased. He established himself at the head of a considerable force, who were attached to his person, and wanted nothing but pay to be exceedingly effective. Finding it difficult to satisfy them or their leader, Nudjift Khan put him into possession of a very considerable *jaghire*, or rather a small principality, in the province of Delhi, which the Begum retains to this day.

Sumroo died in 1776, and, at his decease, the corps which he had raised was kept up in the name of his son, though the chief authority fell into the hands of the extraordinary woman who has since made so conspicuous a figure in Hindostan. The origin of Zaib ul Nissa (ornament of her sex), a name which, as well as the title of *Begum*, was conferred upon her by the King of Delhi, is not known. By some persons it is said that she was a dancing-girl; and many are of opinion that she was a Cashmerian by birth, an idea which has arisen from the remarkable fairness of her complexion. But though this is not a common circumstance amongst the natives of Hindostan, instances are sufficiently frequent to render it very possible that she was born at Agra, the place in which she attached herself to the fortunes of Sumroo.

There can be no doubt that the Begum possessed a more than ordinary share of personal charms, for, at an advanced age, the remains were very striking. She is rather under the middle size, delicately formed, with fine-chiselled features, brilliant hazel eyes, a complexion very little darker than that of an Italian, and hands, arms, and feet which Zoffani, the painter, declared to be models of beauty. Of these, though now grown fat and wrinkled, she is still justly proud.

It is well known that, while apparently excluded from all share of authority, women in India in reality often obtain unlimited sway over their husband's property. Little or nothing is said of Sumroo's son, but his widow, as she is called, speedily became a person of great importance. By some of her contemporaries it is averred that, at a very early period of life, "her highness" became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, which she now professes, and that she married to the German by the forms of that church; others seem to think these circumstances doubtful, and are of opinion that, like many Mahomedan woman living with Europeans, she for a long period retained her own religion, though considering herself as much the wife of her protector as if he had fulfilled all the ceremonial of the Moslem contract.

After the death of Sumroo, the Begum entered into another matrimonial engagement with a French adventurer, a Monsieur L'Oiseaux, Or Le Vassu, who had been in the Mahratta service, under General Perron, and was afterwards employed by her as commander-in-chief of the troops belonging to her *jaghire*. Like many widows, the lady soon discovered that she had committed a grievous error in the choice of a second husband; but there are very few who could extricate themselves so boldly and artfully from the entanglement. The cause of the Begum's earnest desire to get rid of her new lord is variously related; but, in all probability, those persons are right who have attributed it to the desire which the Frenchman manifested to return to Europe.

Native women of rank and wealth are well aware that they will lose all their consequence in a foreign country, and they usually make it a *sine qua non*, that those whom they espouse shall agree to spend the remainder of their days in India. Naturally alarmed at a proposition which seemed to be dictated by the purest selfishness, and which assured her that she was indebted for her husband to the wealth she had amassed, and which he now desired to lavish amongst strangers to her, by whom she would be regarded as an object of contempt, she made no outward opposition, but, dissembling deeply, determined to circumvent a plan which threatened to be so injurious to her interests.

Le Vassu was no match in diplomatic arts for his subtle wife; she pretended to enter with the greatest readiness into the scheme, but conjured him to keep his intentions secret, lest the troops, exasperated by the abandonment of their chief, should endeavour to detain them by force. While apparently engaged with the greatest alacrity in the collection of the gold and jewels which he proposed to carry along with him, she employed various emissaries to inflame the minds of the people against the Frenchman, and to represent his intended desertion in the most odious colours. These agents took care to contrast her love and devotion to the interests of those over whom she had been placed, with her husband's base betrayal of their confidence; and when everything was prepared according to her wishes, she alarmed Le Vassu with rumours of an intended revolt. She assured him that there would be the greatest difficulty in effecting their escape from a highly-excited people, who had resolved upon their destruction should they be taken in the act of quitting the province, and declaring her determination never to survive the disgrace of a capture, she represented the horrors which would ensue in such a glowing manner, and worked so strongly upon the imagination of her husband, that he agreed to follow her example, promising to kill himself should their party be insufficient to quell the insurgents.

Having made these arrangements, they set forward on their journey, attended by a strong escort, and each being provided with pistols, which the lady well knew how to use. At the appointed spot, the escort was attacked, or apparently attacked, by a party in the Begum's interest; the guards were put to the rout, and the fugitives seemed to be completely in the power of their supposed enemies. There was a great deal of confusion, and, amid several reports of musketry, news was brought to the bewildered Frenchman, that the Begum had shot herself. He instantly dismounted from his elephant, and rushing to her palanquin, found the attendants in great affliction and disorder; these people confirmed the fatal intelligence, giving as a proof the lady's veil saturated with blood. Knowing the resolute disposition of his wife, he concluded from this act of despair that all was lost; and destitute of the resources of a strong mind, and unsuspicious of double-dealing, he saved his enemy from the guilt of his actual murder, by putting a pistol to his head.

The Begum, taking care to have better information than her luckless spouse, the moment his death was ascertained, threw open the doors of her palanquin, and mounting an elephant, addressed the troops in eloquent and impassioned language, descanting upon the affection she bore to the people bequeathed to her care by their former chief, her opposition to the wishes of the dastard who would have plundered and left them; and her determination to live and die in the discharge of the important duties which she was called upon to perform.

Until this moment, it is said, she had never appeared in public; but the exigency of the case excused her assumption of masculine rights. Her appeal to the soldiers was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and they conveyed her back to camp with shouts and acclamations. From that period she publicly exercised all the rights of a sovereign, and has retained undisputed possession of her authority. Officers formerly attached to the Mahratta service relate that they have seen her in the zenith of her beauty, leading on her troops in person, and manifesting, in the midst of the most frightful carnage, the reckless intrepidity which seems only to belong to the other sex.

Upon one of these occasions, during the reign of Shah Alum, she is said to have saved the Mogul empire, by rallying and encouraging her troops, when those of the king were flying before the enemy. It is certain that she performed good service, and its reward was proportionate. The emperor created her a princess, or *begum*, in her own right, exalting her to a rank only second to that of the imperial family. Linking her fortunes with those of Delhi, she with her usual foresight, showed herself favourable to the English interests; and, in the treaties of 1805, adroitly managed to have her territories

not only confirmed to her, but exempted from the jurisdiction of the civil power, greatly, it is said, to the obstruction of all executive measures of police.

The internal management of her estate, however, renders her independence less objectionable, since she contrives to keep her subjects in excellent order, and to render the revenues extremely productive.

The town of Seerdhuna, the capital of her district, is populous and flourishing; her fields, according to common report, look greener, and her peasantry more contented, than those of native states, or even of the Company's provinces in her neighbourhood. She maintains a body of troops for the protection of her own person and the collection of the revenue, besides the quota she is required to furnish to assist in the performance of the police duties at Meerut. These soldiers are under the command of officers of European descent; but, to judge from the accounts which sometimes appear in the Calcutta papers of the abject nature of their enforced subservience to the will of an imperious and arbitrary woman, they cannot be of a very high grade.

The Begum's troops, who are principally Rajpoots,—tall stout men, but, like all the retainers of native princes, of haughty and insolent demeanour,—are clad in uniforms of dark-blue broadcloth, loose vests, reaching nearly to the feet, and fastened round the waist with scarlet cummurbunds; their turbans are of the same colour, and they are well armed and mounted. Her highness has also a park of artillery in very excellent order; and altogether does not make a contemptible appearance in the field.

The siege of Bhurtpore revived all the military ardour of the Begum, who was very desirous to appear before the place in person, and to obtain some share of the glory and the prize-money. The commander-in-chief, who did not think her handful of retainers of much importance, endeavoured to reconcile the amazon to her exclusion, by offering to place the holy city of Muttra under her charge; but, observing that, if not seen at the post of danger, the people of Hindostan would say she had grown cowardly in her old age, she pitched her tents in the neighbourhood of the head-quarter's camp, and carried her point so far as at least to have the honour of being present at the capture of the fortress.

The revenues of the Begum are estimated at ten lacs, or £100,000 sterling, and she is supposed to be in the possession of immense treasures amassed during a very long and prosperous life. The principality of which she is the sovereign is about twenty miles long, twelve broad, and seventy in circumference. Her palace is built in the European fashion, and she has also erected a church there, after the model of St. Peter's at Rome. Both the design and execution of this cathedral are very beautiful; the altar of white marble, brought from Jypore, and inlaid with cornelians and agates of various colours, being particularly rich and splendid. The gardens at Seerdhuna are celebrated for their fruit-trees, and especially for the groves of oranges, lemons, and citrons, which perfume the air with their blossoms, and weigh down the branches with their golden treasures.

The Begum also possesses a mansion at Delhi, which was formerly her favourite place of residence; it is situated at the upper end of the Chaudry Chowk, and crowns an eminence in the centre of a spacious and stately garden, laid out according to the prevailing fashion of the East. Its parterres are thickly planted with the choicest fruits and flowers, and it is traversed by avenues of superb cypresses, whose luxuriant though melancholy beauty atones for the formality of their appearance. During the period of Lord Lake's sojourn at Delhi, and for many subsequent years, the Begum was wont to give superb entertainments, and to receive the highest mark of respect from her European visitors. She has probably been a little spoiled by flattery, and has acquired rather too inflated a notion of her own political importance, since it is said that, on her excursions to Delhi, during the latter years of her life, she did not pay the usual tribute of homage to the resident, of a visit, which, as the representative of the British Government, she has a right to expect from all persons of inferior rank.

The omission, in process of time, was reported to the supreme authorities at Calcutta, and the Begum, duly admonished, proceeded in form to the residency, though with a very ill-grace. In fact, her pride was so deeply hurt by this enforced concession, that she speedily turned her back upon Delhi, declaring at her departure that she would never enter its walls again. She has kept her word, residing at places in which her dignity is not lowered by the presence of so high a functionary. Her palace at Seerdhuna is under the same ban, though not from the same cause. Some of her astrologers have predicted that her return will be marked by

her death; and, though long past the usual period of existence, she has not the least desire to be gathered to her forefathers, and, in avoiding the fatal spot, hopes to retard her doom. She is building a house at Kinwah, about eleven miles distant from the capital of her fief, and possesses one at Bhurtpore, and another in the neighbourhood of Meerut, outside the cantonments, which is now her principal residence. Here she gives splendid entertainments, particularly to the great personages who travel in that direction. She has long since abandoned the restrictions imposed by Asiatic prejudice, and sits at table with large parties of gentlemen without scruple. She formerly attended to the Mohammedan precepts as far as they related to the preparation of food; but, having once passed the rubicon, she refused to return to her trammels again, not even following the example of the English ladies, when they retired from table, but preferring to remain with the gentlemen, on the plea that she made it a point never to leave her "pipe half-smoked."

The dress of the Begum differs in some degree from that of other Hindostanee ladies, her highness choosing to substitute a turban for the veil invariably worn by the females of her country; a circumstance which, though apparently trifling, shows that she entertains little or no regard for native opinions and prejudices, the turban being only assumed by dancing-girls during some performances which are considered highly indecorous, and are not exhibited before ladies. The Begum's costume usually consists of a short full petticoat of rich stuff, which displays a few inches of her gold or silver brocade trowsers. The *cortee* and under-garment are similar to those worn by other ladies, and she throws a shawl over her turban, which envelopes her throat, arms, and shoulders, in the muffling though not ungraceful manner in which the veil is worn in India. Her slippers are as bright and as small as those of Cinderella, and notwithstanding the near approach of her eightieth year, are displayed with a considerable degree of coquetry. She smokes out of a magnificent hookah, and upon most occasions is decorated with a prodigious quantity of jewels.

The property of every kind, which this fortunate adventurer has accumulated, is immense; her stud of horses is one of the finest in Hindostan, and she drives about in a carriage-and-four of English fashion and Calcutta built, which boasts, or at least did boast when it was first launched, a high degree of splendour. It is a large, bright yellow coach, with silver mouldings, the window-frames of solid silver, and the lace and hangings, which are very rich and substantial, also of silver, with splendid bullion tassels; the lining is of violet-coloured satin, embroidered all over with silver stars, and the postillions are in dark blue and silver liveries.

The Begum, during her latter years, has frequently sat for her portrait to a native artist, who takes excellent likenesses, and having had the advantage of European instruction, has made considerable progress in the art. One of these, a miniature, is in the possession of Lord Combermere, for whom her highness professed the warmest degree of friendship. In former days, our Indian Catharine was distinguished for elegance and grace; and whenever she had a point to carry, she employed such captivating and fascinating arts, that she seldom failed to succeed. She does not speak any language except Hindostanee, and her increasing years and infirmities have reduced the beautiful and dignified heroine of a thousand fields, to a decrepid old woman, who is still, however, courteous and polite, and not insensible to the homage formerly so freely rendered, but which now seems only to proceed from a sentiment of pity, or a love of the ridiculous.

Unhappily, the character of the Begum is stained with cruelties of so deep a dye, that respect for her talents is merged in abhorrence for her crimes. The natives say, that she was born a politician, that she has allies every where, and friends no where, and there is much truth in these assertions: for, though liberal to her dependants, she is accounted a severe mistress, and, before the occupation of the neighbouring provinces by the British Government, did not scruple to commit atrocities of the most frightful nature. The darkest stories are circulated of murders perpetrated by her order, and in her own presence; some of her subjects she is said to have impaled alive, and others barbarously mutilated. But the most shocking tale is connected with a fertile cause of female cruelty and revenge. She became jealous of one of the females of her household, and, not satisfied with depriving her of existence, prolonged her sufferings and rejoiced over them with a savage barbarity, which can only be compared to the sanguine ferocity of the tigress, tearing and torturing her prey before she gives it the final stroke. The unfortunate girl was buried alive under the

floor of the apartment occupied by her mistress, who slept upon the spot in order to feast her ears with the dying groans of her victim, and to prevent the possibility of a rescue; the whole establishment compassionating the fate of the hapless creature who had fallen under the clutch of so relentless a monster.

The seclusion in which Hindoostanee women are obliged to live is not favourable to the formation of the female character, nor does it tend to soften and improve the heart. Women of strong feelings, for want of other excitement, are apt to exercise the most wanton cruelties upon their dependants, and the zenana is frequently a scene of the greatest misery. The slave girls of the princesses of Delhi have been known to escape from the palace and fly to the British residency for protection; and surrounded by such examples, and armed with absolute power, it is not surprising that a woman of so determined a character as the Begum Sumroo should have exceeded all her coteremporaries in the recklessness with which she indulged her hatred against those who had the misfortune to offend her.

The Begum's first husband, the founder of her fortunes, is buried at Agra. She, herself, is said never to have had a child! But the son, mentioned as the successor to the *jaghire*, of whom nothing in India seems to be known, certainly left some offspring, who have formed alliances with Europeans and Indo-Britons. The Calcutta papers, of October 1831, announced the marriages of two gentlemen, John Rose Troup, Esq., and Monsieur Peter Paul Mari Le Caroli, with the daughters of Colonel George Alexander Dyce, great granddaughters of the Begum Sumroo. The ceremony was performed in the cathedral of Sancta Maria, at Seerdhuna, by the padre Julius Cæsar, and that of Mr. Troup was afterwards celebrated a second time at the Begum's palace, by the protestant chaplain of Meerut.

Several priests of the Roman Catholic persuasion are settled at Seerdhuna, and their influence over the Begum, which is said to be very considerable, will, it is to be hoped, lead to a deeper sense of her misdeeds than that self-satisfied old lady appears at present to entertain. She could scarcely be in better hands than those of father Julius Cæsar, who realizes the most beautiful ideas which could be formed of a Christian minister. Destitute of ambitious hopes, and debarred from those ties of kindred and affection which tend to reconcile the protestant clergy to a residence on a foreign shore, he devotes all his time and thoughts to the preservation and enlargement of his little flock. Though occasionally to be found at Seerdhuna and other places where a Catholic community is assembled, his residence is in the city of Patna, where he has a small congregation. He is the only European who has ever taken up his abode within the walls since the cold-blooded massacre took place in 1764, and he is universally respected by the natives, who regard with great veneration those persons belonging to the priesthood who act up to their clerical profession, whatever their religious opinions may be.

In times of expected irritation or tumult, the services of the padre are frequently called for in aid of the civil authorities, and he is always ready to employ his influence in the promotion of any good work. His talents and amiable character render him a welcome and an honoured guest at the houses of the British residents at Bankipore, a civil station in his immediate neighbourhood; and Bishop Heber seems scarcely to have done justice to this excellent man, in ascribing his popularity to the smoothness of his manners and his tact in administering to the self-love of his associates. Father Julius Cæsar is a Franciscan friar, wearing the garb and practising the self-denial enjoined by his order, the products of his little cure being barely adequate to the support of a very humble establishment.

The Begum's court at Seerdhuna has been the asylum of European adventurers of various ranks, who, disappointed of the golden harvest which they had hoped to reap in the fertile fields of India, have been content to sit down for the remainder of their lives upon appointments which gave them more luxuries than they could command at home. Forming connexions with Asiatic women, or giving their children wholly up to the care of the natives, Seerdhuna has exhibited Europeans in a very singular position, having nothing of their father-land about them save the hue of their skin. Some English gentlemen, sitting at table at Agra, were surprised by the appearance of a man, whose fair complexion, sandy whiskers, and peculiar physiognomy, announced him to belong to the Emerald Isle, but whose dress and language were purely Hindoostanee. With all the native volubility, he told the story of his wrongs, his unjust dismissal from the Begum's service, and his travels in search of redress or employment. Upon being questioned upon the subject of his parentage, he

said that his father was an Irishman, but seemed to know nothing farther about the matter, and to be perfectly unaware of the astonishment which his Asiatic manners and habits would occasion to those with whom he was conversing. It is very seldom that transplantation to a foreign soil produces so complete a change in the immediate descendants of British exiles, though other Europeans, French people in particular, accommodate themselves more easily to the customs and usages of the people with whom they are destined to live. Some of the most respectable of the Begum's foreign retainers have been natives of France; her colonel-commandant, a gentleman named Peton, who resided at her court during a great many years, was very justly esteemed for his invariable good conduct and gentlemanly manners. Latterly, her service has fallen into disrepute; as the country has become tranquilized, the prospects of Europeans at native courts have become less brilliant, and as her highness does not offer very high emoluments, and there is no honour whatever to be gained in her employ, she is surrounded by half-castes, whose expectations are of a very limited nature, and who submit to treatment which would disgust persons of higher pretensions.

Either according to treaty, or in consequence of the Begum's gratitude for the protection she has experienced, she has made the British Government her heir, and, at her death, which in the course of nature must take place very shortly, the *jaghire* will be placed on the same footing as those under the Company's jurisdiction. The Begum is very liberal in her donations to public charities, and other popular institutions in Calcutta. After the death of her husband Sumroo, she kept up a monastery founded by him at Agra, for persons belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, of any country or nation, adding an establishment for nuns; but whether many persons of either sex have availed themselves of this asylum we have little opportunity of knowing, since European travellers pass through Agra without taking the slightest interest in any of its minor features, and the greater number are quite content with casting a listless glance upon the buildings or note which are to be seen in the fort and the cantonments.

The Begum exercises the almost boundless hospitality which native custom has prescribed to those who are placed at the head of a fief or large estate, entertaining the whole of the servants and camp-followers of parties of travellers, to whom she is desirous to pay respect and attention. The supply of firewood, ghee, grain, and sweetmeats, to the multifarious attendants of the ambulatory establishment of a great man, is a serious affair; but her highness always does the thing handsomely, and the people who are feasted at her expense have no cause to complain of the meagreness of their fare. Salutes of cannon are fired, and her troops are turned out, whenever her capital is visited by travellers of distinction, and while the retainers are furnished with the materials for a feast, the ladies and gentlemen are invited to her own table, sumptuously covered at breakfast and dinner, the banquet being followed by *nautching* and fire-works.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DELHI.

THERE is no place in British India which the intellectual traveller approaches with feelings more strongly excited than the ancient seat of the Mogul empire. The proud towers of Delhi, with its venerable reliques of Hindoo architecture, its splendid monuments of Moslem power, and its striking indications of Christian supremacy, cannot fail to impress the mind with sensations of mingled awe, wonder, and delight. In no other part of our Eastern possessions do the natives show so earnest a desire to imitate European fashions; and though, at present, the mixture, in which convenience more than elegance is consulted, produces a grotesque effect, the total overthrow of many Oriental prejudices may be safely predicted from the tolerance of all sorts of innovations manifested at Delhi.

The modern capital of the Moslem kings, which is called by the natives *Shahjehanabad*, stands in the centre of a sandy plain, surrounded on every side with the ruins of old Delhi, curiously contrasted with a new suburb, the villas belonging to Europeans attached to the residency, and with the cantonments lately erected for three regiments of sepoy. The celebrated gardens of Shalimar, with their cypress avenues, sparkling fountains, roseate bowers, and the delicious shade of their dark cedars, on which Shah Jehan, the most tasteful monarch

in the world, is said to have lavished a *crore* of rupees (a million sterling), have been almost wholly surrendered to waste and desolation; the ravages of the Mahrattas have left few wrecks behind, and amidst these arise the palaces of the Christian rulers of the soil. A favourite retreat of Sir Charles Metcalfe, afterwards inhabited by Sir David Ochterlony, arrests the stranger's eye, as he seeks in vain to recognize, from the description handed down to us, the paradise of flowers and foliage which once adorned these arid tracts.

From the road which, it is said, formerly extended to Lahore, shaded all the way by the meeting branches of the mango trees, of which not a bough remains, the military cantonments appear, couched under a ridge of sand-stone rocks, called *Mejnoon Pahar*: some writers have likened this military array to an army in ambush, and the rocky screen favours the idea. The loss of the rich umbrageous foliage of the tamarinds and cedars of Shah Jehan has been inadequately supplied by a foreign introduction before noticed, the *Parkinsonians*, which thrive in an arid soil, but which require the relief of leaves to soften the effect of their gaudy blossoms. They are, when planted in groups, quite as offensive to the eye as a grove entirely composed of laburnums in full flower would be; yet, in the cantonments of Delhi and of Agra, little else is to be seen.

Modern Delhi, or Shahjehanabad, is enclosed by a splendid rampart of red granite, and entered by gateways the most magnificent which the world can boast. The walls were formerly so lofty as to conceal all save the highest towers; but these dead blanks, with their flanking turrets, like the eyries of the eagle, high in air, have been exchanged for low ramparts strengthened by massive bastions. From the outside the view is splendid; domes and mosques, cupolas and minarets, with the imperial palace frowning like a mountain of red granite, appear in the midst of groves of clustering trees, so thickly planted that the buildings have been compared, in Oriental imagery, to rocks of pearls and rubies, rising from an emerald sea. In approaching the city from the east bank of the Jumna, the prospect realizes all that the imagination has pictured of Oriental magnificence; mosques and minarets glittering in the sun, some garlanded with wild creepers, others arrayed in all the pomp of gold, the exterior of the cupolas being covered with brilliant metal, and from Mount Mejnoon, over which a fine road now passes, the shining waters of the Jumna gleaming in the distance, insulating Selimgurh, and disappearing behind the halls of the peacock-throne, the palace of the emperors, add another beautiful feature to the scene. It is well known that the line, quoted by Mr. Moore, in *Lalla Rookh*,—

"Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!"—

is to be found in the audience-chamber of the King of Delhi; and though the glory of the Moghuls has faded away, and their greatness departed, the superb edifices and luxuriant gardens of this splendid capital would still render it an Eden of delight, were it not for one terrible drawback, the besetting sin of all Indian cities,—dust. In Delhi, this plague is suffocating, choking, stifling, blinding, smothering,—in fact, perfectly unbearable. The visitors see all they can see in as short a time as possible, and hasten away to some retreat, where the parched and thirsty ground is watered, and where they may respire freely, without being forced to inhale some ounces of commingled sand and dirt whenever they venture to open their lips.

The Chandery Choke, or principal street, is wide and handsome, one of the broadest avenues to be found in an Indian city. The houses are of various styles of architecture, partaking occasionally of the prevailing fashions of the west; Grecian piazzas, porticos, and pediments, are not unfrequently found fronting the dwellings of the Moslem or Hindoo; balconies are, of course, very common, and form the favourite resort of the gentlemen of the family, who, in a loose deshabille of white muslin, enjoy the pleasures of the *hookah*, while gazing on the passing crowd below, totally regardless of the dust which fills the air.

The shops are crowded with all sorts of European products and manufactures, and many of them display sign-boards, on which the names and occupations of the inhabitants are emblazoned in Roman characters—a novel circumstance in a native city. The introduction of this useful custom is attributed to Burruddeen Khan, an ingenious person patronized by the reigning emperor, Akbar the second. This accomplished artist is celebrated for his seal-engravings, and so much delighted his royal master by the specimens he produced, in

cutting gems with the letters and devices of all nations, that he raised him to the rank of a noble, one of the few privileges still enjoyed by this shadow of a king. The English placards have a very curious appearance, mingled with the striped purdahs or curtains, which, in many instances, supply the place of doors, and the variegated screens, (where animals of blue, red, or yellow, sprawl upon a green ground) which shade the windows. The houses are, for the most part, white-washed, and the gaiety of their appearance is heightened by the carpets and shawls, strips of cloth of every hue, scarfs and coloured veils, which are hung out over the verandah or on the tops of houses to air, the sun in India being considered a great purifier, a dissipator of bad smells, and even a destroyer of vermin, though its claim to the latter quality must be equivocal.

The crowd of an Indian city, always picturesque, is here particularly rich in showy figures of men and animals; elephants, camels, and horses, gaily caparisoned, parade through the streets, jingling their silver ornaments, and the many-coloured tufts and fringes with which they are adorned: the *sucwarree* of a great personage sweeping along the highways, little scrupulous of the damage it may effect in its progress, forms a striking spectacle when it can be viewed from some safe corner or from the back of a tall elephant. The *coup d'aïl* is magnificent; but to enter into details might destroy the illusion; for, mingled with mounted retainers, richly clothed, and armed with glittering helmets, polished spears, and shields knobbed with silver, crowds of wild-looking half-clad wretches on foot are to be seen, increasing the tumult and the dust, but adding nothing to the splendour of the cavalcade. No great man—and Delhi is full of personages of pretension,—ever passes along in state without having his titles shouted out by the stentorian lungs of some of his followers. The cries of the venders of different articles of food, the discordant songs of itinerant musicians, screamed out to the accompaniment of the tom-tom, with an occasional bass volunteered by a *chetah*, grumbling out in a sharp roar his annoyance at being hawked about the streets for sale, with the shrill distressful cry of the camel, the trumpeting of the elephants, the neighing of horses, and the grumbling of cart-wheels, are sounds which assail the ear from sunrise until sunset in the streets of Delhi. The multitude of equipages is exceedingly great, and more diversified, perhaps, than those of any other city in the world. English carriages, altered and improved to suit the climate and the peculiar taste of the possessor, are mingled with the palanquins and bullock-carts, open and covered, the chairs, and the cage-like and lantern-like conveyances, of native construction. Prince Baber, the second surviving son of the reigning monarch, drives about in an English chariot drawn by eight horses, in which he frequently appears attired in the full-dress uniform of a British general officer, rendered still more striking by having each breast adorned with the grand cross of the Bath. Mirza Salem, another of the princes of the imperial family, escorts a favourite wife in a carriage of the same description; the lady is said to be very beautiful, but the blinds are too closely shut to allow the anxious crowd a glimpse of her charms. Regular English coaches, drawn by four horses, and driven by postillions, the property of rich natives, appear on the public drives and at reviews; and occasionally a buggy or cabriolet of a very splendid description may be seen, having the hood of black velvet, embroidered with gold. The *chetahs* and hunting-leopards, before-mentioned, are led hooded through the streets; birds in cages, Persian cats, and Persian greyhounds are also exposed in the streets for sale, under the superintendence of some of those fine, tall, splendid looking men, who bring all sorts of merchandize from Cashmere, Persia, and Thibet to the cities of Hindostan—an almost gigantic race, bearing a noble aspect in spite of the squalidness of their attire, and having dark, clear complexions, without a tinge of swarthinness. Beggars in plenty infest the streets; and, in addition to the multitudes brought together by business, there are idle groups of loungers—Muslimans of lazy, dissipated, depraved habits, gaudily decked out in flaunting colours, with their hair frizzled in a bush from under a glittering skull-cap, stuck rakishly at the side of the head.

Such are a few of the distinguishing features of Chandery Choke, which abounds in hardware, cloth, *paan*, and pastry-cooks' shops, the business, as usual, carried on in the open air, with all the chaffering, haggling, and noise common to Asiatic dealings. How anything of the kind is managed, amidst the bustle and confusion of the streets, the throng of bullock-carts, the strings of loaded camels, the squadrons of wild, vicious horses, the trains of elephants, and the insolent

retainers of great men, only intent upon displaying their own and their master's consequence, by increasing the uproar, seems astonishing. The natives of India form an extraordinary compound of apathy and vivacity. In the midst of noises and tumult, which would stun or distract the most iron-nerved European in the world, they will maintain an imperturbable calmness; while, in ordinary matters, where there appears to be nothing to disturb their equanimity, they will vociferate and gesticulate as if noise and commotion were absolutely essential to their happiness. By a very little attention to order and comfort, the Chandery Choke might be rendered one of the most delightful promenades in the world; the famous canal of Delhi, shaded by fine trees, runs down the centre, and nothing could be more easy than to allay the clouds of dust, at present so intolerable, by keeping the avenues on either side well watered.

This canal, originally the work of Feroze Shah, forms the only supply of wholesome water which the inhabitants of Delhi are enabled to obtain. Sharing the fate of the Patan empire, it became neglected, and was at length wholly choked up, remaining in this state for more than a hundred years. The canal was re-opened by Ali Merdan Khan, a Persian nobleman attached to the court of the Emperor Shah Jehan, but was again dried up and remained useless until the establishment of the British government; which, anxious to display its paternal care, and wishing to confer a solid and lasting benefit upon the people of the city, determined upon repairing this splendid work. An undertaking of such magnitude occupied a considerable period; it required three years of unremitting labour to complete it, and the expense was enormous. At length, in 1820, during the administration of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the whole was finished. All the inhabitants of the city, in a tumult of joy, went out to greet the approaching waters, shouting *Io-peans* to the government which gave them the long-desired blessing, and casting garlands of flowers, ghee, oil, and spices, into the stream refreshing their eyes, and giving such welcome promises of fertility and abundance. Fortunately, the present rulers of India are persevering as well as enterprising; for, in the course of a very few years, the canal again became dry, in consequence of a change in the channel of the Jumna, whose waters, flowing through another passage, no longer afforded the customary supply. The inhabitants of Delhi, with the usual Asiatic absence of foresight, had neglected the wells, which previous to the opening of the canal, had furnished them, though inadequately, with the precious element. The expense of obtaining water for domestic purposes was heavy, and to many almost ruinous; the gardens became deserts, and the failure of the rains increased the distress. The sufferings thus occasioned were not of long duration; as soon as it was practicable, the engineer officer having the charge of the canal, repaired the mischief, and a second jubilee took place, attended by similar festivals and similar thanksgivings, than which nothing could have been more gratifying to the English inhabitants of the imperial city.

The palace of the residency, within the walls of modern Delhi or Shahjehanabad, formerly belonged to Ali Merdan Khan, the nobleman beforementioned. It is a large irregular building, which has been added to, and altered to suit the taste and convenience of its successive owners, the banqueting-rooms being the work of Sir David Ochterlony; some of the older apartments are adorned with elaborate ornaments, and rich Mosaic paintings; it has a large garden at the back, laid out with the stately formality which is the usual style of Oriental pleasure-grounds, and the whole, though not particularly splendid, has a solemn and imposing air.

By strangers visiting Delhi, a presentation at the court of the fallen monarch is generally desired, though there are many Anglo-Indians who, with more than native apathy, pass through the city of the Moslem conquerors of India with as little interest in the great Moghul as they have been accustomed to take in his effigy, which is so unaccountably impressed upon a pack of cards. The imperial palace, erected by Shah Jehan, is a very noble building. The outer wall in front is sixty feet high, battlemented on the top, and adorned with small round towers; the gateways are magnificent. The whole is of red granite, surrounded by a moat, and, though only tenable against arrows and musketry, has an air of strength and grandeur. The entrance is exceedingly fine; a lofty gothic arch, in the centre of the tower, which forms the portal, leads to a splendid vestibule, and through a vaulted colonnade, to the inner court. A second gateway leads to another quadrangle, in which the *dewanee khas*, or hall of audience, is situated. The throne or pavilion of the great Moghul is of white marble, beautifully carved, inlaid with

gold, and of curious construction. The roof, which was formerly vaulted with silver, is supported on richly decorated pillars; around the cornice is the celebrated inscription, "If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this!" The throne of marble, embellished with gilded ornaments, stands in the centre of this pavilion; it rises about three feet from the floor, and is canopied by a drapery of cloth of gold, bordered with seed-pearl; there are no steps in front, the monarch entering from the rear, with his sons and favoured courtiers, and the rest of the assemblage standing round on the pavement beneath. The quadrangle, in which this singular edifice is placed, is extremely handsome, surrounded by profusely-ornamented buildings, and adorned with flowers and fountains. The king is seated, cross-legged, upon cushions, and, except upon occasions of state, does not affect great splendour of attire, being frequently entirely wrapped up in shawls, and showing only a few valuable jewels to the eager eyes of European strangers. The court is, in fact, shorn of all its grandeur, and the monarch, painfully conscious of his own degradation, can only be reconciled to the exhibition of himself, for the sake of the revenue afforded by the gold mohurs, which are offered as *nuzzurs* at every presentation.

The whole ceremonial of the reception at this once all-powerful court has dwindled away to a mere farce. Formerly, the distribution of the *khillauts*, or dresses of honour, was an affair of the greatest importance, and may, probably, still be considered so by the natives, amongst whom the dependent king yet maintains the shadow of his power. The personal rank and the degree of estimation in which the person receiving the gift is held, are decided by the number of articles and the value of the materials composing the *khillaut*: swords, with embroidered belts, the hilts and scabbards being of embossed silver, or set with precious stones, shields rimmed with silver, daggers richly ornamented, splendid turbans, shawls in pairs, cummerbunds and handkerchiefs, gold and silver muslins, Benares brocades, strings of pearls and other jewels, are comprehended in the *khillauts* given to the favourites whom native monarchs delight to honour. Sometimes, these rich gifts will consist of a hundred and one articles; seventy-five is a more common, and five the lowest number; these last are always of inferior quality: the greater the quantity the more rich the materials, so that the cost and value may be calculated by the number bestowed. The investiture of *khillauts* takes place in the king's presence, who, when desirous of paying a mark of peculiar respect, places a turban on the head of the favoured person; on other occasions, he merely touches the articles with his hand, and the rest of the ceremony is left to the officers of state. These magnificent presents are not wholly disinterested marks of sovereign beneficence: the individual who receives them is always expected to make an adequate return, and to present a *nuzzur* corresponding with his rank and the value of the kingly gift.

The *khillauts* presented at Delhi to the European visitants of the court are the merest frippery imaginable, and are said, with some appearance of truth, to be manufactured from the cast-off finery of the ladies of the *zenana*: wreaths of tinsel flowers, coarse silvered muslin, and still coarser shawls, with girldes and gewgaws of the most trumpery description, dear at the price of the few gold *mohurs* which are paid for them, are graciously bestowed upon the civil and military officers of the Company, who are required to masquerade in this barbarous finery, which is put on, or rather hung on, over their ordinary attire. An officer in full uniform, with a silver muslin tunic dangling from his shoulders, or arrayed in a robe of flowered gauze stuck with tinsel and edged with faded ribbons, a flimsy scarf fluttering from his cocked hat, or a tiara of false stones encircling the plain round beaver of a civilian, are objects continually offered to the view of spectators, who must have very rigid countenances not to betray the ridicule which they excite. The custom now would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," it having become nothing more than a very absurd piece of formality, rendered as cheap as possible, in order to suit the purses of those who wish to make their salaam to the king. On visits of state, by functionaries of rank in the service, the expenses are paid by the Government; to private individuals repairing alone to the hall of audience, the cost is four gold *mohurs*, about eight pounds, not including a *khillaut*, which is only given on particular occasions, and forms an extra expense.

The court of Delhi is still a place of considerable political intrigue; the numerous native tributaries to the British Government have always points of great importance to themselves to settle, which they endeavour to obtain by those crooked paths of diplomacy which Asiatics delight to tread; and persons attached to the residency, from the highest to the

lowest, are, directly or indirectly, assailed by stimulants supposed to be all-powerful over every part of the East. The trade of Delhi is very extensive, particularly in shawls, for which it is a grand mart; a constant intercourse is kept up between this city and Cashmere, whence the splendid fabrics so much prized all over the civilized world are brought in immense quantities—some plain, to have borders sewed upon them, others to be embroidered in silk or gold, whence they derive the name of Delhi shawls. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Delhi needle-work, which is in the highest esteem throughout Asia, and eagerly coveted by the rich of both sexes, the *caftans* of the men being often of velvet edged with rich embroidery. The goldsmiths are also celebrated beyond those of any other Indian city, and eminently merit their high reputation. It is difficult for persons, well acquainted with the *chef-d'œuvres* of European artisans, to imagine the surprising beauty of the Delhi work—the *champac* necklaces in particular, so called from the flower whose petals it resembles. They do not succeed so well in cutting and arranging precious stones, though they are improving very fast from the instructions native workmen now obtain when in the employment of English jewellers at Calcutta. There are a great many carvers of stone and ivory in Delhi, but they have not attained to anything approaching perfection in their art. A new and curious branch of Indian *bijouterie* has, however, sprung up, under the auspices of an English lady; it consists of ivory medallions, on which the principal buildings of the neighbourhood, the Kootub Minar, &c., are very delicately painted; these are set in gold, and worn as necklaces, or sent as presents by the fair portion of the European community, and, though not of much value, are both curious and ornamental.

The gratifications afforded by Delhi, as a station for Europeans, must depend entirely upon the tastes and pursuits of those to whom the chances of the service have made it a temporary abode; for, with the exception of a few persons, whose appointments may be considered to be fixed for life, a constant change is taking place in the society. The number of Europeans is not very great; and the amazing superiority in rank and station, possessed by the civilians over the military, produces a jealousy exceedingly inimical to social intercourse. A dearth of unmarried ladies is frequently a subject of complaint, and when this happens at a period in which no stranger of rank is a visitant to the imperial city, gaieties of every kind are in a state of suspension.

Whenever any great person is passing through Delhi, the residency is always a scene of festivity to those who have not excluded themselves from its hospitalities through a dread of compromising their dignity by appearing to court the ruling powers, a prejudice which is the bane of society in India, and unfortunately fostered by the folly of a few vain-glorious civilians, who, however, form a very small proportion of the whole body. In a place like Delhi, where natives of rank fancy they consult their own interest in administering to the pride and vanity of their European rulers, a pompous, ostentatious official is rendered unbearable to all save the train of parasites such personages will always have about them. The entertainments given by the Resident are usually of a very magnificent description; the gardens are illuminated by coloured lamps, and the banquets have all the abundance considered so essential to splendour by the native purveyors.

Mosulman gentlemen of rank frequently give parties to the European visitants at Delhi, in which ladies are included, and at these, the *nauch* or dancing-girls are invariably introduced: the *prima donna*, named Alina, is a very celebrated *artiste*, outscreeching all her contemporaries, and keeping possession of the floor when vainly-aspiring rivals are desired to sit down. Sometimes five or six sets of these inharmonious vocalists appear together, all singing at the same time, after the fashion of a Dutch chorus, the natives not having an idea of making their voices accord with each other. The dancing, though not equally barbarous, is exceedingly tiresome, when, as in the presence of ladies, it is circumscribed within the bounds of propriety; but there are some European gentlemen who acquire the native taste for an exhibition which, when addressed to male eyes alone, is said to be not particularly decorous.

The horror with which even those Asiatics who adopt foreign fashions in equipages and household furniture regard the manners and customs of the Europeans brought in close contact with them, is sometimes openly displayed by urgent remonstrances to those for whom they have contracted a friendship; but this is nothing compared to the expression of their disgust in private. In Delhi, the opinions entertained upon the subject are widely, though secretly, circulated through the medium of the native *ukhbars*, scandalous chronicles, very

much resembling a few of our English newspapers, except that they are in manuscript: the language is Persian, and the editors do not scruple to write at full length the names of those who are the subjects of the most atrocious libels. It is not very easy for a European to procure a sight of the animadversions passed upon the conduct of himself or his friends; some artifice is requisite to obtain samples of the method employed to amuse the reading portion of the native community at the expense of persons differing so widely in the habits of their public and private life. As the writers are not very scrupulous in the language they use, there is not a little difficulty in making an extract, which will display the spirit of their comments, without shocking the eye by coarseness of expression. The following description of a European entertainment will convey some idea of the estimation in which such promiscuous meetings are held.

"The gentlemen of exalted dignity had a great feast last night, to which all the military chiefs and lieutenants were invited. There was a little hog on the table, before Mr. —, who cut it in small pieces, and sent some to each of the party; even the women ate of it. In their language, a pig is called *ham*. Having stuffed themselves with the unclean food, and many sorts of flesh, taking plenty of wine, they made for some time a great noise, which doubtless arose from drunkenness. They all stood up two or four times, crying 'hip! hip!' and roared before they drank more wine. After dinner, they danced in their licentious manner, pulling about each other's wives." Here follows a bit of personal scandal: "Captain —, who is staying with Mr. —, went away with the latter's lady (arm-in-arm), the palanquins following behind, and they proceeded by themselves into the bungalow: the wittol remained at table, guzzling red wine." The uncourteous, ungracious manner, which too many Englishmen assume towards the natives, is touched off with truth and with spirit in the following paragraph: "The Government has manifested singular want of sense in appointing Mr. — to be — at —. The man is a capacious blockhead, and very hot-tempered; he can do no business himself, yet he has the extreme folly to be angry when abler persons wish to do it for him. When the most respectable Hindoostanee gentlemen waited upon him yesterday, he just stood up, half-dressed, when they salaamed, and said, 'well, what do you want?' And when they answered, 'only to pay our respects,' he growled out '*jow* (go)." This sort of rudeness is, indeed, but too common, and seems to excite the native ire as much as dancing, wipe-bibbing, and eating the flesh of pigs. Even the highest person in the state is not exempt from the lampoons of these purveyors of scandal, as the following extract will attest: "The European king and his viziers, having heard that the Governor-general is a fool, exceedingly slack in managing affairs, he is to be recalled, and a clever lord sent out to save Bengal."

Native opinion is held in great scorn, and set at defiance by the European residents of India, who, with the solitary exception of a few, refusing to eat pork, out of deference to the prevailing prejudice, indulge themselves in everything that appears to be most hateful to the surrounding multitude. But the excesses of which they are guilty would be excused or overlooked, were they more anxious to make themselves popular by affability and kindness of demeanour. In India, public admiration is not an evanescent feeling, or liable to the mutations which attend it in Europe. The people of Hindostan have no caprice in their affections, nor do they forget the benefits they have received. Instances have been known at Delhi of natives flocking to condole with a resident on his disgrace by the British Government, notwithstanding their hopes and expectations from his favour were at an end. And yet many persons, who have never for a single instant endeavoured to conciliate the people over whom they have been placed in authority, with power to render them happy, by accepting their services or courtesies with corresponding kindness, are loud in their invectives against native insincerity and ingratitude. It is precisely those, whose pride and insolence have rendered them objects of dislike, who thus animadvert upon the character of the people of Hindostan.

Delhi is considered to be one of the hottest places in India, owing probably to the arid nature of the country all around it, the immense quantity of buildings, which become so many reflectors, and the exceeding fury of the fiery *simoom*, which blows until ten o'clock at night, and sometimes does not subside during the twenty-four hours. This kind of weather lasts four months, and European residents must content themselves with in-door amusements for the whole period of its duration.

The rains and the cold season are both very agreeable; but there is one plague from which the city and its environs never are exempt,—that of flies,—which come in armies similar to

those which invaded Egypt in the time of Pharaoh. In addition to the usual number of *chicks*, the blinds with which the doors and windows of English houses are furnished, the outer verandahs are carefully closed in with this pretty and useful manufacture of split bamboo, to secure the interiors from the hosts of winged enemies which would otherwise pervade the whole atmosphere. Persons living in tents, in the cold weather, are almost driven mad by the torments inflicted by these disgusting assailants. The natives wrap themselves up in a cloth, and lie down, preferring the chances of suffocation, as the lesser evil of the two; but the European must either submit to the constant attendance of a domestic, with a *chourie*, to beat them off, or arm himself with patience to endure.

These, however, and other inflictions of the climate, are amply compensated by the endless gratification afforded to intellectual minds by the number of interesting objects which greet the spectator on every side. A life might be spent in rambling over the ruins of old Delhi, and subjects for contemplation still remain. Next to the palace, the most striking building of Shahjehanabad is the *Jumma Musjid*, a magnificent mosque, erected on the summit of a rock of considerable height, ascended by three fine flights of steps. Three handsome gateways lead into a quadrangle of the noblest dimensions, paved with granite, inlaid with marble, and surrounded on three sides by an open cloister. Along this splendid area, which has a marble tank or reservoir of water in the centre, the visitor is conducted to another flight of steps, the ascent to the mosque, a superb hall, flanked with minarets, and entered by three lofty gothic arches crowned with marble domes. From the interstices of the piazza of this fine square, very picturesque views are obtained; it has not the delicacy of finish of the pearl mosque at Agra, but its proportions are much finer, and its situation, upon so commanding an eminence, gives it a great advantage over other celebrated Moghul temples. The *Jumma Musjid* was the work of Aurungzebe, who, like many other usurpers, endeavoured to gain a reputation for piety; and the better to impose upon a credulous multitude, who might have attributed his desire to gain the throne, by the imprisonment of his father and the murder of his brothers, to ambitious motives, clothed himself in the rags of a *faqeer*, and in this humble guise sought the shrine of the *Jumma Musjid*, to pray for the success of his rebellious army. This mosque is kept in good repair by a grant of the English Government; it is much frequented by the faithful, of whom many hundreds may be seen, at a time, prostrate on the pavement. It is also the resort of numerous beggars, and the poorer classes of travellers, who find all the shelter which the climate renders necessary in the nooks and recesses of the building.

There are other mosques which, from their antiquity or the historical circumstances connected with them, excite a good deal of curiosity; and the new suburb, called, after its projector, *Trevelyanpore*, under the village of Paharee, built to supply habitations for the increasing population of the city, is sufficiently interesting to attract a visit from strangers. The plan has been much approved for its elegant simplicity, though of course there are divers opinions concerning it. The centre, a large quadrangle, called Bentinck Square, is entered by four streets, opening from the middle of each side, and not at the angles, according to the usual European custom. The whole extent of the streets, which are ninety feet in width, and the *façade* of the square, present an unbroken front of Doric columns, supporting a piazza behind, in which are commodious shops and dwelling-houses, ranged with great regularity. The four triangular spaces at the back, formed by the arms of the cross, are intended for stable and court-yards for the cattle and bullock-carts belonging to the inhabitants. In the event of Trevelyanpore becoming a place of native resort, a plan for increasing its extent has been laid down, and a native gentleman of great wealth is constructing a magnificent gateway, of corresponding architecture, fronting the Lahore gate of Delhi, which will lead to a circus, the centre of which is to be adorned with a cenotaph to the memory of a young British officer, a friend of Mr. Trevelyan, the founder of this new quarter, which has not yet, however, been much sought after as a residence by the native population.

The grand object of attraction, in the neighbourhood of Shahjehanabad, is the *Kootab Minar*, a magnificent tower, two hundred and forty-two feet in height, which rises in the midst of the ruins of old Delhi, at the distance of nine miles south of the modern city. It is not known by whom or for what purpose this splendid monument was erected; and conjecture, weary of a hopeless task, is now content to permit its origin to remain in obscurity. According to the general supposition, it was erected in the thirteenth century; but this is not certain, nor can it be ascertained whether the founder was

Moslem or Hindoo, though the majority of opinions inclines to the latter. The great architectural beauty of this wonderful building, the height of the column, supposed to exceed that of any other in the world, its amazing strength, the richness of the materials, and the magnificence and variety of its embellishments, combine to render it the surpassing wonder of a land abounding in buildings of the highest degree of splendour and interest. The extraordinary elegance and grandeur of this remarkable tower have preserved it from the ruin with which it has been lately threatened; the Government, anxious to preserve so valuable a relic of Indian antiquity, directed its restoration and repair,—a difficult and somewhat hazardous work, which has been admirably performed by Major Smith, of the engineers. From the summit, which is ascended by a spiral staircase, the view is of the most sublime description; a desert, covered with ruins full of awful beauty, surrounds it on all sides, watered by the snake-like Jumna, which winds its huge silvery folds along the crumbling remains of palaces and tombs. In the back-ground rises the dark lofty walls and frowning towers of an ancient fortress, the stronghold of the Pytuan chiefs; and the eye, wandering over the stupendous and still beautiful fragments of former grandeur, rests at last upon the white and glittering mosques and minarets of the modern city, closing in the distance, and finely contrasting, by its luxuriant groves and richly flowering gardens, with the loneliness and desolation of the scene beneath. The tomb of the emperor Humayoon, the father of Achar, a monarch pre-eminent in misfortune, but of whom some fine chivalric tales are told, stands at a short distance from the Kootab Minar; there are other mausoleums also of great beauty and splendour, amid which that of Sufter Jung, a fortunate military adventurer, is worthy of mention.

Another place of great interest in the neighbourhood is a gigantic astronomical observatory, supposed to be the work of Jey Sing, a Hindoo rajah, who flourished in the seventeenth century. The dial is still in good repair, a stupendous work, of which the gnomon, of solid masonry, is sixty feet high. It is not possible to convey any idea by description of these enormous instruments; but persons desirous to make themselves acquainted with them have only to consult the splendid and accurate views taken by Mr. Daniell.

The Pytuan fortress, which forms so conspicuous an object from every terrace in the neighbourhood, constitutes another of the lions of old Delhi; the lapse of seven hundred years has done little towards the reduction of the solid walls and massive towers of this fine old place, which is now chiefly celebrated for its tank or *boulee*, embosomed within high picturesque buildings, which rise from twenty to sixty feet above the surface of the water,—a place of delightful coolness in the hot season, the sun not shining upon it for more than three hours a day. It is deep as well as dark, and in the cold weather immersion cannot be very agreeable; yet the idle parties of young men who frequent the spot, take perhaps greater delight in the exploits of a few poor creatures, who pick up a precarious subsistence by plunging into the flashing waters, than in more legitimate objects of interest. Some of these will venture, for the sake of a rupee, from a very perilous height, springing from the dome of a neighbouring mosque down to the abyss below, sixty or seventy feet, and disappearing frightfully, the waters resuming their tranquillity before these desperate adventurers can rise again to the surface. Of course, amongst Europeans, there will always be persons sufficiently inhuman to encourage these barbarous feats; the few intellectual pilgrims, who wander amidst the wrecks of bygone splendour, must make up their minds to endure sights and scenes of the most incongruous nature:—pic-nic parties bivouacking in the tombs, and being entertained at their repasts by the performance of a set of *nautch* girls; young men amusing themselves with a game of quoits; and groups of flirting unimaginative women, speculating on the probabilities of getting up a quadrille.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HURDWAR AND JUGGURNAUT.

THESE celebrated places of Hindoo pilgrimage are, at peculiar periods of the year, highly attractive to European visitors, more particularly Hurdwar, which lies almost in the route of those who are travelling to or from the Himalaya; and which possesses, in addition to its other claims to notice, picturesque

beauties which can scarcely be surpassed. It is at this hallowed spot that the sacred river, emerging from its mountain birthplace, enters upon the wide plains of Hindostan, a clear, beautiful, but rather shallow stream, and, though somewhat rapid, affording, at the period of the annual fair, no indications of the fury and velocity with which, during the rains, it pursues its headlong course until it meets the sea.

The town of Hurdwar, which is distinguished by a handsome range of buildings, backing an esplanade which runs along the bank of the river, occupies ground only partially cleared from the neighbouring forest. The deep and dense woods of the terrae sweep down to the western suburb, uniting their verdant avenues to the arched gateways and pillared colonnades of the streets. The pass, or gorge, leading to the valley of the Dhoon, presents landscapes of almost incomparable beauty, while the splendid piles of mountains, rising in the back-ground, give a wild sublimity to the scene, which can scarcely fail to inspire with enthusiastic delight every breast not entirely indifferent to nature's wonders. We know not whether the fine bursts of scenery, which greet the eye at every point, have any part in the attachment manifested by the pilgrims to Hurdwar; the natives in general, and more particularly the lower classes, are singularly deficient in their perceptions of inanimate beauty; indeed, it is doubtful whether they are much attracted by loveliness in any form, or whether they do not, either in their wisdom, or their want of relish for the poetry of life, always prefer the *utilis* to the *dulcis*. A tree to them is chiefly, if not entirely, valuable for its shade; a stream is associated solely with the pleasure of quenching the thirst, and cooling the parched brow; and if a wife be docile, and fully equal to her household duties, it matters little what her claims to beauty may be. Yet, though more than ordinarily free from poetical influences, some portion of the rapturous delight with which the Hindoo devotees hail the first sight of the Ganges, as it issues forth from the Alpine solitudes beyond Hurdwar, must be attributed to the enchantment produced upon the eye by the loveliness of the combinations of hill, and wood, and gushing river. Shouts of "*Mahadeo Bol!*" of "*Bol! Bol!*" and "*Ram! Ram!*" rends the skies, as the worshippers of the sacred waters approach the place of their pilgrimage. The road is covered for miles with travelling parties; rich, poor, of both sexes and all ages, crowd to this oriental carnival, and there is scarcely any part of Asia which does not send forth a deputation; the commercial speculations and traffic, incidental to the fair, being quite as attractive to the worldly-minded, as purification to the devotee.

In former times, the meeting of so vast a multitude was productive of many hostile collisions. The rage of different sects was excited against each other, and quarrels were followed up by blows and bloodshed. The accounts given by the few European spectators who, before the occupation of the country by the British Government, chanced to visit the strange and wondrous scene, were absolutely terrific. At that time, holy mendicants, and men who could command bands of armed retainers, tyrannized over less fortunate persons; while professional robbers openly pursued their calling, plundering with impunity those who were unable to defend themselves. Affairs now wear a much more peaceable aspect, and the order and tranquillity which prevails reflects the greatest credit upon the civil and military authorities, upon whom the task of maintaining harmony amidst such jarring materials devolves.

All weapons brought by the visitors are delivered up to the care of *chuprassies* appointed by the judge or magistrate to receive them; a ticket is given to the owner, which, upon presenting on his return home, enables him to receive his property again. An island in the centre of the river is garrisoned for the period of the fair by several hundred men, belonging to the Sirmoor battalion of hill rangers, whose usual quarters are at Deyrah Doon. These men are employed to keep the peace, and they have hitherto succeeded most wonderfully.

The town of Hurdwar does not afford accommodation for a tenth part of the numbers who crowd to its ghauts; but Asiatics are independent of lodging-rooms; the rich carry their canvass dwellings along with them, and the poor are contented with the shelter of a tree. The country round about is formed into one vast camp, in which Arabs, Cingalese, Persians, Tartars, mingle with Seiks, people from Cutch, Guzerat, Nepaul, and all other provinces of India; while, a little removed from the din and clamour of this Babel-like assemblage, are to be seen the tents of European visitants, ladies, who venture fearlessly into the hubbub, sitting as much at their ease as the dust, the myriads of flies, and the intolerable clamour, will admit.

To give some idea of the valuable nature of the articles

brought to Hurdwar for sale, it may be interesting to state, that a necklace consisting of a row of alternate diamonds and emeralds was valued at five thousand pounds; for another composed of splendid pearls, a fifth part of that sum was demanded; and those of wrought gold were from thirty to fifty pounds each. All sorts of brazen vessels are exposed for sale, and a great variety of idols of the same metal, which previous to being consecrated, may be purchased by the pound. After the Brahmins have shed the odour of sanctity upon them they increase prodigiously in price; persons, therefore, who only buy out of curiosity, should content themselves with the least valuable article. Inferior trinkets, in the shape of beads, necklaces, bangles, armlets, and anklets of silver or of baser metal abound, together with real and mock coral, tinsel, and glass. There are mouth-pieces for pipes, of lapis lazuli, agate, cornelian, and different kinds of marbles, and toys in ivory, stone, and mother-o'-pearl. Rosaries and Brahminal cords in great abundance, with preserved skins of wild animals, and stuffed birds. Truffles are brought from the countries north of the Sutledge. The sherbets are the finest in the world, but the manufacture and the consumption of sweetmeats almost exceed belief. Every fourth shop at Hurdwar is a confectioner's, and the process of baking goes on at all hours of the day and night.

The fairs of India differ in many particulars from those of Europe; though jugglers and tumblers are to be found, together with snake-charmers, and others who procure their subsistence by the exhibition of sleight-of-hand or tricks of cunning, there are, properly speaking, none of the shows which attract so much attention at home. The articles intended for sale are arranged with more regard to convenience than taste, either strewn promiscuously upon the ground, or hidden in the tents; the various wild animals, which for a part of the merchant's speculations, are openly exposed to public view, and, though gazed at with wonder and amazement by strangers from distant lands, are not rendered more profitable by being exhibited for money. The passion for sight-seeing may be equally strong in India as in England, but it is chiefly confined to the pageants displayed at festivals, and as yet curiosity has not been much excited by the wonders of nature. The cattle-department, at the fair of Hurdwar, is the most attractive, both to Europeans and natives, being considered the best in India; horses are brought from Kattiawar, Cutch, the countries north of the Sutledge river, Persia, and the shores of the Red Sea, perfect in blood and bone, proud in their bearing, swift as the wind, and suited to warriors and cavaliers: these fine animals are contrasted with a race less showy, but equally useful, the small compact and sturdy breeds of Cashmere and Cabul, and the mountain ghoats, of which M. Jacquemont has lately made such honourable mention. Elephants also rear their gigantic forms in the encamping-grounds of the dealers. Like the horse, they are distinguished by their good points: the tusks should be perfect, and they are greatly esteemed when the tail is of the orthodox dimensions, and furnished with a flat tuft of hair at its extremity.

The difference of appearance betwixt an elephant destined for the pad, or as the caparisoned bearer of princes and nobles, is very great, but will bear no comparison with that which is displayed in the camel. At Hurdwar, every description of this animal may be seen, from the uncomfortable-looking, dejected beast of burthen, to the thorough-bred *hircarrah*, which can maintain its speed during a hundred miles without pause or rest: a winged messenger, which none but the best trained and hardiest of riders can venture to mount. For a very long period, the camel and the dromedary were supposed to be distinct animals, but modern naturalists have decided that there is in reality no difference between them, the single and double-humped being merely a variety, and the fleetness and intelligence of both depending upon early education. Buffaloes, cows, and sheep, are likewise exhibited for sale, the list of domestic animals closing with dogs and cats, the beautiful races of Persia, so much sought after in India, making their appearance by the side of some huge elephant. Monkeys, which may be said to occupy a sort of debateable ground between the wild beasts of the field and the quadrupeds which man has enlisted into his service, are brought in great numbers to Hurdwar: bears, leopards, and cheetas are likewise numerous, and deer of every kind, from the stately nyghau, to that diminutive species which can be so rarely preserved in a state of captivity, even in India, are purchaseable: the yak is also sometimes to be found at Hurdwar, though the advance of the season renders their appearance rare, since they are unable to bear the heat of the plains. The most valuable articles of commerce procurable at this fair, are the gems and

precious stones of all descriptions which lapidaries bring from every part of Asia; the shawls and cloths from Cashmere and Thibet rank next; the same dealer may also have a stock of English woollens upon hand; and perfumery and *bijouterie* of every kind from London and Paris find their way to this remote market.

In former remarks upon the subject of the extraordinary low prices at which European goods are sold by native dealers, and the consequent losses sustained by speculations made at a venture, I have mentioned the heterogeneous mixture of articles in the possession of Indian venders, and their extreme ignorance of the intrinsic value of each. Many of the investments sent to India, are utterly useless to the great bulk of the population; and so little have the climate, habits, and wants of the people been studied by European traders, that cargoes of Irish butter have been despatched to Calcutta, and, as a matter of course, nothing but the casks remained at the end of the voyage, the contents having exuded at every crack. It was at one time thought by the worthies of Glasgow, that the natives of India would gladly exchange their muslin turbans for a covering of felt; and accordingly a ship was freighted with round hats, articles only prized by the *topee wallahs* (hat fellows), the term commonly used to designate Europeans.

I do not know whether the information upon this important subject, communicated in the Madras and Calcutta papers, has travelled to England, but in speaking of the commodities which are to be met with at Hurdwar, it will not be out of place to mention those which would be most likely to find purchasers at fair prices. In the cutlery department, there should be scissors, penknives, and razors; next, common padlocks and cheap locks of every description. Red and blue broadcloth, and serge, with woollen caps, such as sailors wear, sell well. In cotton and silk, care should be taken to select articles which would make up readily into turbans and *sarees*; the former should be white, scarlet, or crimson, plain or flowered, twenty yards long by twelve inches; cloths for the duputtee six yards long and one and a-half broad, plain, or white, or those with coloured borders, which are much in request; also chintzes of gaudy patterns, which, as the fashions in India are unchangeable, would secure a constant sale. Stationary is in considerable demand, but it should consist of very cheap paper, both foolscap and post, French and Italian, it is said, answering best, in consequence of the low price at which they are manufactured; quills, red wafers, and black-lead pencils, complete the list in this department. The catalogue of English books is rather amusing; in addition to school dictionaries, (that of Mylius, and that by Fulton and Knight, being recommended); Murray's grammar, spelling-book and English reader: the list contains an abridgment of the *Spectator*, *Arabian Nights*, *Chesterfield's Letters*, and whole or abridged; English Dialogues, the *Young Man's Best Companion*, and the *Universal Letter Writer*. These are eagerly sought after, but as yet, as far as regards the generality of Indian students, the remaining portion of English literature has been written in vain, and will not find native purchasers beyond the presidencies.

Watches of silver or yellow metal, costing from thirty shillings to five pounds, are greatly in demand; also good spectacles, in cheap mountings of silver or metal, plated ware not finding a ready sale in India; small mirrors in plain frames, and lanterns of a common sort, fitted up with lamps for oil. Patterns of hard-ware manufactory should be procured from India, for the natives will not eat or drink out of new-fangled utensils, however convenient they may be: plates, dishes, basins, and bowls, of iron, copper, and tin, should be fashioned after a peculiar manner, as also the *lota*, or jug, from which if an unpractised European were to attempt to drink, he would inevitably spill every drop of the liquor. In medicine, there is an incessant demand for the following articles: bark-powder and quinine, jalap and cream of tartar, essence of peppermint, brandy disguised as a medicine, eau de Cologne, lavender-water, and strong sweet water, such as eau de mille fleurs. This list will appear very scanty, but the gentleman who furnished it assures us that it will not be expedient to add anything to it for the purpose of supplying the wants of the interior: he caused it to be examined and corrected by several opulent and respectable natives, who were well acquainted with the actual state of the country, and with what would be most likely to sell amidst the great mass of the people; many of the most respectable classes being poor, and content with the commonest conveniences of life.

The anxiety to promote the interests of commerce, will excuse the insertion of the concluding paragraph of this inter-

esting article upon the subject of India trade:* "One point, however, must not be forgotten; most invoices are sold at Madras, where the prices maintained are very moderate. They seldom reach the interior, where a better price would be easily found, and when carried up the country by hawkers and petty dealers, the price becomes exorbitant. To obviate these inconveniences, the exporter should provide cases containing small miscellaneous invoices, *made up in England*, and these should be landed at various parts of the coast, so as to be conveyed straight to the best markets; as, for instance, Tanjore, Madura, Trichinopoly, Nagpore, Seringapatam, or Hyderabad. At these places and many more (the names of which will be gradually ascertained by the merchant), a ready-money price will be immediately obtained; the cost of inland carriage will not average more than two per cent. on the prime cost, while the profits will be from one hundred to three hundred per cent."

The English visitors at Hurdwar are made to smile at the base uses to which the refinements of European luxury are degraded; nothing appears to be employed for the precise purpose for which it was originally intended; table-covers of woollen with printed borders, black and crimson, or yellow and blue, figure upon the shoulders of the poorer classes, who have purchased them for next to nothing, tables being at present unknown in the houses of the natives, while prints are offered for sale upside down, and hung up in the same manner when purchased. A taste for the fine arts is still a desideratum in India, and from personal experience of the difficulty of explaining the most obvious pictorial subject to an uneducated native, the probability of conveying instruction through the medium of paintings seems very questionable.

There is of course nothing like neatness or order in the arrangement of the stalls of the merchants at Hurdwar. Each strives to make the merits of his commodities known by clamorous commendations. It is necessary to be a good judge of every article to avoid being taken in, and to be tolerably expert at driving a bargain: the venders demanding exorbitant sums, which they lower gradually when convinced that they have no chance of succeeding in obtaining more than a tenth part. The art of selling a horse is well understood in India, and persons ought to be well acquainted with the secrets of the trade to deal with such experienced jockeys. The dexterity with which they show off the animal's accomplishments, and the extraordinary degree of training and doctoring which they undergo, deceive the inexperienced and the presumptuous youths, who fancy that they may credit the evidence of their senses. An incorrigibly vicious beast, which nothing but a native of the Pampas could ride, is drugged with opium until he appears to be of lamb-like gentleness; while stimulants are administered to the weak and sluggish, which gives them a temporary show of vigour and activity. Some of the finest Arabs bear very high prices; the principal merchant, during the writer's residence in India, asked £800 for a beautiful milk-white charger, and could not be induced to take a smaller sum: the price of a good camel is £8, but the sums given for elephants vary as much as those at which horses are sold.

The waters of the Ganges are supposed to derive additional sanctity at the expiration of every twelfth year, and the concourse of pilgrims is much greater upon these anniversaries. The astronomers in attendance calculate the precise moment in which ablution is supposed to be particularly beneficial, and, at the sounding of the Brahminical shell, the anxious crowds precipitate themselves into the water. In consequence of the narrowness of the principal ghaut, this simultaneous rush was formerly attended with great danger, and frequently with loss of life. A dreadful concussion, in which numbers perished, determined the British Government to remedy the evil; a more commodious passage to the river was constructed, and the returning pilgrims, when they saw the preparations made to secure their safety, mingled shouts and blessings upon their human benefactors, with their acclamations to Mahadeva. The liveliness with which the Hindoos express their gratitude, and their quick sensibility to kindness and attention to their convenience and comfort, seem incompatible with the apathetic temperament manifested upon many occasions. The prejudices of caste, and the influence of predestinarianism, which render them indifferent to suffering, are the causes of this inconsistency, and, so great is their effect, that it is difficult to imagine that one and the same person could display such contrary feelings,—so much coldness, and torpor at one period, and so much emotion and vivacity at another. At Hurdwar all the en-

* First published at Madras and copied into the Calcutta newspapers.

thusiastic elements of the native character are called into action; the pilgrims and merchants are lively and energetic beyond the sober conceptions of the English spectators, who look on half-stupified by the clamour, and all astonishment at the power of the human lungs exhibited in a manner almost exceeding belief. The noises incidental to a crowded Indian assemblage have been too often described to need repetition; but they are so supereminently astounding at Hurdwar, that no account of the ordinary din and dissonance can afford the faintest notion of the uproar which prevails. The ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the loud huzzas of European multitudes, however deafening, are nothing to the wild and continuous discord which assails the ear at this meeting. The bawling and drumming of the *fakirs* never appear to cease during a single instant; then, in addition to the most horrid blasts the direst trumpet ever blew, we have the Brahminical shell, the *nobut*, the *dhole*, and the *gong*. The animals, terrified by the confusion around them, neigh, bellow, grunt, and roar, with more than usual vehemence, and this tumult continues, night and day, without the slightest interval of peace. The instant that the voice of a *jogee* or other devotee fails, he applies himself to his bell, ringing with astounding clamour until the lungs can come into play again.

The only ceremonial used by the bathers is that of ablution, which consists merely in dipping in the Ganges, and in paying the tribute, collected carefully by the attendant Brahmins. Those who are desirous of securing a large share of the good things of this and of the next world, are proportionably liberal to the religious mendicants, who form the most conspicuous figures in the scene. The more dreadfully degraded from the dignity of men, the more filthy, squalid, and indecent in their appearance, the higher is the veneration with which these *fakirs* are regarded. Though sufficiently numerous in other places, they repair in troops to Hurdwar, occupying the verandahs, galleries, and roofs of the principal buildings, and stages of bamboo erected for their accommodation in the centre of the stream, superintending the devotions of the bathers, which are however, generally speaking, confined to manifestations of joy at having obtained the end and object of a long and toilsome pilgrimage. The latest accounts from India state that the fair at Hurdwar is upon the decline, and that many of the Brahmins, who were formerly attached to its temples, have taken service under Europeans. By some, this falling off in religious enthusiasm is attributed to the conviction (mainly produced by the subjection of Bhurtpore), that it is impossible to withstand the power of the Christians, who will sooner or later induce all India to conform to their creed, and this idea has doubtless considerable weight with a superstitious people. But, however, in remarking upon the lukewarmness observable, all over Hindostan, towards festivals formerly exciting the highest degree of reverential regard, the labours of the missionaries must not be wholly overlooked and forgotten.

Since the period in which the English first obtained a footing in India, the efforts of these zealous disciples have been unremitting; they are always to be found in large and promiscuous assemblies, standing at the ghauts, or sitting in the porches of the temples, distributing tracts to the passers-by, and expounding the Scriptures to such as will listen to them. Not discouraged by their apparent want of success they have continued to exercise the duties of their calling with untiring activity, and we should do great injustice to the intellectual powers of many of the classes of the natives, if we did not suppose that the perusal of such portions of the Holy Writings as have been placed for the purpose in their hands, has not had the effect of disturbing their belief in the monstrous fallacies of the Hindoo religion. Captain Skinner assures us that the Sikhs, in particular, evinced the greatest anxiety to possess themselves of the tracts offered to them by a missionary at the fair of Hurdwar. "I stood," observes the above-mentioned authority, "near the spot where he was sitting, without, I believe, being perceived by him, and was astonished at the attention which they all paid to the few words which he was able to address to them. A middle-aged man, with several of his family about him, came up to me with his book, and repeated the words the '*Padre Sahib*' had spoken to him on presenting it, and, as if really anxious to have them corroborated, asked with much earnestness if it were true—'*Sach bat?*' I assured him it all was—'*Then,*' said he, '*I will read the book to my family when I get home.*'"

The new *ghaut* is exceedingly wide and handsome, not less than a hundred feet in breadth, and descending by a fine flight of about sixty steps into the water; it is covered at every hour of the day with multitudes of bathers, ascending and descending, and uttering *Wah! wah!* as they contrast the present facilities with the former difficulties of the approach.

The annual fair at Hurdwar affords abundant opportunities for the exercise of dacoity; it is here that the highest dexterity in the art of thieving is displayed. It is said, that like the vampire-bat, which lulls its victim to sleep by gently fanning him with its wings while it sucks the vital current from his veins, these accomplished marauders employ some soothing art which deepens the repose of the slumberer, while they possess themselves of every article belonging to him, even to the very sheet on which he may be lying; stripped to the skin, and their bodies rubbed with oil, no snake can be more smooth and supple, or more quiet in its movements. They will glide into a tent in spite of the utmost watchfulness of the sentinel appointed to guard it; and so impossible is it to prevent the entrance of such intruders, that the only method to preserve the property is to keep it all upon the outside, under charge of the sentry, who must neither slumber upon his post nor stir for a single instant from the spot.

At all periods of the year, the *ghauts* at Hurdwar are frequented by pilgrims; but they are few in number compared to the tide which rushes down the mountain gorge and along the lower plains at the anniversary of the fair.

This concourse is often very considerably increased by the visits of persons having little save curiosity for their object. At one anniversary the Begum Sumroo was present with the attendance of a thousand horse, and fifteen hundred infantry. Mahomedan princes frequently come in great force, and the European spectators, sometimes amount to three hundred. Upon such occasions the encampments of the visitors are usually fixed at some distance in the neighbourhood, the town and immediate environs of Hurdwar affording scanty accommodation for the pilgrims. Kunkul, where there is a large open plain, which is situated at only two miles distance, is more convenient, and the greater proportion of Europeans pitch their tents at that place. Hindoo ladies of high rank, when desiring to bathe in the Ganges at Hurdwar, are conveyed into the river in large covered litters, which completely conceal them from the gaze of the multitude. The advantages obtained by the pilgrims are supposed to be in proportion to the number of immersions; but as every plunge into the water must be accompanied by a donation to the priests in attendance, it is only the rich who can obtain any material benefit from these ablutions.

Very different from Hurdwar is the aspect of Juggernaut. This celebrated temple is erected upon the sea-coast of Orissa, in the district of Cuttack, the first Indian land which the passengers of a ship sailing direct from England to Calcutta espy. The dark and frowning pagoda, rising abruptly from a ridge of sand, forms a conspicuous object from the sea, its huge and shapeless mass not unlike some ill-proportioned giant, affording a gloomy type of the hideous superstitions of the land. While gazing on this mighty Moloch, the mind is impressed with a strange awe, the bright and golden sunshine above, and the waving foliage below, only serve to deepen its horrors; it looks like a foul blot upon the fair face of nature, a frightful monument of man's success in marring the designs of his Creator. At Hurdwar, it is not only very possible to sympathize in the feelings of the multitudes, whose adoration is called forth by the bright river, one of the greatest blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon the burning soil, but to go even farther, and lift up our thoughts, amidst the most beautiful scenes of nature, unto nature's God. At Juggernaut, there is nothing save unalloyed horror. Frightful idols enclosed in an equally frightful shrine, and seen when viewed from the land to be surrounded by a waste of sand hills; revolt the mind, and give to superstition its most disgusting aspect; and the disagreeable impression, which a distant prospect excites, is increased upon a nearer approach to a scene associated with all that is most fearful and disgusting in religious error. Every known rule of architecture being set at defiance, it would be difficult, without the aid of the pencil, to convey any idea of the half-tower, half-pyramidal style of the great pagoda; it is built of a coarse red granite brought from the southern parts of Cuttack, and covered with a rough coating of *chunam*. The tower containing the idols, which is 200 feet high, and serves as a land-mark to the mariner, stands in the centre of a quadrangle, enclosed by a high stone wall, extending 650 feet on each side, and surrounded by minor edifices of nondescript shapes.

The magnitude of these buildings forms their sole claim to admiration; they are profusely decorated with sculpture, but so rudely carved as to afford no pleasure to the eye, the only object worthy of praise being a pillar of black stone, beautifully proportioned and finely designed, which has been brought from the black pagoda in the neighbourhood, and placed in front of the principal entrance. The outer gateway and the great

portal of the temple are ascended by broad flights of steps, and the interior is described as being very curious and well worthy of inspection, a sight which, however, is very rarely enjoyed by Europeans. The Brahmins in attendance take care to exclude all profane footsteps; but it is said, upon the authority of Major Archer, that a young officer of a native corps, a peculiar favourite with the sepoys under his command, was at one time smuggled into the sanctuary by the connivance of the soldiers, who dyed his skin of the proper hue, dressed him in full costume, and painting the peculiar marks of their caste upon his forehead and nose, crowded round him upon all sides, and, thus secured from detection, brought him into the very presence of the idol. A distant view, notwithstanding the zeal of his conductors, was all that he obtained; and either there not being a great deal to attract his attention, or a sense of danger prevented him from feeling sufficiently at his ease to make many observations, the information acquired from his account was very scanty; he told his friends that he saw nothing but large courts and apartments for the priests.

The festival of the *Rath Jatra* takes place every year; but, as at Hurdwar, it increases in sanctity at peculiar periods, every third, sixth, and twelfth anniversary, the latter more particularly, being considered of greater importance than those that intervene. The concourse of pilgrims is still exceedingly large, and numbers, as in former times, never return, leaving their bodies to fester on the neighbouring sands, victims to a horrible superstition, though not, as heretofore, sacrificed under the suicidal wheels of the cruel idol's car. Such immolations are becoming very unfrequent; but fatigue, hardship, want of food, and the various diseases brought on by exposure to the pestilential atmosphere of the rains, make fearful havoc among the miserable wretches who hasten onwards to the holy precincts of the temple, in the hope of obtaining a panacea for all their woes.

A favourite method of approach to Juggernaut, by those who have either great offences to expiate, or who are desirous of obtaining a more than ordinary portion of beatitude, is to measure the length the whole way from some extraordinary distance. The pilgrim lies down, marks the spot which the extremity of his hands have touched, and rising rests his feet upon the spot, and, again prostrating himself, repeats the same process. Five years are sometimes consumed in this manner, and, as the penance may be performed by proxy, it is often volunteered for a certain sum of money, the wages being most scrupulously earned by the person who undertakes the duty. In no part of the world is gold so all-powerful as in India; upon the morning of an intended execution, a stranger appeared in the place of the criminal, and declaring that he had for a certain consideration agreed to suffer for the person who had made the bargain, seemed quite astonished to find any hesitation on the part of the authorities to execute the sentence, remonstrating with them upon the folly of their scruples, since he was ready and willing to perform his part. Fortunately for him, he had not to deal with his own countrymen, who, provided that somebody died, would have cared very little whether it was the offender or his substitute.*

The great temple of Juggernaut was erected in the twelfth century, under the auspices of the chief minister of the rajah of the district. The idols have nothing to distinguish them save their size and their deformity; the principal one, Krishna, is intended as a mystic representation of the supreme power,—for the Hindoos are unanimous in declaring that they worship only one god, and that the images, which they exhibit and to which they pay the most reverential homage, are merely attributes of a deity pervading the whole of nature;—he is associated with the two other personages of the Hindoo triad, and every one of the idols particularly venerated by the numerous tribes and sects of Hindostan, obtains a shrine within the precincts of this huge temple, so that all castes may unite in celebrating the great festival with one accord. The installation of the great idol upon his car, or *rath*, and the procession attendant upon his triumphal march to a country residence about a mile and a half distant, a journey which occupies three days, are performed with many ceremonies, though not all of a very respectful nature. Previous to this grand ovation, the images are taken from their altars to be bathed, and are then exhibited to public view upon an elevated terrace.

These gigantic busts, hideously ugly, and scarcely bearing the rudest lineaments of the human form, are seen mounted upon pedestals, the latter being concealed by muffling draperies. The hands, feet, and ears of the great idol are of gold,

but these are kept in a box by themselves, and are only fastened into their sockets after Juggernaut has been safely deposited upon his car. While seated in state upon the terrace, a canopy, gay with cloths of various colours, is raised over the heads of the triad, and crowds of Brahmins are in attendance with *punkahs* and *chowries*, to beat off the flies. Occasionally, the sudden flash of a vivid fire-work sheds a momentary ray upon the horrid countenance of these Dagon, and in the next instant all is again involved in the indistinct gloom of an eastern twilight, dimly revealing the huge forms of the idols, and the eager gesticulations of their misguided votaries. The unwieldiness of Juggernaut and his companions, and the absence of the machinery necessary to effect their removal in a proper and decorous manner, occasions a scene which scandalizes European eyes, but which the natives, accustomed to the doctrine of expediency, survey without feeling that they are offering any indignity to the objects of their worship. The only method of transport which has been yet devised, is by means of ropes fastened round the necks and feet of these cumbrous images, which are thus dragged from their high places down the steps, and through the gateways of the temple, and are afterwards hauled up in the same manner upon the *raths*, without regard to mud or dust.

The car of Juggernaut is a monstrous vehicle, gigantic in its dimensions, and associated in the mind with images of horror; it is a sort of platform, forty-three feet in height and thirty-five feet square, moving upon sixteen wheels, each six feet and a half in diameter: the ornaments with which it is decorated are by no means splendid, its principal attraction being a covering of striped and spangled broad cloth. The villagers of the neighbouring *pergunnahs*, have their fields rent-free upon the condition of attendance at the cars of the idols. This duty, at present esteemed a privilege, is not exclusively confined to those who are so well rewarded for its performance, but, before the whole ceremony concludes, the zeal of many of the devotees is so completely exhausted, that the *raths* would scarcely reach their destination were it not for the services which the Brahmins can command. It takes fifteen hundred men to put each of the cars of Juggernaut in motion, and, when the idols are fairly established in their places, the shouts and cries of the frenzied multitude are such as to lead us to fancy that the whole of Pandemonium had been let loose, an idea which is strengthened by the fiend-like figures of the Jogies, Gosseins, and other religious mendicants, whose grim visages, lighted up with a frantic joy, give them a super-human appearance, as they cheer on their insane followers to acts of horror. Though the ponderous wheels of Juggernaut no longer go crushing over the bodies of prostrate victims, the fury and excitement, with which the assembled crowd rush to the car, is absolutely appalling. In places of very inferior note, there is something frightful in the noisy lumbering progress of the cumbrous *rath*, surmounted by a hideous idol, dragged about in honour of the festival; but in the very heart and centre of this abominable superstition, the celebration becomes perfectly terrific, and the senses, over-wrought, faint and sicken at the view. The scenery of the place, its bare sands, the surging of the ocean in the distance, the drenching rains, damp gales, and sudden tempests of the fitful atmosphere, add to the wild horrors of this awful pageant. Each day the exhibition becomes more ghastly, as the wan victims of famine and disease drop exhausted around, making a golgotha of the unhallowed precincts.

The most sacred portion of the soil round the temple of Juggernaut extends to a circle of about eight miles, though the land is considered holy to a much greater distance; and the whole, during sickly seasons, may be said to be covered with the dead bodies of the pilgrims, who, unequal to encounter exposure to the inclemency of the weather, sink under accumulated hardships, to form a frightful banquet for carrion birds and beasts of prey. Most authorities agree that the tax, which was levied by the government upon the pilgrims to Juggernaut, here as well as at Allahabad, tended to diminish the number of persons resorting to the festival, and also the amount of suicides. Still a good deal of scandal was excited by the support of an establishment, by Christian rulers, of a stud of elephants, horses, and other equipments for the service of the idol; and the annual waste of life, though not occasioned by actual offerings to the blood-stained wheels of the demoniacal car, is nearly equally shocking, as the result of one of the most frightful delusions that ever spread its curse upon the human race.

The country about Juggernaut consists of low sand-hills covered by a thick, but not tall, forest of trees, the gigantic vegetable products of the soil not being found so near the coast: about a mile from the sea, cultivation abruptly ceases,

* Such substitutions are not uncommon in China.

the intervening space being a waste of deep and loose sand, extending along the desolate shore.

The town of Pooree is situated upon the margin of this desert; but the European cantonments, with greater regard to comfort and convenience than picturesque beauty, occupy a high ridge, which is perfectly destitute of verdure, fronting the sea, and having the benefit of all its cooling breezes. Pooree is, in consequence, notwithstanding its desolate appearance and its isolated situation, a desirable quarter; *punkahs* are scarcely necessary at any period of the year; and, worn out by the oppressive heat of Bengal and Hindostan, many are delighted to loiter away the time on the health-inspiring, though solitary, shores of Cuttack. The beach is destitute of shells, or of any marine production interesting to the naturalist; the neighbouring sea, however, abounds in fish; and oysters, crabs, and lobsters, which are never attainable at Calcutta in their freshest state, are taken with the greatest ease. They are not generally supposed to be equal in flavour to those found in England; but this idea is in all probability more occasioned by the want of appetite, and consequent relish, of the sojourners of a tropical climate than any real inferiority on the part of the fish. During the monsoon the surf rises with great vehemence, presenting breakers equally formidable with those of Madras, and effectually preventing anything, save boats of native construction, from holding communication with ships in the offing.

It sometimes happens that officers, who have nearly outstayed the period permitted for absence in England, prevail upon the captains who bring them out to land them at Pooree, whence they can report their return to head-quarters long before the ship can reach its destined port; and as at all times the European outward-bound appear within sight of the black pagoda, or the temple of Juggernaut, and not unfrequently hold communication by signal with the harbour-master of Pooree, the inhabitants of the station look out with great anxiety for passing vessels, and derive their greatest enjoyment from the expectation of obtaining news from England before it can arrive at Calcutta.

The sand is ill-adapted either for walking or for riding, and in boisterous weather becomes so great a nuisance as more than to counterbalance the advantages of the sea-breeze. The houses are not built with the attention to comfort which characterizes those of the interior; they are more in the style of the primitive *bungalow*, pervious to every wind from heaven, and gritty in every quarter from the drifting sand. The interior parts of the district abound in game; but in the immediate neighbourhood of Pooree, the ardour of the most determined sportsman is soon quenched by the difficulties which surround him, and the worthlessness of the prizes which reward his toil. But while the mightiest hunter is obliged to remain inactive, a wide field is opened to the antiquary, who may spend the whole period of a protracted sojourn in examining and inquiring into the relics of Hindoo antiquities which are to be found in every part of the hallowed soil.

There are several pagodas, occupying a considerable tract of ground, scattered amongst the sand-hills which have heaped themselves along the coast. Many of these are protected from the encroachments of the drift, by massy walls; but others, not having the same facilities for keeping the space clear around them, are almost swallowed up in the sand. All are exceedingly picturesque in their appearance; and their gaunt and withered inhabitants, only a little less infernal in their aspect than the deformed objects of their worship, sprawling on the floors, or grinning from a niche, combined with the dreariness of the land-scene, and the loud roar of the ever-sounding surf, altogether form a picture of wild sublimity, which leaves an indelible impression upon the mind.

The black pagoda, or temple of the sun, one of the most splendid Hindoo remains which India can boast, and which is an object of great attraction to all the intellectual visitants of Pooree, is situated about sixteen miles to the north of the native city, in the midst of a wilderness of sand, with which the jungle has struggled, not always unsuccessfully, for the ascendancy: here and there patches of verdure make their appearance, and the gentle risings of the ground relieve the dull monotony of the adjacent plains. It is of much earlier antiquity than Juggernaut, but has lost its sanctity in the eyes of the multitude, and is now deserted and left to ruin. The roof is pyramidal, rising from a square building of great solidity; but owing to a defect in the architecture, a large portion of this massive edifice is in ruins, and it is somewhat difficult to comprehend its original design.

Weeds, the gigantic product of a most prolific soil, prickly

pear, and copse-wood, have spread themselves over and amidst the enormous masses of recumbent ruins, above which the surviving portion of the temple rears itself, and form the summit of an artificial mound, bids defiance to the encroaching sand, and lifts its head proudly as a beacon to the wanderers of the wave. Those who have closely examined the numberless sculptures which adorn this once splendid temple, report them to be of exquisite beauty; the choice of subject, however, in many must prevent them from being made better known by the aid of drawings; but this unhappy taste does not pervade the whole edifice; and some of the colossal remains, especially of elephants and griffins, are magnificent. Any attempt at minute description would occupy many pages, while it must utterly fail in conveying an adequate idea of the lonely majesty of this desecrated pile. A few *sakirs*, looking more like wood-demons than men, share the shelter afforded by the numerous cavernous chambers, with the porcupines and bears composing the principal population of the place; tigers occasionally join the assembly, though the latter intruders arousing the spirit of adventure in the youth of the neighbouring station, are speedily put to the rout.

The intolerance of the Mussulmans, and their determination to overthrow idolatry in the seat of their conquests, obliged the Brahmins of Juggernaut, upon more than one occasion, to resort to stratagem for the preservation of their sacred images. Twice have they been carried away and hidden amongst fastnesses beyond the Chilka lake (a neck of the sea, about seventeen miles to the south of Pooree), and there enshrined until better times enabled them to return: but even the servants of the Prophet, tired of the attempt to force their religion upon the still more bigoted followers of Brahma, came at length to a compromise, and turned the object of their antipathy into a source of profit, by instituting a tax, which was continued by the British Government. Formerly, the concourse of pilgrims was so great as to yield a revenue of nine lacs of rupees; but the receipts have dwindled yearly, during a considerable period; and the progress of civilization and of knowledge is now extending so rapidly, that at no very great distance of time we may hope that the fearful orgies celebrated at Juggernaut may be looked upon as bygone things, and that a purer creed will be established upon the ruins of that monstrous fabric of superstition, which has so long tyrannized over the mental faculties of the Indian world.

CHAPTER XXX.

GOUR, MANDOO, AND BEJAPORE.

INDIA abounds in deserted cities,—vast extensive ruins,—many of which may be described, in the words of the prophet Isaiah, as peopled only with desolate creatures. One of the most remarkable is Gour, the ancient capital of Bengal. The remains of this once flourishing place are to be found in the district of Dinagapore, a few miles to the southward of Malda. Its decline and abandonment were caused by the desertion of the Ganges, which formerly flowed beside its walls. About two hundred years ago, the course of the river took a new direction, turning off to a considerable distance from the place to which it had brought wealth and sanctity. To no part of the city, occupying a space of twenty square miles, does the Ganges now approach nearer than four miles and a-half, and places formerly navigable are now twelve miles from the stream, which so unaccountably and capriciously forsook its ancient bed, leaving behind it all the melancholy consequences of the alienation of a powerful ally.

There is something very poetical in the catastrophe of a city suffering under a fate which may be compared to the miseries resulting from human perfidy; and never did the fellest of war's dire bloodhounds, fire, sword, pestilence, or famine, commit more fearful havoc than that which has silently and stealthily devastated a city, once so fair that it was styled by the Emperor Humaion, the abode of paradise. The wild luxuriance of vegetation, which characterizes Bengal, has nearly choked up the magnificent remains of Gour: a beautiful lake, adorned with many islands, spread its crystal waters to the eastward of a strong fortress; but both the lake and the citadel have vanished, and the splendours of the city can only be estimated by a few majestic remains of mosques, towers, and gateways, which still exist to show how deeply it was indebted to architectural taste and skill. The buildings

of Gour were solidly constructed of brick and a stone which has been by many persons mistaken for marble, but which geologists pronounce to be hornblende: vast quantities of the materials have been carried away and sold for building in the neighbouring towns and villages, but there are still large masses of strong masonry scattered over the surface of the ground, which have been so completely covered with brushwood, and so intermixed with the gigantic roots of trees, forcing themselves through the rifts made by time and the elements, as more to resemble huge mounds of earth, than the remains of human habitations.

The bricks with which Gour was built are remarkable for the solidity of their texture, the sharpness of their edges, and the smoothness of their surfaces,—characteristics which they have preserved through a series of ages, and which have rendered them a very marketable commodity. Many beautiful edifices have been destroyed without mercy, for the sake of the materials; and it is only the most solid which have defied the ruthless assaults of the pick-axe and crow-bar. Here are also to be found great abundance of the coarse enamelling resembling Dutch tiles, which at one period were so commonly used in the buildings of India. The painted Mosque, so called on account of its gay colours, is profusely decorated with this glazing, and the tomb of Hussein Shah is faced with bricks beautifully carved, and glazed in blue and white.

The arch of the principal gateway, which in picturesque beauty can scarcely be surpassed, is upwards of fifty feet in height; the wall is of correspondent thickness, and its massy strength promises to defy the ravages of time for centuries to come: it exhibits all the splendour of decoration common to the buildings of the Moslem conquerors in India, and perhaps no scene in the world can be dignified with more solemn grandeur than that which is displayed in these noble remains, forming an entrance to the wildest and most desolate jungle imaginable. Amidst the reeds which encumber the soil, may be seen the dwindled relics of fruits and flowers, now wild, which in other days adorned luxuriant gardens: the palm-tree still flourishes, but the coarser vegetation of all kinds is too redundant. The circulation of air is impeded, the weeds are permitted to wither and decay upon the ground, and from these deposits, and from the swamps produced by neglected tanks, miasma is created, which threatens the visitor with disease and death. A few feeble attempts have been made to bring land, which Nature has rendered exuberantly fertile, under cultivation; but the patience of the supine Bengallee has been wearied. The most effectual processes, those of cutting down the brushwood and burning the weeds, have been neglected, and, content with a bare subsistence obtained amidst clouds of tormenting insects, the foulest air, and the most noxious vermin, the neighbouring population neglect the sources of wealth and comfort which lie so invitingly before them. The tanks, long neglected, and rendered pestilential by the impurities of their stagnant waters, swarm with alligators, and cannot be approached without danger, notwithstanding the pious exertions of resident *faqueers*, who employ themselves in the unenviable task of taming these stupid and hideous monsters.

The success attending efforts, which perhaps would have been more advantageous to the community at large if directed to the destruction of these formidable reptiles, shows that there is no nature so wholly brutish and cruel as not to be susceptible of improvement. The alligators of Gour have learned to distinguish the voice of kindness, and come ready to the call of those who have been at the pains of subduing their fierceness, taking a morsel of rice from the hands of their protectors, who, armed with the doctrine of fatalism, and totally indifferent to life, go fearlessly up to the very jaws which seem yawning for their destruction. In those parts of India most pregnant with distempers, and most dreadfully infested with savage animals, religious ascetics, both Mahomedan and Hindoo, are certain to be found. It is not easy to say whether these people are actuated by religious enthusiasm or worldly ambition; as long as they exist they excite an extraordinary degree of veneration, which perchance may reconcile them to a life of the most horrible privation; but, as they very often establish themselves in remote and almost inaccessible places, they can have very little enjoyment of the reputation for which they must make such sacrifices. Remorse, or worldly disappointment, are among the causes which induce the religious ascetics of India to fly to the jungle, and associate with the wild beasts of the field; but with many it is merely a profession,—a mode of life to which they are called by caste or descent. No sooner has a *faqueur* been devoured by the tiger, or other dangerous companion, to whose tender mercies he has trusted, than a successor is ready to take his place, willing

to encounter the same danger, and to perish by the same catastrophe: in fact, the people of India think it but proper that some kinds of deaths should be hereditary in a family; those especially whose parents have been devoured by tigers, seek the same fortune, and few are known to desert places which have been peculiarly fatal to their relatives.

The extraordinary size and numbers of the alligators of Gour can be easily accounted for by the circumstances which are so particularly favourable to the growth of all descriptions of reptiles, the hot damp nature of the atmosphere, and the sliminess of the soil, the corruption and fermentation of vegetable matter, the fat weed left to rot in its own effluvia, and generating monsters; but alligators are numerous where these cause do not exist: tanks, which have been long dry, are no sooner filled with water from the periodical rains, than they are discovered to be peopled with reptiles, of which no trace had been previously seen. Persons unacquainted with the extraordinary precocity of the reptile tribe, imagine that these creatures must have found their way from distant waters; but they are in all probability hatched from eggs deposited in the neighbouring sand. The instant one of these amphibious monsters breaks its shell, it is perfectly competent to the care of its own subsistence; its first impulse is to seek for food, and if it escape the numerous enemies watching an opportunity to make a meal, before it is strong enough to resist them, its growth is so rapid as almost to exceed belief.

The boa-constrictor is an inhabitant of the wood-encumbered ruins of Gour, where it attains to a very considerable size: one twenty-two feet long having been killed about the period of the visit made by Mr. Daniell, the artist, to whose pencil we are indebted for some striking delineations of this once celebrated place. Though still so close to the Ganges, few travellers have put themselves to the inconvenience of going a little out of their way to inspect the relics of a city possessing so many claims to notice. Several straggling villages are to be found upon the scite, and there would not be much difficulty in converting the remains of eight bazars, which are well placed for the purpose, into a flourishing town. Should the spirit of improvement reach the wealthy portion of the natives of India, they have a wide field before them; and, even as a vision of fancy, it is pleasing to imagine the swamps and wildernesses of Bengal, where the serpent broods, the tiger couches, and the wild boar whets his horrid tusks, converted into a smiling plain, shaded by the mango and the tamarind-tree, and peopled with innocent and happy creatures.

There are several buildings superior in beauty and elegance to anything of the kind to be found in the province of Bengal, which might still be preserved from farther decay. One of these, a minaret ninety feet in height and twenty-one feet in diameter at the base, is particularly striking. It is said to have been erected by Firoze Shah, one of the independent kings of Bengal, and as it stands in a part of the city which has been cleared of jungle, its beauties are not obscured by the too redundant growth of the forest, which has proved so inimical to many of its neighbours. A staircase in the interior leads to an open cupola at the top, whence a grand and extensive view may be obtained of the adjacent country. Several gateways remain in tolerable preservation. Trees are springing from the *Soona Musjid*, or golden mosque; but its lower story is almost entire, and displays great architectural beauty both in the design and the execution of the ornaments. The *Chota Soona Musjid*, or small golden mosque, has suffered even less from the ravages of time, and presents one of those splendid interiors in which a series of arches, succeeding and crossing each other, delight the eye from every point of view by the play of light and shadow, and the richness and grandeur of the effect. Another mosque, not very materially injured by the numerous agencies which have been at work at Gour, has a great reputation for sanctity; it is named the Kadan Rasul, from a small stone deposited there bearing the impression of a human foot, believed by the pious to have been made by Mahommed himself. This stone, according to tradition, was brought from Medina many years ago. Surajah Dowlah, the Napoleon of his day, carried it off, but it was restored by Meer Jaffier. This mosque, in consequence of its containing so precious a relic, and boasting the shrine of a celebrated saint besides, is much visited by pilgrims, and therefore has not been suffered to go to ruin like those which have only picturesque beauty to recommend them. One alone, amid the bridges erected over the drains and canals which intersected the roads, have been spared by people who estimated the value of these ruins by what they would bring at market. Europeans have been guilty of this barbarity, some of the works at Fort William having been constructed of stone taken from the tombs of the sovereigns of Gour. The

city being in the road to Chirra Poonjee, a sanitarium lately established on the Siccim hills, and much frequented in the hot weather by visitors from Calcutta, Anglo-Indians have an opportunity of making the only amends in their power for former outrages, by preserving all that now exists in this once celebrated place.

As a city, Gour is perhaps past recall; we must be content to see the ploughshare driven over the halls of kings, and modern cottages constructed from the crumbling brickwork of ancient palaces; but there are other places which might still be snatched from impending destruction. Of these, Mandoo is one of the most interesting. Though, like Gour, vegetation has sprung up so thickly and strongly, as almost to overwhelm many of the buildings, the ruins of Mandoo have not so completely yielded to the evil influences to which they have been exposed, and the situation is much finer and more striking. Originally Hindoo, the residence of the Dhar Rajas, it afterwards became subject to the Patan government, and upon its capture by Achar, who made himself master of all the Mahomedan states in his neighbourhood, it fell gradually into decay. Mandoo is built upon a large tract of tableland, upon the summit of a mountain belonging to the Vindhyan range, in the province of Malwa, and upon the occupation of this part of the country by the British, it was found to be a shelter for predatory tribes, the strong-hold of Bheels, who, after robbing and slaughtering in the plains, returned to this solitary fastness, which then effectually secured them from pursuit.

Upon the occupation of Malwa and the neighbouring provinces by the British, the Bheels were deprived of this sanctuary; but they have hitherto, at least the greater portion of them, continued to lead the lawless life to which their forefathers were so strongly attached, and there appears to be more difficulty in spreading civilization amongst them than we have found with any other class or tribe of native Indians. Sir John Malcolm, who has left an enviable name behind him, wheresoever his duties led him to sojourn, was more successful than those who have succeeded him, (perhaps in consequence of having more power and better opportunities,) in persuading these poor people to submit to the established authorities. Like Mr. Cleveland with the hill tribes of Bengal, he tried the power of kindness and confidence, placing trust in those, who, accustomed to be distrusted, felt anxious to maintain the new character with which they had been invested. But there still remains a great deal to be done through the vast tracts of country almost wholly inhabited by these people. Though not considered equal in intellectual development to the mountaineers of Europe, they share, with the highland freebooters of former days, the generosity and honour which seem common to the wildest tribes.

It often happens that regular campaigns are made against the Bheels, when they appear in force, threatening their more peaceable neighbours with an onslaught. Upon these occasions, if the young officers, who command the outposts, are fond of the glorious sports of an Indian jungle, they do not scruple to throw themselves completely into the power of those against whom they have been sent in arms, and in no instance have they been known to suffer from their confidence. The Bheels are much delighted with skill in shooting; they are also great admirers of English fire-arms, showing all the wonder and surprise at double-barrels and percussion-locks, which such miraculous inventions are calculated to inspire amongst a rude people; with them, the Freyschutz would be no fable, and they regard the possessors of such magical instruments with the highest degree of veneration. In the bosom of civilized society, the young European adventurers, who have joined the morning's sport and the evening bivouac with the Bheels, have recurred with the greatest delight to the period passed amongst a proscribed race, who seem to share the curse of the descendants of Ishmael, their hands being against every man, and every man's hand against them. Though the Bheels have been dispossessed of Mandoo, tigers are still there in great force, preferring the halls and chambers of palaces, to dens and caverns in the neighbouring woods. Parties, who come over from Mhow to visit the still splendid remains of the city, are in some danger of encountering tigers in the streets, they being the sole inhabitants, with the exception of the usual complement of *fauqueers*, who supply a meal to their four-footed companions, when other game is scarce.

Notwithstanding the frightful neglect and desolation which have for so long a period characterized Mandoo, a very large portion of its buildings are still in a tolerable state of preservation. It possesses some of the most beautiful specimens of Afghan architecture to be found in Hindostan, and is celebra-

ted for its reservoirs of water, and the subaqueous apartments around them, the luxurious retreats, during the hot winds, of the princes and potentates of this once populous district. The ship or water-palace, as it is indiscriminately called, is one of the most remarkable of the relics of Mandoo; it is built upon a point of land between two large tanks, or rather lakes, and is as much admired for the beauty and picturesqueness of its architecture, as for the singularity of its situation. No one can look upon this delightful abode, without experiencing the most painful feelings of regret at the inevitable destruction to which it appears to be doomed. Not even in Gour, are the sensations produced by the total abandonment of a once splendid city by its human inhabitants, of so melancholy a nature as those which are excited by the awful stillness and utter solitude at Mandoo.

While in the occupation of Malwa, Sir John Malcolm took up his abode occasionally in this deserted city, and it sometimes attracts parties of visitors from the not very distant cantonnments of Mhow; but there seems to be very little hope of its ever again becoming a busy haunt of men. The greater number of the buildings at this place are constructed of a fine red-stone, a favourite material throughout the Upper Provinces of Hindostan; but there is a beautiful mausoleum erected over the grave of Hussein Shah, entirely composed of white marble, brought all the way from the banks of the Nerbudda. Mandoo has been described by old writers as a city of vast extent, twenty-two miles in circumference, and enough is still in existence to satisfy the visitor of the truth of this statement. It is only accessible from the plain below at one point, where there is a broad causeway, and a passage guarded by three gateways, still in good preservation, which leads through the rock to the summit of the mountain on which the city stands. The whole of this mountain is richly clothed with vegetation; gigantic trees spring from the rifts, and the buildings above are embosomed in a mass of splendid foliage. The surrounding country is exceedingly fruitful, and the plains are covered with a peculiar kind of grass, very finely scented, which gives out its perfume to the wandering breeze, and when pressed, yields an oil which has obtained a very high degree of celebrity on account of its medicinal qualities. At Calcutta, where there is some difficulty in getting it genuine, it sells at a high price, but at the places in which it is made it may be procured very cheaply: it is used in all rheumatic complaints with success, and both natives and Europeans hold it in great estimation.

The geology of the neighbourhood of Mandoo is exceedingly interesting, and perhaps there are few places in India where naturalists would find their researches better rewarded. The whole of Malwa is remarkable for its botanical treasures, and the city of Mandoo is now one great menagerie, where the zoologist may study habits of beasts, birds, and reptiles, with great ease. To the antiquary, also, there would be infinite gratification in the inspection of the Afghan remains, which are of a superior character to those scattered over the other scenes of their conquests. These people are now little known out of Afghanistan, except in the character of traders, in which capacity they travel through the greater part of India, frequently penetrating as far as Calcutta, where their huge forms and strange complexions, of that clear darkness which is so distinct from the copper, or rather bronze colour of the native Indians, contrast very strongly with the swarthy diminutive races of Bengal. The Afghans claim to be descendants of Saul, king of Israel, and if features be any proof of Jewish origin, they have truth upon their side. Bishop Heber was struck by their resemblance to the pictures of the old Masters, and none who have ever seen the rabbis delineated by the painters of the Italian and Flemish schools, can fail to acknowledge the great similarity between them and the humble persons who sometimes traverse vast distances in order to sell grapes, apples, dates, and pistachio nuts in Hindostan.

Mandoo, notwithstanding its exceeding beauty, and the romantic interest which clings around its mouldering towers, is surpassed in both by that splendid city, which Sir James Mackintosh has poetically styled, "The Palmyra of the Deccan." Were it not for the absence of marble, Bejapore might vie with Delhi and Agra, and perhaps neither of these places can boast of buildings equal in magnificence to the tomb of Mahmood Shah, or the durga of Ibrahim Padshah in the gardens of the Twelve Imaams. After the partition of Aurungzebe's mighty empire, Bejapore, which, during the short period of two hundred years, existed as an independent Mahomedan kingdom, governed by the princes of the Adil Shah dynasty,

fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and it is only very lately that it has been accessible to European visitors.

Though not so totally abandoned as Mandoo, the city contains a very scanty population, composed chiefly of Mahomedan priests, and religious beggars, attached to the different mosques and durgas, the poorer classes of Mahrattas, and a few more orthodox Hindoos: the latter rejoice greatly in a small tank containing liquid of a milky hue, which they assert to be the true water of the Ganges, brought by a pious Brahmin to the city, and renewed in all its sanctity by some miraculous process. The city consists of two parts, both surrounded by a wall, that comprising the citadel, being much more strongly fortified than the remaining portion. At a little distance, it does not betray the ruin and desolation which lurk within; cannon still bristle upon the bastions, and the immense assemblage of towers, domes, pinnacles, and spires, which shoot up into the sky, partially intermixed with tamarind and other trees, deceives the distant spectators, who cannot imagine that they are about to enter a vast wilderness, where the human habitations have crumbled into dust, leaving mosques and mausoleums to tell the tale of former glory. Though the palaces, which once graced Bejapore, could not have been inferior in splendour to any of the imperial residencies still existing in India, they have suffered to a far greater extent than the tombs and temples in their neighbourhood: many of the latter still being perfect, and promising to survive during many centuries.

Notices of Bejapore are scattered throughout many publications, but a regular history, or a continuation of that given by Ferishta, is still wanting, and it is scarcely possible to imagine any subject connected with Indian records, which would be so interesting. After the first irruptions under Mahmood Ghizni, into India, the whole country offered a field for Mahomedan adventurers, who required little more than an enterprising spirit and military skill, to establish their fortunes amid the troubles and distractions of the native powers. Yoosof Adil Shah, the founder of Bejapore, is said to have been a son of the Turkish Emperor Bajazet, who, being saved in the general massacre of his brothers, by the substitution of a slave-boy, about his own age, was sent into a foreign country for safety, and when he attained to manhood, turning his steps to India, acquired some renown in the wars of the Deccan. Upon the death of his patron, the Patan empire falling into pieces, Yoosof was encouraged to found a new kingdom, and to place himself at the head of it. He succeeded in his object, and, notwithstanding the internal troubles and the foreign wars in which his successors were more or less engaged, during the whole period of their dynasty, they have left works behind them which would seem to require a protracted interval of the most profound peace. There is scarcely any city in India which boasts of public erections of so much splendour and utility as Bejapore; the aqueducts, which are still in existence, are of the most extensive and superb description, and there are fountains, wells, tanks, and *soobees*, all solidly constructed, either of stone, or finely tempered *chunam*, nearly innumerable.

The sovereigns of Bejapore maintained a good understanding with the Moghul emperors until the reign of Aurungzebe, who, almost without a pretext, put an end to a kingdom which he might have rendered tributary. It is said that his favourite daughter pointed out to him the probable effects of the narrow policy to which his selfish ambition would lead, but he paid no attention to her remonstrances, refusing to permit any monarch, even professing the same creed, to exist within the wide circle of his dominions. In weakening the Mahomedan power by the deposition of the sovereigns of the Deccan, Aurungzebe precipitated the fall of his successors, by giving advantages to the Mahrattas, who were beginning to show manifestations of their rising greatness, which ought not to have passed unnoticed. Almost before Aurungzebe was cold in his grave, they possessed themselves of the kingdom which he had so unjustifiably wrested from its founders, and a very short period of time saw them masters of the territories which he had purchased at the expense of so many crimes. From the moment that Bejapore fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, its decay commenced; nothing ever flourished under the rule of a people equally destitute of public virtue, and of all relish for the refinements of civilized life. They plundered and massacred wherever they went, and grovelled in filth, in the mud huts which they erected amid the smoking ruins of state palaces.

When the British officers, who served in the wars of the Deccan, beheld Bejapore, which until that period had been rarely visited by Europeans, they were astonished by the splendour which greeted their eyes upon every side. Major

Moor, in one of his early works, writes thus: "We cannot but feel how inadequate we are to describe the meanest of a thousand buildings in this wonderful city, and would be very glad to see a pen better skilled in these matters so worthily employed. Ours was but a transient view, and for our own part, totally unused to such sights, we were so lost in admiration as scarcely to believe what we saw to be realities."

The walls of the citadel and the principal buildings of the city are of hewn stone, which is susceptible of a very high polish, some of the interiors shining with all the splendour of marble: the masonry also is well worthy of notice, many of the finest specimens of architecture being put together without the aid of cement. At the close of the campaigns under the Duke of Wellington, Bejapore was given up to the rajah of Satara, and since that period the progress of decay has been partially arrested. The revenues of some of the neighbouring villages have been set apart for the maintenance of the attendants at the tombs and mosques, and though neglect is but too visible, the visitors are not disgusted with the impurities which so speedily collect where bats and birds are permitted to dwell unmolested. There would be little difficulty in restoring the greater portion of the decaying splendours of Bejapore, although some of its finest edifices are past recall.

The tomb of Mahmood Shah, from some defect in its construction, is reported to be in a very dangerous condition; the foundation has sunk, and the walls in more than one place are split from top to bottom. This gigantic, but somewhat heavy pile, may vie with the finest cathedrals in Europe, both in size and grandeur; the great dome, called by the natives the *burra Gumbooz*, is larger than the cupola of St. Paul's and only inferior in dimensions to that of St. Peter's at Rome. It is said that a silver shrine formerly covered the remains of Mahmood Shah, which are deposited in an immense hall beneath the dome; but this became the spoil of the Mahrattas, and the sarcophagi of the king and his family are now only remarkable for a very ugly, though highly esteemed, coating of holy earth, brought from Mecca, mingled with sandal-wood dust, and formed into a coarse plaster.

The *durga* of Abou al Muzzuffer differs very widely in its style from that of Mahmood Shah, and though an immense pile, is distinguished for the lightness and elegance of its architecture. The interior is most exquisitely ornamented with enamelling of gold upon a blue and a black ground, the latter being polished so highly as to look like glass. It is said that the whole of the Koran is contained in the embellishments of this splendid edifice, emblazoned in large characters intermixed with arabesques tastefully sculptured in elegant combinations of fruit and flowers. Ibrahim Adil Shah, to whose memory this superb mausoleum is dedicated, was one of the most popular of the sovereigns of Bejapore. He has left a name behind him equally revered both by Moslem and Hindoo, and his shrine is visited by the worshippers of Brijm, as well as the disciples of the prophet, each regarding him as a saint to whom their devotions may be paid with advantage to themselves. The corrupted state of Mahomedanism in India is strongly exhibited at Bejapore, where the true believers, now few and of no weight in the community, are little better than idolaters.

There is a large piece of brass ordnance at Bejapore, which is an object of veneration amongst all castes and sects, who pay to the unseen power, lodged in this engine of destruction, homage almost amounting to divine honours. Many fabulous legends are told by the natives about this gun, which is named *Mulk-i-Meidan*, 'sovereign of the plain,' and which became the spoil of Ali Adil Shah, who took it in battle against the king of Ahmednuggur. The weight of the Monarch of the Plain is forty tons, and it is of correspondent dimensions, so large in fact, that it has never yet been charged with the quantity of powder which its chamber would contain. The metal of which it is composed is said to have a considerable portion of silver, and a smaller quantity of gold, mixed with the tin and copper forming its chief materials. When struck, it emits a clear, but somewhat awful sound, similar to that of an enormous bell, which is endurable only at a considerable distance. The mighty voice given forth by a touch, added to the terrible idea of havoc conveyed by this formidable piece of artillery, doubtless has assisted in impressing the natives with a feeling of reverence towards a prodigy of strength and power, which they cannot imagine to have been wholly the work of man. They burn incense before it, smear it over with cinnabar and oil, wreath it with flowery garlands, and never approach it without joined hands and countenances expressive of the highest degree of reverence and devotion.

There is a tradition current at Bejapore, respecting a sister

of the *Mulk-i-Meidan* named *Kurk-o-Budglee*, 'thunder and lightning'; but no authentic account has been preserved of it, and its existence has been doubted. Yet, as the natives of India seem always to have been ambitious of possessing themselves of pieces of ordnance beyond the ordinary size,—the great gun at Agra being one of the best known specimens,—we must not too hastily reject the tales told about the *Kurk-o-Budglee*, which is said to have been carried to Poonah. The *Mulk-i-Meidan* is sometimes fired, but upon very rare occasions. The rajah of Satara did Sir John Malcolm the honour of saluting him with the discharge of this celebrated gun, and the accounts of the effects it produced will probably prevent it from being again the cause of similar catastrophes: some of the old buildings came down; others shook to their foundations, and several women were frightened to death by the horrors of the concussion.

During the brief period of the Adil Shah dynasty, the Portuguese obtained a settlement at Goa. Unfortunately, their chronicles are of a very confused description, and afford little information respecting the events which were passing around them. We learn nothing from their accounts of the beauty and magnitude of a city, which must from its very commencement have been one of the most remarkable places in India. Tavernier, who was the earliest European traveller in the Deccan, either could not have seen it, or must have wilfully misrepresented a place, which he describes as having nothing worthy of note, excepting the crocodiles inhabiting the surrounding ditch. Bejapore is not now famous for its alligators; their existence in the moat has been denied, and this extraordinary city is still without an historian, there being scarcely even the most brief catalogue extant of the various objects calculated to attract the attention of the curious.

The Turkish descent of Yooisf Adil Shah, his Persian connexions, and the foreigners from other countries whom he invited to his court, and who were entertained by him and his successors with truly regal magnificence, occasioned the introduction of a greater variety in the styles of the different buildings of Bejapore, than is to be found in any other city in India. A few pencils have been employed in delineating some of the most splendid; but volumes would be required to give an adequate idea of the architectural beauties of this unaccountably neglected place. During the long period in which the continent was closed to adventurous footsteps, it seems wonderful that India should not have been more attractive to persons of truant disposition. The works of Daniell and of Salt were, or ought to have been, sufficient to show that the plains of Hindostan possessed objects meriting attention: but they were suffered to pass unheeded, and few seemed to think India worthy of a thought, until the publication of the journal of the late Bishop Heber afforded newer and juster ideas of a country replete with interest.

Bejapore is celebrated for its tamarind trees; the groves which have arisen amidst the once populous streets and thoroughfares of this extensive capital, have not, as at Gour and Mandoo, completely usurped the soil, or become the agent of desolation: the growth of vegetation is slower in the arid plains of the Deccan; and the green canopy of the trees, and the cool shades beneath them, are particularly agreeable amidst the immense masses of buildings. The inhabited part of Bejapore bears a very small proportion to the space which is almost wholly deserted; large tracts occur entirely covered with ruins, the remnants of dwelling-houses long laid prostrate on the earth. Emerging from these dreary-looking fragments, we come to some splendid building still entire, and while passing through immense quadrangles, watered by fountains and adorned with flowers, we can scarcely believe they are situated amid a wide waste of ruins. The fort is garrisoned by a few Mahratta soldiers, who keep the guns in tolerable order; and every season increases the number of visitants, attracted by the report of the architectural wonders of the place.

There are several fine tanks and reservoirs of water kept in good preservation; one of these, which bears the name of the *Taj Boulee*, is a splendid piece of workmanship, surrounded by a *serai*, for the accommodation of travellers, and approached through a noble gateway. Very little of the ground which is unoccupied by buildings has been brought under cultivation, and the whole of the country around the city exhibits marks of neglect. The inhabitants, who are not numerous, are perhaps too poor to repair the ravages of war, or they have not yet acquired confidence in the security of property. The noble ambition which would lead to the restoration of fading splendour, does not appear to belong to the native character. Though displaying a passion for the pomp of architecture, they have no pleasure in preserving the works of

others from decay; comparatively slight exertions would suffice to avert the fate which seems impending over Bejapore; but, if left to the public spirit of the ruling powers, we fear that there is little chance of its ever regaining any of the advantages it has lost, and it is impossible not to regret that this beautiful city belonged to the ceded portion of the district.

Religious mendicants abound in Bejapore; these are chiefly of the Mahomedan persuasion; although, besides the small pond, supposed to contain the holy water of the Ganges, there is a Hindoo temple, of such great antiquity, as to be said to be the work of the Pandoo, the architects to whom the cathedral-like excavations of Ellora are attributed. This temple is extremely low, the roof resting upon clusters of pillars formed of single stones, and apparently belonging to an age earlier, or at least ruder, than that which produced the magnificent designs and rich sculptures of the cave-temples.

Many of the *faqueers*, before-mentioned, subsists entirely upon casual charity, having nothing from the religious edifices, which they have made their abode, excepting the shelter of a roof; others receive a regular stipend from the government, and it is to their zeal that the tombs and mosques are indebted for the cleanliness which a true believer is always desirous to maintain in every shrine. It is the custom, in many Mahomedan temples in India, to make offerings of cloths for canopies and other things, which are either divided amongst the *moolahs* in attendance, or sold for their benefit; but Bejapore, though boasting many saints, attracts few pilgrims; while other *durgas*, greatly inferior in splendour, and not more celebrated for the ashes they contain, are bountifully endowed by the contributions of the pious. The few rupees which Christians disburse amongst the persons in care of the numerous places of worship, form nearly the sole source of emolument of the priesthood at Bejapore, independent of the scanty sum already mentioned as being devoted to their maintenance. From these men, very little information which can be depended upon is gained; they launch out into wild and improbable tales, entertaining enough in themselves, but disappointing to persons really desirous to become acquainted with facts relating to some of the nameless tombs and temples prodigally scattered in every quarter of the city.

The notion that vast treasures are concealed amidst the ruins, is very prevalent, and would be the making of the fortune of an adept of the Dousterswivel genus. Many persons have been known to speculate in the purchase of an old wall; but as yet the success of these experiments has not been made public. Even Runjeet Sing and the Begum Sumroo do not appear, clever and well-informed as they both undoubtedly are, to be aware of the superior security of a foreign bank to any subterranean place of deposit for their surplus wealth; and as they are said to bury money every year, there can be little doubt that this favourite expedient was resorted to in former times all over India.

Bejapore, in all probability, possesses concealed mines of gold and gems; but, without the aid of the divining rod, it would be very difficult to discover them. One small mausoleum, called the *Mootee gil*, is said to derive its name from an interior coating of *chunam* formed of pounded pearls. A nobleman, who possessed a vast quantity of these valuable gems, excited the envy of the reigning prince, and was in danger of being arrested upon a charge of treason, the only pretext which could be devised to deprive him of the coveted treasures. Obtaining timely notice of the plot, he explained the predicament in which he stood to the ladies of the *zenana*, who, determining to defeat the object which the tyrant had in view, destroyed all the value of the prize, by reducing the pearls to powder. It was no longer considered worth while to pursue the owner of a heap of useless dust, and the monarch spared himself a crime by which there was nothing to be gained: the pounded gems were, it is said, afterwards given to a religious person, who converted them into *chunam*, and made it the decoration of a tomb, which assuredly appears to be stuccoed with some very precious material.

Weeks, nay, even months, might be spent in the examination of all the curious objects which Bejapore affords, and there could scarcely be a more interesting task than that of filling up the meagre details, with which alone we have hitherto been furnished, concerning a city which has been so unaccountably cheated of its well-merited renown.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ENVIRONS OF CALCUTTA.

BARRACKPORE, SERAMPORE, AND DUM DUM.

It has been the policy of the Indian Government to separate soldiers and citizens from each other; the forces, therefore, which are considered necessary for the defence of Calcutta, are stationed, the infantry at the distance of sixteen miles, and the artillery at eight, from the seat of government. Fort William,—a strong-hold to which the governor-general may retire in case of invasion from abroad or rebellion at home, and considered by experienced engineers to be impregnable,—which will contain provisions and stores to withstand a siege as long as that of Troy,—in times of security, is garrisoned by a single King's regiment, or a part of two at the most, the sepoy duties being performed by a detachment from Barrackpore, relieved at stated periods, while the guard employed in Calcutta is composed of the city militia.

Barrackpore is an irregularly-built station, situated on the left bank of the Hooghley. Many of the houses are as splendid as the mansions of the neighbouring city, but the larger portion consist of bungalows, considerably smaller than those of the Upper provinces, but generally speaking, more carefully finished, and built and fitted up in a superior style. A few look upon the river, but there is no broad esplanade, as upon the opposite bank, where Serampore's proud palaces are mirrored on the glassy surface of the stream. Those mansions, however, which do command the fresh breezes from the water, are delightfully cool, and the views from the balconies are superb; for it is scarcely possible to imagine anything more grand and imposing, in an architectural display, than the splendid settlement of the Danes upon the Hooghley. The beauties of Barrackpore are of a different kind; its buildings are embosomed in trees, and with the exception of the palace of the Governor-general, which is raised in a commanding situation, only peep out between the branches of luxuriant groves. The country all round is wooded to excess, affording a most agreeable shade, and offering specimens of floral magnificence not to be surpassed in any part of the world. The magnolia attains to a gigantic size, and fills the air with perfume from its silvery vases; other forest-trees bear blossoms of equal beauty; the richly-wreathed pink acacia, and numerous tribes, adorned with garlands of deep crimson and bright yellow, abound; and although, with the exception of the park, which has been raised into sweeping undulations by artificial means, the cantonments and their vicinity present a flat surface, the combinations of wood, water, and green sward, in numberless vistas, nooks, and small open spaces, yield scenes of tranquil beauty, which eyes however cold can scarcely contemplate unmoved.

Though an authoritative mandate from the Court of Directors, dictated by unaffected alarm, put an effective stop to the completion of one of the Marquess of Wellesley's most splendid projects, Barrackpore is still indebted to him for a park, which is justly considered one of the finest specimens of dressed and ornamented nature which taste has ever produced. Enough has been done to the mansion to render it a very elegant and commodious residence, and the gardens attached to it are unrivalled both in beauty and stateliness, combining the grandeur of Asiatic proportions with the picturesqueness of European design. The gravelled avenues are wide enough to allow wheel-carriages to pass, and these ample paths wind through broad parterres, and shrubberies of the most brilliant flowers, sometimes skirting along high walls of creeping plants trained against lofty trees, at others overlooking large tanks so completely covered with the pink blossoms of the lotus, as to conceal the element in which this splendid aquatic plant delights. A large stud of elephants is kept at Barrackpore, and these noble animals, decorated with flowing *jhools* of scarlet cloth, edged with gold, and bearing fair freights of ladies belonging to the vice-regal court, may be seen pacing along the flowery labyrinths, to European eyes strange guests in a private garden. These blooming plantations afford excellent parrot-shooting, a sport to which some of the great men of the presidency are said to be much addicted, but which it grieves persons possessed of the slightest degree of sentiment to see carried on in the secluded haunts of a pleasure-ground, and against those bright-winged visitants, whose gem-like plumage adds so much of ornament to the scene.*

* There are several varieties of the paroquet tribe in Bengal some of them the loveliest little creatures imaginable, with purple heads covered with bloom like a freshly-ripened plum; others ring-necked, with slender elegant bodies, and exceedingly long tails.

The park has been laid out and planted with great care and taste; it affords specimens of trees which are not to be found congregated together in any other part of India: some of these exotics are particularly distinguished for their size and beauty, and are objects of great interest to all the visitors. The elevated portions of Barrackpore Park command extensive views of the superb sweeps of the river, with their enchanting varieties of scenery, their rich woods and noble residences, the broad ghaut intervening, and occasionally a tower-encircled dome or light minar, rising from the umbrageous groves.

Barrackpore, as it may be easily imagined, is a great resort for all classes of persons from Calcutta; it is not yet furnished with an hotel or a boarding-house of any kind for the reception of strangers, who must be billeted by letters of introduction upon private families. Doubtless, this desideratum, if it be one, will be soon supplied, as in the influx of Europeans which the new order of things will bring to India, private hospitality must be speedily worn out. The distance from Calcutta is sixteen miles, and it is approached on the land side by one of the finest roads in the world, very broad, kept in excellent repair, and shaded, to the great delight and comfort of the various traversers, by an avenue of trees. The traffic is of course very considerable, the tide interfering with the water-carriage; *coolies* and *hurkaras* of every description are journeying to and fro at all hours of the day.

Notwithstanding the shelter afforded by the leafy canopy above, Europeans do not often venture to brave the noon-tide heat, except in the mildest season of the year, their progress being chiefly performed in the morning or evening. Half-way, at a place which bears the name of Cox's Bungalow, relays of horses, for those who travel in wheel-carriages, are stationed; the customary number of bearers will, however, convey a palanquin the whole distance; and in the days of velocipedes, young men, easily incited to deeds of enterprise, have been known to go up in the morning and return at night, with no assistance save that afforded by their wooden chargers: a feat which the climate of Bengal renders worthy of record, for even in the cold weather violent exercise of any kind is attended with some danger. The journey to Barrackpore must be enchanting to those who delight in forest-scenery; the hand of man is apparent in the smooth, finely-levelled road, which offers itself to the traveller; but a dense jungle appears to close it in on either side. Native huts, of the wildest and simplest construction, meet the eye in the most picturesque situations, many with scarcely any roof excepting that afforded by the overhanging branches of trees, which never lose their leafy mantlets, yet not destitute of an air of comfort; the floors, of coarse but well-tempered *chunam*, being scrupulously clean, and the jars and other domestic utensils neatly arranged and kept in order. Monkeys may be detected, disporting amidst blossoming boughs; the jackall glides through the covert, and the woods echo with the sullen notes of lonely birds. The denseness of the population, and the vast numbers of natives, who go on their way rejoicing in the shade, which tends so much to lighten their toils, prevent all idea of solitude, though the prospects are so truly and exclusively sylvan, that it is not until the suburbs of Calcutta are approached, that the traveller can imagine himself in the close vicinity of the capital of Bengal. Beyond these suburbs, there is nothing of the stir and tumult usually to be seen in the outskirts of a large city; few private conveyances of any kind, and no public Anglo-Indian vehicle: an omnibus was attempted, but did not succeed. At the time of its starting, there were too many prejudices to contend against; few would condescend to enter it except by way of frolic, and it was soon laid up in ordinary in the builder's yard. The time is perhaps not far distant when the echoes of the Barrackpore woods may be startled by the thumping of a steam-engine, and the passengers learn to encounter the heat of a furnace added to that which they now find so difficult to endure.

This fine road is preferred by the visitors to Serampore, to the less direct communication on the other side of the river, though it involves the necessity of crossing the Hooghley in a boat. The beauty of the latter-named place, its delightful situation, the easy distance from Calcutta, and the comparative cheapness of its bazaars, would render it a very desirable retreat for the families of many persons engaged in mercantile business at the presidency, were it not for the circumstance of its being a sanctuary against the merciless hostilities of Calcutta creditors. Under the control of a Danish governor, and protected by its own peculiar laws, it offers an asylum for persecuted debtors, and is in fact a sort of *Alsatia*, where those who dread the horrors of a writ betake themselves until they can arrange their affairs. A residence at Serampore, therefore, is productive of a very unpleasant imputation, and few

voluntarily encounter the stigma attached to it. This small and beautiful settlement forms also the Gretna Green of Bengal, at which parties may not only contract a clandestine marriage, but, when tired of the connexion, divorce each other with very little trouble and expense. Privileges so tempting, to the credit of the neighbouring community, are not often taken advantage of, and the place is happily more celebrated for its missionary college and press than for the labours of those who supply the places of proctors and other functionaries connected with ecclesiastical courts.

Serampore is, without exception, the best-built and best-kept European settlement in India. In addition to its superb esplanade, which stretches along the river's bank, it is composed of several regular streets, presenting a succession of handsome houses, inclosed in spacious gardens and interspersed with fine trees; the whole is kept scrupulously clean by the daily task-work of the convicts, who carefully weed the roads, and remove every unsightly object. The society at Serampore is very limited; the appointments of the governor are by no means splendid; he lives in a style of great simplicity, without affecting any state, appearing in public in a handsome but plain equipage, generally a palanquin, attended by a few *chobdars*, who brandish their silver maces and make as much noise as they can to arouse the world with the intelligence that the *burra sahib* is passing by: a mode of procedure which the natives think necessary to establish their own importance as well as that of their master. Besides the governor, there are not many official situations of consequence; a small number of merchants, and the families of gentlemen attached to the missionary college, comprise the principal residents; the rest are made up of people of very dubious rank, and strangers, whose claims of respectability are, from the occasion of their sojourn, of course rather doubtful. The religious creed of many of the settled inhabitants indispose them to gaiety of any kind, and the Danish residents seem to cultivate retired and domestic habits; there is consequently less visiting, party-giving, or festivities of any description, going on at Serampore than in any other place in India under European sway.

Notwithstanding these circumstances, Serampore must certainly be styled a cheerful town, and it is in many respects preferable to its military neighbour. The esplanade, after sunset, usually exhibits a very gay scene; it is the only place in Bengal in which custom sanctions a promenade; the whole of the European population is poured forth, some in carriages, but the majority on foot, to enjoy the refreshing gales from the water, and the beauties of the surrounding prospect. These frequently attract large parties from the opposite cantonments; groupes of well-dressed ladies, many without bonnets, which are not deemed necessary appendages in the hot seasons, are seen surrounding the *ton-jawn* which conveys some less robust friend. Gentlemen are, of course, in full attendance; and cadets especially, rejoice in their freedom from military restraint, and in the indulgence of pedestrian exercise, which is deemed *infra dig.* at the presidency. The tide also brings numerous visitors from Calcutta, particularly the officers of trading vessels, anxious to penetrate into the interior, and to travel, as they term it, up the country.

There would be some difficulty in imagining a more beautiful scene than that which evening presents at Serampore. The breadth of the river, its superb sweeps, the woody promontories which jut into it, diversified by picturesque buildings; the varied richness of the foliage; the myriads of fire-flies, and the silvery brightness of the waters retaining the last crimson flush of sun-set, until night comes to pave the shining surface with stars, form altogether so enchanting a combination that fancy delights to recall the landscape in all its original splendour.

Barrackpore, as a military station, is in bad odour with the officers of the Bengal army; very few appear to appreciate the advantages of being so near to the festal scenes of Calcutta; the climate of the Upper Provinces is esteemed of superior salubrity, and the very name of *half-batta* is sufficient to render it hateful. Exclusive of the temptations to expense, which a large society must always hold forth, the actual rate of living at Barrackpore, even with the diminution of the *batta*, cannot possibly be higher than that of more remote stations, where European commodities are double and sometimes treble in price. The conveniences of life are infinitely more abundant, and its pleasures incalculably greater; nevertheless, it has an ill-repute, and by a happy adaptation of taste to the scenes selected for the most permanent abode of the Company's military servants, the Mofussil is generally preferred to the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

The society of Barrackpore is too large to admit of that close and constant intercourse, which is carried on at less

populous stations, where the domestication of persons must be pleasant or the reverse, according as their tastes and habits are suited to those of each other; but it offers the great advantage of a choice of acquaintance; news, fashions, and the latest publications from England, France, and America, are easily attainable; the balls and parties of Calcutta are within reach; and all the enjoyments derivable from the beauties of cultivated nature are afforded in the lovely landscapes which appear on every side.

The garrison at Barrackpore consists of several regiments of sepoys, under the command of a major-general; the staff is exceedingly numerous, embracing appointments peculiar to the station. There are besides a considerable number of private residents, the families of retired officers, and widows who, possessing large connexions in India, prefer it as a residence to the parent state; many of these persons enjoy considerable wealth, and live in a style of appropriate splendour. Nevertheless, the society is subjected to great vicissitudes, and its gaiety cannot be depended upon for more than the passing season. The caprice of some, the unsocial disposition of others, or the stoppage of a house of agency, will put an end for a time to all festivities; and the extreme of dulness prevails until a change in the regiments, or some other equally favourable circumstances, occurs to give a fresh impetus to the flagging spirits of the community. The presence of the Governor-general is not always productive of the gaiety which is generally expected to be the accompaniment of a viceregal court.

Barrackpore is frequently resorted to by the chief person in the state, as a retreat from the toils of business and the scarcely less fatiguing duties entailed upon him at public entertainments. Few balls or fêtes of any kind are given at the Park, possibly to avoid the offence which the exclusion of visitors from Calcutta might give, and the great inconvenience resulting from their attendance. The last affair of the kind proved a complete failure, in consequence of an unexpected gale from the south-west; a contingency from which Bengal only for the short period of the cold season is altogether free. A very large proportion of the guests determined to go up by water, anticipating a delightful excursion by starlight; but the horrors of the storm burst upon them ere they could reach their destination; the Hooghly ran mountains high, washing over the decks of the frail little summer-vessels, and driving many on shore, to the consternation of the passengers and the utter ruin of their ball-dresses. The travellers by land were not better off; the horses took fright at the lightning; the road was rendered impassable by trees torn up by the roots; ladies, terrified out of their senses, made an attempt to walk, and the party, when collected at last, presented a most lugubrious spectacle, a concourse of wet, weary, miserable guests, eagerly impatient to return to their homes, yet compelled to await more favourable weather.

The society at Barrackpore is sufficiently extensive not only to admit of selection, but also to allow its leaders the indulgence of the exclusiveness so much the fashion at home. Persons who consider themselves eligible are sometimes left out of the invitations to the station-balls, and parties more strictly private are scrupulously composed of families of a certain rank, a distinction unknown in the Mofussil, and which is very grievous to bear: at least, such are the complaints alleged against Barrackpore by discontented individuals; but these statements must be taken with some grains of allowance, the extent of the evil depending entirely upon the temper of those persons who hold the highest offices, and who remain too short a time stationary to give a permanent tone to society.

Cadets, formerly, on their arrival at Calcutta, were permitted to travel alone, or in company with one or two other lads, as raw and as ignorant as themselves, to the places of their destination; but this is no longer the case. Inexperienced boys, ripe and ready for all sorts of mischief, were found to be woful mismanagers of their own concerns, and to be too ready to trespass on the rights and privileges of the natives; they rarely penetrated far into the interior without getting into some scrape, the least of their exploits being the squandering of all their money at the first halt upon the road, with the consequence of depending upon their skill in foraging for the remainder of the journey. Cheated by dishonest natives, they were apt to take revenge upon those who were so unfortunate as to fall into their clutches; and considering all the surrounding temptations, it is only wonderful that so few outrages were committed by the wild youth let loose in a foreign country, and inflated with the idea of their own importance. Many amusing narratives may be gathered from the sober lips of veterans, pleased to recall the sports and frolics of their boyish

days; but tragic incidents sometimes occurred, and it was at length found expedient to appoint cadets, posted to regiments stationed at distant places, to do duty at Barrackpore until they could be sent up the river in a fleet under the care of an experienced officer. Here they are taught the first military lessons, and as the duties are performed under the eye of a major-general, they are usually glad to escape to some station where they hope to enjoy a greater degree of liberty, since, however exciting the perils and fatigues encountered in a hot campaign, there is apparently nothing more irksome to a soldier, nothing that is found to be so fertile a subject of complaint, as the necessity of attending drill, of appearing on parade, of mounting guard, and of dressing according to regulation. This last appears to be the greatest grievance of all. A soldier, even in uniform, seems to take a pleasure in making himself look as unmilitary as possible, and his chief care appears to be to evade or defy the orders issued respecting the precise quantity of accoutrements to be worn, and the manner of wearing them. Droll exhibitions are sometimes made by the cadets of Barrackpore, who, ere the first gloss has faded from the uniforms which were the objects of their school-day ambition, ape the toil-worn soldier, and grumble over the annoyance of "being in harness."

The regulations in force respecting the Indian army are framed, however, with the greatest attention to the comfort of both privates and officers. During the hot weather, the uniform is composed of white calico decorated with the regimental button, and officers upon duty are only required to wear a jacket, which is termed a *raggee*, and which may be made of the thinnest scarlet or blue cashmere, China crape, or China silk; frock coats are often manufactured of the latter material, and worn in undress, while young civilians, who, though under no such restrictions, are not fond of exhibiting themselves in the guise of a barber or a cook, appear in swallow-tailed coats of China crape, which, when well-made, are often mistaken for cloth. At set dinners, where to arrive in *deshabille* might be considered as an affront, the male guests, if not provided with silk attire, usually direct their bearers (*Anglicè*, valets) to take a white jacket to the entertainer's house, in the hope that they may be invited to substitute it for a more cumbersome garment; and at Calcutta and Barrackpore, where strangers may not be aware that this option will be given them, the master of the mansion usually issues out a number of jackets from his own wardrobe, which he offers to the new arrivals, and the ante-chambers are straightway converted into dressing-rooms. It is only at grand parties, and under the surveillance of general officers, that the military guests are compelled to endure the horrors of warm clothing; but there are some commandants, who are themselves such dried-up and withered anatomies, that they have no compassion for the more corpulent portion of their species, and compel those who have the misfortune to be placed under their control, to submit to a process to which the sufferings of a Newmarket jockey in training are nothing. The exceeding ugliness of the dress adopted by the most refined nations of Europe is in no place more apparent than in India, where it is contrasted with the flowing garments of the natives, and where absolute necessity obliges the wearers to have it fabricated from the same materials which compose the wide trowsers and graceful vests of their attendants. The round sailor's jacket and tight trowsers, brought by the early factors from their ships, have obtained to this day in India, and while less elegant native customs have found universal favour in European eyes, the greatest possible distinction in dress has been thought necessary. Without pretending to discuss the wisdom of this policy, it may be said that the effect is absolutely shocking to persons of any taste. At Calcutta and Barrackpore, the barbarisms in dress are the most striking, for custom renders them familiar, and by the time that the travellers have reached the Upper Provinces, they have become habituated, if not reconciled, to the sight of gentlemen clothed from head to foot in ill-shaped garments of white cotton, in which the greatest dandy can only distinguish himself by the quantity of the starch.

The cemetery at Barrackpore is better kept than most places of a similar kind in India. It stands in a cheerful situation, not far from the park, and quite close to a handsome residence belonging to an officer on the staff, whose lovely and healthy family, while the writer partook of the ready hospitalities of his mansion, afforded a pleasing contradiction to the tale told by the too numerous graves and monuments. But the climate of Barrackpore must not be estimated by the number of deaths which take place in it, since persons in ill-health, from the Upper Provinces, frequently breathe their last at

this place, upon the eve of their embarkation for Europe, and new arrivals from colder countries fall victims to imprudences, which cannot be committed with impunity in any part of India.

Dum Dum, the cantonment selected for the head-quarters of the Bengal artillery, does not owe so much to nature as its neighbouring military station. The lines occupy an extensive plain, unmarked by any feature worthy of peculiar notice, the little beauty it possesses being entirely the work of art: handsome houses are scattered irregularly about, with pleasure-grounds around them, which are generally planted with care and taste. The mess-room and its accompaniments form a very superb building, affording suits of apartments upon a far more magnificent scale than those belonging to any European barrack. The splendour of Woolwich fades before the grandeur of Dum Dum; but the balls, which are given in the latter place every month are not kept up with the same degree of spirit which characterizes the parties at Woolwich, and even when the dullness which frequently pervades Calcutta might be supposed to render them of great importance, are very ill-attended by visitors from the presidency. Thirty or forty ladies, occupying the top of an immense apartment, surrounded by all the beaux who have any hope of being noticed by them, afford a tantalizing spectacle to crowds of young men, taking up their modest stations at a distance, and looking at the dance without daring to indulge the slightest expectation of having an opportunity of joining in it. The ladies, not suffered to repose during a single quadrille, may well envy the most forlorn coterie of neglected damsels in England, condemned to patience and a bench without a chance of being invited to quit their seat, for the duties imposed upon them are of a very arduous nature, and to refuse to dance at all, according to the custom of male exquisites at home, too much in request, would give such deep offence, that few parents or guardians allow their fair charges to incur the odium.

The society at Dum Dum has not yet recovered from the paralyzing effect produced by the diminution of the *batta*. In the first alarm and terror, lest pay and allowances of every kind should sustain similar clipping and curtailing, many amusements and indulgences were relinquished; and now that the panic has subsided, some from motives of economy, and others from the apprehension that too great a display of superfluous cash so near the seat of government, might sanction a farther reduction, have wholly withdrawn their support from the theatre and other public amusements of the place. In former times, the dramatic performances at Dum Dum almost rivalled those of Chowringee. It was not unusual to find an actor of considerable merit, and one who had become thoroughly acquainted with stage-business on the boards of a minor theatre in London, amongst the recruits enlisted for the artillery; such experience is frequently more valuable than talent in the raw material, for amateurs require a good deal of drilling before they can be brought to attend to the minutie of such great importance to the effect of a play. Dum Dum, in its best days, has boasted performers sufficiently attractive to bring an audience from Calcutta; but it has shared in the general depression of theatrical property; few stars illumine its declining glories, and the once-crowded parterre exhibits a beggarly account of empty benches. Occasionally an attempt is made to revive the good old times; but they have all failed, and were it not for the persevering efforts of a few stage-struck heroes, who are content to perform to thin houses, rather than not at all, lamps would no longer twinkle on the degenerate boards of the Dum Dum theatre. Its external appearance is not very prepossessing; but in that respect it is not much worse than its proud neighbour in Chowringee, which boasts little outward architectural display, though the interior is both handsome and commodious.

While upon the subject of theatricals, in and near the Presidency, an exhibition more strange than amusing should not pass unnoticed; the performance, or rather the attempted performance, of English plays by Hindoo youths: an undertaking which, as it may readily be supposed, was not crowned with much success. This inauspicious beginning, however, may lead to better things; native aspirants for the honours of the sock and buskin may perceive the propriety of confining themselves to the representation of dramas to which their complexion would be appropriate; and when the catalogue of European plays is exhausted, and the Aurungzeb and Tamerlanes have run themselves out of favour, authors may start up amidst the corps, and employ their pens in illustrating the public and domestic occurrences of their country, in tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce. Though the execution might not be first-rate, such productions could not fail to be

extremely curious and interesting; they would lead to a better acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people of Hindostan, and prevent such monstrous exhibitions as are presented to this enlightened age, in dramas resembling those styled "The Cataracts of the Ganges," "The Lions of Mysore," &c.

A fair proportion of the beauty and fashion of Calcutta is sometimes to be seen at the grand reviews and field-days of the artillery at Dum Dum; but these splendid military spectacles do not attract so large a concourse of gazers as might be expected. Anglo-Indians are not to be stimulated to exertion by any ordinary degree of excitement; they speedily lose that passion for sight-seeing, which at home induces crowds of people to brave dust, fatigue, hunger, and lowering clouds; they will not put themselves out of their way except upon very great occasions, and never voluntarily encounter a tenth-part of the risk dared by the fashionable world in England at archery-meetings, horticultural-breakfasts, races, and reviews, where perils by land or by water, upsets in crowded roads, deluges in open carriages, with the impossibility of getting anything to eat at inns full to suffocation, present a catalogue of evils sufficient to detain every person possessed of common prudence at home. The settled state of the weather, in the cold season in India, must remove all apprehensions from those skyey influences, which have such a fatal effect upon out-of-door amusements in England; but ships are launched, and military manœuvres practised, without attracting many spectators.

Dum Dum possesses a good station library, which is amply furnished with new publications as they come out from England. There are few places in India where young officers have the advantage of so many opportunities of improving their minds, and of fitting themselves for their profession; its vicinity to Calcutta enables them to procure books and instruction upon scientific subjects difficult of attainment in more remote cantonnments; enough of mental relaxation may be found in the society, which is large and cheerful, without being dissipated: and temptations to idleness are not so great as at Barrackpore, the grand thoroughfare to the Upper Provinces, and a place which no stranger landing at Calcutta omits to visit.

Dum Dum is much less frequented, the scenery possessing little attraction; there are however, some mansions in the neighbourhood, belonging to rich natives, which are objects of great interest and curiosity to Europeans. One of these, inhabited by a rajah, is distinguished for its menagerie, the only one of the kind now existing in Bengal, that at Barrackpore Park being dismantled. The collection has been greatly enriched by the donations of the present Governor-general, who presented the animals, which formerly inhabited the cages in the Park, to a gentleman less alarmed by the expense of their maintenance. The specimens of the wild tribes of Bengal exhibited in this zoological garden are superb; but the collection is, of course, deficient in the less known natives of the upper and hilly districts of India, the forest denizens of Nipal, which will not live in the hot season in the plains, and for which it would be so desirable to have a dépôt near the coast, whence they might be shipped at the end of the cold weather for England. Doubtless, some arrangement of this nature will take place in the course of a few years, and the visitors of European menageries will be delighted with the sight of animals which they have hitherto only known from the descriptions of travellers.

A garden-house, about four miles from Dum Dum, on the road to Calcutta, the occasional residence of Dwarknauth Tagore, a rich and highly intelligent native gentleman, possesses many attractions to Europeans, who gladly avail themselves of the hospitalities of the courteous owner. Dwarknauth Tagore converses fluently in English with his guests, whom he receives entirely after the European fashion, permitting (although a Hindoo) fowls and butchers' meat, with the exception of beef, to appear at his well-covered table, at which he occupies a seat, challenging the company, the ladies especially, to take wine, but refraining from the more solid food which is placed before him. The house is a beautiful and commodious structure, furnished in the best taste, and strictly in accordance with our ideas of Asiatic luxury, though differing widely from the real state of things in native houses; sofas, stools, and ottomans abound; some of the rooms are hung with fine engravings, and others are decorated with the best specimens of original paintings which Calcutta can afford; several excellent portraits, from the pencil of Mr. George Beechey, and some clever productions from other European artists who have bent their steps to India. The tables are covered with books of prints, and portfolios of the most splen-

did description; in short, it is a most delightful retreat, the gardens and pleasure-grounds being laid out in a style correspondent with the interior. The entertainments given by Dwarknauth Tagore, at this charming mansion, are very frequent, and he delights in obliging his friends by lending it for the wedding-abode of brides and bridegrooms, who, in India, are rarely so fortunate as to be enabled to follow the English fashion of making an excursion during the honey-moon, on account of the scarcity of hotels and country-houses at their disposal. Ishara, Barrackpore, Dum Dum, and Garden Reach, afford asylums for newly-married couples, who are blessed with accommodating friends ready to vacate and lend their houses for the occasion; but these lucky individuals bear no proportion to the numbers who, after the celebration of their nuptials in the cathedral, are compelled to retire quietly, and without the slightest *éclat*, to their own homes, and to fall in at once to the domestic routine, for which it is considered more advisable to have some preparation. No place in the neighbourhood of Calcutta can be better suited for the scene of bridal happiness than the delightful country-mansion of Dwarknauth Tagore. Here are charming gardens to walk in, secluded rides and drives for evening exercise, and books and pictures to supply subjects for conversation, when those sweet topics are exhausted which, only in the days of courtship, are believed to afford never-ending resources.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MADRAS, SERINGAPATAM, AND BANGALORE.

THAT the native armies of Madras and Bombay are equal, in the field, in strength, vigour, and good conduct, to that of Bengal, there is no doubt: officers of the King's service, who, at different periods, have commanded in the three presidencies, have given the most honourable testimony to the merits of all. But the Bengal sepoy has the advantage of a finer person and a more military air; perhaps, however, it would be more correct to say, the sepoys of the Bengal army,—since the province which gives its name to the presidency does not furnish the soldiers, who are principally composed of high-caste men from the Upper Provinces, Rajpoots, Patans, and Moghuls of good family.

The lounging, dishevelled habits, produced by the climate, have assuredly a deteriorating effect upon the style and bearing of European officers in the Company's service. These gentlemen have certainly nothing of the Prussian school about them; none of the upright, ramrod stiffness, which disciplinarians consider so essential, and which in Europe usually distinguishes a soldier from his fellow-citizens. The Madrassees, as they are called, pique themselves a little upon the carelessness of their dress, and, when off duty, assume a nonchalant manner, and a neglect of the etiquette of military costume, which savours somewhat of affectation, and affords some sanction to the assumption of superiority on the part of the Bengal officer. It is said that, at the Cape of Good Hope (a place much frequented by visitants in search of health from the three presidencies, all of whom are characterized by the general designation of Hindoo), the officer of the Madras army is known by the deranged or dilapidated state of his attire; and it is not uncommon to see him lounging about in a jacket so much the worse for wear as not to possess its full complement of buttons. Women, who are very quick-sighted in such matters, perceive at a glance the least violation of military proprieties, and the lower classes especially are wont to express their opinion in no measured terms. A half-caste lady in Calcutta, considering herself aggrieved by an officer from the neighbouring presidency, after exhausting every abusive epithet which the language could afford, wound up a striking peroration by calling him "a little Madras major:" the force of railing could no farther go. It is proper, however, to say that there are different opinions on the subject; by some it is averred that the Bengal troops, though finer and larger men than those of the coast army, are not so smart looking under arms, and that they do not move, or handle their muskets, with the precision and soldier-like steadiness of the Madras native infantry. These conflicting testimonies serve to convince indifferent persons that there is no real superiority in either; the claims of the Bengal establishment rest principally upon the height and good looks of the natives of the Upper Provinces of Hindostan, who are usually tall, stout, handsome men. There will always be a little jealousy be-

tween the rival establishments; and as the Bengalees live in a style of splendour which their fellow-soldiers do not attempt, they assume a pre-eminence which is generally acceded to them.

Those who have been accustomed to the luxuries of the capital of British India, the trains of servants in waiting, and the princely accommodations of the houses, are apt to disparage the customs and modes of living at Madras; but the traveller surveys with delight the splendid architectural remains and picturesque beauties of southern India. The panorama of Madras, lately exhibited in London, afforded to its numerous visitants a striking and faithful representation of the military array of the fort, the glittering palace-like public offices, and the minarets, churches, and pagodas, embosomed in trees, which line the surf-bound coast of this singular and truly oriental city. But the imposing air of grandeur and pomp, produced by the magnificent dimensions, architectural ornaments, and, above all, the marble brightness of the shell-mortar with which the government edifices are coated, is diminished, on a nearer approach, by the absence of the regular streets and squares, which give so much of a metropolitan air to the stately avenues of Calcutta. The roads, planted on either side with trees, the villas *chunamed* with the glittering material already mentioned, and nestling in gardens, where the richest flush of flowers is tempered by the grateful shade of umbrageous groves, leave nothing to be wished for that can delight the eye or enchant the imagination. Here are to be seen, in the most lavish abundance, the plume-like, broad-leaved plantain, the gracefully drooping bamboo, the proud coronet of the coco, waving with every breeze, the fan-leaf of the still taller palm, the delicate areca, the obelisk-like aloe, and the majestic banian, with its drooping branches, the giant arms outspreading from a columnar and strangely convoluted trunk, and precipitating plant fibrous strings, which plant themselves in the earth below, and add their support to the splendid canopy above them.

The climate of Madras is considered to be less sultry than that of Bengal; those stations which are situated on the highest ground of the table-land enjoy a very agreeable temperature. The large cantonment of Bangalore is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the thermometer rarely rises above 80°; but the duties of the civil and military servants of the presidency often call them to less favoured places; and those who have suffered under the prostrating effects of a Mysore fever, have no reason to rejoice that their destinies did not lead them to Bengal.

In spite, however, of its pestilential climate, there are few places in the peninsula more attractive to a visitor than the scene of the splendid victory gained by the British arms in 1799. The island of Seringapatam, which is surrounded on every side by the Caverry, a wide and rapid river, to which the Carnatic owes its agricultural wealth, is a place of great beauty and fertility; but the reminiscences connected with it are of a nature too overpowering to permit the mind to dwell upon minor circumstances.

The departure from every rule of honourable warfare in the cruel treatment of his British prisoners, together with many other acts of tyranny and oppression, have branded the name of Tippoo Saib with everlasting infamy; yet, notwithstanding much that is wholly indefensible in his conduct, it may be doubted whether he deserves all the opprobrium which has been cast upon his character. A modern, and an unquestionable authority, assures us that Tippoo's government could not have been very oppressive, since his resources were almost inexhaustible, and the cities, towns, and villages of his dominions, with few and slight exceptions, were in a flourishing state. Notwithstanding the frequency of his wars, his accumulation of personal property was immense. He had, during a long series of years, maintained very large bodies of troops, and kept up his fortresses, and replenished his treasury. His subjects were rich, and his army well-appointed and faithful.

The fortunate person by whose hand the son of Hyder met his death, remains to this day unknown, nor has it ever been ascertained whether the jewels which adorned his person became the spoil of friends or foes. When the corpse was discovered, it was found divested of all its ornaments. He was known to wear a ruby ring constantly upon his finger, which he esteemed to be the finest in his treasury, and the value of the string of pearls, or rosary, about his neck, was almost incalculable. The gems, of which it was composed, were the largest and richest India could produce; they had been the collection of many years, and were the pride of his dress. Whenever a pearl of extraordinary size and lustre was brought to him for sale, he became the purchaser, and strung it on this precious necklace, in the place of one of inferior value; and as

he never appeared without this favourite ornament, there is no doubt of its having fallen into the hands of some lucky adventurer, who concealed the knowledge of so great a prize. His turban was also always adorned with a jewel of price, but that had disappeared: an amulet, powerless to save, alone was left upon an arm which had threatened the subversion of the British Government in India.

One cannot be surprised that the riches gained at the taking of Seringapatam should still be fresh in men's minds, and that notwithstanding the scarcity of "barbaric pearl and gold," India should to this day be esteemed a sort of garden of Aladdin, where clustering rubies, the flashing diamond, and the changeful opal, court the passenger's acceptance. An enormous quantity of jewels found their way to Europe after the capture of Seringapatam. The houses of the chief sirdars, as well as those of the shroffs, were completely pillaged. The terrified inmates of the zenanas, anxious only to preserve their lives, came forth with all their treasures, and offered their jewels as a ransom. Fortunately, the palace was not made the scene of indiscriminate plunder; it was secured in time, and its immense riches were thus preserved for more equal distribution to the conquering army. The treasures contained in this palace consisted of jewels, gold and silver plate, rich stuffs, valuable MSS., and various other articles of great price and rarity. The quantity of money discovered, though great in itself, was not commensurate with the expectations raised by the report of Tippoo's vast resources. It is supposed that much remains still concealed, although the confidence of the besieged not being shaken until the fortress had fallen into the possession of the enemy, little or no precaution was taken to secure property of any description. India still affords a fertile field for the treasure-seeker. In traversing the ruined portions of once-flourishing cities, destined by the fortunes of war to frequent changes of masters, it is impossible to avoid wishing for the divining rod, of which we read, to direct the search of the money-digger; for doubtless immense riches still lie buried where the terrors of the Moghul and the Mahratta have prevailed.

The enormous mass of wealth accumulated by Tippoo Saib, though hoarded up without regard to ornamental arrangement, and without being made subservient to the embellishments of the palace, were registered with great care. The captors found every article labelled according to its entry in the corresponding catalogue. Very extensive buildings, including the greater part of the palace, were appropriated to the reception of the treasure; a series of quadrangles, surrounded by store-houses having open galleries above, were appropriated to those articles which were least susceptible of injury. The jewels, carefully deposited in coffers, were kept in large dark chambers, behind one of the halls of audience. The plate, both gold and silver, was preserved in the same manner. The jewellery was set in gold in the form of bracelets, rings, necklaces, plumes, aigrettes, sword-belts, &c., and the workmanship was not inferior to the value of the material. We have a record of one necklace, which seems to have been wrought by a hand not less cunning than that of the wondrous Florentine. It was composed, says Major Moor, of fifteen or twenty chains of gold, each link being a very small bunch of grapes, of most exquisite workmanship; the number of links or bunches of grapes must have amounted to many thousands, they were so minute. The chains were nearly five feet long, connected by a pair of splendid clasps of diamonds and rubies. The value placed upon it at Seringapatam, sixty pounds, fell infinitely short of its real worth, taking the workmanship into consideration. One of the galleries containing two *howdahs*, made of solid silver; and some of the plate was richly inlaid with gold, and set with jewels.

Tippoo, it is said, whose love of hoarding was insatiable, passed the greater part of his leisure hours in reviewing and examining the acquisitions of his successful ambition. His love of literature was not inferior to his love of wealth; he possessed a large and curious library, arranged after his own fashion, in a manner little according with European ideas. The books were kept in chests, each volume having a separate wrapper, so that they were for the most part in excellent preservation. These books, it is supposed, must all have been collected by Tippoo himself since his father was too illiterate to have possessed any taste for reading.

The garden-houses and pavilions of Tippoo Saib are now frequently occupied by European officers, whom military duty or curiosity leads to Seringapatam, and who, of course, receive the most courteous attentions from the heads of the reigning family. A large mansion in the Dowlut Baugh, amongst other decorations, is ornamented with a painting representing the defeat of Colonel Baillie; in which the artist, more intent

upon pleasing his patron than in giving a faithful delineation of the scene, has taken care not only to depict the conquering Hyder after the most triumphant fashion, but to exaggerate the disasters and distresses of the enemy. Nothing can be more wretched than the execution of this design; but the colours are bright and gaudy, and the whole as fresh as when it delighted the eyes of the invader and of his less fortunate son, the British Government not choosing to deface or remove this trophy of bygone days. Few persons can now indulge in a rojourn in the Dowlut Baugh without experiencing some injurious attack of disease; the whole island retains its fatal power over European constitutions, and from time immemorial it has only been the natives of the soil who could successfully resist the deleterious effects of the climate. We are told, that out of many thousand natives compulsorily brought by Hyder and his son from the Malabar coast, and forced to settle in the new territory, only five hundred survived at the end of ten years to relate the story of their tragic expulsion from their own homes; and five years sufficed to reduce the number of European officers and artificers, in the sultan's service, imported from the Isle of France, from five hundred to twenty-five. Notwithstanding its comparative salubrity, the cemetery of the neighbouring station, Bangalore, is but too well filled with the victims to the fevers so prevalent in southern India.

Bangalore is rendered peculiarly interesting to the English visitor, from its having been selected as a place of confinement for many of the prisoners taken in the wars of Hyder and his son with the British Government. A large wheel for drawing water is still in existence, in a garden adjoining the palace of Hyder Ally, in the native fort, about two miles from the present cantonments, at which that despot, who was ignorant of every rule of honourable warfare, compelled his captives to work. During the reign of Tipoo Saib, upwards of twenty officers shared the same prison for a dreary interval of four years, the miseries of captivity being cruelly augmented by the continual expectation of death in its worst form. The little intelligence they could obtain of the state of affairs beyond their prison wall was conveyed to them by a native butcher, who frequently enclosed a letter in the head of a sheep, which, being severed from the body, he flung into the prison. Suspicion fell upon this faithful fellow, but he would confess nothing, notwithstanding the attempt made to intimidate him by tying him to the mouth of a loaded gun. Immediately upon his release, he proceeded to perform the duties of his avocation, and, undaunted by the recollection of previous peril, resorted to the old mode of communication, and beheading a sheep, whose teeth were tightly closed upon a letter, flung it with reckless daring amongst the assembled officers, who subsequently owed their lives to the determination which they evinced to resist the attempts made to intimidate them. Two of these prisoners still survive to tell the tale—the rest have gone to their graves: and it is melancholy to add, that several became the victims of indulgences by which they sought to indemnify themselves for the hardships and mortifications they had been made to undergo.

Bangalore, though not equalling in aspect the luxuriant, though deleterious beauty of the adjacent territories, is prettily situated in a moderately-wooded and well-watered country; there are barracks for two King's regiments, one of cavalry and one of infantry; and in addition, the garrison consists of three Native Infantry and one Cavalry regiments, with a proportionate number of battalions of artillery, the requisite staff, &c.

Bangalore has always been distinguished, throughout the Madras presidency, for its festivities. It possesses very handsome assembly-rooms, and a theatre, in which the amateur performances are often above par. These latter entertainments have been found so attractive, that persons, anxious to uphold the honour of the station, have been induced to make an authenticated report, by which it has been shown that the number of representations of a popular piece, with reference to the bills of mortality in both places, has in the theatre at Bangalore equalled that of *Mother Goose* at Covent Garden. The fancy balls are upon a grand scale; and the very beautiful little theatre being at the extreme end of the assembly-rooms, and therefore easily thrown open when necessary, the effect of the whole is magnificent. No expense is spared upon these entertainments; the bands of the several regiments are in attendance, and a flourish of trumpets gives the glad summons to supper. When the society happens to be composed of choice spirits, amusements of this nature go off with great *éclat*. The superior size and loftiness of reception-rooms in India, render them much better adapted for large assemblages than those belonging to the same class of society

in England; and even in the most sultry seasons, less inconvenience is sustained from the heat, the nights being always comparatively cool, and a free circulation of air secured by the multitude of open doors. The danger of failure is occasioned by the difficulty of getting the party to harmonize; dull, disagreeable people are to be found every where; and when these preponderate, the meeting, intended to be festive, must of course be "stale, flat, and unprofitable."

During the cold season, the European residents of Bangalore amuse themselves with pic-nic parties, there being numerous objects of curiosity in the vicinity to attract the visitant. There is nothing throughout Hindostan to equal the remains of southern India; the pagodas of Benares, and even those of Bindrabund and Muttra, are mean in comparison to the splendid temples which are spread along the plains of Mysore and the Carnatic. Those in the neighbourhood of Bangalore do not yield in magnificence to the most celebrated pagodas of the Peninsula, and they are the favourite resort of all who possess any taste for architectural beauty; while, to the less intellectual portion of the community, the music, dancing, the banquet, and perhaps above all the feats of jugglers, offer high gratification.

The Madras jugglers are famous all over the world; the exploits of Ramo Samee are still fresh in the recollection of the inhabitants of London; and though the exhibition of similar acts of dexterity is often more extraordinary than pleasing, the display of legerdemain in India would almost induce the belief that the age of necromancy had not passed away. A man who, in 1828, seated himself in the air without any apparent support, excited as much interest and curiosity as the automaton chess-player who astonished all Europe a few years ago; drawings were exhibited in all the Indian papers, and various conjectures formed respecting the secret of his art, but no very satisfactory discovery was made of the means by which he effected an apparent impossibility. The bodies of the Madras jugglers are so lithe and supple, as to resemble those of serpents rather than men. An artist of this kind will place a ladder upright on the ground, and wind himself in and out through the rungs until he reaches the top, descending in the same manner, keeping the ladder, which has no support whatever, in a perpendicular position. Some of the most accomplished tumblers will spring over an enormous elephant, or five camels placed abreast; and in rope-dancing they are not to be outdone by any of the wonders of Sadler's Wells.

Swallowing the sword is a common operation, even by those who are not considered to be the most expert; and they have various other exploits with naked weapons of a most frightful nature. A woman,—for the females are quite equal to the men in these kind of feats,—will dip the point of a sword in some black pigment, the hilt is then fixed firmly in the ground, and after a few whirls in the air, the *artiste* takes off a portion of the pigment with her eye-lid. A sword and four daggers are placed in the ground, with their edges and points upwards, at such a distance from each other as to admit of a man's head between them; the operator then plants a scymetar firmly in the ground, sits down behind it, and at a bound throws himself over the scymetar, pitching his head exactly in the centre between the daggers; and, turning over, clears them and the sword. Walking over the naked edges of sabres seems to be perfectly easy; and some of these people will stick a sword in the ground, and step upon the point in crossing over it. A more agreeable display of the lightness and activity, which would enable the performers to tread over flowers without bending them, is shown upon a piece of thin linen cloth stretched out slightly in the hands of four persons, which is traversed without ruffling it, or forcing it from the grasp of the holders. The lifting of heavy weights with the eyelids is another very disgusting exhibition. Some of the optical deceptions are exceedingly curious, and inquirers are to this day puzzled to guess how plants and flowers can be instantaneously produced from seeds.

The Madras jugglers travel to all parts of India, but it is not often that the most celebrated are to be found at a distance from the theatre of their education. Snake-charmers are common every where; they belong to a peculiar caste of Hindoos, and, though their reputation is upon the wane, they still excite considerable curiosity in southern India. They pretend to be enabled to handle the most venomous serpents with impunity, by means of the snake-stone, a smooth, flat substance, the size of a tamarind stone, and nearly the same shape: this is said to be extracted from the head of the animal; and though the fallacy of the idea of the concealment of a precious jewel in a serpent's head has been ably refuted by one of the contributors to the *Asiatic Researches*, the opinion still pre-

vails that some of the stones vended by the cunning manufacturers are genuine.*

It is certainly entertaining to a stranger to watch the effect of music upon the serpent tribe. Very well authenticated accounts are upon record of their being charmed from their hiding-places by the sound of a pipe or flageolet; and those which have been tamed are constantly exhibited dancing to the melody produced by this simple instrument. They stand erect upon their tails, and move about, bending their heads, and undulating their bodies in accordance with the measure. The *cobra capella* is the dancing-snake of the East, and the production of the snake-stone is exclusively confined to this species. There is not, it is said, much difficulty in extracting the poison of a serpent, which is contained in a very small reservoir, running along the palate of the mouth, and passing out at each fang: the natives are supposed to be very dexterous in forcing their captives to eject this venom, and are then enabled to handle them without the least danger. Some persons, however, well acquainted with the habits of snake-charmers, deny that they extract the poison, and attribute the impunity with which they handle these dangerous reptiles to their accurate knowledge of the temper and disposition of the animal, and their ready method of soothing down irritation. The natives boast the possession of various antidotes to the bite of a snake, and often pretend to have imbibed the venom and effected a cure. There is a plant which goes by the name of *chandraca*, in which considerable confidence is placed; and arsenic, which enters very largely into the composition of the celebrated Tanjore pill, is often employed as a counter-acting power. Volatile alkalies are most generally tried by European practitioners, and very often prove successful; but the different degrees of strength in the venom of snakes render it doubtful whether in the worst cases they would have any beneficial effect. Some medical men aver, that the bite of a *cobra capella* in full vigour, and in possession of all its poisonous qualities, is as speedily fatal as a pistol-ball; and that it is only when this poison is weakened by expenditure, that medicine can be of any avail.

* In Major Moor's very pleasing volume of *Oriental Fragments*, are some details respecting snake-catching, snake-stones, and the tricks of the *sampooris*, or snake-catchers. He describes the process employed by one of these artists to charm a snake from his (the Major's) dwelling, and to extract the stone, apparently from the jaws of the reptile. He proceeds: "A clever Parsee servant had reminded us that we had lately lost many fowls, adding that he should not wonder if there was another *samp* somewhere near the fowl-house. Thither we went; and, after the usual ceremonials, sure enough another was caught. I smelt a rat; and, causing the exulting catcher to bring his writhing captive into the veranda, watched narrowly the lithotomic process. At the proper moment I, to the great astonishment of my friend Forbes and the other spectators, seized the snakeless hand of the operator; and there found, to his dismay, perdue in his well-closed palm, the intended-to-be-extracted stone.

"The fellow made a full and good-humoured confession of the trick, as touching the second snake and the concealed stone; but stoutly maintained that he fairly caught the first; and that, although the semi-transparent, amber-like stones were altogether fictitious, the opaque concretion was sometimes, though not often, found in the reptile's head; and that it really had some of the virtues ascribed to it. He good-humouredly blamed me for exposing him—hinting that credulity was the easy parent of craft; and somewhat slyly said something Hudibrastically equivalent to the assertion that

— the pleasure is as great
In being cheated, as to cheat."

Major Moor bought many of these stones, and although, as they multiplied on his hands, he began to suspect that "he was not one of the wisest men in the world;" he still cannot entirely shake off the belief that these stones are actually taken out of the reptile's head, and have some anti-poisonous virtue.

ONE IN A THOUSAND;

OR

THE DAYS OF HENRY QUATRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE GIPSEY," "MARY OF BURGUNDY," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

ON the confines of the two beautiful provinces of Maine and Touraine, lies one of the sweetest valleys that the foot of man ever trod. The hills by which it is formed are covered on one hand by a wood of venerable oaks, while the other side offers a green slope only broken occasionally by rocky banks; and on the summit of every eminence stands out, in bold relief, a group of two or three young trees, casting their deep, soft shadows on the velvet turf below.

The eye of a traveller, placed at the northern extremity of the valley, may trace its course winding on in varied beauty for nearly a league to the southward; till at length the hills, by the acclivities of which it is composed, seem to end abruptly in that direction, but still without meeting; the one side terminating in a high rugged rock, cutting clear and distinct upon the sky, and the other fringed by the branches and foliage of the trees. Far away beyond, enframed, as it were, by the opening of the valley, lies a rich, splendid landscape, showing bright Touraine, with its plains, and woods, and dells fading off in long misty lines of light and shade, till earth and heaven blend in the blue obscurity of distance.

Washing the roots of the trees on one side, and edged with a bank of soft green moss on the other, a small limpid stream runs swiftly along over a shallow bed of rocks and pebbles, and, like some spoiled child of fortune, winds rapidly on amidst a thousand sweets and beauties, still hurrying forward, careless of all the bright things that surround its path.

Down the steep, rugged bridle-road, which, descending sharply from the brow of the more exposed hill, crossed the course of the valley and the stream at nearly a right angle, and, then, mounting the opposite slope, made its way through the forest;—down that road, somewhere near the end of April 1589, a very handsome boy, seemingly about sixteen years of age, took his path on foot. He was just at the time of life when childhood and manhood meet—when sports, and pastimes, and sweet innocence are cast away like faded flowers, and when we first set the naked foot of inexperience on that burning and arid path through the fiery desert of desire and disappointment, which each man must tread, ere he reach the night's resting-place of the tomb. Not a shade of down yet tinged his upper lip with the budding of the long-coveted mustachio, and his face was smooth and soft; but there was a flash and a fire in his splendid dark eye, which told that the strong and busy passions that beset man's prime had already taken possession of his heart.

He was dressed in a vest of dark murrey-coloured cloth, bound with a light edging of gold, and in large trunk breeches descending to his knee, made of the same stuff, and ornamented in the same manner. His cloak, which was more ample than was usual in those days, or than the time of year required, was fastened by a buckle to the right shoulder, and, being brought round under his left arm in the Italian mode, was wrapped across his chest, without opposing any obstacle to the free passage of his hand towards the hilt of his dagger or his sword. He was, if anything, below the middle height, and slightly made; but in his countenance there were all those signs and features from which we are accustomed to argue the presence of high and daring courage: and, perhaps, it might have been a safer task to attack many a man of greater personal strength, and much more warlike appearance, than that slight boy, with his light active limbs, and quick remarking eye.

On the summit of the hill he paused for a moment, and gazed over the country which he had left behind, as if looking anxiously for some expected sight; and then, muttering the words "negligent varlets!" he resumed his path down the side of the hill. After wandering for a short space along the

margin of the shallow stream, seeking for a place where he might cross its fretful waters, without wetting the light buskins that covered his feet, he sat down upon the mossy bank under the shade of a clump of oaks, seemingly wearied with his walks; and, pulling off his boots and stockings, dipped his feet in the rivulet to cool and refresh them. Laying his broad-plumed hat by his side, he leaned back against the broken bank, from which sprang the oaks that shaded him; and, with the water still rippling over his feet, and the chequered light and shade of the green leaves above playing on his broad fair brow, he seemed to give himself up to one of those fanciful dreams ever so busy with the brain of youth.

It was certainly a spot and an hour to dream in. It was the noon of a bright spring day. Every bird of the season was singing its sweetest song in the forest opposite, or the trees above his head; and his seat was carpeted with the meek-eyed wood anemone, the soft blue periwinkle, the daisy, the primrose, and the violet, together with a thousand other flowers, the sweetest children of the early year, whose very birth and being are one of the brightest themes that nature offers to imagination. And yet the youth's meditations did not appear to be pleasant ones. Whatever was the chain of thought that bound his mind, there was upon his countenance an expression of sad and painful gloom, which gradually changed, like the hues of a red and stormy sunset, to the deeper signs of wrath and indignation. Sometimes he gazed heavily upon the stream, with an eye all unconscious of the flashing waters before it; and then again, as some sterner feeling seemed to take possession of his heart, his brow would knit, his lip would quiver, and his eye would flash like that of a young tiger in its spring. Soon, however, the thoughts—whatever they were—which gave rise to such emotions, passed away; and, hanging down his head, sadder sensations seemed, in turn, to occupy his breast. A bright drop rose and glittered in his eye, and the quick blood mounted hastily into his cheek, as if ashamed of the passion he had shown, though he knew not that any one was near to witness its expression.

Whether the passing emotions by which he had been agitated were marked or not, his progress from the top of the hill to the spot where he sat had not been unobserved; and the next moment a rustling sound, proceeding from the bushes on the opposite side of the stream, startled him from his reverie. Bounding up like a frightened fawn, he fixed his eyes upon the trees in the direction from which the noise had proceeded; but the thick foliage concealed for the time the object which alarmed him; though, by the continuance of the sound, and the waving of the boughs, it was evident that some large body was making its way towards the side of the river. The next instant the figure of a man emerged from the wood, and then that of a horse, whose bridle, cast over the stranger's arm, afforded the means of leading it forward along the narrow footpath which they had been treading. The leisurely pace at which both man and horse proceeded gave no signs of intentions actively hostile towards any one; and although those were days in which dangers were to be found in every field and in every road, yet a moment's thought seemed to have made the youth ashamed of the timid start which the stranger's approach had occasioned. Colouring highly, he sat down again upon the bank, and applied himself busily to replace his boots and stockings, without vouchsafing a look towards the other side of the stream.

"When you have done, my fair youth," said the stranger, after gazing at him for a minute from the opposite bank, "will you answer me a question?"

"If it suit me, and if I can," replied the youth, looking up into the stranger's face for the first time.

That face was not one to be seen without exciting in those who beheld it more, and more agreeable, sensations than are usually called up by the blank countenances of the great mass of mankind,—too often unlettered books, where mind and feeling have scarcely written a trace. The features on which the lad now gazed were strongly marked, but handsome; and the broad expanse of the high, clear forehead, the open unbent brow, the bright speaking eye, and the full arching lips, conveyed at once to the untaught physiognomist which watches and reasons at the bottom of every man's heart, the idea of a candid and generous mind. There was much intelligence, too, in that countenance—intelligence without the least touch of cunning,—all bright, and clear, and bold.

The stranger was about the middle height, and, apparently, had seen four or five and thirty summers: they might be less or more; for circumstances, so much more than time, stamp the trace of age upon the external form, as well as upon the heart

and feelings, that it is often difficult to judge whether the wrinkles and furrows, which seem to have been the slow work of years, are not, in reality, the marks of rapid cares or withering passions. In his face were several lines which might well have borne either interpretation; but, still, neither his dark brown hair, nor his thick glossy beard, offered the least evidence of time's whitening hand. His dress was a simple riding suit, the green hue of which appeared to bespeak, either for profit or amusement, a devotion to the chase. The same calling seemed denoted by a small hunting horn, which hung by his side; and his offensive arms were no more than such sport required. He wore, however, a hat and high white plume, instead of the close unadorned bonnet generally used in the chase; and his horse, too, a deep bay barb, had less the air of a hunter than of a battle charger.

"My question is a very simple one, good youth," he said, while a slight smile curled his lip, excited by a certain degree of pettish flippancy which the boy displayed in replying to his first address:—"Did you meet a troop of reitres just now, as you came over the hill? and which way did they take?"

"I did meet a troop of Dutch vagabonds," replied the boy, boldly: "villains that foolish Frenchmen hire to cut foolish Frenchmen's throats! and as to the way they took, God 'a' mercy! I watched them not."

"But from you hill you must have seen which road they went," replied the stranger. "I am one of those foolish Frenchmen whom you mention, and an inoffensive person to boot, whose throat would have but small security under the gripe of these worthy foreigners. One of them I might deal with—ay, two—or three, perchance; but when they ride by scores, and I alone, I see not why the green wood should not cover me, as well as many a brave boar or a stout stag. I pray thee, therefore, good youth, if thou sawest the way they took, let me know it, for courtesy's sake; and if thou sawest it not, why, fare thee well! I must take my chance."

For a moment or two the boy made no reply, but measured the stranger from head to foot with his eye; somewhat knitting his brow, as he did so, with a look of sore abstraction, as if his mind were too busy with what he saw to heed the incivility of his long-protracted stare. "Yes," said he, at length, speaking apparently to himself, "yes;" and then, addressing the stranger, he demanded abruptly, "whither go you?"

"Nay, good youth! nay!" replied his companion; "These are not times—nor France the country—nor this the spot of all France—in which a man would choose to trust the first person he meets, with where he goes or what he goes for. I ask you not your road—ask me not mine. If you can answer my question, whether the band of reitres took the path to Tours, or wound under the hill towards La Flèche, do so, and I will thank you; if not, once more farewell!"—and, without putting foot in stirrup, he sprang upon his horse's back.

"Answer your question I cannot," replied the boy, with a degree of calm earnestness that seemed to speak greater interest in the stranger than he had at first evinced; "but I can do more for you," he proceeded. "Where the reitres went I did not see, for I hid myself behind the rocks till they were past; but I can show you paths where no reitres will ever come. Often have I flown my hawk across those plains," he added, in an explanatory tone, as if he wished to recommend his guidance to the stranger by showing how his acquaintance with the country had been acquired:—"often have I followed my hound through these valleys, in other days long gone; and I know their every turning better than my father's house."

"In other days!" said the stranger; "why thou art now but a boy!"

"True," replied the youth; "yet I may have known other days, and happier ones:—but to my purpose. What I offer you, I offer knowing what I am doing;" and fixing his eyes upon the stranger's face with a meaning, but not a disrespectful, glance, and then proceeded: "Tell me whither you would go. I will conduct you thither in safety, and will not betray you, upon my honour!"

"In faith, I believe I must even trust you," replied the stranger. "There are many who, with wise saws and cautious counsels, would fain persuade me to be as prudent, and as careful of my life, as a great grandmother of eighty years and upwards. But life, at best, is but as gold, a precious thing given to be spent. Whip me all misers, whether of their purse or of their safety, say I; and, therefore, boy, you shall be my guide, though you should give me over to all the reitres that ever the factious house of Lorraine brought to back the treason which they call piety."

"I will give you over to no reitres," replied the boy; "so be your mind at ease."

"Odds life! it is seldom otherwise than at ease," rejoined the other: "my heart is a light one, and will not be heavy now, as I ride on beside thee: though I may have caught thy tongue tripping, my fair boy. Thou art no Frenchman, or thine accent sorely belies thee."

"Now do you think me both a German and a reitre, I warrant!" replied the youth, with a playful smile, and a toss back of his dark hair. "But cannot your ear distinguish between the hoggish twang of the Teutonic gutturals, and the soft music of the Italian liquids?"

"Methinks it can," replied the stranger; "but, whether German or Italian, Switzer, or even Spaniard, thou shalt be my guide. Knowest thou the château of the Marquis of St. Réal?"

The youth started. "Do I know it?" said he, "do I know it!" then suddenly seeming to check, in full career, some powerful feelings that were in the very act of bursting from his heart to his lips, he added, more calmly, "I know it well! I know it well! Willingly will I show you your road thither, and, perhaps, may name my guerdon by the way; but it is too far a journey for me on foot in one day."

"We will buy thee a horse, my fair boy," replied the stranger: I must be at St. Réal this night, and at Tours ere noon to-morrow; so we will buy thee a horse at the first village where we can find one."

"An ass will serve my turn as well as the best Barbary steed," said the youth; "and the one will be more easily found than the other; for, what between the League and the Huguenots, there are more asses in France than any other kind of beast;—so now let us on our way."

Returning into the road from which he had strayed to wash his feet, the boy stepped lightly, from stone to stone, across the stream, and soon stood on the same side with the traveller. He, on his part, as if unwilling to save himself fatigue by continuing to ride while the youth walked by his side on foot, once more dismounted; and they then turned their steps up the broad way through the forest to the top of the hill, descending, as they went, on the fineness of the day, the beauty of the scene, and all the ordinary topics which furnish conversation to those who have few subjects in common; but each avoiding, as if by mutual consent, any allusion to the purpose or station of his companion.

It was, as we have said, as fair and sun-shiny an April day as ever woke since first the beautifying will of the Almighty robed the hills with verdure, and spread out loveliness as a garment over earth. The trees that, springing from the high broken banks on either side, canopied the road with their green boughs, were living and tuneful with all the birds of spring. There is not a cheerful feeling in the heart of man that might not there have found some sweet note to wake it into harmony. The air was balm itself—soft, yet inspiring like the breath of hope; and the dancing light and shade, that chequered the long perspective up the hill, had something in it gay and sportive, which—joined with the song of the birds, and the sparkling glee of a small fountain that, bursting from the midst of the road, rushed in a little diamond rivulet down to the stream below—addressed itself to all the purer sources of happiness in the human breast, and spoke of peace and joy. Both the journeyers, however, were grave; although the one was in the early spring of youth—that bright season of man's life where every pulse is light; and although each line in the countenance of his companion spoke that constitutional cheerfulness which is the most blessed auxiliary that this world can afford to aid man in maintaining his eternal warfare against time and circumstance.

At the top of the ascent, a wide and magnificent scene lay stretched beneath their eyes. The hill was not sufficiently high, indeed, to afford one of those map-like views in which we see all the objects spread out over a vast extent in harsh and unshadowed distinctness, like the prospect of life and of the world which we take when, in mature age, after having passed through the illusions of youth and the passions of manhood, we gaze upon the past and the present, and see the hard, cold, naked realities of existence without a softening shade or an enlivening hue. Still the elevation was sufficient to let the eye roam wide over scenes where line after line, in sweet variety, presented a continual change of beautiful forms, softening in tint, in depth of colour, and in distinctness of outline as the objects became more remote, and forming a view such as that which is offered to the eye of youth when, after having climbed over the light ascent of boyhood, the joys of existence, grouped together without its cares, are first presented to the sight, one beyond another, to the very verge of being, all lighted up by hope, and coloured by imagination.

"Run your eye," said the youth, "over that ocean of green boughs which lies waving below us, to that tree-covered

mound which starts high above the rest. In a straight line beyond you catch the spire of Beaumont en Maine, at the distance of nearly four leagues; and a little farther to the right, upon a woody hill, you may see the dark towers of the château of St. Réal."

His companion gazed on in the direction which he pointed out, and then replied, "I once knew this land well, and could have marked out in it many a fair field either for the chase or the battle; but other scenes have made me forget it. Our memory is but like a French crown-piece, since so many kings have been called, one after another, to rule this unhappy land. First, one figure is strong upon it; then it goes to the mint, and a new king's head drives out the other, and keeps its place, till something fresh is stamped upon it again; while, all the time, traces of former impression may be seen below, but indistinct and meaningless. Ay! there is Beaumont en Maine, and there the château of St. Réal; I remember them now: but what is that massive building, with that large square keep, still farther to the right?"

The youth fixed his eyes upon it, and remained silent for more than a minute: he then replied, abruptly, "That château belongs to the Count d'Aubin: let us on!"

CHAPTER II.

MEMORY is like moonlight, the reflection of brighter rays emanating originally from an object no longer seen; and all our retrospects towards the past times, as well as our individual remembrances, partake in some degree of the softening splendour which covers small faults and imperfections by grand masses of shade, and brings our picturesque beauties and points of interest with apparently brighter effulgence than even when the full sunshine of the present beaming upon them, suffers at the same time the eye to be distracted, and the mind otherwise engaged by a thousand minor particulars. Nothing gains more, perhaps, from the impossibility of close inspection than the manners, the customs, and the things of the past; and, in some instances, even Nature herself, and Time, that enemy of man's works in general so remorseless, seem to take a fanciful pleasure in assisting the illusion. That which was in itself harsh and rude in form, acquires as it decays, a picturesque beauty which it never knew in its prime; and the rough hold of the feudal robber, which afforded but small pleasure to behold, and little convenience to its inmates, is now seen and painted with delight, fringed with wild flowers scattered from Nature's bountiful hand and softened with the green covering of the ivy.

The old château of St. Réal, to which the two travellers we have just left were bending their steps, and to which, for a moment, we must now shift the scene, was one of those antique buildings, a few of which have outlasted the first French revolution;—buildings which, however we may love to look upon any that do remain, from the magical illusion regarding former days to which I have just alluded, were, nevertheless, much better suited to the times in which they were built, than to the more luxurious present.

Tumults, feuds, insurrections, civil wars, rendered every man's house his castle in no metaphorical sense; and thus the old château of St. Réal, which had been originally built more than 400 years before the opening of this history, and had been repaired and improved at least a hundred times during the intervening ages of strife and bloodshed, was naturally, in almost all respects, much better calculated for defence against assaults than for comfortable habitation. The woody chase, which swept for many a mile round the base of the little hill on which it stood, was cleared and opened in the immediate vicinity of the château; and the various avenues were defended with all the accuracy to which the art of war had arrived in those times. The very garden was a regular fortification; the château itself a citadel. From the reign of Louis VI., in which its walls had first been raised from the ground, to the reign of Henry III., with which this tale begins, although repairs and improvements had, as we have said, been often made, they were solely military, and nothing had in the slightest degree been permitted which could change the antique aspect of the place. Indeed, its proprietors, the Marquises of St. Réal, springing from the most ancient race of French nobility, clung to the antiquity of their dwelling as if it formed a part and parcel of the antiquity of their family. Their habits, their manners, their characters, smacked all of the ancient days; and it was ever with pain that they

suffered any of their old customs to be wrenched from them by the innovating hand of improvement.

At their gate, even in the times I speak of, hung, for the purpose of summoning the warder to the wicket, the last horn which, perhaps, was ever used on such occasions in France; and, though the mouthpiece had been renewed, and the chain frequently mended, the horn itself was averred to be the very same which had been hung there in the days of Philip Augustus. But if the lords of St. Réal still maintained some tinge of the rudeness of their ancestors, it must by no means be forgotten that it was to the nobler and brighter qualities of former times that they adhered most strongly. They were a proud but a chivalrous race, bold, hospitable, courteous, generous, unswerving in faith and in honour. Their talents, which were by no means inconsiderable, had been principally displayed in the field; and some of the sneerers of the court had not scrupled to call them the *Simple St. Réals*: but, notwithstanding a degree of simplicity, which certainly did characterize them, they had ever been distinguished, from father to son, by that discriminating discernment of right and wrong which is worth all the wit in the world. Never had their word been pledged without being redeemed; never had their voice sanctioned a bad action; never had their sword supported an evil cause.

The present Marquis of St. Réal, who was an old man that had long borne arms under Francis I., had during the whole of the wars of the League remained obstinately neuter. He had declared, at the commencement of these unhappy wars, that he would never unsheath his sword against his lawful sovereign, though friendly to the King of Navarre, and allied remotely to the house of Bourbon; but at the same time he added, that nothing should ever induce him to join in an unjust and cruel war against a portion of his countrymen, who were but defending one of the dearest and most unalienable rights of mankind—their religious liberty.

Too powerful for either party to entertain the hope of forcing him from his neutrality by any violent measures, both the League and the Huguenots spared no means of conciliation, which either wisdom or cunning could suggest, to win him to their side; for vast domains, in which the feudal customs of former times remained in full force, rendered his alliance a thing to be coveted even by the strongest. He remained unmoved, however; and neither a strong personal friendship which existed between himself and the Duke of Mayenne, nor the instigations and artifices of his confessor, could induce him to join the League, any more than gratitude to the King of Navarre for several personal favours, horror at the crimes of Saint Bartholomew, or even a strong belief that the Protestants were right in their warfare, if not in their religion, could bring him over to the party of the Huguenots.

To avoid wearisome solicitation, he had entirely abandoned the capital, and remained in the solitude of his paternal estates, wholly occupied in the education of his son, into whose mind, as principles, he endeavoured to instil, not knowledge of the world, or of courts, but all the firm and noble feelings of his own heart. He succeeded; the Chevalier de St. Réal grew up to manhood everything that his father's fondest hopes could have anticipated,—bold as a lion, skilled in all warlike exercises, and full of every sentiment that does honour to human nature. But yet, in many things, he was as simple as a child. Cut off from the general society of Paris, he wanted entirely that knowledge of the world which was never more necessary than in the days in which he lived.

On one occasion, indeed, when the infamous Catherine de Medicis, and her beautiful but licentious train, had visited the chateau of St. Réal for the purpose of winning its lord to the party she espoused, more than one of her fair syrens had striven, by various arts, to initiate the handsome Chevalier of St. Réal into the libertine mysteries of that debauched court; but he met them uniformly with that perfect simplicity which, though joined with much natural good sense, raised many a secret laugh at his expense, and yet guarded him effectually from their worst artifices.

The general current of his time flowed on in the various amusements of the country, as they existed in that age. The chase of the boar, the stag, and the wolf afforded active exercise for the body, while the large and ancient library of the chateau—a rare treasure in those days—yielded occupation to a quick imagination and an energetic mind, in poring over many a printed tome and many an illuminated manuscript. Besides these employments, however, both the old lord of St. Réal and his son felt a keen interest in pursuits seldom much attended to by the feudal nobility of France. They not only lived in the country, and amongst their peasantry, but they also loved the country and their peasantry, and delighted in

watching and superintending all those agricultural operations which formed the daily relaxation of many of the noblest Romans, but which were, in general, looked upon with indifference, if not contempt, by the new class of chieftains who sprung from the *élite* of their barbarous conquerors. The lords of St. Réal delighted in all: they held to the full the opinion of the old orator, when he exclaimed—"Nec verò segetibus solum et pratis, et vineis, et arbutis, res rustice lætæ sunt, sed etiam hortis et pomariis, tum pecudum pastu, apium examinibus, florum omnium varietate;" and though they followed not precisely all the directions of Liébault in his *Maison Rustique*, the garden that lay within the flanking walls of the castle, the orchard which extended from the outer balium to the barbacan, and the trellised avenue of vines which ran to what was called the lady's bower, showed taste as well as skill in those who had designed and executed them.

During several years previous to the precise epoch at which we have commenced our tale, the old lord of St. Réal had seldom, if ever, slept a night without the walls of his own dwelling. His son, however, when either business, or that innocent love of a temporary change, which every man may well feel without meriting the charge of being versatile, afforded a motive for his absence from home, would often spend a day or two in the great city of Tours, or at the castles of the neighbouring nobility. Some communication with the external world was thus kept up; but the chief companionship of the Chevalier de St. Réal was with his cousin-german the Count d'Aubin, who, though attached to the court, and very different in mind and character from his relations, often retired for a while from the gay and busy scenes in which he mingled, to enjoy the comparative solitude of his estates in Maine, and the calm refreshing society of his more simple cousin.

The character of Philip Count d'Aubin was one that we meet with every day. Endowed with passions and talents naturally strong, his passions had been pampered, and his talents misdirected, by an over-indulgent parent. A doubt had been at one time entertained of the legitimacy of his birth, but no one had contested his title: and the early possession of wealth, power, and influence, with the unrestrained disposal of himself and of the property which the death of his father left in his hands, had certainly tended in no degree to curb his desires, or to extinguish his vanity. His heart had, perhaps, been originally too feeling; but the constant indulgence of every wish and fancy had dulled the former brightness of its sensations; and it was only at times that the yet unextinguished light shone clearly up to guide him through a maze of errors. His very talents and shrewdness often led him onwards in the wrong: for, possessing from education few fixed principles of action, the energies of his mind were generally turned to the gratification of his passions; and it was only when original rectitude of heart suggested what was good, that reason too joined her voice to urge him on the road of virtue. He was, in fact, the creature of impulse; but, as he had unflinching gaiety and wit at will, and as a sudden turn of feeling would often lead him to some noble or brilliant action, a sort of false, but dazzling, lustre hung about his whole conduct in the eyes of the world: his powers were overrated and his weaknesses forgotten. He was the idol and admiration of the young and unthinking, and even the old and grave often suffered the blaze of some few splendid traits to veil the many spots and blemishes of his character.

On the night following that particular day at which it has appeared necessary to commence this history, the two cousins spent some time together pacing up and down the great hall of the chateau of St. Réal. The Count d'Aubin had come hastily from Paris, on receiving tidings of the severe illness of his uncle; and their conversation was of a wandering and discursive nature, originating in the increasing sickness of the old Marquis, who was then, for the first time during many days, enjoying a few hours' repose.

"Faith, Huon, thy father is ill," said D'Aubin, as they descended the stairs to the hall, "far worse than I deemed him till I saw him."

"He has, indeed, much fallen in strength during the day," replied the Chevalier de St. Réal; "yet I hope that this slumber which has come upon him may bring a change for the better."

The Count shook his head. "I know not," said he; "but yet I doubt it. Your father, Huon, is an old man, and old men must die!" His cousin bent his eyes upon the ground, and slightly contracted his brow; but he did not slacken his pace, and the Count d'Aubin went on: "Yes, Huon, however we may love them, however we may wish that they could live to govern their own vassals and enjoy their own wealth, till patriarchal longevity were no longer a wonder;—and I know,"

he added, pausing, and laying his hand upon his cousin's arm,—“and I know, that if the best blood in your noble heart could add to your father's life, you would pour it forth like useless water;—still, whatever ties may bind them to us, still they are, as the old men amongst the ancients did not scruple to call themselves, *pabulum acherontis*—but food for the tomb: and none can tell when Death may claim his own. I say this because I would have you prepared in mind for an event which I see approaching; and I would also have you prepared to take some quick and immediate part in the great struggle which every day is bringing towards its climax in this land. Your father's neutrality has lasted long enough—nay, too long; for it is surely a shame that you, as brave a youth as ever drew a sword, should have lived to five-and-twenty years without ever having led his followers to any nobler strife than the extermination of those miserable Gaultiers who came to ravage our fair plains. True, they were ten times your number,—true that you defeated them like a very Orlando; but that is only another reason why your valour and your skill should not lie rusting in inactivity. Should your father die, give sorrow its due; then call your vassals to your standard, and boldly take one part or another. Faith, I care not which it be—Harry of Navarre and his Huguenots, Harry of France and his chevaliers, or Mayenne's brave Duke and the factious League: but for Heaven's sake, Huon, should fate make you Marquis of St. Réal, cast off this idle, sluggardly neutrality.”

Huon de St. Réal had listened attentively to his cousin, though every now and then the flash of some painful emotion broke across his countenance, as if what he heard contained in each word something bitter and ungrateful to all his feelings. “Philip! Philip!” said he, pausing in his quick progress through the hall, as soon as the other had ceased speaking, “I know that you wish me well, and that all which you say proceeds from that wish; but let us drop this subject entirely. My father is ill,—I feel too bitterly that he is in danger; but the bare thought of what I would do with his vassals, in case of his death, has something in it revolting to every feeling of my heart. Let us change the topic. Whatever misfortune Heaven may send me, I will endeavour to bear like a man, and whenever I am called to act, I will endeavour to act rightly. When that time comes, I will most willingly seek your advice; but I trust it will be long, very long, before I shall need the counsel of any other than of him who has heretofore guided and directed me.”

The lip of the Count d'Aubin slightly curled at this reply; and, glancing his eye over the tall, graceful form of his cousin, while he compared the simple mind and habits of St. Réal with his own worldly wisdom, and wild erratic course, he mentally termed him an overgrown baby. Nevertheless, although he was often thus tempted to a passing scoff or an ill-concealed sneer, yet there was a sort of innate dignity in the very simplicity of the Chevalier de St. Réal, which had its weight even with his world-read cousin; and, whenever temporary disappointment, or disgust, or satiety weaned d'Aubin awhile from the loose society in which he mingled, gave time for quiet thought, and re-awakened better feelings, leading him to seek, in the advice of any one, support against the treacherous warfare of his own passions, it was to none of his gay companions of the capital, nor to monk, nor priest, nor confessor, that he would apply for counsel; but rather to his simple, frank-hearted, unsophisticated cousin, St. Réal.

“Well, well,” said he, “let us change our theme;” and then after taking two or three more turns in the hall, he went on; though there was mingled in his manner a certain natural hesitation with an affected frankness, which might have shown to any very close observer of human nature that the Count d'Aubin was touching upon matter in regard to which, desire was in opposition to some better principle, and that he feared to hear even the opinion which he courted. “I spoke but now,” he continued, “of Mayenne and the League; and you will think it strange when I tell you, that I,—I, who have ever been as staunch a royalist as Épernon, Longueville, or La Noue,—would now give a château and a pint of wine, as the vulgar have it, to change my party and go over to the League, did not honour forbid it.”

He spoke slowly and meditatively, fixing his eyes upon the ground, without once looking in his cousin's face; yet walking with a firm, strong step, and with somewhat of a sneer upon his lip, as if he scoffed at himself for the reprehension which—while he acknowledged wishes that he felt to be wrong—his proud spirit suffered by comparison with the calm, upright integrity of the Chevalier.

“I do not see that anything could justify such a step,” replied St. Réal, far more mildly than the other had expected. “However wrongly the King may have acted, however un-

warrantable the manner in which he has put to death the Duke of Guise, yet —”

“Pshaw!” interrupted his cousin: “Guise was a traitor—a great, brave, noble, ambitious, unscrupulous traitor! And though the mode of his death was somewhat unceremonious, it little matters whether it was an axe or a dagger which did the work of justice: he was born for such a fate. I thought not of him; it was of Eugénie de Menancourt I thought.”

“Ha!” exclaimed St. Réal, with a start; “no one has injured her?”

“Injured her! no, i' faith!” replied the Count. “Why, my good cousin, by your grim look, one would deem you her promised husband, and not me. No, no; had she been injured, her injury had been well avenged by this time. However, she is in the hands of the League. Her father, as you know, was wounded on the day of the barricades, and died soon after the flight of the court. His daughter, of course, would not leave him while he lived, and, at his death, the Duchess of Montpensier would fain have had her at the Hotel de Guise; and, though Eugénie wisely stayed in her father's own house, they would not suffer her to quit Paris, where she still remains,—treated with all honour and courtesy, mark you, but still a sort of honourable prisoner.”

His cousin paused in thought for a moment, and then replied, “But, surely, if you were to demand her from the Duke of Mayenne, informing him of the engagement between her father and yourself, she would be given up to you at once.”

“I have done more,” replied the Count: “whenever I heard of her situation, I required, of course, that she should be placed in the hands of the King, as her lawful guardian, till such a time as her marriage with myself could be celebrated. After many an evasion and delay, the Duke replied to my application, that the throne of France was vacant, by a decree both of the Sorbonne and the Parliament of Paris; that, by the same authority, he himself was Lieutenant-General of the kingdom till such a time as a meeting of the three estates should regulate the government; and that, therefore, none other was for the time the lawful guardian of Eugénie de Menancourt. In the same letter he informed me, that the recent death of the young lady's father would prevent her from thinking of marriage for some time.”

d'Aubin paused, shutting his teeth and drawing in his lips, evidently unwilling to show the full mortification and anger which these remembrances awoke; and, yet, apparently leaving his tale unfinished.

“In regard to the latter part of the Duke of Mayenne's reply, it seems to me reasonable enough,” answered the Chevalier de St. Réal; “the loss of such a father is not to be forgotten in a day.”

“Tut, man!” exclaimed his cousin, impatiently. “Wilt thou never understand a little of this world's ways? Huon, Huon! shut up in these old walls, thou art as ignorant of the present day as if thou hadst been born in the times of the first crusade. Nothing modern dare blow that rusty horn at thy gate,—far less walk into the hall. Know, then, my most excellent, simple cousin, that since the ninth century a great quarrel has taken place between words and realities, and that they have separated, never to meet again; that now-a-days promises are of air, honour is a name, virtue a bubble, religion a mask; and while falsehood, hypocrisy, and folly walk about in comely dresses, and make bows to each other in every street, Truth lies snug in the bottom of her well, secure in the narrowness of her dwelling, and the depth that covers her. The first thing that every one thinks of now is his own interest; and, sure that if he secures that, the world will give him credit for all high qualities, he works straight for that one object. Interest, interest, interest, is his waking thought and sleeping dream. Mark me, Huon! Mademoiselle de Menancourt is an heiress—one of the most wealthy in France; young, beautiful!—you know how beautiful, Huon; for, by my faith, I could once have been almost jealous of you.”

“Of me!” exclaimed the other, stopping suddenly, and looking full in his cousin's face, while a flush of surprise and indignation, all unmixed with shame, spread scarlet over his cheek and brow. “Of me! Philip, you do me great injustice! By my honour, if my hand or my word could advance your marriage by a single day, you would find both ready for your service. Tell me, when did I ever give you a moment's cause for jealousy?”

“Nay, nay! you are too quick!” replied the Count; “I said not that I was jealous of you; I merely said I could have been so, had I not known you better. I speak of the time when our late excellent and easy-virtued queen was here with her ladies. Many a bright eye was bent upon you, and many a sweet lip was ready to direct you through the tangled but

flowery ways of love, without seeking to plunge you into the mire of matrimony; yet, in all our rides, there were you, always at Eugénie's bride rein."

"Because she was the only pure thing present," interrupted St. Réal, quickly; "and because, Philip,—if you will press me,—I thought that she might feel hurt that her promised husband should make love before her face to one of an infamous queen's infamous followers. Ay, even so, Philip! Frown not on me, good cousin; for such was the only interpretation that even I, who am not apt to see actions in their worst light, could place upon your conduct to Beatrice of Ferrara."

"Beatrice of Ferrara," replied the Count d'Aubin, with a degree of vehemence which might have made some of his loose companions smile to hear him use it in vindication of any woman's virtue under the sun, "Beatrice of Ferrara was no infamous follower of an infamous queen; she was, I believe from my soul, as pure as snow, notwithstanding all the impurity that surrounded her. I know not that I had shown her any such marked attention as you tell me; but let all that pass," he added, musing, "let all that pass: what were we speaking of before? O! I remember. To return, then, to my tale: Eugénie de Menancourt is an heiress, with a dowry of beauty and sweetness far beyond even her wealth; and wily Mayenne well knows that her hand is a prize for the first man in France. Now, think you, my good Huon," he continued, growing more and more eager, while the bright flashing of his eye told that he was moved by some stronger passion than the mere scorn with which he attempted to clothe his lips,— "now, think you, my good Huon, though he talks so loudly about religion and zeal, and the state's welfare, that Mayenne has one other wish, one other object, than to vault into any empty throne, or play *maître du palais* to the old idiotic Cardinal de Bourbon! Ambition—'tis all-snatching ambition, Huon! that is the idol he worships; and whoever serves him in his schemes shall have the hand of Eugénie de Menancourt, notwithstanding her father's plighted word to me."

"But Eugénie will never consent," replied St. Réal, calmly. "Doubt it not Philip! I have known her from her childhood, as well as you; and I have often remarked, that, notwithstanding her gaiety—notwithstanding her seeming lightness of feeling, there was, when she knew herself to be right, an unchangeable determination in all her resolves, even in her childhood, that nothing could shake."

"Fie! you know nothing of human nature,"—replied D'Aubin, with a scoff; "or rather, I should say, of woman's nature. They are light—light, Huon, as a dry leaf borne about upon the breath of every wind that blows. The best of them, believe me, is firm in nothing but her caprices. Mark me, Huon!" he added, laying his hand upon his cousin's arm, and speaking with bitter emphasis, "within these ten days I have seen Mademoiselle de Menancourt. I demanded a pass from Mayenne; he granted it without a scruple, and free speech also of his fair ward, as he called her. He was sure of the impression he had made, and, therefore, kept up all fair seeming. I saw Eugénie; and she calmly and coldly refused to ratify the promise that her father had made me. Do you hear! She refused me! She rejected me! She told me she did not, she could not love me!" And, giving way to a violent burst of passion, totally opposed to the calm and contemptuous tone in which he had before been speaking, he dashed his glove angrily down upon the floor, as if it were the object that offended him.

His cousin looked down in silence. He imagined, and not without probability, that Mademoiselle must have seen the licentious manner in which D'Aubin had trifled with the ladies of Catharine's libertine court, and that she had resented it accordingly. But, however culpably he might deem that his cousin had acted, he would not have pressed it on him then for the world; and, besides, there were sensations in his own bosom, at that moment, which forcibly called upon his attention, and both surprised and alarmed him.

It is a strange thing the human heart; and, amidst the multitude of its inconsistencies and its weaknesses, there is none stranger than that principle which, as a French wit has remarked, is always ready to point out to us, in the sorrows and misfortunes of our friends, some topic of consolation for ourselves. Good, noble, generous, with chivalrous ideas of honour and virtue, the Chevalier de St. Réal would sooner have laid his head upon the block than entertained a thought of doing anything to his cousin's detriment; and yet there was a degree of vague, undefined satisfaction in his feelings, when he heard the declaration made by Eugénie de Menancourt, that she did not and could not love the Count d'Aubin,—satisfaction of which he himself felt thoroughly ashamed. "Good

God! was it for him," he thought, "to rejoice in his cousin's mortification! What matter for pleasure ought he to find in the pain of a person he loved! None, surely none! What is it, then, I feel!" he asked himself; "is it the triumph of having foreseen that Eugénie de Menancourt would resent the slight put upon her? Oh, no! Such a vanity can surely afford no gratification to any reasonable being." Such was the interrogation which St. Réal rapidly addressed to his heart; but an instinctive apprehension of finding unknown and dangerous matter at the bottom of his own sensations prevented him from going deep enough.

Whatever it was that he felt, the blood rushed into his face as if he were committing some evil action; and he remained silent. The keen, suspicious eyes of the Count d'Aubin fixed upon him, in surprise at emotions that he did not comprehend; but he said nothing; and just as St. Réal was struggling to speak, the whole place echoed with two such blasts upon the old horn at the gate, as had not rung amongst those halls for many a year.

"By heavens! that must be some drunken huntsman, St. Réal," exclaimed the Count, "blowing the horn at the gate, as if he was sounding for his dogs."

"No, no! it is the ill-favoured dwarf you gave me," replied his cousin. "He heeds no decencies, and, I verily believe, would blow a flourish if we were all dying. Many a time have I thought to fell him with my gauntlet for his insolence; but he is so small, that it would seem a cruelty to crush such an insect."

"Nay, nay; crush him not, I beseech thee," replied the Count d'Aubin. "Remember, Huon, it was agreed between us, that when he seeks to quit thee, or thou growest tired of him, he comes to me again."

"I believe, in truth, the creature loves me," answered St. Réal; "and, were it not for his stupid insolence, I might love him too, for there are traits of good about him which would redeem many a dark spot."

The Count's lips curled; but he replied, "Call it not *stupid* insolence, good cousin; call it, rather, clever insolence, for, on my soul, he was occasionally too clever for such a service as mine, and such a place as Paris. I know not well how it happened, but many a deep secret of my bosom seemed somewhat too familiar to his high ugliness; and so I gave him to you, who had no secrets to trust or to conceal."

"Thank God for that, at least!" answered St. Réal, "for they are ever a heavy burden. But here comes the incubus!" and, as he spoke, the low door of the hall was opened by a personage of whom it may be necessary to speak more fully.

CHAPTER IV.

THE personage concerning whom the last sentences were spoken, and who now entered the hall, was not more than three feet six inches in height,* but perfectly well formed in every respect, except that the head, as is very usual with persons of his unfortunate description, was somewhat too large for the size of the body it surmounted. His former lord had spoken of his ugliness; but although his face was, certainly, by no means handsome, yet there was nothing in it approaching deformity. Between "the human face divine" and that of the monkey, our great original, there are a thousand shades and varieties of feature; and the countenance of the dwarf, it must be admitted, was at the very far extreme of the chain, and at the end nearest the ape. A pair of sparkling black eyes, and two rows of very fine white teeth, however, rendered the rest of his features less disagreeable, but by no means diminished his resemblance to the animal. Whether from a consciousness of this likeness, and a desire to hide it as far as possible, or from a sort of conceited foppiness not uncommon, the dress of this small man was as scrupulously elegant as the taste of that day would admit. His beard and mustachios, which were soft and silky, were most accurately trimmed. His hair, thrust back from his face, exposed his large and somewhat protuberant forehead; while his pourpoint, composed of deep blue cloth, was slashed with primrose

* The passion for dwarfs as attendants in great houses was so universal in France at this time, that the most extravagant sums were given for them. Henry III. is reported to have had no less than nine at one time; and at his court there was a regular *tailleur* and *valet des nains*.

silk, to favour a somewhat dingy complexion. Sword and dagger he wore at his girdle; and all the chronicles of those days bear witness that he well knew how to use—and to use fearlessly—the weapons intrusted to his small hands.

His whole appearance produced a strange and not pleasant effect upon those who saw him. The want of harmony between his size and his form was constantly forcing itself upon attention. Could one have magnified him, he would have appeared a very well-dressed cavalier, according to the fashions of the times; and, had there not been something in his whole form and air that bespoke manhood, one might have looked upon him as a smart child; but, as it was, one felt inclined to smile as soon as the eye fell upon him, though there was in his demeanour but few of those absurdities by which many of his class of beings render themselves ridiculous. He had neither strut nor swagger, smirk or simper; and the only thing which in any degree tended to render his aspect peculiar, besides the fact of his diminutive form, was a certain cynical smile which ever hung more or less about his lips, as if, from a consciousness of superior talent or superior cunning, he scorned the race which, for their superior corporeal qualities, he hated; or rather, perhaps, as if he were ever prepared to encounter their contempt for his inferior size by contempt for their inferior acuteness.

He entered the hall with ease, if not with grace; but, perhaps, with more of what may be termed boldness than either. To St. Réal, as his actual master, he bowed low, and to the Count d'Aubin still lower, accompanying the inclinations of his head, in this instance, with a keen and significant glance, which, had the Chevalier de St. Réal been of a suspicious nature, might have made him place but little confidence in an attendant of his cousin's recommending. But he himself had nothing to conceal, and, as yet, feared not that any one should see his inmost thoughts; for he was one of those few men who know no other use for words than to express their feelings.

"Why did you blow the horn so loud, Bartholo!" demanded St. Réal, "when you well knew that my father lies so ill!"

"I did it, noble sir," replied the dwarf, "lest the cooks, and the pages, and the concierge at the door, should lose a jest and fit of laughter—rare things in the castle of St. Réal. I knew full well that some one would cry out, 'Hear what a great sound can be made by a little body!' and it would be unjust to disappoint the poor fools in the offices, for fear of disturbing the rich—gallants in the hall. But, by my faith, I had another reason, too, which is worth looking to. There was a traveller came with me, and an ass, and an ass's burden."

"Was it the surgeon for whom I sent you?" asked St. Réal, eagerly; "the new surgeon from Tours?"

"Seeing that my eyes and the surgeon are innocent of all intercourse," replied the other, "I cannot tell you, noble sir, whether it be he or not. The man was not in his dwelling when I reached it, so I left my message, and rode further; and, as I came back, what should I see, half a mile hence, but the white feather of this man's hat waving in the dark night, and not knowing its way to the château of St. Réal. I asked him what party he was of, whither he was going, and if he had passport or safe conduct. He answered, short enough, that he belonged to his own party, had no passport but his sword and his right hand, and was coming hither. So whether he were surgeon or not, let those judge that are wise! I asked no further, but brought him hither, and left him in the green arras room, as he wished to see either the Marquis or the Marquis's son in private."

"It is either a reître seeking service, or a quack salver seeking the sick," cried the Count d'Aubin. "Go to him—go to him quick, Huon! He will whip you the gold lace off the hangings, either for his pocket or his crucible. So go to him, and leave me the dwarf to jest withal."

With the quick and impatient step which anxiety produces in the young and active, St. Réal bent his steps towards the chamber to which he had been directed by the dwarf, hoping, notwithstanding the description which had been given of the person who awaited him, that he might prove the surgeon who had been called in aid of the ordinary medical assistance attending upon his father.

The room which he now entered was a small one, hung with arras of a dark-green hue, that served to absorb the greater part of the light afforded by a single lamp. The stranger had cast himself into a large chair at the farther end of the chamber, and, in the half obscurity, his person and features were but faintly seen; but nearer, and in the full light, sat the youth whom we first found washing his feet in one of

the neighbouring streams. He seemed fatigued with journeying, and leaning listlessly against a small table under the lamp, suffered his head to rest upon his hand, showing a profusion of jetty curls falling thick round his brow, while the cap and feather which he had worn without was now thrown upon the ground beside him. The person whom he had accompanied, however, still retained his hat and high white plume, and made no movement to rise as St. Réal entered.

The eyes of the young noble first rested upon the boy; but immediately turning towards the elder of his two visitors, he advanced towards him, without noticing the apparent incivility of his demeanour. When he had taken two steps forward, however, St. Réal paused; and then, with an exclamation of surprise, was again advancing, when the stranger rose, saying, "Ha, Monsieur St. Réal! I did not know you at first. *Ventre Saint Gris!* I had forgot that ten years makes a boy a man."

"If I am not mistaken, I see his Majesty of Navarre," said the Chevalier; "and only grieve that my father is not capable of bidding him welcome, with all the good-will that he entertain towards himself and his royal house."

"Henry of Navarre, indeed!" replied the monarch; "as poor a king as lives, St. Réal, but one who grieves sincerely at your father's illness. I trust that it is not dangerous, however, and that I shall yet see him ere I depart; for to that purpose I have been forced to steal me a path, amidst bands, through which I should have found it hard to cut me a way, and to do that singly which I dared not attempt with many a stout soldier at my back."

"My father sleeps, my lord," replied St. Réal; "'tis the first sleep that he has known for many a day, and I would fain—"

"Wake him not! wake him not for me!" interrupted the King. "To-morrow I must hie me back to Tours; but in the meanwhile I can well wait his waking, and will crave some refreshment for myself and this good youth, who has guided me hither, and who seems less able to bear hunger and long riding than Henry of Navarre."

"I will order such poor fare as our house affords to be placed before your Majesty directly," replied St. Réal, "though I fear me much that the two surgeons and a priest, together with a *gentilhomme sergent* from La Fleche, are even now busy in despatching all that is already prepared."

"Let us join them! let us join them by all means!" cried the King; "by my faith I would never choose to dine where better cheer is usually to be found, than in company with surgeons and with priests. The first are too much accustomed to the care of other people's bodies to neglect their own; and the others, though they limit their special vocation to the preparation of souls for the other world, are not without care for the preservation of the corporeal part in this. But our horses, St. Réal,—they stand in the court-yard: that is to say, my horse, and this good youth's more humble charger in the shape of an ass."

St. Réal turned his eyes upon the youth while the king spoke; and after having replied that he would give instant orders for Henry's equipage of all kinds to be attended to, added, still looking at the boy, "Your Majesty's page, I suppose?"

"If so, but the page of a day," replied the King; "but, nevertheless, though of so short an acquaintance, I can say that he seems as good a boy as ever lived, has guided me here through many dangers, with more wit and more courage too than most would have shown, and is by far too wise to prefer the service of a poor king to that of a rich lord. In short, St. Réal, it seems that he was coming here when I met with him; and as his sole guerdon for the pains he has taken, he required me to advocate his cause with your father, to have him received as a page in your household."

"My father," said St. Réal, in reply, "has a mortal aversion to pages, ever since the queen was here with more than half a score, and will only suffer two in his household—his own stirrup page, and mine, a dwarf, given me by my cousin Philip."

"Nay, nay, you must not refuse my first request, St. Réal," said the king; "for I have many another to make ere I have done, and if I halt at the first step, I shall never be able to walk through the rest of the list."

"Oh! I never dreamed of refusing your majesty so trifling a thing," replied the other, "but we must give him some other name than page. What will you be, my boy? You are too young and too gay-looking for a valet in such a dull house as this."

"And too noble," added the youth, "or too proud, if you will. I seek not, sir, to take wages of any man; but I seek to pass a time in some house where the hearts are as noble as

the blood they contain, where old feelings are not forgot in new follies; and I would fain that that house were the château of St. Réal."

"You speak well, good youth, and more like a man than a boy; but somewhat too haughtily too," replied St. Réal.

"I will speak more humbly when I am your follower," answered the youth, colouring a good deal; "to those who would raise me up, I can be as humble as the dust, and to those who would cast me down, as proud as a diamond. I sought to be your father's page, my lord," he added, in a softer tone; "because I heard much of him, and because all that I did hear showed him as a man blending so equally in his nature goodness and nobility, that love and reverence must be his followers wherever he bend his steps."

Something very like a tear rose in St. Réal's fine clear eye, and the youth proceeded:—"I am grieved that aught should have grieved you, sir, on his account; but still let me beseech you to take me into his service. You know not," he added, eagerly, "how kindly I can tend those I love; how I can amuse the weary hours of sickness, and while away the moments of pain. I can read him stories from ancient lore, and from many a language that few pages know. I can tell him tales of other lands, and describe places, and things, and nations that he has never seen. I can sing to him sweet songs in tongues that are all music, and play to him on the lute as none in this land can play."

"Enough! enough!" cried Henry; "by my life, St. Réal, if you do not conclude your bargain with the boy quickly, I will step in and try to outbid you in your offers; for if he but perform his undertaking with you as well as he has done with me, you will have a page such as never was since this world began."

"He was ours, my lord, from the first moment that your Majesty expressed a wish that he should be so," replied St. Réal. "There is my hand, good youth, and it shall ever give you aid and protection at your need. But tell me, what is your name? for although, as in the old times, we let our guests come and go in the château without a question; yet, of course, I must know what I am to call you."

"Leonard," answered the youth; "Leonardo, in my own land; but here in France men call me Leonard de Monte."

"I thought I heard a slight Italian accent on your lips," said St. Réal; "but tell me, have I not seen you as one of the pages of Queen Catherine's court?—a court," he added, almost regretting that he had yielded to the King's request, "a court, not the best school for—" But there again he paused, unwilling to hurt the feelings of any one, and seeing a flush come over the boy's face, as if he already anticipated the bitter censure that court so well deserved. The youth's answer made him glad that he had paused.

"I know what are in your thoughts, sir," he replied; "but I beseech you speak no evil of a mistress who is now dead, and who was ever kind to me. Let her faults lie in the grave where she lies, and let men forget them as soon as they forget virtues. As for myself, I may have faults too; but they have never been those of the persons amongst whom I mingled; I have neither learned to lie, nor to flatter, nor to cheat, nor to run evil messages, nor give sweet hints. If, then, I have lived amidst corruption and come out pure—"

"You are gold tried in the fire," rejoined St. Réal, laying his hand upon his shoulder; "and I will trust you, my good youth, as much convinced by the tenderness of your speech towards her who is no more, as by your defence of yourself.—But this matter has kept your majesty too long," he added, "and by your permission I will now conduct you to the lesser hall, where these four persons are at supper; though I cannot but think that you had better suffer me to order you refreshments here."

"Nay, nay, I will sup with surgeons by all means," replied Henry, laughing, "and we will forget that there is such a thing as a king, if you please, St. Réal; for I would not have it blazed abroad that I am wandering about without an escort, or I might soon find myself in the castle of Amboise. Call me Maître Jacques, if you please, for the present time, and let us make haste; for if I am to gauge the appetite of those worthy doctors by my own, they will have devoured the supper ere we reach the hall."

"Permit me, then, to show the way," replied St. Réal; "seek out my dwarf Bartholo, good youth," he added, turning to the page, "and bid him find you lodging and refreshment, as he values my favour. But I will see more to your comfort myself shortly; for the villain is sometimes insolent, and may be spiteful too, like most of his race, though I never have marked it."

The youth bowed his head without other reply, and St.

Réal proceeded to conduct Henry of Navarre, afterwards so well known as the frank and gallant "Henri Quatre," along the many long and dimly lighted passages of the château of St. Réal, towards a small hall in one of the farthest parts of the building.

"Maître Jacques! remember I am Maître Jacques!" said Henry, as the young noble laid his hand upon the lock; "and you must not only make your words call me so, but your demeanour also, St. Réal."

"Fear not! fear not!" answered St. Réal in a low tone; "I will be as disrespectful as you can desire, sire."

Thus saying, he opened the door, exposing to view the interior of what was called the little hall, which presented a scene whereon we may dwell for a single instant; for, though the picture which it displayed of the callous indifference of human nature to the griefs and sufferings of others, is not an agreeable one, it was not new enough even then to excite wonder, and is not old enough now to be omitted. The master of the house was dying, and his family full of sorrow at the approaching loss of one who had been a father to all who surrounded him; but there, in the little hall, was collected, in the persons of the surgeons, the priest, and the lawyer, attendant upon the dying man, as merry a party as it had ever contained. The hall, though it was called little, was only so comparatively; for its size was sufficient to make the table at which the feasters sat look like a speck in the midst. Nevertheless, it was well lighted; and St. Réal and his royal companion, as they entered, could plainly see the man of law holding up a brimming Venice glass of rich wine to one of his two shrewd eyes, while the hall was echoing to some potent jest that he had just cast forth amongst his companions. Even the carver at the buffet, and the serving man who was filling up the wine for the rest, were shaking their well-covered sides at the joke; and the priest, though repressing as far as possible the outward signs of merriment, was palating the bon mot with a sly smile, and perhaps a covert intention of using it himself second-hand, whenever he could find occasion. For a minute or two the party at the table did not perceive the entrance of any other persons, or concluded that those who did enter were servants; and their conversation went on in the same light tone which had evidently predominated up to that moment.

As soon, however, as St. Réal and his guest appeared, matters assumed a different aspect; and solemn ceremony and respect took the place of merriment. Seats were soon placed; and Henry, while engaged in satisfying the hunger that a long day's journey had occasioned, failed not by some gay and sportive observations to bring back a degree of cheerfulness: but the natural frank liveliness of the King's heart was controlled, or rather oppressed, by many an anxious thought for himself, and by feelings of kindly and sincere sympathy with the young noble who sat beside him. St. Réal, on his part, did not affect to feel aught but deep anxiety; and, after their entrance, the merriment of the party in the hall was very much sobered down from its previous elevated tone, giving way, indeed, in the breasts of the lawyer and the surgeons to many a shrewd conjecture in regard to the profession and object of their new comrade Maître Jacques.

In the meantime the page stood where St. Réal and the King had left him, supporting himself against the table in an attitude of much grace, but one which spoke deep and somewhat melancholy thought. His head leaned upon his bosom, his hand fell listlessly by his side, his eyes strained with the deep and intense gaze of anxious meditation upon one unmeaning spot of the marble floor; and thus, without the slightest motion, he continued so long in the same position, that he might have been taken for some fanciful statue tricked out in the gay dress of that time, had not every now and then a deep sigh broke from his bosom, and evinced the conscious presence of life and all its ills.

Near a quarter of an hour elapsed without his taking the slightest notice of the lapse of time. The steps of his new master and the prince had long ceased to sound through the passages, other noises had made themselves heard and died away again; but the youth remained apparently unconscious of everything but some peculiar and absorbing facts in his own situation. His reverie was, however, at length disturbed, but apparently not unexpectedly, though the stealthy step and silent motions with which the dwarf Bartholo advanced into the room in which the youth stood, had brought him near before the other was aware of his presence. For a moment after their eyes had met neither spoke, though there was much meaning in the glance of each; and at length the youth made a silent motion of his hand towards the door. The sign was obeyed at once; and the dwarf, closing the door cautious-

ly, returned with a quick step, suddenly bent one knee to the ground, and kissed the hand the boy extended towards him.

"So, Bartholo," he said, receiving this somewhat extraordinary greeting as a thing of course,—"So! you see that I am here at length!"

"I do," replied the dwarf, rising; "but for what object you are come I cannot conceive."

"For many objects," answered the youth; "but one sufficient to myself is, that I am near those that I wish to be near; and can watch their actions—perhaps see into their thoughts. If I could make myself sure that St. Réal really loves the girl! that were worth all the trouble."

"But the risk! the risk!" exclaimed the dwarf.

"The risk is nothing, if my people are faithful to me," answered the youth sharply; "and wo be to them if they are not! Why came you not as I commanded, but left me to wait and wander in the neighbourhood of Beaumont, and nearly be taken by a party of reîtres, in the pay of Mayenne?"

"I could not come," answered the dwarf; "for I was sent to seek a chirurgien from Tours for the old man, who lies at the point of death. I made what haste I could; but missed you, and could not overtake you till you had nearly reached the château."

"And is the old Marquis, then, so near the end of a long good life?" asked the youth. "There are some men whose deeds are so full of immortality, that we can scarce fancy even their bodies shall become food for worms. But so it must be with the best as well as with the worst of us."

"Even so!" answered the dwarf; "but as to this old man, I have not seen him with my own eyes for this many a day; but the report runs in the castle that he cannot long survive."

"His death would come most inopportune for all my plans," replied the youth; "it would place me in strange circumstances: and yet I would dare them, for I have passed through still stranger without fear. I feel my own heart strong—ay, even in its weakness; and I will not fear. Nevertheless, see you obey my orders better. You should have sent some other on your errand, and not have left me to the mercy of a troop of reîtres."

"Crying your mercy," said the dwarf with a significant grin, "I should have thought, that your late companion might have proved as dangerous."

"Dare you be insolent to me, sir?" cried the youth, fixing his full dark eye sternly on the dwarf. "But, no; I know you dare not, and you know me too well to dare. But you are wrong. Whatever may be the faults of Harry of Navarre, all reprobate heretic as he is, nevertheless he is free from every ungenerous feeling; and although I might think I saw a glance of recognition in his eyes, yet I harbour not a fear that he will betray me or make any ill use of his knowledge, even if he have remembered me."

"Are you aware, however," asked the dwarf, lowering his voice and dropping his eyes,—"are you aware that the Count d'Aubin is here?"

"No, no!" cried the youth, starting. "No, no! Where—where do you mean? I know that he is in Maine, but surely not here."

"In this very house," answered the dwarf—"in the great hall, not a hundred yards from the spot where we now stand."

"Indeed!" said the other, musing. "Indeed! I knew that he was near, and that we should soon meet; but I did not think to find him here. Look at me, Bartholo! look at me well! Think you that he would recognize me? Gold, and embroidery, and courtly fashions, are all laid aside; and I might be taken for the son of a mechanic, or, at best, for the child of some inferior burgher."

"I knew you at once!" answered the page emphatically.

"Yes, yes; but that is different," replied he, whom we shall take the liberty of calling by the name he had given himself, although that name, it need scarcely be said, was assumed;—"but that is different," replied Leonard de Monte. "You were prepared to know me; but I think that I am secure with all others. Why, when I look in the mirror, I hardly know myself!"

The dwarf gazed over the person of him who was evidently his real master, however he might, for some unexplained purposes, affect to be in the service of others—and, after a moment, he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "It may be so indeed. Dusty, and travel-soiled, and changed, perhaps he would not know you; and were you to put on a high fraise, instead of that falling collar, it would make a greater difference still in your appearance."

"Quick! get me one then," cried the youth; "I will pass before him for an instant this very night, that his eye may become accustomed to the sight, and memory be lulled to sleep."

See, too, that all be prepared for me to lodge as you know I would."

"I have already marked out a chamber," answered the dwarf, "and have curried favour with the major-domo, so that he will readily grant it to the new page at my request."

"Where is it?"—demanded the youth. "You know I am familiar with the house."

"It is," replied the dwarf: "one of the small chambers, with a little antichamber in the garden tower."

"Quick, then! Haste and ask it for me," exclaimed Leonard de Monte. "The young lord bade me apply to you for what I needed; so you can plead his order to the master of the chambers. Then bring me the fraise speedily, ere I have time to think twice, and to waver in my resolutions."

With almost supernatural speed the dwarf did his errand, and returned, bearing with him one of those stiff frills extended upon whalebone which are to be seen in all the portraits of those days. The youth instantly took it from his hand; and, concealing the falling collar of lace, which was for a short period the height of fashion at the court of Henry III., and which certainly did not well accord with the simplicity of the rest of his apparel, he tied the fraise round his neck, and advanced to a small mirror in a silver frame that hung against the arras—"Yes, that does better," he exclaimed, "that does better. Now, what say you, Bartholo?"

"That you are safe," answered the page,—"that I should not know you myself, did I not hear your voice."

"Well, then, lead on through the hall, if Philip of Aubin be there," replied the youth; "and when I am in my chamber, bring me a wafer and a cup of wine; for I am weary, and must seek rest."

The dwarf opened the door, and led the way, conducting his young companion across the great hall, up and down which the Count d'Aubin was pacing slowly and thoughtfully.

"Who have you there, Bartholo?" demanded the young noble as they passed.

"Only a page, my lord," replied the dwarf; and they walked on. The Count looked at the page attentively; but not the slightest sign of recognition appeared on his face; and, though the youth's steps filtered a little with the apprehension of discovery, he quitted the hall, satisfied that his disguise was not seen through. As soon as they reached the door of the small chamber, which was to be thenceforth his abode, Bartholo left him, to bring the refreshment he had ordered; and as the dwarf passed by the door of the hall once more, and heard the steps of the Count pacing up and down, he paused an instant, as if undecided—"Shall I tell him?" he muttered between his teeth—"shall I tell him, and blow the whole scheme to pieces? But no, no, no; I should lose all, and with him it might have quite the contrary effect. I must find another way;" and he walked on.

CHAPTER V.

THE Chevalier de St. Réal, according to the ideas of hospitality entertained in those days, pressed the King of Navarre to his food, and urged the wine upon him; but scarcely had Henry's glass been filled twice, ere the sound of steps hurrying hither and thither was heard in the hall, and the young noble cast many an anxious look towards the door. It opened at length, and an old servant entered, who, approaching the chair of his young lord, whispered a few words in his ear.

"Indeed!" said St. Réal; "I had hoped his sleep would have lasted longer. How seems he now, Duverrier?—is he refreshed by this short repose?"

"I cannot say I think it, sir," replied the servant; "but he asks anxiously for you, and we could not find you in the hall."

"I come," answered St. Réal; and then turning to the King, he added, "My father's short rest is at an end, and I will now tell him of your visit, sir. Doubtless he will gladly see you, as there is none he respects more deeply."

"Go! go!" cried Henry; "I will wait you here, with these good gentlemen. Let me be no restraint upon you. Yet tell your father, my good lord, that my business is such as presses a man's visits on his friends, even at hours unseasonable, else would I not ask to see him when he is ill and suffering."

The young lord of St. Réal bowed his head and quitted the apartment; while Henry remained with the other guests,

whose wonder was not a little increased in regard to who this Maître Jacques could be, by the great reverence which seemed paid to him. They had soon an opportunity of expressing their curiosity to each other, in the absence of its object; for in a very few minutes the Chevalier de St. Réal returned, and besought Henry to "honour his father's chamber with his presence." The king followed with a smile; and, when the door of the little hall was closed behind them, laid his hand upon St. Réal's arm, saying, "You are no good actor, my young friend."

"I am afraid not," replied St. Réal, in a tone from which he could not banish the sadness occasioned by his father's illness; "yet I trust what I said may in no degree betray your Majesty."

"No, no," answered Henry, "I dare say not; and should you see any suspicions, St. Réal, you must either—in penance for having shown too much reverence for a king, in an age when kings are out of all respect—you must either keep those gentry close prisoners here till I have reached Tours, and thence made a two-days' journey Paris-ward, or you must give me a guard of fifty men to push my way through as far as Chartres."

"It shall be which your Majesty pleases," replied St. Réal: "but here is my father's chamber."

The spot where they stood was situated half way up a long passage traversing the central part of the château of St. Réal, narrow, low, and unlighted during the day by anything but two small windows, one at each extreme. At present two or three lamps served to show the way to the apartments of the sick man, at the small low-framed doorway of which stood an attendant, as if stationed for the purpose of giving or refusing admittance to those who came to visit the suffering noble. The servant instantly threw back the plain oaken board which served as a door, and the next moment Henry found himself in the antechamber of the sick man's room. The interior of the apartment into which he was now admitted was much superior in point of comfort to that which one might have expected from the sight of such an entrance. The antechamber was spacious, hung with rich though gloomy arras, and carpeted with mats of fine rushes. One or two beds were laid upon the ground for the old lord's attendants; and on many a peg, thrust through the arras, hung trophies of war or of the chase, together with several lamps and sconces which cast considerable light into the room. The chamber beyond was kept in a greater degree of obscurity, though the light was still sufficient to show the King, as he passed through the intermediate doorway, the faded form of the old Marquis of St. Réal, lying in a large antique bed of green velvet, with one thin and feeble hand stretched out upon the bed-clothes. At the bolster was placed one of those old-fashioned double-seated chairs which are now so seldom seen, even as objects of antiquarian research; and, from one of the two places which it afforded, an attendant of the sick rose up as Henry entered, and glided away into the anteroom. St. Réal paused and closed the door between the two chambers; and Henry, advancing, took the vacant seat, and kindly laid his hand upon that of his sick friend.

"Why how now, lord Marquis?" he said, in a feeling but cheerful tone; "how now? this is not the state in which I hoped to find you. But, faith, I must have you better soon, for I would fain see you once more at the head of your followers."

The Marquis of St. Réal shook his head, with a look which had neither melancholy nor fear in its expression, but which plainly conveyed his conviction that he was never destined to lead followers to the field again, or rise from the bed on which he was then stretched. Nor, indeed, although the young monarch spoke cheerful hopes,—did he entertain any expectations equal to his words. The Marquis of St. Réal was more than eighty years of age; and though his frame had been one of great power, and in his eyes there was still beaming the light of a fine heart and active mind, yet time had bowed him long before, and many a past labour and former hardship in the Italian wars had broken the staff of his strength, and left him to fall before the first stroke of illness. Sickness had come at length, and now all the powers of life were evidently failing fast. The features of his face had grown thin and sharp; his temples seemed to have fallen in; and over his whole countenance—which in his green old age had been covered with the ruddy hue of health—was now spreading fast the grey ashy colour of the grave.

"Your Majesty is welcome!" he said, in a low faint voice, which obliged Henry to bend his head in order to catch the sounds; "but I must not hope, either for your Majesty or any one else, to set lance in the rest again. I doubt not," he con-

tinued, after a momentary pause,—"I doubt not that you have thought me somewhat cold-hearted and ungrateful, after many favours received at your hands, and at those of your late noble mother, that I have not long before this espoused the cause of those whom I think unjustly persecuted. But I trust that you have not come to reproach me with what I have not done, but rather to show me now how I can serve you in my dying hour; without, however, even then forgetting the allegiance I owe to the crown of France, and my duty to her monarch."

"To reproach you I certainly have not come, my noble friend," answered Henry; "for I have ever respected your scruples, though I may have thought them unfounded. Nevertheless, what I have now to tell you will put those scruples to an end at once and for ever. The cause of Henry of Navarre and of Henry III. of France are now about to be united. My good brother-in-law, the King, has written to me for aid—"

"To you!—to you!" exclaimed the Marquis, raising his head feebly, and speaking with a tone of much surprise.

"Ay, even to me," answered Henry. "He found that he had misused a friend too long, that too long he had courted enemies; and, wise at length, he is determined to call around him those who really wish well to him and to our country, and to use against his foes that sword they have so long mocked in safety. I am now on my way to join him with all speed, while my friends and the army follow more slowly. As I advanced, I could not resist the hope that enticed me hither—the hope that, when justice, and friendship, and loyalty are all united upon our side, the Marquis of St. Réal, to whom justice, and friendship, and loyalty were always dear, will no longer hesitate to give us that great support which his fortune, his rank, his renown, and his retainers enable him so well to afford."

"When Henry of Navarre lends his sword to Henry of France, how should I dream of refusing my poor aid to both?" answered the Marquis. "When you refuse not to serve an enemy, sir, how should I refuse to serve a friend? But my own services are over. This world and I, like two old friends at the end of a long journey, are just shaking hands before we part; but I leave behind me one that may well supply my place. Huon, my dear son, are you there?"

"I am here, sir," said the young lord, advancing: "what is your will, my father?"

"My son, I am leaving you," replied the Marquis: "I shall never quit this bed; another sun will never rise and set for me. I leave you in troublous times, Huon, in times of difficulty and of sorrow; but that which now smooths my pillow at my dying hour, and makes the last moments of life happy, is the fearless certainty that, come what may, my son will live and die worthy of the name that he inherits; and will find difficulty and danger but steps to honour and renown. So long as injustice stained the royal cause, and cruelty and tyranny drove many a noble heart to revolt, I would take no part in the dissensions that have torn our unhappy land; though God knows I have often longed to draw the sword in behalf of the oppressed; but now that the crown calls to its aid those it once persecuted, in order to put an end to faction and strife, my scruples are gone, and, were not life gone too, none would sooner put his foot in the stirrup than I. But those days are past; and on you, my son, must devolve the task. A few hours now, and I shall be no more; yet I will not seek to command you how to act when I am gone. Your own heart has ever been a good and faithful monitor. Let me, however, counsel you to seek the Duke of Mayenne ere you draw the sword against him. Show him your purposes and your motives; and tell him that he may be sure those who have been neutral will now become his enemies,—those who have been his friends will daily fall from him, unless he follow the dictates of loyalty and honour."

The old man paused, and a slight smile curled the lip of Henry of Navarre. His nature, however, was too frank to let anything which might pass for a sneer remain unexplained; and he said, "You know not these factious Guises well enough, my friend. They strike for dominion; and that game must be a hopeless one indeed, which they would not play to gratify their ambition. But let your son seek Mayenne!—More! If he will, let him not decide whose cause he will espouse till he have heard all the arguments which faction can bring forth to colour treason. I fear not. Strong in the frank uprightness of a good cause, and confident both of his honesty and clear good sense, I will trust to his own judgment, when he has heard all with his own ears. Let him call together what followers he can; let him march them upon Paris; and, under a safe conduct from the Duke and from the King, visit both camps alike. True, that with Henry of Valois he will find

much to raise disgust and contempt; but there, too, he will find the only King of France, and with him all that is loyal in the land. With Mayenne, and his demagogues of the Sixteen, he will find faction, ambition, injustice, and fanaticism: and I well know which a St. Réal must choose."

"Frank, noble, and confiding, ever, sire!" said the Marquis; "nor with us will your reliance prove vain. Oh, that we had a King like you! How few hearts then could, by any arts, be estranged from the throne!"

"Nay, nay," said Henry, smiling, "you forget that I am a heretic, my good lord—a Huguenot—a *maheutre*! They would soon find means to corrupt the base, and to persuade the weak against me, were I king of France to-morrow;—which God forbid!—and, by my faith, were I a great valuer of that strange thing, life, I should look for poison in my cup, or a dagger in my bosom at every hour."

"And yet, my lord, you are going to trust yourself where daggers have lately been somewhat too rife," said the Chevalier de St. Réal; "and that, too—if I understood you rightly—with but a small escort."

"As small as may be," answered the King, "consisting, indeed, of but this one faithful friend, who has never yet proved untrue;" and he laid his finger on the hilt of his sword, adding, gaily, "but no fear, no fear: my cousin brother-in-law could have no earthly motive in killing me but to make Mayenne King of France, which, by my faith, he seeks not to do. He knows me too well, also, to think that I would injure him, even if I could; and, perhaps, finds now, that by making head against the Guises, and their accursed League, I have been serving him ever, though against his will."

"Would it not be better, my lord," asked the old man, in a feeble voice,—"would it not be better to wait till you are accompanied by your own troops?"

"No, no," replied Henry; "Mayenne presses him hard. He is himself dispirited, his troops are more. Still more of the *Spanish catholicon*—I mean Spanish mercenaries—are likely to be added to the forces of the League; and I fear that, if some means be not taken to keep up his courage, more speedily than could be accomplished by the march of my forces, he may cast himself upon the mercy of the enemy, and France be lost for ever."

"The Duke of Guise went as confidently to Blois as your Majesty to Tours," said the Chevalier; "and the Duke of Guise was called a friend: you have long been looked on as an enemy."

"But Guise was a traitor," answered Henry, "and met with treachery, as a traitor may well expect. He went confiding alone in his own courage, but knowing that his own designs were evil. I go, confiding both in myself and in my honesty; and well knowing, that in all France there is not one man who has just cause to wish that Henry of Navarre were dead."

"He has violated his safe conduct more than once," said the Marquis, "and may violate it again."

"It will not be in my person, then," answered the King; "for safe conduct have I none, but his own letter, calling for my aid in time of need. Two drops of my blood, I do believe, spilled on that letter, would raise a flame therewith in every noble bosom that would set half the land a fire. But I fear not: kings have no right to fear. My honesty is my breast-plate, my good friend; and the steel must be sharp indeed that will not turn its edge on that."

"And the hand must be backward indeed," said the Marquis, "that would refuse its aid to such a heart. However, my lord, I give you my promise, and I am sure that my son will give you his, that the followers of St. Réal shall be in the field within a month from this very night. Willingly, too, would we promise that they should join the royal cause; but, it is better, perhaps, as you have offered, that he who leads them should go free, till he shall have spoken his feelings freely to the leaders of the League."

"So be it! so be it, then!" answered Henry. "I apprehend no change of feeling towards me. My cause is that of justice, of loyalty, and of France. So long as I opposed your king in arms, I could hardly hope that a St. Réal would join me, however great the private friendship might be between us; but, now that his cause is mine, and that the sword once drawn to withstand his injustice is drawn to uphold his throne, I know I shall meet no refusal. But I weary you, Lord Marquis," he continued, rising; "and, good faith, I owe you no small apology for troubling you with such matters at such a time. Yet, I will trust," he added, laying his hand once more on that sick man,—"yet I will trust that this is not our last meeting by very many, and that I shall soon hear of you in better health."

The Marquis shook his head. "My lord," he said, "I am a dying man; and though, perhaps, were the choice left to us, I would rather have died on the battle-field, serving with the last drops of my old blood some noble cause: yet, I fear not death, even here in my bed; where, to most men, he is more terrible. I have lived, I trust, well enough not to dread death; and I have, certainly, lived long enough to be weary of life. For the last ten years,—though they have, certainly, been years of such health and strength as few old men ever know,—yet, I have daily found some fine faculty of this wonderful machine in which we live yielding to the force of time. The ear has grown heavy and the eye grown dim, my lord; the sinews are weak and the joints are stiff. Thank Heaven! the great destroyer has left the mind untouched: but it is time that it should be separated from the earth to which it is joined, and go back to God, who sent it forth. Fare you well, sir; and Heaven protect you! The times are evil in which your lot is cast; but if ever I saw a man who was fitted to bring evil times to good, it is yourself."

"Fare you well! fare you well, my good old friend!" answered Henry, grasping his hand; "and though I be a Huguenot, doubt not, St. Réal, that we shall meet again."

"I doubt it not, my lord," replied the old man, "I doubt it not; and, till then, God protect your Majesty!"

Henry echoed the prayer, and quitted the sick man's chamber, followed by the young lord of St. Réal. He suffered not his attendance long, however; but retiring at once to rest, drank the sleeping cup with his young friend, and sent him back to the chamber of his father. He had judged, and had judged rightly, that the end of the old Marquis of St. Réal was nearer than his son anticipated. After the King had left his chamber, he was visited by the surgeon and the priest, and then again slept for several hours. When he awoke there was no one but his son by his bed-side, and he gazed upon him with a smile, which made the young lord believe that he felt better.

"Are you more at ease, my father?" asked the young man, with reviving hopes.

"I am quite at ease," my dear Huon, replied his father. "I had hoped that in that sleep I should have passed away; but, by my faith, I will turn round and try again, for I am drowsy still." Thus saying, he turned, and once more closing his eyes, remained about an hour in sweet and tranquil slumber. At the end of that time, his son, who watched him anxiously, heard a slight rustle of the bed-clothes. He looked nearer, but all was quiet, and his father seemed still asleep. There was no change either in feature or in hue; but still there was an indescribable something in the aspect of his parent that made the young man's heart beat painfully. He gazed upon the quiet form before him—he listened for the light whisper of the breath; but all was still—the throbbing of the heart was over, the light of life had gone out! St. Réal was glad that he was alone; for, had any other eye than that of Heaven been upon him, he might not have given way to those feelings which would have been painful to restrain. As it was, he wept for some time in solitude and silence; and then, calling the attendants, proceeded to fulfil all those painful offices towards the deceased which in those days were sadly multiplied. When these were finished, the morning light was shining into the dull chamber of the dead; and St. Réal, retiring to his own apartments, sent to announce his loss to his cousin and to the King of Navarre. The first instantly joined him, and offered such consolation as he thought most likely to soothe his cousin's mind. Henry of Navarre, however, was not in his chamber; and, on further inquiry, it was found that he had taken his departure with the first ray of the morning light.

CHAPTER VI.

A MONTH and some days succeeded—full of events important to France, it is true, but containing nothing calculated to affect materially the course of this history; and I shall, therefore, pass over in my narrative that lapse of time without comment, changing the scene also without excuse.

There is in France a forest, in the heart of which I have spent many a happy hour,—which, approaching the banks of the small river Iton, spreads itself out over a large track of varied and beautiful ground between Evreux and Dreux, sweeping round that habitation of melancholy memories called Navarre, filled with the recollections of Turennes and Beauharnois. Over a much greater extent of ground, however,

than the forest, properly so called, now occupies, large masses of thicket and wood, with, occasionally, much more splendid remnants of the primeval covering of earth, show how wide the forest of Evreux must have spread in former years; and, in fact, the records of the times of which I write compute the extreme length thereof at thirty-five French leagues; while the breadth seems to have varied at different points from five to ten miles.

In the space thus occupied, was comprised almost every description of scenery which a forest can display; hill and dell, rock and river, with sometimes even a meadow or a cornfield presenting itself in different parts of the wood, which was also traversed by two high roads—the one leading from Touraine, and the other from Alençon, Caen, and the northern parts of Normandy. These high roads, however, were, from the very circumstances of time, but little frequented; for the eloquent words of Alexis Montiel, in describing the state of France in the days of the League, afford no exaggerated picture:—"France, covered with fortified towns, with houses, with castles, with monasteries enclosed with walls within which no one entered, and from which no one issued forth, resembled a great body mailed, armed, and stretched lifeless on the earth."

Nevertheless, interest and necessity either lead or compel men to all things; and along the line of the two high roads already mentioned were scattered one or two villages and hamlets—the inhabitants of which had little to lose—and a number of detached houses, the proprietors of which were willing to risk a little in the hopes of gaining much. The fronts of these houses, by the various signs and inscriptions which they bore, gave notice to the wayfaring traveller, sometimes that man and horse could be accommodated equally well within those walls; sometimes that the human race could there find rest and food, if unaccompanied by the four-footed companion whose greater corporeal powers we have made subservient to our greater cunning. According to the strict letter of the existing laws, we find that the auberge for foot passengers was forbidden to lodge the equestrian, and that the auberge for cavaliers had no right to receive the traveller on foot. But these laws, like all other foolish ones, were neglected or evaded in many instances; and he who could pay well for his entertainment, was, of course, very willingly admitted to the mercenary hospitality of either the one or other class of inns, whether he made use of the two identical feet with which nature had provided him, or borrowed four more for either speed or convenience.

Notwithstanding the turbulent elements which rendered every state of life perilous in those days, the landlord of the auberge, however isolated was his dwelling, did not, in fact, run so much risk as may be supposed; for by a sort of common consent, proceeding from a general conviction of the great utility of his existence, and the comfort which all parties had at various times derived from his ever-ready welcome, the innkeeper's dwelling was almost universally exempt from pillage, except, indeed, in those cases where the party spirit of the day had got the better of that interested moderation in politics which is such a distinguishing feature of the class, and had led him to espouse one of the fierce factions of the times with somewhat imprudent vehemence. Nevertheless, it need hardly be said, that between the several villages, and the several detached houses which chequered the forest of Evreux, large spaces were left without anything like a human habitation; and the traveller on either of the two highways, or on any of the multifarious cross roads which wandered through the woods, might walk on for many a long and weary mile, without seeing anything in the likeness of mankind. Perhaps, indeed, he might think himself lucky if he did find it so; for—as there then existed three or four belligerent parties in France, besides various bodies who took advantage of the discrepancy of other people's opinions upon most subjects, to assert their own ideas of property at the point of the sword—there was every chance that, in any accidental rencontre, the traveller would find the first person he met a great deal more attached to the sword than to the olive branch.

A little more than a month, then, after the funeral of the old Marquis of St. Réal, in a part of the forest where a few years before the axe had been busy amongst the taller trees, there appeared a group of several persons, two of whom have already been introduced to the notice of the reader. The spot in which they were seated was a small dry grassy strip of meadow by the side of a clear little stream, which at a hundred yards distance crossed the high road from Touraine. From the bank of the stream the ground rose very gradually for some way, leaving a space of perhaps fifty yards in breadth free of underwood or brush. It then took a bolder sweep, and

became varied with manifold trees and shrubs; and then, breaking into rock as it swelled upwards, it towered into a high and craggy hill, diversified with clumps of the fine tall beeches which the axe had spared, and clothed thickly, wherever the soil admitted it, with rich underwood, springing up from the roots of larger trees long felled. On the other side again, the ground sloped away so considerably, that had the stream flowed straight on, it would have formed a cataract; and as the eye rested on the clear water, winding a thousand turns within a very short distance of the edge of the descent, and seeming to seek a way over without being able to find it, one felt as we do in gazing upon a child in a meadow looking for something it has lost, which we ourselves see full well, yet cannot resolve to point out, lest the little seeker should desist from all the graceful vagaries of his search. Various bends and knolls, however, confined the rivulet to the course it had taken; but still the whole ground on that side was low, and at one point sunk much beneath the spot where the travellers before mentioned were seated, affording—over the green-tree tops—a beautiful view of a long expanse of varied ground, lying sweet in the misty light of summer, with many a wide and undulating sweep, fainter and more faint, till some grey spires marked the position of a distant town, and cut the line of the horizon.

The party here assembled consisted of five persons; the first of whom was the page already described under the name of Leonard de Monte, and who, now stretched upon the ground, seemed making a light repast, while the dwarf Bartholo, standing beside him, filled a small horn cup with wine from a gourd he carried, and presented it to the young Italian with a low inclination of the head. The other three personages who made up the group were evidently servants. The colours of their dress, however, were very different from those of the Marquis of St. Réal, and they were also armed up to the teeth, though their garb bespoke them the followers of some private individual, and not soldiers belonging to any of the parties which then divided the land. Besides the human denizens of the scene, five horses were browsing the forest grass at a little distance. Three of these were equipped with saddles; while two still bore about them the rough harness, if harness it could be called, by means of which they had been attached to a small vehicle, somewhat between a carriage and a car, which, with its leathern curtains and its wicker frame, might be seen peeping out from amongst the bushes hard by.

While the page concluded his repast, two of the servants—the other seemed the driver of the carriage—stood behind him with their arms folded on their bosoms, but still in an attitude so common in those times of trouble as to have found its way into most of the pictures which have come down from that epoch to the present. The same movement which crossed the right and left arms over the chest had easily brought the hilt of the sword, and the part of the broad belt in which it hung, up from the haunch to the breast, where the weapon was supported by the pressure of the left arm and the right hand, and was ever ready for service at a moment's notice. The youth, however, who was the principal person of the party, and the dwarf, who seemed to ape his demeanour, wore their swords differently, following the extravagant court fashion of the day, and throwing the weapon which, in those times, might be needed at every instant, so far behind them, that the hilt was concealed by the short cloak then worn, and would have been out of the reach of any but a very dexterous hand.

When the page had concluded his repast, he wiped his dagger on the grass, and returned it to the sheath; and then, making the dwarf mingle some water from the stream with the wine he offered, he asked ere he drank, "Are you sure, Bartholo, right sure, that we have passed them?"

"Certain! quite certain!" answered the dwarf; "unless, noble—"

"Hush!" cried the youth, holding up his hand impetuously; "have I not told thee to forget, even when we are alone, that I am any other than Leonard the page. Some day thou wilt betray me; and, by my troth, thou shalt repent it if thou dost. Go on! go on! What wert thou saying?"

"Nothing, then, Signor Leonard," answered the dwarf, with his usual sardonic grin; "but that I am certain we have passed them, quite certain: for I saw each day's march laid down before they set out; and though we were two days behind them, and had to take a round of ten leagues to avoid their route, yet we have done five leagues more than they each day that we have travelled."

"Well, then, well!" said the youth; "dine, and make these varlets dine. If I am in Paris three days before them,

it is enough. Yet lose no time; for I would fain be on far enough to-night to be beyond their utmost *fourriers* ere I stay to rest. I go up yon hill to look over this woody world. When all is ready, whistle, and I will come." Thus saying, he turned away with a slow step, and, climbing the banks, was quickly lost amongst the trees and underwood.

As soon as he was gone, the dwarf beckoned to the servants; and, making them sit down beside him on the grass, did the honours of the feast, but still taking care to maintain that air of superiority with which a master might be supposed to portion out their meal to his domestics, on some of those accidental expeditions which level, for the time, many of the distinctions of rank. The servants, too, submitted to this sort of assumption as a matter of course; and though the eye of each might be caught running over the diminutive limbs of the dwarf with a glance in which the contempt of big things for little was scarcely kept down by habitual deference, yet, in their general demeanour, they preserved every sort of respect for their small companion, keeping a profound silence in his presence, and treating him with every mark of reverence.

Scarcely had they concluded their meal, however, and were in the act of yawning at the horses they were about to harness, when the rustling of the bushes on the hill side, and the fall of a few stones, gave notice of the approach of some living being. The moment after, the light and graceful form of their young master appeared, bounding down the slope like a scared deer, with his cheek flushed, and all the flashing eagerness of haste and surprise sparkling in his dark eye. "Quick!" he cried, as he came up, "quick as lightning! Draw the carriage into that brake, and lead the horses in amongst the bushes. Scatter as far as possible, and come not hither again till you hear my horn."

"But the carriage!" cried the dwarf, looking towards the spot to which the page pointed—"the brake is deep and uneven."

"We must get it out afterwards as best we may," replied the youth; "do as you are bid, and make haste! They are not half a mile from us, when I thought they were leagues. I saw them coming up, on the other side of the hill, and they will be here in five minutes. Quick! quick as lightning, Bartholo!"

The dwarf and his companions obeyed at once, and in a few moments the carriage was drawn into a woody brake that completely concealed it from view; the horses were led into the forest; Bartholo betook himself one way, and the attendants another; and their young lord, climbing the hill, sought himself out a place amongst the shrubs and larger trees, where he could see all that passed upon the high road, without running any risk of being seen himself. A quick and impatient spirit, however, gauging all things by its own activity, had, as is often the case, deceived him as to the movements of others; and instead of five minutes, which was the utmost space that his imagination had allowed for the arrival of the persons he had beheld, full half an hour had elapsed ere any one appeared.

At length, however, the trampling of horses sounded along the road; and the moment after, winding round from the other side of the hill, was seen a party of six horsemen, each bearing in his hand a short matchlock, with a lighted match, while three other weapons of the same kind hung round at the different corners of the steel saddle with which every horse was furnished. After a short interval, another small party appeared; and, succeeding them again, might be seen, first moving along above the interposing shoulder of the hill, and then upon the open road, the dancing plumes of a large body of officers and gentlemen, in the midst of whom rode the young Marquis of St. Réal, and his cousin, the Count d'Aubin. The eyes of Leonard de Monte fixed eagerly upon that party, and followed its movements for many a minute, till a new bend of the road concealed it from his sight; and he turned to gaze upon the strong body of troops that then appeared. Two companies of infantry, each consisting of two hundred men, came next; and a gay and pleasant sight it was to see them pass along with their shining steel morions, and tall plumes, and rich apparel, in firm array and regular order, but all gay and cheerful, and singing as they went. Amongst them, but in separate bands, appeared the various sorts of foot soldiers then common in France; the musketeer with his long gun upon his shoulder, and the steel-pointed fork, or rest, used to assist his aim in discharging his piece, while, together with the broad leathern belt which supported his long and heavy sword, hung the innumerable small rolls of leather, in which the charges for his musket were deposited. The ancient pikeman, too, was there, with his long pike

rising over the weapons of the other soldiers, and one or two bodies of arquebusiers, armed with a lighter and less cumbersome, but even more antique kind of musket, here and there chequered the ranks. A troop of cavalry, still stronger in point of numbers, succeeded, consisting of two companies of men-at-arms, which old privileges permitted the two houses of St. Réal and d'Aubin to raise for the service of the crown, and of about four hundred of more lightly armed horse of that description which, from having been first introduced from Germany and Flanders, had acquired the name of *reîtres*, even when the regiment was composed entirely of Frenchmen. The first body contained none but men of noble birth, and consisted principally of young gentlemen attached to the two great houses who raised it. Each carried his lance, to which weapon the men-at-arms of that day clung with peculiar tenacity, as a vestige of that ancient chivalry which people felt was rapidly passing away before improved science, but from which they did not like to part. Each also was splendidly armed; and gold and polished steel made their horses shine in the sunbeams.

The *reîtres*, however, were more simply clothed, and were composed of such persons from the wealthier part of the *classe bourgeoise* as the love of arms, the distinctions generally affixed to military life, or feudal attachment to any particular house, brought from the very insecure tranquillity then afforded by their paternal dwellings, to the open struggle of the field. This corps, however, was not distinguished by the lance: a long and heavy sword, which did terrible execution in the succeeding wars, together with a number of pistols, each furnished with a rude flint lock, composed the offensive arms of the *reître*. His armour, too, and his horse were both somewhat lighter than those of the man-at-arms; but his movements were, in consequence, more easy, and his march less encumbered.

The whole body wound slowly on with very little disarray or confusion, till one by one, the several bands turned the angle of the wood, and disappeared in the distant forest. A few scattered parties followed; then a few stragglers, and then all was left to solitude, while nothing but a cloudy line of dust, rising up above the green covering of the trees, and two or three notes of the trumpet, told that such a force was near, or marked the road it took. Leonard de Monte gazed from the place of his concealment upon each party as it passed, and then waited for several minutes, listening with attentive ear till the trumpet sounded so faintly that it was evident his own small hunting-horn might be winded unheard by the retiring squadrons. He descended, however, in the first instance, to the bank of the stream where he had been previously sitting, and then gave breath to a few low notes, as of a huntsman recalling his dogs. The sounds were heard by his attendants, and instantly obeyed. The horses were led forth from the wood; and, while the two servants bestirred themselves to draw out the carriage from the brake in which it had been concealed, the youth beckoned the dwarf towards him, demanding, "Now, Bartholo! now! what think you of this?"

"Why, I think it a very silly trick, sir," replied the dwarf: "I could forgive a raw youth like the Marquis for leading his men through such a wood as this; but how an experienced soldier, like my good lord the Count, could let him do it, I cannot fancy. Why, the *League* might have taken them all like quails in a falling net."

"You are wrong," said the youth; "you are wrong, Bartholo. He knows full well that the *League*, close cooped in Paris, have not men to spare, and that Longueville and La Noue keep Aumale in check near Compeigne. St. Réal is no bad soldier.—At least, so I have heard. But it was not of that I spoke. What are we to do now? You told me that they were a day behind, and now they are right on the road before us. They must have changed their route. What must we do?"

"Why, we must turn back," answered the dwarf, calmly; "and then at Dreux seek out the *maître des postes*, leave these slow brutes behind us, and on to Paris with all the speed we can."

"But should there be no horses?" said the youth, "as was the case at La Flé; what must we do then?"

"Oh, beyond all doubt, we shall find horses there," the dwarf replied; "and if the post be broken up, we can but apply to the master of relays, whose horses will take us on for fifteen leagues, while these tired brutes will scarce carry us to Dreux: better go with beasts that have dragged a cart, than halt half way on the road."*

* This speech of the dwarf applies to various modes of travel.

The youth paused and pondered; and though his attention was at first directed to the exertions of the servants with the carriage, yet the moment after his glance began to stray abstractedly over the forest; and it is more than probable that his thoughts wandered much farther than the mere trifling embarrassment in which he found himself; for his brow became clouded and melancholy, his lip quivered, and his eye, which was now again straining vacantly upon the grass, seemed as if it would willingly have harboured a tear. The dwarf gazed at him earnestly with his quick black eyes, while the habitual sneer upon his lip seemed mingled with other feelings, which somewhat changed its character, but rendered it not less dark and keen. Whatever were his own thoughts, however, he seemed perfectly to comprehend that his young lord's mind had run beyond the situation of the moment. "You are sorry you undertook it at all!" he said, keeping his eyes still fixed upon the face of the other.

"Out, knave!" cried Leonard de Monte, turning sharply upon him. "Out! Did you ever know me to hesitate in a pursuit that I had once determined, or regret a deed when once it was done? Firm in myself, I am firm to myself, and, whether good or ill happens, I never regret. No, no; think you that I am such a fool or such a child as to start from the first trifling obstacle? to whimper, because I am forced to lie on a hard bed, or fly off indignant because some saucy serving man breaks his jest upon the page? No, no! I was thinking of my father's house, and of a picture there which some skilful hand had painted of just such a scene as this. There was the little sparkling stream, and there a sweet and tranquil grassy bank like that, with the bright sunshine—even as it does now—streaming through the bushes, and touching the rounded turf with gold. Often, very often, have I stood and gazed upon that landscape, and my fancy has rendered the dull canvass instinct with life. I have dreamed that I could see through those groves, or climb the hill, and wander amongst the rocks; and in infancy—that time of happy hearts—imagination, as I stood and looked, has shaped me out a little paradise in such a scene as that. The palace and its cold splendour has faded away around me, and I have fancied myself wandering in the midst of Nature's beauties, with beings as bright and as ideal as my dream: and now, Bartholo—and now—what are all those visions now?"

The dwarf cast his eyes to the ground, and for a moment, a single moment, the cynical smile passed away from his lip. "You," he said, "You have made your fate! You have sought the bitter well from which you are forced to drink. You have chosen sorrow, and the way to sorrow; for the love of any human thing is but the high road thither, and you must tread it to the end."

"How now, sir!" cried the youth, proudly tossing back his head, "school'st thou me?"

"Nay, I school you not," answered the dwarf, "and less than all sought to offend you. I would have given you consolation. I would have said that you, for a great prize, had played a stake as weighty:—I mean that knowingly, willingly, you had risked happiness for love; and, seemingly having lost, are sorrowful; but still you have the satisfaction of knowing that your fate has been your own deliberate act."

"Would not that make it all the more painful, thou bitter medicine!" asked the youth.

"Not so!" answered the dwarf, "not so! Think, what must be his feelings who is *born* to disappointment and to scorn; whose heart may be as fine as that which beats in the bosom of the lordliest warrior in the land, and yet whose birth-right is contempt, and degradation, and slight; whose mind may be as bright as that of prelate, or of lawgiver, and yet whose doom is to be despised and neglected! Think what must be his feelings, who has no refuge from disappointment, but in the hardness of despair; who has no warfare to wage against insult, but by hurling back contempt and defiance."

"I am sorry for thee, from my heart," answered the youth. "Indeed, I am sorry for thee."

"Your pity I can bear," replied the dwarf, "because I believe it is of a nobler kind; but the pity of this base degraded world is poison to every wound in my heart. No more of myself, however," he added, resuming at once his usual look; "I have spoken too long about myself already. I cannot change my state, were I to reason on it till the sun grew old and weary of shining; but you can do much to change yours; and, in honesty, it were better to try a new plan, for this is a bad one."

ling, then known in France, which it might be tedious to explain more fully in this place.

"Care not thou for that," replied the other; "its wisdom or its folly rests upon me. Thou canst not say that there is either sin or crime therein; and till then, be silent."

"You spoke of your father's house," still persevered the dwarf. "Why not return thither, where now, since your uncle's death, peace, and repose, and a princely fortune await you?"

"Return thither!" replied the youth, with a sigh. "Return thither! and for what? to find the voices I used to love silent; the forms that used to cheer it gone; to see in every chamber a memorial of the dead, and in each well-known object a new source for tears. Oh, no! I loved that place once with love far beyond that which we give in general to inanimate things; but it was because the living, and the good, and the kind, were mingled up with every scene and every object; but now they are gone: the fairy spell is broken; the rich gold turned to dross; and no place of all the earth is so painful in my sight as that—my father's house."

"Nevertheless," urged the dwarf somewhat anxiously; but the other went on; "But that is not all, Bartholo," he said, "that is not all; though that were fully enough. No, when I last saw my father's halls my bosom was as light as air, and all the thoughts that filled it were as the summer dreams of some sunny, happy child. Since then how many a bitter lesson have I learned; how changed is the aspect of life, and fate, and the world!—No, no! The sunshine that shone in my father's halls is gone for ever—the sunshine of a happy heart; and I will carry back with me a new star to light them, or never see them more."

"Nevertheless," repeated the dwarf, "nevertheless —" "No more in that tone!" interrupted the youth, "let me hear no more! My resolutions are fixed beyond change. My fate is upon the die in my hand, and I will cast it boldly, let the chance be what it will. Say no more! for no more will I hear! Quick, hasten those laggards with the horses, and let us begone: each word of opposition but makes me the more eager to run my course to the end."

The dwarf's lip curled into a more bitter smile than ever; but he made no reply; and proceeded to obey the orders he had received to hasten the preparations for departure. Those preparations were soon concluded; for while the conversation detailed above had been proceeding, the servants, with the aid of the horses, had dragged the carriage out of the brake. With some difficulty, and some danger of overturning it, it was at length brought to the high road. Leonard de Monte entered; and wrapping himself in a large cloak, cast himself back with an air of gloomy thought. The rest mounted their horses, and, as fast as the nature of the rude vehicle, and the state of the roads would permit, the little cavalcade wound away towards Dreux, leaving the forest once more to silence and solitude.

CHAPTER VII.

In one of the old houses between the Louvre and the Place Royale, is still preserved in its original state a fine antique saloon of the times of Henry II. No gorgeous hall, no spacious vestibule, impresses you at once with the grandeur of the mansion; but, winding up a narrow and inconvenient stair, you find yourself upon a small landing-place, whence two steps—each the segment of a circle, and both turning considerably, as if they had once formed part of a spiral staircase—conduct you, through a deep but narrow passage in the wall, to a door of black oak. On opening this, you find yourself at the threshold of a room some two-and-thirty feet square, panelled with dark and richly carved wood, and possessing a ceiling of the same. At the farther end of the saloon, opposite to the door, is a deep recess, or, rather, a sort of bay, at the entrance of which the floor rises with a high step, forming a sort of little platform capable of receiving a table and two or three chairs. From the distance of about three feet and a half above the ground up to the ceiling, the greater part of this recess or bay is of glass, with only just so much Gothic stone and wood-work as serves to support the large casements, which afford the sole light of the room. The form which this projection takes on the outside of the house presents three sides of a regular octagon, and, in ornament and lightness, is not unlike one of the windows of the new part of St. John's, Cambridge, though certainly not near so beautiful as any part of that exquisite specimen of Gothic architecture.

Though, as I have said, from this window is derived the sole light which the room possesses; nevertheless, that light is enough, especially as the sunshine seems to regard that casement with particular favour, and never fails to linger about it when the bright beams visit earth.

At the time to which we must now go back, the floors were not so dingy, the oak was not so black, as they are at present; but the full summer sunshine was pouring through the large oriel, checquering the wood-work of the raised flooring with the golden light of the rays and the dark shadows of the leaden frames in which the glass was set. A stand for embroidery appeared on the little platform; and before it sat a lady plying the busy needle and the shining silks; while a maid, seated near, read to her from a book—the Gothic characters of which were fast merging into the round letters of the present day—and another female attendant, a little farther off, followed the industrious example of her mistress, and busied herself at her frame. The principal person of the group was habited in deep mourning, which, in the fashion of that day, was, perhaps, the most unbecoming dress that the vanity of man ever permitted. The sombre hue of the garment was relieved by nothing that could give lightness or grace; and the heavy black veil, hanging from the head, seemed designed purposely to cast a gloomy, unsoftened shadow over the face. But that lady was one of those whom we see sometimes, and dream of often, so lovely by the gift of nature, that art can do nothing either to add to the beauty or diminish it; and she looked as transcendently lovely in the dark wimple and the sable stole, as if she had been clad in jewels and in lace. She was as fair as the morning star, with eyes of the deep, deep blue of the evening sky, full and soft, and overhung with a long fringe of jetty eyelashes, which sometimes made the eyes themselves seem black. Her cheek bore the rosy hue of health, though the colour was by no means deep, and was so softly diffused over her face, that it was scarce possible to say where the warm tint of the cheek ended, and the brilliant fairness of the forehead and temples began. The features, too, were as lovely as if the brightest fancy and the most skilful hand had combined to personify beauty; but they had nothing of the cold, still harshness of the statue, and one looked long in admiration ere one could pause to trace the graceful lines that went to form so fair a whole. The form was in no way unworthy of the face; and even the stiff, heavy folds of the mourning robe were forced into graceful falls by the symmetry of the limbs they covered. All, however, was calm and easy, and every part of the figure was concealed, as far as possible, except the tip of one small foot, and the soft rounded delicate hands, which, with a thousand graceful movements, urged the needle through the embroidery.

Such was Eugénie de Menancourt, whom her father's death in Paris had left one of the richest heiresses of France, and had cast into the hands of the faction called the League, which then ruled in the capital, while the King waged war against it in the field. The possession of Eugénie de Menancourt, indeed, was no slight advantage to that party, for those who have much to bestow will always be followed; and the reward of her hand, and all the wealth that accompanied it, was one well calculated to lure many an aspiring noble to the faction who had the power of awarding it. This the Duke of Mayenne felt fully, and made, indeed, no slight use of his advantage: not that he held out the hope of obtaining her to any one directly, except to the Count d'Aubin, to whom she had been promised by her father, and whom Mayenne was most anxious to gain over from the royal cause; but, nevertheless, he took good care that, when any of his agents busied themselves to bring over an opposite, or confirm a wavering, partisan, the list of the good things which the League could bestow should not be left unmentioned, and amongst the first was the hand of Eugénie de Menancourt, the heiress of near one half of Maine. There was many another poor girl in the same condition; but as, in those days, inclination was the last thing consulted by parents in the marriage of their daughters, there was but little difference between their fate in the hands of the League, and in the hands of their more legitimate guardians. Nevertheless, the circumstances by which she was surrounded, her isolated situation in the house wherein her father had died, and which had been assigned to her by the League as her abode during the time of her honourable captivity in Paris, and the prospect of being forced to wed a man she did not love, all contributed to heighten the gloom which her parent's recent death had cast over her, and to make melancholy the temporary expression of a countenance which seemed by nature born for smiles.

One only consideration tended to make her situation feel more light: the Count d'Aubin was deeply engaged on the

side of the king; and, on his late journey to Maine, had even been entrusted with the high task of keeping in check that province, and some of the neighbouring districts. So long as he adhered to the king, Eugénie well knew that Mayenne would never consent to his marriage with herself; and though she sometimes doubted the steadiness of D'Aubin's loyalty, she trusted the artful game which she knew that the Duke was playing, in order to detach him from the royal cause, would insure her not being pressed to give her hand to any one else. She hoped, therefore, for a degree of peace till such time, at least, as some change in the political affairs of France delivered her from the chance of force being employed to compel her obedience to a choice made by others.

On such facts and such speculations her mind was often forced to dwell; but Eugénie de Menancourt was too wise to yield full way to painful remembrances or anticipations that could produce no change; and she studiously strove to occupy her thoughts with other things: either reading herself during all the many hours she spent alone, or making one of her maids read to her, when she was employed with any of those occupations, which engage the hand without absorbing the attention.

Thus, then, was she employed plying her needle in the sunshine, and listening to some of the poetry of Du Bartas, while, though she attended, and she heard, some melancholy feeling or some gloomy thought, springing from the depths of her own heart, would mingle insensibly with the other matter which engaged her mind, and make all she heard associate itself with the painful circumstances of her situation. In the midst of the reading, however, the door of the saloon opened, and a person entered, of whom we must pause to give almost as full a description, as we have been beguiled into writing in regard to Eugénie de Menancourt herself.

The figure that appeared was that of a lady as beautiful as it is possible to conceive, but in a style of loveliness as different from that of her she came to visit as the ruby is different from the sapphire. She might be three or four and twenty years of age, but certainly was not more; and the full rounded contour of womanhood was exquisitely united in her figure to the light and easy graces of youth. Her hair was as jetty as a raven's wing, and her full bright eyes also were as dark. Her skin was fair, however, and her teeth, of dazzling whiteness, were just seen through the full half-open lips of her small beautiful mouth. The soft-arched eyebrow, the chiseled nose, the rounded chin, the gentle oval of the face, the small white ear, and the broad clear forehead, made up a countenance such as is seldom seen and never forgotten; and to that face and form she might well have trusted to command admiration, had such been her object, without calling in "the foreign aid of ornament." Dress, however, and splendour had not been neglected, though her rich garments sat so easily upon her, that they seemed but the natural accompaniment of so much beauty, worn rather to harmonize with, than to heighten the splendid loveliness of her face and person. Her whole apparel, except the mantle and the sleeves, was of the lightest kind of gold tissue, consisting of a small stripe of pink, and a still smaller one of gold. The bodice, or stays, was laced with gold; and the body, or *corps de robe*, shaped not at all unlike those in use at present, came much higher over the bosom than was customary at a libertine court, and in a libertine age. The sleeves, which were large on the shoulders, and suddenly contracted till they fitted close to the round and beautiful arms, were of white satin, as was also the mantle, which round the edge was richly embroidered with pink and gold. Her girdle was of gold filigree worked upon white velvet; and through it was passed a chaplet of large pearls, with every now then a sapphire or an emerald, to mark some particular prayer. Jewels were in her ears too, and on the bosom of her dress, though it was but mid-day; and in her hand she held one of the small black velvet masks, which the fair dames of those days very generally wore when in the streets, even in their carriages, under the pretence of guarding their complexions from the sun and wind, but, in fact, more for the sake of fashion than from overtenderness, and often with views and purposes which might well shun the day.

The lady, however, who now entered, bore no appearance of one likely to yield to the luxurious softness, or the weak vices of the day. There was a light and a soul in her dark eyes, a play and a spirit about her ever varying lip, a firmness and determination on her fine clear brow, that might perhaps speak of passion intense and strong, but could hardly admit the idea of weakness. As soon as Eugénie de Menancourt beheld her, she started up with a look of joy; and advancing to meet her, pressed her kindly in her arms, exclaim-

ing, "Dear, dear Beatrice! are you better at length? Why would you not let me see you?"

"Well! quite well now, Eugenie," replied the other, returning her embrace as warmly as it was given; "but my illness, they said, was contagious; and why should I have suffered you to risk your valued and most precious life for such a one as I am!"

"Oh! and your life is precious too, Beatrice," replied her friend: "most precious to those who know you as well as I do."

"But how few do that, dearest friend!" replied Beatrice de Ferrara; for, strange as it may seem, it was she whose name has once before been mentioned in this work, who now stood beside Eugenie de Menancourt, on terms of the dearest intimacy and affection: "How few do that! Do you know, Eugenie, that I regard as one of the greatest and the sweetest triumphs of my life, the having conquered all your prejudices against me; having won your love and your esteem, and taught you to know me as I am."

"But indeed, indeed, as I have often told you," replied Eugenie, "I had no prejudices against you."

"Nay, nay," replied the other, with a smile; "you beheld me surrounded by the profligate and the base; you beheld me mingling with the idle and the vain; you beheld the seducers and the seduced of a corrupt court worshipping this pretty painted idol that you see before you; and, doubtless, thought in your own secret heart that it was with pleasure that I bore it all."

"No, no, indeed," replied Eugenie, "quite the reverse! Wherever I went I heard you mentioned as the exception. The malicious and the scandalous were silent at your name; and not even the braggart idlers, whose vanity is fed by their own lies against our sex, ventured to say you smiled upon them."

"They dared not, Eugenie!" said Beatrice, her dark eye flashing as she spoke; "they dared not! There is not a minion in all France who would dare to cast a spot upon my name! Not because they fear to speak falsehood, be it as gross and glaring as the sun; but because they know I hold, that where the honour of Beatrice de Ferrara is assailed, she has as much right as any punctilious man in all the land to avenge herself as best she may. Nay, start not, dear friend! but send away your women, and let us have a few calm moments together, if the idle world will let us."

The women, who had been in attendance upon Eugenie de Menancourt, required no farther commands; but, the one laying down her book, and the other covering up her embroidery-frame, left the room.

"You started but now, Eugenie," continued Beatrice, advancing towards the little platform in the bay window, and seating herself beside her friend; "you started but now, when I said that women have as much right to avenge themselves, when their honour is assailed, as men; but I say so still,—ay, and even more right. I have long thought so, and shall ever think so, Eugenie; though Heaven only knows how I should act, were such a case to happen. I might be as weak as women generally are, and let the traitor escape out of pure fear:—but I think not, Eugenie,—I think not. I believe that I would rather die the next minute after having avenged myself, than live on in the same world with one who had slandered that fair fame which, in spite of circumstances, and my own wild thoughtlessness, I have maintained unstained in the midst of this foul court."

"Nay, but consider, Beatrice," cried Eugenie, earnestly, "this world is not all."

"I know it well, sweet friend," replied Beatrice; "but I think, if there be pardon in heaven for any offence, it would be for that. Men claim the right, and die without a fear; and why should not we have the same privilege? They, when their honour is assailed, could clear themselves without revenge; they could call their comrades to judge of their conduct: but, with us, the very whisper is destruction; and no proof of innocence ever gives us back that pure, untarnished name which is our only honour: we can have no exultation, we can have no redress, and vengeance is all that is left us."

Eugenie was silent, and Beatrice gazed upon her, for a moment or two, with a smile, adding, at last, "But no—no, Eugenie, such thoughts and such feelings are not for you. Your nation, your education, your country, will not let you feel as I feel, or think as I think: and yet, Eugenie, we love each other." She added, twining her graceful arm through that of her fair friend, "And yet we love each other—is it not so?"

"Indeed, it is!" replied Eugenie de Menancourt, turning

towards her with a warm smile. "Your company, your affection, your sympathy, dear Beatrice, have been my only consolations since I came within the walls of this hateful city; and all I wish is, that I could on some points make you think as I do. I wish it selfishly, and yet for your sake, Beatrice; for, if I could succeed, I should not tremble every moment for your happiness and for your peace, as I do now."

"Thank you, thank you for the wish, dear friend!" replied Beatrice, with more melancholy than mirth in her smile; "thank you, most sincerely, for the wish! but still it is in vain. You you can never, with all your kind eloquence, make a wild, ardent, passionate Italian girl, a calm, gentle, yielding being like yourself, all charity and half Huguenot. It is in vain, it is in vain. But you speak of happiness Eugenie, as if I knew what happiness is. Now listen to me, and you shall hear more of Beatrice de Ferrara than ever you have yet done. There is a subject, I know, on which we have both thought often, and on which we have wished often to speak—I know it, Eugenie! I know it! I have heard it in half-spoken words; I have read it in your manner and in your tone; I have seen it in your eyes,—that, often, often, when we have talked of other scenes and other days, you have longed to ask what is Beatrice de Ferrara to Philip d'Aubin, and what is he to her!—Nay, I dream not that you love him, Eugenie; I know better—I know that you love him not; and I feel that Philip d'Aubin, with all his splendid qualities, with all his energies of mind, and graces of person, is the last man on earth that Eugenie de Menancourt could love."

She paused a moment, gazed thoughtfully in her friend's face, and then, leaning her head upon Eugenie's shoulder, while she took her hand in hers, she added, in a low tone and with a deep sigh,— "But it is not so with Beatrice de Ferrara!"

A bright blush rushed over her cheek, as she spoke the words which gave to her friend the full assurance of a fact that she had long suspected, perhaps we might say had long known; and she closed her dark bright eyes, as if to avoid seeing whatever expression that confession might call into the countenance of Eugenie. The moment after, however, she started up, exclaiming eagerly, "But mistake me not! mistake me not! I have not loved unsought; I have not called upon my head the well-deserved shame of being despised for courting him who loved me not. No, Eugenie, no! although the blood that flows in these veins may be all fire, yet in my heart there is a well of icy pride,—at least, so he has often called it,—which would cool the warm current of my love,—ay, till it froze in death!—ere the name I bear should be stained even by such a pitiful weakness as that. No! he sought me, he courted me, he lived at my feet, till the proud heart was won. Yes, Eugenie, he lived at my feet, he seemed to feed upon my smiles, till, at length, ambition and interest opened wider views, and vanity was piqued to think that Eugenie de Menancourt could be dull to such high merits as his own—"

"If ambition and interest swayed him," said Eugenie;—but her friend interrupted her ere she could finish. "Hear me out!" she cried, "hear me out, Eugenie! Ambition and interest had much to do therewith. When I and my young brother first sought this court to find protection against the injustice of my father's brother, I possessed little but a small inheritance in France, the dowry of my mother. This he well knew; and though, if there be any truth on earth, he loved me, yet, with men, Eugenie, there are passions that make even love subservient:—ambition, interest, vanity, Eugenie, are men's gods!"

"But is it possible, Beatrice," cried Mademoiselle de Menancourt, "that, thinking thus of all men, and of him in particular, you can either esteem or love him, or any of his race?"

"Oh, yes, Eugenie! oh, yes!" she replied. "Love is a tyrant—not a slave: we cannot bind him to the chariot wheels of reason; we cannot make him bow his neck beneath the yoke of judgment. On the contrary, we can but yield and obey. There is but one power on earth that can restrain him, Eugenie,—Virtue! but everything else is vain. And oh! how many ways have we of deceiving ourselves! The sun will cease to rise, Eugenie,—summer and winter, night and day, forget their course, ere love, in the heart of woman, wants a while to cheat her belief to what she wishes. Even now, Eugenie, even now, I believe and hope; and I fancy, often, that, though misled by things whose emptiness he will soon discover, the time will come when Love will reassert his empire in a heart that is naturally noble. It may be all in vain!" she added, with a deep sigh; "it may be all in vain! yet, who would willingly put out the last faint, lingering flame that flickers on Hope's altar?"

"Not I!" said Eugénie, echoing her friend's sigh; "not I, indeed!—Would that he were worthy of you, Beatrice! would that he were worthy of you!" she added, after a momentary pause; during which, perhaps, her mind was struggling back to the real subject of their conversation from some path of association, into which it had been led by her companion's last words. "Would that he were worthy of you! but if his fickle and wayward nature could never be endured by me, who can bear much, how much less would it suit you, Beatrice, who, I am afraid, are calculated to bear but little!"

"You know not how much I have already borne, Eugénie," replied Beatrice; "you know not how much love can bear:—though, yes, perhaps you do," she added, in a lighter tone; "at least, there are those who know well how much—how very much—they could bear for love of Eugénie de Menancourt."

The warm blood spread red and glowing over Eugénie's fair face. "I know not whom you mean, Beatrice," she said, gravely: "I know none that love me; and few that are capable of loving at all—if you speak of men."

"Nay, ask me not his name!" said Beatrice, the gaiety of her tone increasing, as she marked, or thought she marked, a greater degree of confusion in her friend's countenance than the subject would have produced in other persons brought up regularly in the sweet and pleasant pastime of deceit. "Nay, ask me not his name! I am no maker of fair matches, nor half so politic, as this world goes, to endeavour to marry my friend to the first person that presents himself, solely to rid myself of the presence of her beauty."

"Nay, but dear Beatrice," replied Mademoiselle de Menancourt, "I know no one who has even seen that beauty, if so it must be called, for many a month: so indeed, you are mistaken."

"Nay, nay, not so," answered Beatrice, smiling; "a few hours, a few minutes, a single instant, are enough, you know, Eugénie: and for the rest, indeed I am not mistaken. I would stake my life, from what I have seen,—from signs infallible,—that you are loved deeply, truly, with all the ardour of a first passion in a young—a very young heart."

"Pray God, it be not so!" cried Eugénie; "for it were but unhappiness to himself and to me."

"Are you so cold, then, Eugénie, that you cannot love?" asked Beatrice, with a smile; "or is that sweet heart occupied already by some one who fills it all?"

Eugénie smiled, too, and shook her head; but there was once more a deep blush spread over her face; and though it might be but the generous flush of native modesty, Beatrice read in it a contradiction of her words, as she replied, "No, no, not so, indeed! Perhaps I may be cold; as yet I cannot tell, for no one has ever yet spoken to me of love whose love I could return. But, even could I do so, Beatrice, would it not be grief to both, as here I remain in the hands of others, unable to dispose of myself but as they please?"

"Out upon it, Eugénie!" cried Beatrice; "'tis your own fault if you are not your own mistress in an hour. Never was there a time in France when woman—the universal slave—was half so free."

"But what would you have me to do?" demanded Eugénie. "With a thousand eyes constantly upon me, I see not how I could obtain more freedom, or dispose of myself, were I so inclined."

"As easy as sit here and sew," cried Beatrice. "Here is the King claims the disposal of your hand, and the League claims it too; and, between them both, you can give it to whom you will. Fly from Paris! Betake yourself where you will, but not to the court of Henry; for his tyranny might be greater than even that of the League. Then make your choice. Give your hand to him you love; and be quite sure, that the party that your good lord shall join will sanction your marriage with all accustomed forms."

"But if I love no one?" said Eugénie, with a smile.

"Why, then, live in single simplicity till you do," replied Beatrice, with an incredulous shake of the head. "But, at all events, fly from the yoke they now put upon you."

"Fly, Beatrice!" answered Eugénie; "fly, and how? How am I to fly, with a city beleaguered on all sides; a watchful Argus in the League, with its thousand eyes all round me: having none to guide me, and not knowing where to go;—how am I to fly?"

"By a thousand ways," answered her friend, laughing at her embarrassment. "Change your dress, in the first place: put on a petticoat of crimson satin embroidered with green, together with a black velvet body and sleeves, cut in the fashion of the Duchess of Valentinois, of blessed memory!—a cloak of straw-coloured silk, a *capuche* of light blue cloth

broidered with gold, a mass of grey hair under a black cap, and a *vertugadin* of four feet square. Dress yourself thus, and call yourself Madame la Présidente de Noailles; and, by my word, the guards will let you pass all the gates, and thank God to get rid of you! Or, if that does not suit you, take the gown and bonnet of a young advocate," she continued in the same gay tone; "hide those pretty lips and that rounded chin under a false beard from Armandi's; and be very sure the guards would as soon think of stopping you as they would of stopping the prince of darkness, who, after all, is the real governor of this great city. Nothing keeps you here but fear, my Eugénie! Why, I will undertake to go in and out twenty times a day, if I please."

"Ay, but you have a bolder heart than I have," answered Eugénie de Menancourt; "and I know full well, Beatrice, that a thing which, executed with a good courage, is done with ease, miscarries at the first step when it is attempted by timidity and fear. The very thought of wandering through the gates of Paris alone, makes me shrink."

"But I will go with you, Eugénie," replied Beatrice, "and will answer for success whenever you like to make the attempt."

Eugénie paused, and thought for several moments, fixing her fine eyes upon vacancy with a faint smile and a longing look, as if she would fain have taken advantage of her friend's proposal, yet dared not make the attempt. "Not yet, dear Beatrice, not yet!" she answered: "I dare not, indeed, unless some sharp necessity happens to give me temporary courage. As long as they refrain from urging me to wed one I can never love, and from pressing on me any other in his room, so long will I stay where I am."

"But see that your decision come not too late, Eugénie," answered her friend. "They may soon begin to press you on the subject; and, when once they find you reluctant, they may take measures to prevent your flight."

"I do not think they will press me," answered Eugénie. "First, in regard to Philip d'Aubin, they will never favour him, as he is of the party of the King; and, in regard to any other, they know full well that I could, if I would, urge my father's promise to him."

"But you would not do it!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"No, Beatrice, no!" answered Eugénie, laying her hand kindly upon hers; "no, I would rather die!"

"But hear me," said Beatrice, somewhat eagerly; "think of all that may happen. A thousand things may tempt D'Aubin to quit the royal party. He may come over to the League—he may urge your father's promise—he may obtain the sanction of Mayenne:—what will you do then?"

"Fly to the farthest corner of the earth," replied Eugénie, "sooner than fulfil a promise that was none of mine, and against which my whole heart revolts on every account. Listen, Beatrice; I do believe that, in the moment of need, I shall not want courage, and certainly shall not want resolution. Should I have any reason to fear compulsion, but too often used of late, I will take counsel with none but you; you shall guide me as you think fit, and I will fly any where, rather than give my hand to one I cannot love."

"Write me but five words," replied Beatrice, "write me, 'Come to me with speed,' and send it by a page when you want assistance, and doubt not but I will find means to deliver you, were you at the very altar. But, hark! I hear steps upon the staircase, and horses before the house; and I must resume all my bold and haughty bearing, and put on the mask, which I have laid aside to Eugénie de Menancourt alone."

As she spoke, she drew her chair a little further from that of her friend; and, placing it in the exact position which the ceremonious intercourse of that day pointed out, she remained with the glove drawn off from one fair hand, which, dropping gracefully over the arm of the *fauteuil*, continued to hold her small black mask, twirling it as listlessly round and round as ever the fair hand of fashionable dame in our own days played with a glove, to show her skin's whiteness or her brilliant rings. Eugénie de Menancourt's eye sought the door with an expression of anxiety; but Beatrice, on the contrary, gazed vacantly through the window towards the buildings on the opposite side of the river; and the visitors had entered the room, and were already speaking to her friend, before she appeared to be conscious of their presence, or condescended to notice them. Turning her head at length, she fixed her eyes upon a square-built, powerful man, with a somewhat heavy, but not unpleasing, countenance; who, richly dressed, and followed by two or three gentlemen, in a more gay and smart, but not more magnificent, costume, was speaking to Mademoiselle de Menancourt, with all that courteous respect which chivalrous times, then just passing away, had left behind them.

"Good morrow, my lord Duke!" said Beatrice, as the visitor turned towards her: "I anticipated not the pleasure of seeing your Highness here to-day. Good faith! have you so much ease in a beleaguered city, as to exercise your horses in visiting ladies before noon! On my honour, I will be a soldier, for 'tis the idlest life I know, and only fit for a woman."

"I came but to ask briefly after your fair friend's health," replied the Duke; "and knew not that I should have to risk with you, gay lady, one of our old encounters of sharp words. I trust, however, your health is better."

"Did you ever see me look more beautiful, Duke of Mayenne?" asked Beatrice, with a gay toss of her head; "and can you ask if I am ill! But as to my friend's health, if you would that she should be well, and keep well, let her go out of Paris, home to her own dwelling; and keep her not here, where one is surrounded, night and day, with the sound of cannon and arquebuses. Do you intend that it should be said, in future, that carrying on the war against women and children was first introduced into modern Europe by the Duke of Mayenne and the Catholic League, that you keep a lady here a close prisoner in your beleaguered capital?"

"Not as a prisoner, fair lady," answered the Duke of Mayenne; "God forbid that either I or she should look upon her situation as one of imprisonment; but, being Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and, consequently, her lawful guardian and protector, till marriage gives her a better, I should be wanting both in duty and in courtesy, were I to leave her in a distant and distracted province, in a time of unfortunate civil war."

"Well explained and justified, my good lord Duke!" cried Beatrice, who, both in right of rank and beauty, treated the ambitious leader of the League as equal to equal. "And yet, after all, my lord, has not that same marriage that you mention some small share in your tenacious kindness! Did you ever hear, my lord, of a rat-catcher giving the rats the bait out of his trap, from pure affection for the heretic vermin?"

The Duke of Mayenne first reddened, and then smiled; either more amused than angry at the gay flippancy of his fair opponent, or judging it best, at least, to appear so. "Your similes savour of a profession that I know not, fair lady," he replied; "but if you mean, Lady Beatrice, that hereafter I may dispose of your fair friend's hand in such a manner as seems to me most conducive towards her happiness—if you mean that," he repeated, in a marked tone, "I deny not that you are right. Yet I would fain know who has a better right to do so than the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom."

"Oh! no one, surely!" answered Beatrice, in the same tone of mingled pride and gaiety; "no one, surely, my lord, except the King of that kingdom, or the poor frightened girl herself."

"Come, come, fair lady," cried Mayenne, laughing; "you carry your jest so far, that I will bid you take care what you say farther, lest I should dispose of your hand for you, too, for the purpose of showing you—to use your own figure—that I have more brains than one to my rat-trap."

"Indeed, lord Duke, you count wrongly, if you reckon that I am one," replied Beatrice. "You know too well that the task would neither be a very safe or a very easy one, to try to wed me to any one against my will. You may be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and I, for one—being not of this kingdom, and thinking much better of you than of the crowned Vice at St. Cloud—will not deny your right; but you are not lieutenant-general of Beatrice de Ferrara, and you might find it more difficult to govern her than half the realm of France; and so, good morrow! Love me, Eugénie; and do not let these men persuade you that they are half such powerful and terrible things as they would make themselves appear. Fare you well!"

Each of the gentlemen in the prince's suite stepped forward to offer his hand to the gay, proud beauty, whose tone of light defiance had something in it more attractive to the general youth of those excited times, than all the retiring graces and gentle modesty of Eugénie de Menancourt. Beatrice scarcely noticed them while her friend took leave of her; but, as soon as the embrace was over, she ran her eye over the three or four cavaliers who stood round, and, singling out one, gave him her hand, saying, "My lord of Aumale, I believe you are the only one here present, except my lord Duke, who never whispered that you loved me; and therefore I doubt not that you do love me enough to—hand me to my carriage."

The young noble, to whom she addressed herself, answered with all those professions which the formal gallantry of the day not only permitted, but required, and led her down to the rudely formed, but richly decorated, vehicle, which was the carriage of those days.

In the meanwhile, Eugénie de Menancourt remained waiting in some suspense, to hear the real object of the visit paid her by the Duke of Mayenne, the purport of which she could not conceive was merely to inquire after her health. Whether, however, the great leader of the League judged that his conversation with Beatrice de Ferrara was not the most favourable prelude to anything he had to say to the young heiress, or whether he really came but to trifle away a few minutes in a visit of ceremony, it is certain that he said nothing which could induce Eugénie to imagine that he had any immediate view of pressing her to a marriage with any one. After spending about ten minutes in ordinary conversation, upon general and uninteresting subjects, and expressing many a wish for the comfort and welfare of his fair ward, as he did not fail to style Mademoiselle de Menancourt, Mayenne rose, and left her to the enjoyment of solitude and her own reflections, which, for the time, were sweetened by the hope, that the evils to which her situation might ultimately give rise were yet remote.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE carriage which contained Beatrice de Ferrara rolled on with slow and measured pace through the narrow and tortuous streets of old Paris, till at length, it was performing the difficult manœuvre of turning a sharp angle, it was encountered by a small party of horsemen, in the simple garments of peace, which, at that warlike period, was a less common occurrence than to see every one who could bear them clad in grim arms. The right of staring into carriages, when the velvet curtains were withdrawn, was already established in Paris; and it needed but a brief glance to make the principal cavalier of the group draw in his bridle rein, beckon the coachman to stop, and, springing to the ground, approach the *portière* of the vehicle wherein Beatrice was placed. As usual in those days, she was not alone; but, while a number of lackeys graced the outside of her carriage, two or three female attendants were seated in the interior of the machine, leaving still a space within its ample bulk for many another, had it been necessary. More than one pair of eyes were thus upon her; and yet Beatrice, though brought up in a court—where feelings themselves were nearly reckoned contraband, and all expression of them prohibited altogether—could not repress the very evident signs of agitation which the approach of that cavalier occasioned. Her cheek reddened, her breathing became short, and she sunk back upon the embroidered cushions of the carriage, as if she would fain have avoided the meeting. The agitation lasted but a moment, however; and as soon as he spoke, she was herself again: perhaps gaining courage from seeing that his own cheek was flushed, and that his own voice trembled as he addressed her.

"A thousand, thousand pardons, lady!" he said, standing bareheaded by the door, "for stopping your carriage in the streets; but these unfortunate wars have rendered it so long since we have met, that most anxious am I—"

"My lord Count d'Aubin," replied Beatrice, raising her head proudly, "the time of your absence from Paris has not seemed to me so long as to make me rejoice that it is at an end!"

"I have no right to expect another answer," replied D'Aubin, in a low voice; "and yet, Beatrice, perhaps I could say something in my own defence."

"Which I should be most unwilling to hear," replied the lady coldly. "I doubt not, sir Count, that you can say much in your own defence: I never yet knew man that could not, but a plain idiot, or one born dumb. But what is your defence to me! I am neither your judge nor your accuser. If your own heart charges you with ambition, or avarice, or falsehood, plead your cause with it, and, doubtless, you will meet with a most lenient judge. Will you bid the coachman drive on, sir? this is a foolish interruption, and a narrow street."

"Oh, Beatrice!" exclaimed the Count d'Aubin, piqued by her coldness, "at least delay one moment, till you tell me you are well and happy: I have just heard that you have been ill—very ill."

"I have, sir," she replied; "I caught the fever that was prevalent here; but I am well again, as you see, and should be perfectly happy, if I did not hear King Henry's artillery above once a week, and if people would not stop my carriage in the streets."

"And is that all you will say to me, Beatrice?" asked the

Count, in the same low tone which he had hitherto used ; " is that all you will say, after all that has passed ! "

" I know nothing, sir, that has passed between us," replied Beatrice aloud, " except that once or twice, in a fit of wine or folly, you vowed that you loved Beatrice of Ferrara better than life, or wealth, or rank, or station ; and that she received those vows as she has done a thousand others, from a thousand brighter persons than Philip Count d'Aubin, namely, as idle words, which foolish men will speak to foolish women, for want of better wit and more pleasant conversation ; as words which you had probably spoken to a hundred others, before you spoke them to me, and which you will yet, in all probability, speak to a hundred more, who will believe them just as much as I did, and forget them quite as soon. Once more, sir, then, will you order the coachman to drive on, or let me do so, and retire from the wheel, lest it strike you, and the Catholic League lose a valiant convert by an ignoble death ! "

" Nay, there at least you do me wrong ! " replied the Count d'Aubin : " the Catholic League has no convert in me ; I am here, under a safe conduct, on matters of no slight importance to my good cousin St. Réal : but to his majesty will I adhere, so long as he and I both live ! "

" Indeed ! " cried Beatrice, with a light laugh. " Is there anything in which the fickle Count d'Aubin will not be fickle ! Nay, nay, make no rash vows ; remember, you have not yet heard all the golden arguments which his Highness, the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom and the League can hold out. Suppose he offer you the hand of some rich heiress ; could you resist, sir Count ? could you resist ! "

D'Aubin coloured, perhaps because Beatrice had gone deeper into the secrets of his inmost thoughts than he felt agreeable. He answered, however, boldly, " I could resist anything against my honour. "

" Honour ! " exclaimed Beatrice, with a scoff : " honour ! Marguerite, tell the coachman to drive on. Honour ! "

D'Aubin drew back, with an air at once of pain and anger, made a silent sign to the coachman to proceed, and, springing on his horse, galloped down the street, followed by his attendants, at a pace which risked their own necks upon the unequal causeway of the town, and which certainly showed but little consideration for the safety of the passengers. The emotions of Philip d'Aubin, however, were such as did not permit of consideration for himself or others. He felt himself condemned, and he believed himself despised, by the only woman that, perhaps, he had ever truly loved. The better feelings of his heart, too, rose against him : he knew that his conduct was ungenerous ; and he felt that, had the time been one when faith and honour towards woman were aught but mere names, his behaviour would have been dishonourable in the eyes of mankind, as well as in the stern code of abstract right and wrong : and unhappy is the man who has no other means of justifying himself to his own heart but by pleading the follies and vices of his age. D'Aubin did plead those follies and vices, however, and he pleaded them successfully, so far as in soon banishing reflection went ; but there was a sting left behind, which was the more bitter, perhaps, as mortified vanity had no small share in the pain that he suffered. He had believed that he could not so soon be treated with scorn and indifference ; he had fancied that his hold on the heart of Beatrice de Ferrara was too strong to be shaken off so easily ; and though he had no definite object in retaining that hold, though other passions had for the time triumphed over affection, and placed a barrier between himself and her which he was not willing to overlap, yet still the lingering love that would not be banished was wounded by her bitter tone ; and, joined to humbled pride and offended vanity, made his feelings aught but pleasing.

In the meantime, the carriage of Beatrice of Ferrara bore her on with a heart in which sensations as bitter were thronging ; though, as we have seen in her conversation with Eugénie de Menancourt, her feelings towards her lover were less keen and scornful than her words might lead him to believe. On the state of her bosom, however, there is no necessity to dwell here, as many an occasion will present itself for explaining it in her own words ; and it may be better, also, to let her thus speak for herself, because in endeavouring to depict abstractedly, by means of cold descriptions, that varying and chameleon-like thing, the human heart, one is often led into seeming contradictions, from the infinite variety of hues which it takes, according to the things which surround it.

The carriage rolled on and entered the court-yard of the splendid mansion in which she dwelt. Here Beatrice alighted ; but she did not go into the house, for a hand-litter, or

chair,—one of the most ancient of French conveyances,—waited under the archway, as if prepared by her previous order, with its two bearers, and a single, armed attendant ; and this new conveyance received her as soon as she set foot out of the other. The door was immediately closed, and the blinds, filled with their small squares of painted glass, were drawn up, Beatrice merely saying to the attendant who stood beside her as she shut out the gaze of the passers by, " To Armandi's ! "

The bearers instantly lifted their burden, and began their course at the same peculiar trot which has probably been the pace of chairmen in all ages ; nor from this did they cease or pause till they reached one of the most showy, if not one of the richest, shops in the city. Standing forth from the building, under a little projecting penthouse, to secure the wares against both sun and rain, was a long range of glass cases, containing every sort of cosmetic then in vogue, from the plain essence of violets, wherewith the simple burgher's wife perfumed her robe of ceremony, to the rich ointment compounded from a thousand rare ingredients, wherewith the King himself masked his own effeminate countenance against the night air whilst he slept. Behind these cases was the shop itself, hanging in which might be seen a crowd of various objects for the gratification of vanity and luxury,—the black velvet mask, or loupe, the embroidered and many-coloured gloves, the splendid hair pins and enamelled clasps, the girdles of gold and silver filigree and precious stones, together with many another part of dress or ornament, some full of grace and taste, some fantastic and absurd, and some scarcely within the bounds of common decency. Beyond the shop, again, but separated from it by a partition of glass, covered in the inside with curtains of crimson silk, was the inner shop, or most private receptacle for all those peculiarly rich or fragile wares which Armandi, the famous perfumer of that day, did not choose to expose, to tempt cupidity, or lose their freshness, in the more exposed parts of his dwelling. Here, too, report whispered, were concealed those drugs and secret preparations, his skill in compounding which, it was said, had been much more the cause of his great favour with Catherine de Medicis than his art as a perfumer, which was the ostensible motive of her calling him from Italy to take up his abode in her husband's capital. However this might be, certain it is that, after the sudden death of the Queen of Navarre, the suspicions of the Huguenots turned strangely against Armandi, to whose diabolical skill they very generally attributed the loss of their beloved princess : and it is more than probable that he would have fallen a victim to their indignation, whether just or unjust, had not the horrors of St. Bartholomew shortly after delivered him from the presence of his adversaries in Paris.

Nevertheless, although suspicion might be strong, and the man's character as infamous as such suspicions could render it, yet the shop of Armandi was not less the resort of the beautiful and the fair, and even of the gentle and good : for it is most extraordinary how far female charity will extend towards those who contribute to the gratification of vanity and satisfy the thirst for novelty. The newest fashions, the most beautiful objects of art and luxury, the freshest and most costly rarities were no where to be found but at his shop ; and no one chose to believe that Armandi dealt in poisons—but those who wanted them.

Thither, then, the chair, or *litière encaissée*, as it was called, of Beatrice de Ferrara, was borne at an hour when the greater part of the gay Parisians were busy with that employment which few people love better, namely, that of eating the good things which their own gastronomic art produces. The bearers halted not at the steps which led into the shop, but proceeded till the chair was brought parallel to a door in the partition, between the outer and the inner chamber, so that she could pass at once from the one into the other. Her countenance, however, bore but little the expression of one going to buy trinkets, or to amuse oneself by turning over the light frivolities of such a place as that in which she stood. The usual fire of her eye was somewhat quelled, and a degree of melancholy, perhaps of anxiety, had, since her meeting with the Count d'Aubin, pervaded her whole countenance, unusual with her at any time. The doors of the partition and that of the chair had been both thrown open as soon as the gilded lion's feet of the latter touched the floor, and there stood the Signor Armandi, dressed in silks and velvets of rose colour and sky blue, with his mustachio turning up almost to his eyes, and a small jewelled dagger occupying the place of the sword, which his calling did not permit him to wear in Paris. His face was dressed in sweet complacent smiles ; and, as he bowed three times to the very ground before his

lovely visitor, his head was certainly "dropping odours;" for no one held his own perfumes in higher veneration than he did himself.

"Enchanted and honoured are my eyes to see you once again, lady most fair and chaste!" said he, in high-flown Italian. "I heard that you had been upon that sad couch, where the head is propped by the thorns of sickness, rather than by the roses of love."

"Hush, hush, Armandi!" cried Beatrice, with an impatient waive of the hand; "you should know me better than to speak such trash to me. I neither use your cosmetics, nor will hear your nonsense. I have come upon more weighty matters."

"For whatever you have come, most beautiful of the beautiful," replied the other, affecting to subdue his exalted tone; "you have come to command, and I am here to obey. Speak! your words are law to Armandi."

"When followed by the necessary seal of gold, I know they are," answered Beatrice, gravely. "Now hear me, then. I wish—I wish—" she paused and hesitated, and the perfumer, accustomed to receive communications of too delicate a nature to bear the coarse vehicle of language, hastened to aid her.

"You wish, perhaps," he said, in a soft voice, "to see some friend, and require the magical influence of Armandi to bring him to your presence—"

"Out, villain!" cried Beatrice, her eyes flashing fire. "For whom do you take me, pitiful slave! Do you fancy yourself speaking to Clara de Villefranche, or Marguerite de Tours en Brie, or, higher still in rank and infamy, Marguerite de Valois! Out, I say! Talk not to me of such things—I wish—I wish—"

"Perhaps you wish to see some friend no more," said the soft voice of the perfumer, apparently not in the least offended by the hard terms she had given him, and equally disposed to do her good and uncompromising service of any kind. "Perhaps you wish the magical influence of Armandi to remove from your sight some one who has been in it too long, and troubles you?"

A bitter and painful smile played round the beautiful lips of Beatrice de Ferrara, while, bowing her head slowly, she replied, after a moment's thought, "Perhaps I do."

"Then, I am right at last," said Armandi softly, rubbing his hands together. "I am right at last; and you have nothing to do, fair lady, but to name the person, and the time, and the manner, and it shall be done to your full satisfaction; though I must hint that all the preparations for rendering disagreeable people invisible are somewhat expensive; and the amount depends greatly upon the mode. Would you have it slow and quietly, that he or she should disappear? That is the best and easiest plan, and also the least expensive—for there is the less risk."

"No!" replied Beatrice firmly, "I would have it act at once—in a moment, and so potently, that no physician on the earth can find skill sufficient to undo that which has been done."

"Of the latter be quite sure," replied the perfumer. "But with regard to the former, it is much more dangerous, as a sudden catastrophe leads instantly to examination. Now, a few drops of sweet *aqua tophana* has its calm and tranquillizing effects so gradually, that no doubt or suspicion is awakened; and you can surely wait patiently for a month, or a fortnight, to give it time to act?"

"You mistake," replied Beatrice thoughtfully; "you mistake: yet say, how are such things managed? Let me hear, that I may judge."

"Why, lady," replied Armandi, with a mysterious smile, "there are secrets in all things on this earth, from the fine composition of a lady's heart, to the simples of poor Armandi. Nevertheless, although the mysteries of the art must remain hidden in my bosom, as I enjoy the blessings of having been born in the same land with one so beautiful, and as I know that you were deeply beloved by my late royal and honoured mistress, though somewhat frowning on the soft pleasures of her court, I will, without reserve, reveal to you how your purpose may be best effected."

Thus saying, he took a small silver key from his pocket, and opened a Venetian cabinet, that stood near. "See here!" he said, producing a small gilded phial, containing, apparently, a quantity of a perfectly limpid fluid; "see here! the water that Adam found in the first fountain he met in Eden was not more clear than this; and yet the fruit of the tree that stood near it was not more certain death. No odour is to be discerned therein: to the eye it has no colour; to the lip no taste; and yet, like many another thing, with all this seeming simplicity, it is the most potent of all things, having power

unlimited over life and death. Three drops of this, in the simplest beverage, will ensure that slow and gradual decay, which, at the end of a year, shall leave him who drinks it a clod in his mother earth. A larger dose will shorten the time by one half; and a larger still will reduce the time to a few weeks or days. The only difficulty is how to give it: but that I will find means for when I know the person."

"It will not do!" replied Beatrice; "it will not do! it is not quick enough. Have you no other means?"

"Many, lady! many!" replied the perfumer, smiling; "but, in good sooth, you are as impatient as a young lover. All our art has been tasked to render the means at once slow and secure, so as, in cases of necessity, to effect our deliverance from enemies without calling suspicion on ourselves. See here! this artificial rose, so like the natural flower, that the eye must be keen indeed which, at the distance of half a yard, could detect the difference. The scent, too, is the same—"

"But why do you keep it under that glass ball?" demanded Beatrice, interrupting the long description with which he was proceeding.

"Because, lady," replied the Italian, "that rose, placed in as fair a bosom as your own, and worn there for but one half-hour, would lose its scent, and the wearer health and life within a week. Its odour, therefore, is too valuable to trust to the common air."

"And those gloves!" asked Beatrice; "those gloves, so beautifully embroidered, for what purpose are they designed?"

"Heaven forbid that I should see them on your hands!" replied Armandi; "though I have heard that they were once worn by a queen—who is since dead. But you spoke of quicker means. Here is this small box of powder, containing a certain salt that, in the twinkling of an eye, extinguishes the fire of the heart, and the light of the mind, and leaves nothing but the ashes behind. We often use it, diluted with other things, for other purposes; but I would not administer one dose of that, to any one of note, for a less sum than ten thousand golden Henrys, though the whole box is scarcely worth a hundred crowns. But so quick is its effect, and so marked the traces that it leaves behind, that the chirurgien were a fool who did not at once pronounce the cause of death in him who took it."

"Give me yon *bonbonnière*," said Beatrice, pointing to a painted trifle on one of the tables. "And now," she continued, as the man gave it her, "is that enough for one dose?" and, as she spoke, she emptied part of the powder from the box which contained it into the *bonbonnière*;—"Is that enough for one dose?"

"It is enough to kill the King's army!" replied the man. "But what mean you, lady! What do you intend to do?"

"The person for whom I mean this drug," replied Beatrice, "shall receive it from no hands but my own. You shall risk nothing. There is a jewel, worth one half your shop," she added, drawing a ring from her finger, and casting it upon the table; "and the powder is mine."

"But, lady! lady!" cried the perfumer, regarding the diamond with eager and experienced eyes, and yet trembling for the consequences which his fair visitor's strong passions might bring upon himself; "but, lady, if you should be discovered! You are young and inexperienced in such matters. They must be performed with a calm hand, and a steady eye, and an unquivering lip: and if you should be discovered, and put to the torture, you would betray me."

"However I may condemn thee, man," answered Beatrice, "there is no power on earth that could make me betray thee. But rest satisfied; I take the powder from thee, whether thou wilt or not;—but I will make thee easy, and tell thee, that if one grain thereof ever passes any human lip, that lip will be my own. It is well to be prepared for all things—to have ever at hand a ready remedy for all the ills of life—to possess the means of snatching ourselves from the grasp of circumstance: and, in the path which I may be called to tread, the time may well come when I shall wish to change this world for another. I leave to better moralists to decide whether it be right or not, courageous or cowardly, to shake off a life that we are tired of. For my part, I will bear it to the utmost; and, when I can endure it no longer, then will I try another path."

"If such be your purpose, lady," answered the perfumer, with a sweet smile, and a low inclination, "far be it from me to oppose you. Every one, as you say, should be prepared for all things; and I hold that man not half prepared who does not possess the means of limiting the power his enemies have over him to simple death, a fate that all must undergo. Men think far too much of death: it is but cutting off a few short

hours from a long race of pain and anxiety: far oftener is it a mercy than a wrong. Men think too much of death!"

"You think little enough of it in others, at least," answered Beatrice, looking upon him with curiosity and hate, not unmingled with that peculiar kind and degree of admiration, which wonder always more or less produces. "Have I not heard that you were busy amongst the busiest on the night of St. Bartholomew?"

"Not I, lady! not I!" exclaimed the perfumer, with a look of disgust and horror at the very name of that fearful massacre. "Not I, indeed! not for the world would I have borne a part, either in that shameful affair, or in the late brutal murder of the great Duke and the Cardinal de Guise."

"Why, how now?" cried Beatrice. "Would you, who hold life so lightly, and take it so carelessly from others; would you affect scruples at slaying those you consider heretics, or at putting away ambitious tyrants?"

"Lady, you mistake it altogether," answered the dealer in poisons, with a grim smile. "The Huguenots are heretics, and damnable heretics, since such is your good pleasure and the Pope's: but in that capacity I have sought to do with them. The Guises were tyrants if you will; though Heaven forbid that any ears but yours should hear me say so! But they tyrannized not over me. What I objected to, was the manner of the thing; and it is the manner that, in this world, makes the only difference between crime and virtue. What is murder in one manner, is war and glory in another; what is fraud in a merchant, is skill in a minister; what is base when done in a burgher's coat and with a smirking smile, is noble when done in royal robes and with a kingly frown. Now, what could be more beastly, or brutal, or indecent, than to cut the throats of some hundreds of men in their beds, stain all their pillows with blood, and throw the old admiral himself, half naked, out of a window? What could be more cruel than to put them for hours in mortal terror; inflict upon them excruciating wounds, and, in some instances, leave them half dead half living, when the whole might have been effected without pain, without fear, without bloodshed, in the midst of some gay banquet, or some pleasant carouse; where they would all have died as if they were going to sleep! Nay, nay, lady! our late royal mistress made there a great and a cruel mistake; and as for the Guises,—Pho! was ever anything so stupid and so filthy as to swim the King's own closet with gore, and have a man reeling and tumbling about in the midst, under the strokes of half a dozen daggers! I cannot conceive how the King, who is as delicate a gentleman as any in all France, could consent to such an indecency!"

Beatrice of Ferrara listened, but she thought deeply too; for there was something in the character of the man who spoke—such a blending of frivolity and foppery with cold-blooded villainy, that it led her thoughts far on into the wilds of speculation; and was not without its moral for herself. She saw, from his example, how easy it is for any one to persuade oneself of anything on earth, however much opposed to reason, or to virtue. She saw that there are no bounds to self-deceit, that it is illimitable, and that there was never yet a crime so base, so horrible, so revolting, for which it will not find a pleasant mask and a gay robe:—she saw it, and she began to doubt whether all her own reasonings in regard to self-destruction had not derived their strength from the same source. She resolved that, ere she ever thought again of attempting such an act, she would consider well, and scrutinize her own feelings minutely; but still, with the usual weakness of human nature, she would not lose her hold upon the means of doing that which she more than half believed to be wrong. Without replying to the perfumer's dissertation, she turned thoughtfully towards the door; but, as she did so, she took the poison which she had purchased from the table, and concealed it in her bosom.

Armand hastened to open the door between the inner and the outer shop, and, with low reverence, presented the tips of his delicate fingers to lead the lady to her chair; but at that very moment the clatter of many horses' feet, and the rush and murmur of a passing crowd, made them both pause, and turn their eyes towards the street. The matter did not remain long unexplained. A considerable body of those mercenary soldiers, who, from their blackened arms, were called the black *reîtres*, were passing along before the house: but their march through the streets of Paris was so common an occurrence, that it would have attracted no crowd to gaze, in the present instance, had not some additional circumstance given another kind of interest to their appearance on this occasion. In the midst of them, however, well mounted, but disarmed, appeared a handsome and noble-looking young man,—no other than the Marquis of St. Réal,—followed by about twenty re-

tainers, also disarmed, and bearing those black scarfs which were, at that time, symbols of military mourning. There was nothing either depressed or anxious in the countenance of St. Réal; and he gazed about at the many interesting objects which the streets of the capital presented, with the calm and inquiring glance of a person mentally at ease: but, at the same time, on either side of the file in which he and his followers rode, appeared a body of the *reîtres*, with their short matchlocks rested on their knees, their hands upon the triggers, and their matches lighted; evidently showing, that those they guarded were brought into Paris in the condition of prisoners.

The moment this spectacle met her eyes, Beatrice de Ferrara called to the armed attendant who had accompanied her chair, and who, like his mistress, had now turned to gaze upon the cavalcade as it passed by. "Quick!" she cried, "follow them quick, Bertrand! follow them quick, and leave them not till you see their prisoner safely lodged. Make sure of the place, and then bring all the tidings you can gather to me."

The servant, accustomed to comprehend and to obey at once the orders of a mistress whose mind was itself as rapid as the lightning, sprang from the door, without a word, and, mingling in the crowd, followed the *reîtres* on their way. Beatrice remained in silence till the last had passed, and then, entering her chair, was borne back to her own dwelling.

CHAPTER IX.

WE must now turn to trace the proceedings of Philip Count d'Aubin, who riding on at full speed, drew not his bridle rein till he reached the magnificent Hôtel de Guise; where, pushing through the mingled crowd of attendants and petitioners, that swarmed around the *porte cochère* of the dwelling, in which, for the time, resided all the power of Paris, if not of France, he advanced, with hasty steps and abstracted look, to the foot of the great staircase. He had even proceeded some way up the stairs ere he noticed, or even seemed to hear, the reiterated inquiries regarding his name and business, which were addressed to him by the various grooms and porters in his progress. When, at length—called for a moment from his fit of absence—he did condescend to speak, he merely mentioned his name, without indicating in any manner which of the many persons that the house contained was the object of his present visit.

Although unacquainted with his person, the valet, who had at length obtained an answer, happening to recall some of the court scandal of former times, instantly, by an association not unnatural, connected the coming of the Count d'Aubin with the presence of the Duchess de Montpensier, the sister of the Duke de Mayenne, in the house at that moment; and he proceeded forthwith to show the Count to her apartments. D'Aubin entered the splendid saloon in which the Duchess was sitting with the same thoughtful and abstracted air which had been left behind by the strong and turbulent passions, that had just been excited in his bosom by his interview with Beatrice of Ferrara. Madame de Montpensier, surrounded by a group of the gay idlers of the capital, who even at that time mingled in their character that degree of levity and ferocity which marked with such dreadful traits the first French revolution, was engaged in the seemingly puerile employment of cutting out a paper crown with a huge pair of scissors, the sheath of which, black, coarse, and disfiguring, was passed through the silken girdle that spanned her beautiful waist.

Shouts of laughter were ringing through the hall, when the valet opened the door, and announced the Count d'Aubin. The Duchess instantly looked up, with a smile of pleasure; but, remarking the ruffled aspect of the Count, she instantly exclaimed, "Why, how now, D'Aubin! how now! After so long an absence, do you come back to our feet, not like a penitent suing for pardon, but rather like a harsh husband, full of scoldings and tempests?"

The cause of those gloomy looks, which she remarked, was not one which Philip d'Aubin would willingly have communicated to the gay, satirical Duchess de Montpensier, who, to the libertine freedom common to the whole court, added many a wily art, and many a vindictive passion, derived from the angry political factions of the time. The immediate cause of his visit to Paris, however, afforded him a ready motive to assign for his dark brow and agitated look. "Well may I be disturbed, madam," he replied, after a hasty word of salu-

tation, "when my noble cousin, St. Réal, confiding in an authentic pass, from the hands of your Highness's brother, has been entrapped in the neighbourhood of Senlis, and is now, as I am well informed, a prisoner in Paris!"

"Nay, but why bear such a countenance into our presence, Count d'Aubin?" rejoined the Duchess; "I am guiltless of entrapping your cousin, or of even trying to entrap yourself; though, once upon a time;" she added, in a low tone, "I may have seen the Count d'Aubin a tassel not unwilling to be lured;" and looked up at him with a glance in which reproach was so skilfully mingled with playfulness and tenderness, that D'Aubin, although he knew that full two thirds of the pageant, which daily played its part on her countenance, was mere artifice, could not refrain from smiling in his turn.

"Ever willing to be lured, dear lady, where the lure is fair!" he replied; "and though I certainly came to speak reproaches, they were not to you. I know not why your block-head groom," he added, "brought me hither, unless he divined, indeed, how much the sight of your Highness softens all wrath. My business was with your brother, the Duke of Mayenne."

The Duchess muttered to herself, "That will never do! If he see Mayenne, he will spoil the whole—I appeal to you, fair ladies and gentlemen all," she exclaimed aloud, with one of those quick and happy turns of artifice, which no one knew better how to employ, "if this is not a high crime and misdemeanour in the court of love and gallantry, to tell a lady, whom he dare not deny to be fair, that he came for any other purpose on earth than to see herself!"

"Blasphemy! blasphemy! utter blasphemy!" cried half a dozen voices. "Judge him, fair lady, for his great demerits!"

"Philip d'Aubin!" exclaimed the Duchess, putting on a theatrical air, "you are condemned by your peers; but, under consideration of your having been thoroughly brutalized, by a two months' residence at the distance of a hundred leagues from Paris, we are inclined to show you lenity: kneel down here, then! humbly, at our feet, confess your crime! and swear upon this paper crown, which we have cut expressly for the royal Henry's head, never to commit the like iniquity again!"

D'Aubin had entered the apartment, not very well disposed to jest; but yet the feelings which had oppressed him were of such a nature, that he was quite willing to forget them; and the smiles of the Duchess de Montpensier, as well as the tone of tenderness she assumed towards him, together with the remembrance of many gay moments, spent in her society long before, made him gladly enough take up the part that she assigned him. Bending his knee gracefully before her, then, he made confession of his crime, declared his penitence, and, vowing, in the terms she had dictated, never to offend again, he stooped his head to kiss the paper crown which she held upon her knee. At the same moment the Duchess bent forward, as if to receive his vow, and, as she did so, she whispered, rapidly, "Stay with me, D'Aubin, and I will soon send these fools away."

The Count replied nothing, but rose; and, still holding the paper crown playfully in his hand, demanded, in his ordinary tone, what was the real intent and purpose of that fragile mockery of the royal symbol.

The Duchess saw that he had heard, understood, and was prepared to obey her whisper; and she replied, "'Tis exactly as I have told you, most incredulous of men. When, by the fate of war, or by the blessing of God, Henry, calling himself the Third, shall be brought in chains into Paris, it might be expected that the sister of the murdered Guise,"—and, as she spoke, her eye flashed for a moment with all the fiery spirit of her race;—"it might be supposed that the sister of the murdered Guise should not bound her wishes for revenge, till she saw the assassin's blood flow like water in the kennel. But she is more charitable, or, rather, he is too pitiful a thing to be worthy of severe punishment. With these scissors shall be cut off his royal locks, ere he quits the courtly world for the world of the cloister; and on his head shall he bear this crown, from the door of Notre Dame to the abbey of St. Denis, when he goes to take the vows that exclude him for ever from the world."

D'Aubin laughed. "So, this crown is for king Henry?" he exclaimed: "and have you never thought, madam, of cutting out another, from some different materials, for your noble brother of Mayenne?"

"It must be an iron crown, then," replied the Duchess, tossing her head proudly; and he must hew it out for himself, with his good sword."

"Rather a Cyclopean labour!" answered D'Aubin, "rather

a Cyclopean labour I suspect! especially since Harry of Valois, to whom you deny the crown, has chosen to turn up his hat with a Huguenot button."

"We shall see, we shall see!" replied the Duchess: "I know, sir Count, you laugh at all parties; so I understand not why you should cling so fondly to the rabble of accursed murderers and heretics, who lie out there at St. Cloud, like vipers in a garden."

D'Aubin laughed outright at the Duchess's vehemence, and reminded her that some of her near relations were amongst the rabble she so qualified.

"They are none the less vipers for that," she replied: and the conversation taking a turn neither very wise nor very decent, may as well be omitted in this place. It lingered on, however, from minute to minute, without the Duchess making any apparent effort to fulfil the promise she had made to D'Aubin, and send away the idlers by whom she was surrounded. Too long accustomed to the intriguing society of Paris, and too well acquainted with the character of the wily woman with whom he had now to deal, not to be armed at all points against every art and deception, D'Aubin began to suspect that the Duchess was trifling with him for some particular purpose, and was seeking to occupy him with other matters, till some moment of importance, to himself or his cousin, was irretrievably lost.

"Hark!" he exclaimed, as this thought crossed his mind; "there is the clock of St. Gervais striking one, and I must really seek my lord the Duke."

"I hear no clock," replied the Duchess—nor could she, for none had struck;—"I hear no clock! But not yet, D'Aubin, not yet; I am not yet going to slip the jesses of my *Faucon gentil*, after having just recovered him from so long a flight. Stay you with me, D'Aubin, and I will send and see if my brother be within. You go, Mont-Augier," she added, turning to one of the young cavaliers, who instantly sprang to obey her: but, ere he reached the door, the Duchess, by a sudden movement, placed herself near him; and, while D'Aubin was for a moment occupied by some other person present, she said, in a low voice, "Do not return, do not return: we must keep the Count away from Mayenne, or they will together spoil some of our best schemes."

D'Aubin's eye turned upon her; and his quick suspicions might have gone far to counteract her purposes, had not Madame de Montpensier, almost as soon as Mont-Augier's back was turned, contrived, on various pretences, to dismiss the rest of her little court. Left thus alone with a fascinating and beautiful woman, who condescended to court his society, D'Aubin could not resist the temptation to trifle away with her half an hour of invaluable time, though he knew all her arts, and even suspected that, on the present occasion, they were employed against him for insidious purposes. He was on the watch, however, and, ere long, the clatter of many horses' feet in the court-yard caught his attention, and led him instantly to conclude that the Duke of Mayenne was about to go forth, without having seen him. It was now all in vain that Madame de Montpensier, who likewise heard the sounds, and attributed them to the same cause, endeavoured to occupy his attention by every little art of coquetry. D'Aubin started up, and, in gay, but resolute terms, expressed his determination of seeing the Duke ere he left the house.

To what evasion Madame de Montpensier would have had recourse, is difficult to say; but, ere she could reply, the door opened, and a lady entered, whom we will not pause here to describe. Suffice it, that she was the widow of the murdered Duke of Guise, and that, though her person wore the weeds, her face betrayed few of the sorrows, of widowhood.

"Catherine! Catherine!" she exclaimed entering; "there is our slow brother of Mayenne just returned, and calling for you so quickly that one would think he were himself as nimble as Harry of Navarre."

"Returned! I knew not that he was absent!" replied the Duchess de Montpensier, with an air of irrepressible mortification, on finding that all her arts had been thrown away, and, instead of preventing D'Aubin from seeing her brother ere he went forth, had only tended to keep the Count there till he returned. A meaning smile, too, on the lip of D'Aubin, served to increase her chagrin; and she exclaimed, with a slight touch of pettish impatience in her tone, "Well, well, I go to him; and you, my fair sister, had better stay and console this tiresome man, till my return."

The Duchess of Guise saw that something had gone wrong: but D'Aubin laughed, and replied, as Madame de Montpensier turned towards the door, "May I request you to tell his Highness that the tiresome man waits an audience; and, as his business will be explained in few words, he will not de-

tain the Duke so long as he has detained Madame de Montpensier—or as, perhaps, I might say, more truly, Madame de Montpensier has detained him,—probably under a mistake;” and he made her a low and significant bow, to which she only replied by shaking her finger at him as she passed through the doorway.

“Where is the Duke?” she demanded eagerly of the pages in the corridor, who started up at her approach: and then, scarcely listening to their answer, she hurried on to the room in which she expected to find him, and opened the door without ceremony.

The Duke was seated at a table, hastily sealing some letters, while a courier, booted, spurred, and armed, stood by his side, ready to bear them to their destinations as soon as the packets were complete.

“Why, how now, Catherine?” he exclaimed, turning towards her as she entered, and, in so doing, spilling the boiling wax over his broad hand, without suffering the pain to produce the slightest change of expression on his heavy, determined countenance; “why, how now, Catherine! you have been tampering, I find, with things wherein you have no right to meddle. What is this business about the young Marquis of St. Réal? Is it not bad enough that that rash boy, Aumale, should lose me a battle beneath the walls of Senlis, without my sister losing me my honour?”

“Tush, nonsense, Duke of Mayenne!” replied his sister; “Nonsense, I tell you! If you intend that packet for Senlis, you may spare the wax, and your trouble, and your fingers, for it shall never go!”

“Indeed!” said the Duke, pressing firm upon it the broad seal of his arms; “indeed! and why not? Do you not know me better than that, my fair sister? Do you not know that my word, or my safe-conduct, was never in life violated by myself, and never shall be violated by any one else with impunity?”

“All very true! all very true, Charles of Mayenne!” she replied; “but, in the first place, I tell you that your safe-conduct cannot be said to be violated, because some friends of mine choose to help this young St. Réal to pursue his journey on the very road for which the safe-conduct was given; and, in the second place, there is no use of sending to Mortfontaine or Nanteuil either, for within an hour St. Réal will be, I trust, in Paris.”

“Then within an hour he shall be set at liberty!” replied the Duke; “for I shall suffer no quibbling with my honour: he shall be free to come and free to go, till the term of the safe-conduct expires.”

“Nonsense, nonsense, Charles!” replied the Duchess; “do not talk like the man in the mystery. Send this fellow away, and let me speak with you calmly; for here is the Count d’Aubin already in the house; and if you go on vapouring in this way, you may miss a golden opportunity of gaining more than the battle of Senlis has lost.”

The Duke made a sign for the courier to withdraw. “I know your skill well, Kate!” he said, as the man left the room, “and am far from wishing to counteract your views; but neither must you meddle with my schemes, nor affect my honour. Now let me hear what it is you have done, and what you propose to do.”

“For the done first, then,” replied Madame de Montpensier: “what I have done is simply this:—Hearing from good authority that this St. Réal had left his troops under the command of his Lieutenant, and, while his cousin D’Aubin went to join Longueville at Chantilly, had shown a strong inclination to seek the camp of the Henrys before he came to Paris, I thought it much better to change his destination, and bring him hither, well knowing that the first step is all. So much for the past! and now for the future. Leave him but in my hands two days; and if, in that time, I do not find a way, by one means or another, to make him put his hand to the union, and draw his sword for Mayenne, why, set him free, in God’s name! and then talk of your honour and your safe-conducts as much as you like. He shall be well and kindly treated, upon my word!”

The Duke smiled. “I doubt not that Catherine,” he said; “you and your fair sister of Guise, who, I suppose, has some hand in the affair, are not such hard-hearted dames, I know, as to use harsh measures, when tender ones will do.”

“Well, well, Mayenne,” she answered, “if we bestow our smiles to promote your interest, you, at least, have no occasion to complain, good brother: but you consent, is it not so?”

“On condition that no harshness is used—that I know not where he is—that I see him not—and, that he finds no means for applying for liberation to me: for on the instant I set him free!”

“Manifold conditions!” replied his sister; “but they shall be all complied with. And now for the Count d’Aubin; for I know one or two of the good Count’s secrets, which give me some tie upon him.”

“I hold him by a stronger bond,” replied the Duke; the bond of interest, Catharine; for, by my faith, if he quit not soon him whom Beatrice of Ferrara call the crowned Vice at St. Cloud, I will give the hand of Eugenie de Menancourt to some better friend of the League. I am glad he has come, for I may give him a gentle notice to decide more speedily.

At the name of Beatrice de Ferrara, the cheek of Madame de Montpensier reddened, and her brow contracted; and, without noticing the concluding words of her brother, she replied, “I hate that woman, that Beatrice of Ferrara!” and as she spoke, she moved absently towards the door. The Duke marked her with a smile, and followed, saying, “Well, well, where is this Count d’Aubin?”

The Duchess led the way to the apartment in which he had been left with the Duchess de Guise, and where she still found him, bandying repartees with the fair widow, and with the Chevalier d’Aumale, who had lately been added to the party. The entrance of the Duke of Mayenne, however, at once put a stop to the light jests which were flying thick and fast; and the Duke, without preface, entered upon the subject of D’Aubin’s journey to Paris.

“Good morrow! Monsieur le Comte,” said he, with an air of unconsciousness, which his somewhat inexpressive countenance enabled him easily to assume. “Right glad was I of your application for a safe-conduct last night, doubting not that, by this time, you are heartily tired of consorting with the effeminate rabble of painted minions and Huguenot boors gathered together at St. Cloud, and are come to support the Catholic faith, with a sharp sword, that has been somewhat too long employed against her.”

“Your Highness’s compliment to the sharpness of my sword,” replied D’Aubin, “does not, I am afraid, extend to the sharpness of my wit; for the occurrences which have taken place within the last five days are, surely, not calculated to bring over a cousin of the Marquis of St. Réal to the party of the Catholic League, or to raise very high the character of dealers in Spanish Catholicism.”

The Duke of Mayenne turned a sharp and somewhat angry glance upon Madame de Montpensier; but to D’Aubin he replied, coldly, “You seem angry, Monsieur le Comte d’Aubin; and as it is far from my wish to give just cause for anger to a French nobleman, whose good sense, I am sure, will, sooner or later, detach him from a party composed of all that is either infamous or heretical, if you will explain the subject of your wrath, I will do all that is in my power to satisfy you, if I shall find your complaints just and reasonable.”

“My complaint is simply this, my lord Duke,” replied D’Aubin, smiling at the air of unconsciousness which Mayenne assumed:—“If my imagination have not deceived me, somewhat less than a month ago, Charles Duke of Mayenne vouchsafed, under the title of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, to grant a regular safe-conduct to a noble gentleman called the Marquis of St. Réal, in order that the said Marquis might visit, in safety, the capital of this country, as well as the court of King Henry, in order to judge between the factions which strangle this unhappy land, and take his part accordingly.”

“True,” said the Duke of Mayenne, bowing his head, “true, we did so.”

“Well, then, my lord,” continued D’Aubin, “is it not equally true that, when my cousin, St. Réal, thought fit to leave his forces at a sufficient distance from either army to give him an opportunity of joining which he pleased hereafter, and was advancing calmly to confer with the King, he was entrapped by false information, surrounded by a party wearing the green scarfs of the League, and carried off, in direct contravention of the safe-conduct you had given him?”

“I will not affect to deny, Monsieur d’Aubin,” replied the Duke, and Madame de Montpensier looked in no small anxiety while he spoke:—“I will not affect to deny, that the rumour of some such skirmish as you speak of has reached me.”

“Skirmish, my lord Duke!” exclaimed D’Aubin; “there has been no skirmish in the business; the simple facts are these:—My cousin, with only twenty gentlemen in his train, was surrounded by a party of two hundred men; and, of course, offered no resistance. He produced your safe-conduct, however; but it was set at naught; and the leaders of the band gave him very sufficiently to understand, that they had your own authority for what they did. Such, at least, is the account brought to me by one of my cousin’s attendants, who contrived to effect his escape: and I now make the charge

boldly and straightforwardly, in order that you may have the opportunity of clearing yourself at once; or, that the spot of darkness, which such a transaction must affix to the character of the Duke of Mayenne, may be stamped upon it in characters which no aftertime can efface."

The Duke reddened, and bit his lip. "You make me angry, sir!" he said; "you make me angry!"

"No cause for anger, my lord Duke," replied D'Aubin, if you be clear of this transaction. It is I who am a friend to the character of the Duke of Mayenne, by giving him an instant opportunity of clearing it;—and let me say, my lord, if you be not free from share in this business," he added, sternly and boldly, "you may find that you are not the only one who is made angry: for, putting aside all respect to your high rank, and to the station which you hold, I shall urge the matter against you as noble to noble, and gentleman to gentleman."

"Was ever the like heard!" exclaimed Madame de Montpensier. "Heed him not, Brother of Mayenne! heed him not; the man is mad, raving mad!"

"Not so mad, nor so foolish, lady," replied D'Aubin, his lip bending into a slight smile, "as to be turned from my purpose, either by sweet words, or angry ones. My lord Duke," he continued, approaching nearer to the Duke of Mayenne, who had taken a hasty turn in the room, as if to give his passion vent before he spoke; "my lord Duke, I mean not to offend you; but my cousin has suffered wrong, and that wrong must be redressed."

"You have spoken too boldly, Count d'Aubin," replied Mayenne, to whom the considerations of policy had by this time restored the calmness of which personal anger had deprived him: "but I must make excuses for the warmth of affection which you seem to bear your cousin; and, in reply to your charge, I have merely to say, that the first correct information respecting this event"—and he turned a somewhat reproachful glance upon Madame de Montpensier—"has been received from yourself; that the capture of your cousin was unauthorized by, and unknown to, me; that I know not precisely in whose hands he is; and, that I promise you, upon my honour, he shall be set free as soon as ever I meet with him. Farther still, I pledge myself to find him and liberate him before three days have expired, and to punish, most severely, those who are concerned, in case he have met with any ill-treatment whatever."

"Your promise goes farther than even I could expect, my lord Duke," replied D'Aubin, in a softened tone; "and I most sincerely thank you for having met so candidly a charge which I may, perhaps, have urged too boldly, as your Highness says. Forgive my hastiness, my lord; for, on my honour, in these times of indifference, it is sometimes necessary to give way to a little rashness, in order to show that we have some heart and feeling left."

"We esteem you all the more highly for it," answered the Duke, and only regret, Monsieur d'Aubin, that one who can so well feel what is right and noble, in some points, should attach himself to a party stained with murder, treachery, falsehood, and many a vice that I will not number; while sense, and wisdom, and good feeling should all induce him to take the more patriotic part that we are in arms to maintain."

"And, let me add, his own interest also," said Madame de Montpensier, "should lead him to join us here."

"Wisely reserving the best argument for the last!" joined in the Chevalier d'Aumale. "The great God Interest, first cousin to the little God Mammon, is powerful both with Catholic and Huguenot, Leaguer and Royalist; and, doubtless, beautiful priestess, if you can show that the Deity favours the League more than its opponents, you will soon bring over Monsieur d'Aubin to worship at his shrine."

"That can be easily shown," rejoined the Duke of Mayenne, following the idea of the Chevalier d'Aumale, half in jest and half in earnest: "Has not the god already put at our disposal sundry Huguenot lands and lordships, purses well stuffed with gold, and, above all, the hand of more than one fair heiress?—On my word! Monsieur d'Aubin," he added, assuming a more serious and feeling tone, "far would it be from me to hold out to you views of interest, in order to bring you over to the party of the Faith, did not those views of interest coincide entirely with your honour, your reputation, and your duty."

D'Aubin mused for a moment, and then answered laughing, "I never yet did hear, my lord, that interest did not bring a long train of seeming virtues, to give greater strength to her own persuasions: and yet, I do not see how my honour could be raised by abandoning my king at a moment of his greatest need; how my reputation could be increased by quitting a party which I have long served; or how my duty is to be

done by breaking my oath of allegiance to my legitimate sovereign."

"Thus, Monsieur d'Aubin," replied the Duke:—"if you are a man of honour,—and most truly do I hold you to be such,—you will flee the society of those who have none; if you have a fair reputation, you will quit a court whose very breath is infamy; and, if you hold sincerely to the Catholic faith, you cannot refuse to turn your sword against its most inveterate enemies."

"No, no, my lord!" replied D'Aubin; "King Henry holds the Catholic faith as well as yourself; and, indeed, loves monks and priests rather better than either you or I do. To him, also, have I sworn fidelity and attachments, as my lawful sovereign; and I will never break my oath, nor forget my allegiance."

"Thank God, that the thread of a tyrant's life is spun of very perishable materials!" said Madame de Montpensier, with a significant glance at the Duchess de Guise; "and were this Henry dead, we might well count upon you, D'Aubin: is it not so?"

D'Aubin replied not for a moment; and the soft, sleepy-eyed Duchess de Guise could not refrain from pursuing the subject jestingly; although her sister-in-law endeavoured, by a chiding look, to stay her, till D'Aubin had answered. "Perhaps the noble Count may be a Huguenot himself," she exclaimed: "who knows, in these strange changeable times —"

"Or, perhaps, this dearly beloved cousin of his may have been one these twenty years," said the Chevalier d'Aumale; "for, shut up in that old castle of theirs, these St. Réals may have been Turks and infidels, for anything that we can tell."

"I wish there was as good a Catholic present as St. Réal," replied D'Aubin; "and as for myself, though not very learned in all its mysteries, I hold the faith of my fathers, and will not abandon it. My lord of Mayenne, I would fain speak with you for one moment, in this oriel here," he added.

The Duke of Mayenne instantly complied; and, advancing with the Count into the deep recess of one of the windows at the farther end of the room, he listened to what D'Aubin had to say, and then replied gravely. The Count rejoined; and, though the subject which they discussed seemed to interest them highly, it might be inferred, from the laughter which occasionally mingled with their discourse, that their conversation had taken a turn towards some topic less unpleasant than that which had been broached at the beginning of their first interview.

In the meantime, however, a new personage had been added to the party at the other end of the room. He was a tall gaunt man, of about five-and-forty; with aquiline features, a keen kite-like eye, fine teeth, and curly hair and beard: in short, he was one of those men who are called handsome by people in whose computation of beauty the expression of mind, and soul, and feeling make no part of the account. His dress was not only military, but of such a character as to show that his most recent occupation had been the exercise of his profession. The steel cuirass was still upon his shoulders, the heavy boots upon his legs; and, though some attempt had been made to brush away the dust of a journey, a number of long brown streaks, on various parts of his apparel, evinced, that whatever toilet he had made had been hasty and incomplete.

As soon as Madame de Montpensier caught the first glance of his person entering the saloon, she made him an eager sign not to come in; but he either did not perceive, or was unwilling to obey the signal, and proceeded, with an air of perfect assurance, till the Duchess, starting up, advanced to meet him; trusting, apparently, that the eager conversation which was going on between D'Aubin and the Duke would prevent either of them from remarking her manœuvres at the other end of the room.

"What, in misfortune's name, brought you here?" she said, giving a hasty glance towards the oriel, and perceiving at once that she must make the best of what had occurred, for that D'Aubin's eye had already marked the entrance of the stranger; "what, in misfortune's name, brought you here just now? Here is D'Aubin himself inquiring furiously after this young kestrel, that we have taken such pains to catch; and Mayenne, like a fool, standing on his honour, has promised to set him free as soon as ever he finds him. So, you know nothing about the matter: pretend utter ignorance: and swear you have never seen the young Marquis."

"That I can well swear," replied the other, in the same low tone, but with a slight Teutonic accent; "that I can well swear, most beautiful and charming of princesses! for I took especial care to keep out of the way while the poor bird was being limed; and have ridden on before to tell you that, by this time, he must be safe in my house, in the rue St. Jacques."

CHAPTER X.

"Keep him close and sure, then," replied Madame de Montpensier, "at least till his shrewd cousin is out of the city; for Mayenne will let us keep him but two days; and we must work him to our purpose before that time expires." She had just time to finish her sentence, ere Mayenne and D'Aubin quitted the recess of the oriel window; and the latter, advancing towards the place where she stood, addressed her companion as an old acquaintance.

"Ha! Sir Albert of Wolfstrom," he said, with an ironical smile, "faithful and gallant ever! Receiving the soft commands of this beautiful lady with the same devotion as in days of yore, I see! But I have reason to believe that you are lately become acquainted with one of my cousins, and have laid him under some obligations."

"No, no," replied Wolfstrom, with a grin which showed his white teeth to the back; "no, no: if you mean Monsieur de Rus, we have been very intimate ever since that night when we three played together at Vincennes, and when I won from you ten thousand livres, Monsieur d'Aubin."

"Well, well, I will win them back again," replied D'Aubin, "the first truce that comes."

"I don't know that," rejoined the German; "you are always unlucky with the dice, D'Aubin: you should be more careful, or, by my faith, the Jews will have all your fine estates in pawn."

D'Aubin coloured deeply; for, as Wolfstrom well knew, the hint that he threw out of excessive expenses, and consequent embarrassments, went home. Mayenne, however, who by those words gained a new insight into the situation of the Count, smiled, well satisfied; assured, from that moment, that those who had it in their power to grant or to withhold the hand of the rich heirress of Menancourt would not be long without the support of Philip of Aubin.

The Count recovered himself in a moment; and, turning the matter off with a pointed jest, which hit the German nearly as hard, he prepared to take his leave before anything more unpleasant could be said.

"I shall look for the performance of your promise, my lord Duke," he said, as he turned to depart; "and three days hence shall hope to hear that my cousin has been liberated."

"Come, to make sure of it, yourself," replied Madame de Montpensier, holding out to him her hand, which he raised with gallant reverence to his lips; "come, to make sure of it, yourself. Come and sup with me at René Armandi's, our dearly beloved perfumer, who has a right, choice, and tasteful cook; and, though the profane rabble insist upon it that he used to aid our godmother, of blessed memory, Catherine, mother of many bad kings, in sending to heaven, or the other abode, various persons, to prepare a place for her, we will ask him, on this occasion, to give us dainties, and not poisons."

"You must send me a safe-conduct, however," replied D'Aubin, laughing, "and I will come with all my heart."

"A safe-conduct you shall have," answered Mayenne, "and as many as you like. But, remember, I do not make myself responsible for Armandi—no, nor Catherine, either," he added, with a smile.

"Oh! I will trust her Highness," replied D'Aubin: "the only thing I fear are her eyes;" and, with a low bow, and a glance which left it difficult to determine whether the gallant part of his speech was jest or earnest, he took his leave, and, mounting his horse, rode away towards the gates of Paris.

"He teazes me, that Count d'Aubin," said Madame de Montpensier: "I don't know whether to love him, or to hate him."

"Oh! if he teazes you, you will love him, of course," replied the Chevalier d'Aumale.

"I think you may love him, Kate," replied the Duke. "At all events, one thing is very certain, that Philip Count d'Aubin is veering fast towards the League; and if you, Catherine, by some of your wild schemes, do not spoil my more sober ones, we shall soon have him as one of our most strenuous and thorough-going partisans: for you know, Wolfstrom," he added, laying his broad hand significantly upon the iron-covered shoulder of the German, who, together with three thousand lansquenets, had deserted from the party of Henry the Third, on the pretence of wanting pay; "for you know, Wolfstrom, there is no one so zealous as a renegade!"

THOSE were busy days in Paris! So manifold were the intrigues, so frequent the changes, so rapid the events, of that time, that it would have required almost more than mortal strength and activity, in those who played any prominent part amongst the factions of the day, to accomplish the incessant business of every succeeding hour, had not that levity, for which the Parisians have been famous in every age of history, stood them in better stead than philosophy could have done, and taught them to consider the fierce turmoil of party, the eager anxiety of intrigue, and even the appalling scenes of strife and bloodshed in which they lived, rather as playthings and as pageants, than as fearful realities.

No sooner had the conference terminated, of which we have given an outline in the last chapter, than Madame de Montpensier, leaving her brother of Mayenne to break his somewhat bitter jest upon the leader of the lansquenets, hurried from the room; but, ere the conversation which succeeded was over, though it lasted but a very brief space, she re-appeared, covered with what was then called a penitent's cloak, and holding her mask in her hand, as if prepared to go forth.

Beckoning Wolfstrom towards her, she spoke with him for a few moments, in an under tone; and then, concluding with, "Well, be as quick as possible, and bring me some certain tidings," she again quitted the apartment, without making Mayenne, who was conversing upon lighter matters with the Dutchess de Guise and the Chevalier d'Aumale, a sharer in her plans and purposes.

We shall not follow the progress of her chair through the long, tortuous, busy streets of Paris; nor record how her attendants cleared the way through many a crowd, gathered together round the stall of some great bookseller, or before the stage on which some itinerant friar, like a mountebank of modern times, sold his treasure of relics, or chaplets, or authentic pictures of saints and martyrs, or the still-valued indulgence, which the church of Rome did not fail to grant to those who had money and folly enough to purchase either the right of eating flesh, while others were doomed to fish, or the gratification of any other little carnal inclination, not held amongst irremissible sins. Suffice it that—amidst stinks, and shouts, and bawlings, mingled now and then with the "shrill squeaking of the wry-necked life," and various savoury odours wafted from the kitchens in which cooks, and traiteurs, and unbergistes prepared all sorts of viands, from the fat quail, and luscious ortolan, to good stout horse-flesh and delicate cat—the Princess's vehicle bore her on, till wide at her approach flew open the gates of the Dominican convent, in the rue St. Jacques, and, entering the first court, the Duchess was set down, under the archway, on the left-hand side.

After whispering a word to the *frère portier*, the errant daughter of the noble house of Guise was led through the long and narrow passages of the building, not to the parlour which usually formed the place of reception by the priors of the convent, but to a small room, which had but one door for entrance, and but one narrow window to admit the needful light. The furniture was as simple as it could be, consisting of five or six long-backed ebony chairs, a table, a crucifix, a missal, and a human skull, not, as usual, nicely cleaned and polished, so as take away all idea of corruption from the round, smooth, meaningless ball of shining bone, but rough and foul as it came from the earth, with the black dirt sticking in the hollows where once had shone the light of life, and the green mould of the grave spreading faint and sickly over the fleshless chaps.

Standing before the table, with his arms crossed upon his breast, and his dark gleaming eye fixed upon the memento of the tomb, stood a tall pale man, habited in the black robe of a prior of the order of St. Dominic, with the white under-garment of the Dominicans still apparent. He raised his eyes as the Duchess entered, but fixed them again immediately upon the skull; and, ere he proceeded to notice in words the approach of his visitant, he muttered what appeared to be a brief prayer, and bowed towards the cross.

"Welcome, madam!" he said, at length; "I have been eagerly expecting you; for it will not be long ere vespers, and we have much to consider."

"I have been forced to delay," replied the Duchess, "in order to save some of our very best schemes from going wrong. But is not Armandi come? He should have been here an hour ago."

"He is here, though he has not been here so long," replied the Prior. "I made them keep him without till you came; for I love not his neighbourhood."

"I ought to pray your forgiveness, father, for bringing him here at all," replied the Duchess; "but, in truth—"

"Make no excuse, lady, make no excuse!" replied the Prior. "We labour for the holy church,—we labour for the faith; and there is no weapon put within our reach by God, but we have law and license to use it against the rank and corrupted enemies of the church militant upon earth. Did not the blessed St. Dominick himself say, 'Let the sword do its work, and let the fire do its work, till the threshing-floor of the house of God be thoroughly purged and purified of the husks and the chaff which pollute it?' Did not he himself lead the way in the extirpation of the heretics of old, till the rivers of Languedoc, from their source even to the ocean, flowed red with the foul blood of the enemies of the faith! And shall we, his poor followers, halt like fastidious girls at any means of pursuing the same great object, of obtaining the same holy end? As I hope to reach the heaven that has long received our sainted founder, if this Armandi can find means of accomplishing our mighty purpose, I will embrace him as a brother, and pronounce with my own lips his absolution from all the many sins of his life, on account of that worthy act in defence of the Catholic faith.—Shall I call him in!"

"By all means!" said the Duchess, seating herself near the table; "by all means! let us hear what he has devised."

The Prior of the Dominican, or rather, as it was called in Paris, the Jacobine, convent, proceeded to the door, and made a sign to some one, who, standing at the end of the long passage, seemed to wait his commands; and, after a momentary pause, an inferior brother of the order appeared, introducing the perfumer, habited in the same silken velvets wherewith we have seen him clothed when visited by Beatrice of Ferrara, about an hour before. With a courtly sliding step, inclined head, and rounded shoulders, Armandi advanced towards the spot where the Duchess was seated; and, after laying his hand upon his breast, and bowing low and reverently, drew back a step beside her chair, as if waiting her commands, with a look of deep humility. The Prior of the Jacobines seated himself at the same time, and looked towards the Duchess, as if unwilling himself to begin the conversation with the worthy coadjutor who had just joined them. Madame de Montpensier, whose acquaintance with Armandi was of no recent date, had not the same delicacy on the subject, but at once began, in the familiar and jocular tone which the light dames of Paris were but too much accustomed to use, towards the smooth minister of evil that stood before her: "Well, pink of perfumers," she said, "let us hear what means your ingenious brain has devised for accomplishing the little object I mentioned to you some days ago."

"Beautiful as excellent, and bright as noble!" replied Armandi, in his sweetest tone; "adorable princess, whose charms the lowest of her slaves may reverently worship, sorry I am to say, that the enterprise which you have been graciously pleased to propose to me, I—luckless I!—am unable to undertake."

The Duchess heard all his rhodomontade upon her charms—although the very broadness of Armandi's flattery savoured somewhat of mockery—with more complaisance than had been evinced towards him by Beatrice of Ferrara; but the Prior listened with impatience to his waste of words, and seemed to hear his concluding declaration with disappointment and indignation.

"How is this!" cried he, "how is this? Surely thou, unscrupulous in everything, affectest no vain qualms in regard to the tyrant at St. Cloud! If thou holdest dear the Catholic faith,—and the keen eyes of the Prior fixed searching upon the soft smiling countenance of the poisoner;—"if thou art not infidel, or atheist, or Huguenot, thou wilt clear away thy many sins, by exercising a trade, hellish in other circumstances, in the only instance where it is not only justifiable and praiseworthy, but where, by the great deliverance of the church, it may merit you hereafter a crown of glory. Or is it, perchance," he added, "that thou fearest because this tyrant is a king, and the son of thy former patroness? I tell thee, that were he thine own brother, as a good Catholic, thou shouldst not hesitate."

Armandi listened to the vehement declamation of the monk with his usual composed air, and half subdued smile, and at the end replied, with every apparent reverence, "No, holy Father Bourgoins; you mistake entirely your humble and devoted servant. I am not so presumptuous as to think, that what such a holy man as you tells me to do can be against either right or religion; and, besides, I would humbly beseech you to give me absolution for anything I might do at your

command; so that, being a sincere and devoted Catholic, my conscience would be quite at ease." There was the slightest possible curl on Armandi's lip as he spoke, which in the eyes of the Dominican looked not unlike a sneer; but his manner, as well as his words, was in every other point respectful, and he went on in the same tone:—"Neither is it, reverend father, that the royal object of the ministry which you wish me to practise, has had more than one crown put upon his head, which makes me halt; for I never yet could discover that the holy oil with which he is anointed has the least resemblance to that elixir of life which forbids the approach of death; or that in the golden circlet with which his brows are bound lies any antidote for certain drugs that I possess. Nor am I moved by considering that his most Christian Majesty is the son of my dear and lamented mistress; for, taking into account the troublous world in which we live, and the many difficulties, dangers, and disasters which surround Henry at this moment, truly it would be no uncharitable act to give him a safe and easy passport to another world."

"Then why, why," demanded the Duchess, "why do you hesitate to do so?"

"Sweet lady! it is because I cannot," answered Armandi: "the King's precautions put all my arts at fault. Not a dish is set upon his table, but a portion of it is tasted two hours before; his gloves themselves are made within the circle of the court; his own apothecary prepares the perfumes for his toilet; and the cosmetic mask which he wears in bed, to keep his countenance from the chill night air, is manufactured by his own royal hands."

Madame de Montpensier and the Prior looked at each other with somewhat sullen and disappointed looks; and Armandi added, "Unless you can get me admitted to his household, I fear my skill can be of no avail."

"We have no such interest with the effeminate tyrant," replied Madame de Montpensier, "and so this scheme is hopeless," she added. "But I fear me, Armandi, that, from some love to this tyrant, or to his minions, your will is less disposed to find the means than the means difficult to be found."

"No, as I live, beautiful princess!" answered the poisoner, with more eagerness than he often displayed. "No, as I live! I had once a daughter, lady, as beautiful as you are; and it was her father's pride that she should be wise and chaste: when, one mid-day, in the open streets of Paris, my child was met by the base minion, Saint Maigrin, hot with pride, and vice, and wine. He treated her as if she had been an idle courtesan; and how far he would have carried his brutality, none but the dead can tell, had not a gentleman, whose name I know not, rescued her from his hands: although so hurt and terrified, that, ere long, she died. I called loudly for justice, lady—I called with the voice of a father and a man; but I was heard by this Henry, who had never been a father, and is but half a man. He mocked me openly: but the house of Guise, in revenging their own wrongs, revenged mine; and you may judge whether I would not willingly aid you to remove from the earth one who has cumbered it too long."

"Then you absolutely cannot do it!" demanded the priest.

"I cannot," answered Armandi; "but, if I may say so, reverend father, I think you can."

"Ay, and how so?" demanded the Prior eagerly: "if it rests with me, it is done; for, so help me Heaven! if this right hand could plant a dagger in his heart, I would not pause between the conception and the act: no, not the twinkling of an eye!—no, not the breathing of a prayer! so sure am I that, by so doing, I should better serve the Catholic faith, than had I the eloquence of St. Paul to preach it to the world. How can I do it?"

"Very simply, I think," replied the poisoner. "I have often remarked, standing by the gate of your convent, or kneeling at the shrines at Notre Dame, a dull, heavy-looking man, pale in the face, strong in the body, and having but little meaning in his eye, except, when before some relic, or the image of some favourite saint, a wild and uncertain fire is seen to beam up but for a moment, and go out again as soon. He seems about twenty years of age; and I met him now just going forth as I came hither."

"Oh, yes! I know him well," replied the Prior: "you mean poor Brother Clement; a simple, dull, enthusiastic youth, whose strong animal passions, now, most happily for himself, all centre in devotion."

A dark and bitter smile curled the lips of René Armandi as he listened to the Prior's account of the person on whom he himself had fixed as a fit instrument for the foul and bloody schemes that were agitated so tranquilly in their strange con-

clave. "Yes," he said; "yes, stupid he is; wild, visionary, and enthusiastic, he seems to be; and the same animal passions, which once plunged him in brutal lusts and foul debauchery, may now act as a stimulus to drive home the dagger in the cause of the Catholic faith!"

The gleaming eyes of the Prior fixed sternly upon the countenance of the poisoner while he spoke; and it seemed that no very Christian feelings were excited in the bosom of the monk by the bitter and sneering tone which the Italian employed. The suggestion, however, which his words had implied, rather than expressed, instantly caught his attention, and diverted his mind towards more important matter. "Ha!" he exclaimed; "I think you he could be prevailed upon!"

"I have often remarked, reverend father," replied Armandi, who had caught the transitory look of wrath as it had passed over the monk's countenance, and who, being but little disposed to make an enemy of one both powerful and unscrupulous, now spoke in a milder and more deferential tone; "I have often remarked, reverend father, that there are men in whose souls the animal part seems to be so much stronger than the intellectual, that mere appetite drives them on to coarse extremes in everything, however opposite and apparently incompatible. Thus, do we not see," he asked, lowering his tone, as if he suspected that the case he was about to put might be that of his auditor; "do we not see that men, who, in their youth, have given themselves up somewhat too freely to gallantry, and to those fair sins which the church condemns in vain, in after-years wear the bare stones with their bended knees, and tire all the saints in the calendar with penitence and prayer?"

"Thou speakest profanely," said the Prior: "is it not natural and just that men, who have great sins to atone for, should do the deeper penance when their conscience is awakened to repentance! But what if it were even as thou wouldst sneeringly imply! How does this affect our Brother Clement?"

"If I reason wrongly," replied Armandi, "my reasoning affects him not; but, if my view is right, it matters much. I doubt, good father, that it is always true repentance which brings the libertine to the altar. My conviction is, that it is but one appetite gone, and another risen up in its place; and amongst such men, had I some good and reasonable cause,—some powerful motive to stir them up to action,—it is amongst such men, I say, that I should seek for one to undertake fearlessly, and execute resolutely, such a deed as that which has been proposed to me: and let me say, too," he continued, a natural tendency to sneer at his companions getting the better of the moderation he had assumed; "and let me say, too, that I would seek for one whose reasoning powers, in the nice balance of the brain, would kick the beam when the opposite scale were loaded with animal passion and vagrant imagination. Do you understand me?"

The Prior made no reply; but, starting up from his seat, walked up and down the room with his hands clasped, his head bent, and his lips muttering. In the meanwhile, Madame de Montpensier beckoned Armandi towards her, and held with him a brief conversation in an under tone. His communication with her, however, seemed to be much more free and unrestrained than it had been with the monk; for jest and laughter appeared to take the place of shrewd and somewhat bitter discussion; and, though looks of intelligence and significant gestures made up fully one half of what passed, the lady and the poisoner seemed to understand each other perfectly. Their conversation ended by Madame de Montpensier exclaiming aloud, "Oh, never fear, never fear! To attain that object I will act the angel myself, and go any lengths in that capacity."

"Reverend father," continued the Princess, "this scheme is a hopeful one, easily executed, and involving no great risk." The Prior paused, and turned to listen to the Duchess, who knew much better how to treat him than Armandi. "What is the scheme, lady?" he demanded: "as yet I have heard of none, except vague hints regarding a brother of the order, mingled with sneers at religion and religious men, which, in better days, would have had their reward."

"No, no, good father," replied the Duchess; "poor Armandi means no evil. Answer me one or two questions: think you not that Henry,—the excommunicated tyrant, the sacrilegious murderer of one of the prelates of the holy church, the friend of heretics, who is at this moment doing all that he can to spread heresy and destroy the Catholic faith in France;—think you not that he is without the pale of law, and that any means are justifiable to stop him in his damnable course, and save the holy church and the Catholic population in this country?"

"Not only do I think so," replied the Prior vehemently, "but I think that he who does stop him in his course will gain

a crown of glory, and would obtain, should death befall him in the act, the still more glorious crown of martyrdom."

"That is enough, that is enough!" replied the Duchess; "I will explain to you the whole scheme when we are alone. You, Armandi, go and prepare everything that you spoke of,—the rose-coloured fire, and the dress, and the wings, and come to me to-night, that we may arrange all the rest."

With profound and repeated bows, the perfumer was in the act of taking his departure from the apartment where this somewhat iniquitous conference had taken place, when three soft taps on the door arrested his progress, and the next moment the same monk who had ushered him thither on the arrival of the Duchess announced that a noble gentleman, without, craved to speak with Madame de Montpensier, according to her own appointment.

"Give him admittance, father! give him admittance!" cried the Princess; "it is our faithful friend Wolfstrom, who brings me news of other feats accomplished in the same good cause that occupies us here."

The order for his admission was immediately given by the Prior; and as Armandi passed out, the leader of the lansquenets entered, exchanging glances of recognition with the poisoner the circle of whose acquaintances had extended itself, by one means or another, to almost every one possessing any degree of rank, wealth, or influence in Paris.

"Well, lady!" said the soldier of fortune, after a formal bow to the Prior, "the stag is safely housed, and we wait but your commands to follow up the sport."

"But have you learned any particulars of his mind and character?" demanded the Duchess eagerly; "have you discovered which way we best may lead or drive him to the point? Remember, our time is but short, and much remains to be done in those brief three days."

"Good faith! there seems but little to be learned, lady," replied the soldier. "As I promised, I took care that he should have companionship with none but those who would take up every light word, to let us see into the dark nooks of his heart, and report all truly that they learned; but, by the Lord! it seems that there are no dark nooks to be found out! All is open and clear! he seems simple as the day, religious in the true Catholic faith, Sir Prior; bold and calm, but having little to take hold of, if it be not his devotion."

"Of whom speak you?" demanded the Prior, while Madame de Montpensier fixed her fine dark eyes thoughtfully on the ground; "is it of the young St. Réal, of whom our noble lady, here, spoke some days since?"

Albert of Wolfstrom nodded; and the Prior also fell into a fit of meditation, seeming to revolve, like the Duchess, the means of dealing with one of those characters, whose right simplicity of nature renders them much more difficult to manage than even the wily, the worldly, and the shrewd.

"We must think of this matter, Sir Albert," said the priest, "we must think of this matter. Is he in safety at your house, do you think?"

"Why, by my honour, that is doubtful," answered the German. "My lansquenets have active duty to perform; people are coming in and out at all hours; and I never know when his Highness the Lieutenant-General himself may not make his appearance there."

"That will never do!" said the Duchess; "that will never do! we must send him to the Bastille. Mayenne will never venture there; for he knows very well that within those walls he would meet many a sight which his fine notions of honour and justice would compel him to inquire into, to the mortification of his policy, and the destruction of his prospects. We must have him to the Bastille."

"Your pardon there, madame," said the soldier, somewhat uncourtously; "my prisoner goes not to the Bastille, wherever he goes! That foul burgher demagogue Bussy le Clerc shall hold at his good pleasure no prisoner of mine."

Madame de Montpensier's dark eye flashed, and her cheek reddened as she listened to the bold tone of the mercenary leader; but all the tangled and complicated political intrigues in which his services were necessary, and perhaps some more private considerations also, rendered her unwilling to break with one whose faith and integrity were somewhat more than doubtful. She smothered her anger, therefore, and, after a few moments' thought, replied, "I have it, I have it! He shall be brought here. You say, Sir Albert of Wolfstrom, that, notwithstanding the intimacy of his father with the Huguenots, he seems to hold fast by the Catholic faith. You, reverend father, shall try your oratory upon him; and, if possible, we must make him benefit by all that we do to lead on Brother Clement to the point we desire. You object not to this plan; do you, Sir Albert?"

"It is more hopeful than the Bastille," replied the soldier; "and I will bring him here with all my heart: but yet," he continued, with a doubtful shake of the head: "but yet—though I cannot well tell why—but yet I have some fears that you will not find this young roebuck so easy to manage as you imagine. There is something about him, I don't know what, that makes me doubt the result."

"Oh! but we have means that you know not of," replied the Duchess, "which, if he be in faith and truth a son of the holy church, must bring him over to the Union for her defence."

"Well, well, I will bring him here," said the mercenary leader; "and you, fair lady and reverend father, must do the rest."

"Away, then, quick! and you will find me here at your return," replied the Duchess; "but take care that you meet not with Mayenne by the way, for he will set him free to a certainty; and then all that we have done will only tend to drive him over to the other party, instead of gaining a powerful adherent for the League."

"No fear, no fear!" replied Wolfstrom. "The distance is but a hundred yards; and I will post scouts at the end of the street before we set out." So saying, the leader of the lansquenets took his departure, leaving Madame de Montpensier with the Prior of the Jacobine convent, with whom an eager and interesting conversation instantly took place, the consequences of which we may have to detail hereafter.

CHAPTER XI.

WE must now turn once more to the young Marquis of St. Réal; and, although the events which had befallen him since the death of his father may have been gathered by the reader from what has passed in the chapters immediately preceding, it may not be unnecessary to recapitulate here, as briefly as possible, the occurrences which had placed him a prisoner in the midst of Paris.

According to the promise which Henry of Navarre had obtained from the old Marquis of St. Réal on his death-bed, that nobleman's son, as soon as possible after the last rites had been paid to his father's memory, had prepared to take the field in behalf of one of the great contending parties which then struggled for mastery in France. He had applied for and obtained, both from King Henry the Third, on the one part, and from the Duke of Mayenne on behalf of the League, a safe-conduct to visit the camp and the capital, accompanied by twenty retainers. The rest of his forces, it was expressly stipulated, were to remain at the distance of fifteen leagues from the Royalist army; and the position of the two Kings, as they advanced to lay siege to Paris, had compelled him, in compliance with this stipulation, to deviate from his direct road to Paris, and accompany, for a short way, his cousin, who was advancing to reinforce the troops of Longueville and La Noue. Although strongly pressed by messengers from those two generals to decide at once in favour of the royal cause, and join the partisan force which they commanded, St. Réal steadily refused to do so, till, according to the determination he had expressed, and in consideration of which he had obtained a safe-conduct from Mayenne, he should have visited the headquarters of the King and of the League.

As soon as he had obtained such a position for his forces as enabled him to leave them in perfect security, he set out with his small train, purposing to proceed first to the camp of the two Henrys, as the nearest at the moment, and then to visit Paris. He had scarcely advanced, however, half a day's march on his way, when he was suddenly surrounded by an immensely superior body of reitres and lansquenets, who had been sent forth from Paris for the express purpose of obtaining possession of his person. How Madame de Montpensier had gained such accurate intelligence of all his movements, was a matter of surprise even to her own immediate confidants; but it was very well understood that the orders, in consequence of which this bold stroke was executed, emanated from her; and the leaders of the mercenaries, who captured St. Réal, were not only furnished with the exact details of his line of march, but also with a ready answer to the indignant appeal which he instantly made, on his arrest, to the safe-conduct he possessed under the Duke of Mayenne's own hand. That safe-conduct, they replied, had been given him in order to facilitate a peaceful visit to Paris; while he, on the contrary, had not only led his troops into such a position as to en-

able him to give strong support to the Duke of Longueville, but had even detached a body to aid that nobleman in the battle of Senlis.

It was in vain St. Réal explained to his captors, that the troops which had left him were the immediate retainers of his cousin, the Count d'Aubin, over whom he had no authority, and that he himself had positively refused to take part with the Duke of Longueville. His remonstrance was without effect; and, although he well knew his own innocence, he could not but admit that the reasoning against him was specious. In reply to all his explanations, the Captain of the lansquenets simply urged that he had no power to release him, and that his justification must be made to the Duke of Mayenne himself. To submit, therefore, was a matter of necessity; and, as he was in every respect well treated, the young Marquis did submit without any very angry feelings, concluding that he might as well reverse the order of his proceedings, and first visit Paris instead of the royal camp.

On his arrival in the capital, he demanded to be carried instantly to the presence of the Duke of Mayenne; but this application was evaded, it being boldly asserted by those who held him in their hands that the Duke was absent from the city. Hitherto his attendants had been permitted to bear him company; and, as he had ridden through the crowded streets of the city, he had felt less as a prisoner than as a voluntary visitor of the great metropolis; but when, after having been detained some time at the house of Albert of Wolfstrom, he was told that he must accompany his captor to the convent of the Dominicans, whither only one servant could be permitted to attend him, he began to suspect that the bonds of his imprisonment were being straitened; and he remonstrated with calm but firm language, reiterating his demand to be brought before the Duke of Mayenne, and expressing his determination to hold the name of that nobleman up to the reprobation of all honourable men, if he suffered any of his adherents to violate the safe-conduct from his hand with impunity.

Wolfstrom, however, who on more than one occasion had shown himself but little tender of his own fair fame, could not be expected to feel much solicitude for that of another; and, although he held the potent Duke in some degree of awe, he had become hardened by the impunity which every sort of falsehood enjoyed in the good easy times of civil war, and doubted not that, in the end, he should find means of extricating himself from the consequences of the present intrigue, as he had done in regard to many which had preceded, namely, by the unlimited command of impudence, shrewdness, and three thousand mercenaries.

He turned a deaf ear, therefore, to the complaints of St. Réal; and the young Marquis was conducted to the convent of the Jacobins, in the midst of precautions which he did not fail to mark, and from which he augured little good in regard to the intentions of his gaolers.

The distance from the dwelling of the mercenary leader to the convent was but short; and the people of Paris were well accustomed to see parties of soldiers pass through their streets; but the indescribable pleasure of staring, in this instance, as in all others, collected a little crowd round the centre of bustle; and the gates of the Jacobins, as they opened to receive St. Réal, were surrounded by between twenty and thirty persons of different conditions. To those who have eaten sufficiently of the tree of good and evil in a great capital to know that *they are naked*, the presence of a gaping mob to witness the fact of their being dragged along like culprits by a party of rude soldiers, would be a subject of annoyance. St. Réal felt injured, but not ashamed or afraid; and, fixing his eye upon the most respectable personage of the crowd, he suddenly stopped where he stood, and ere any one could prevent him, exclaimed, in a loud and distinct voice, "My friend, if the Duke of Mayenne be in Paris, you will serve both him and me by telling him that the Marquis of St. Réal is here detained, contrary to the Duke's safe-conduct and his honour."

"You will tell him no such thing, as you value your ears!" shouted Albert of Wolfstrom, fixing his eyes upon the Parisian with a marking glance, which seemed to intimate that he would not be easily forgotten by the wrath of the German leader in case of disobedience. The Parisian drew back, determined from the very first to practise that sort of wisdom which those long resident in great cities, and much habituated to scenes of contention and intrigue, do not fail to acquire; namely, to meddle with nothing that does not personally concern them. There was another person present, however, whose diminutive stature, and the simplicity of garb which he had assumed, combined to conceal him from the notice of either St. Réal or the mercenary leader; no other, indeed, than the young Marquis's dwarf page, Bartholo; who, peeping

through the open spaces between the other personages that formed the little crowd, saw and heard all that passed without attracting notice himself. Slipping out at once from amongst the rest, he made his way down the street, holding one of his usual muttered consultations with himself.

"Now, shall I tell Mayenne," he said, "that the great baby is caught, and shut up here in the Jacobins, like a young imprudent rat, in a politic rat-trap; or shall I let him lie there for his pains, till that spoilt boy, D'Aubin, has married the other fair-haired baby, and that matter is irrevocable!"

He paused for a moment at the end of the street, revolving the question he had put to himself in silence. "No, no," he added, at length; "no, no, there I might outwit myself! these Leaguers are too cunning for that. If they can't get St. Réal on any other terms, they may marry him to this Eugénie de Menancourt, and spoil all my schemes at once. If Mayenne hears publicly where he is, he must set him free, for his honour's sake. Then will he go off, in the heat of his anger, to the people of St. Cloud; D'Aubin will come over to the League, marry the girl, and all will be safe. Yes, yes, to Mayenne! I will to Mayenne!"

In consequence of this determination, he proceeded as quickly, but as quietly as possible, to the Hôtel de Guise, and demanded to speak with the Duke of Mayenne,—a privilege which every one in Paris claimed in regard to that leader, whose power was principally based upon his popularity. The Duke, however, had by this time set out to watch the progress of the skirmishes which were taking place almost hourly in the Pré aux Clercs, and the dwarf, not choosing that the tidings he had to communicate should be given in any other than a public manner, refused to intrust them to Mayenne's retainers, and retired, resolving to repeat his visit early the next morning.

In the meantime St. Réal was hurried into the convent, the gates were shut, and, preceded by two or three of the Dominicans, he was led along the dark and gloomy passages of the building, towards the apartment in which the Prior and Madame de Montpensier were still in conference. Here, however, he was stopped at the door; and Albert of Wolfstrom, entering alone, held a brief but rapid conversation with the Prior. It ended in St. Réal being led back again across the great court to a distant part of the monastery, where, after climbing two flights of steps, he was ushered into a corridor extremely narrow, but of considerable length. In the whole extent of wall, however, which this corridor presented, there only appeared three doors, besides the low arch by which he entered. Two of these opened on the left, and were close together; the other was at the further end of the passage.

Albert of Wolfstrom and his soldiers paused at the entrance; but the monks led St. Réal on, and, in a moment after, the Prior himself followed. He seemed to regard the young stranger with some degree of interest, and addressed him with mildness and urbanity. "I am told, my son," he said, "that it is necessary, for reasons into which I have no authority to inquire, to hold you as a prisoner till the decision of the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom is known in regard to your destination; but at the same time the members of the holy Catholic Union, whose object is solely to maintain the faith and liberties of the people, and to oppose the progress of tyranny and heresy, desire that you should not be treated as a common prisoner of war, but rather should have every comfort and convenience till your fate is otherwise decided. For this purpose, they have consigned you to our care rather than to the rude durance of the Bastille; and, instead of assigning you one of the common cells of the brotherhood, I have directed that you should be placed here, where you can have more space and convenience. Yonder door, at the farther end of the corridor, belongs to a cell fitted for your attendant; this first door on the left leads to an apartment which we shall assign to one of our brethren of St. Dominick, through whom you can communicate with the convent and the world without. This is your own apartment——"

As he spoke, he opened the second of the two doors, which stood close together on the left, and led St. Réal into a spacious and well-furnished chamber. It was airy, but somewhat dim, as it derived its only light from a window, which appeared, by its great height and Gothic shape, to have once formed part of some church or chapel. At the present moment, such arrangements had been made—amongst the various alterations which the old building must have undergone—that this single window, which reached from the ceiling to the floor, served to give light both to the room in which St. Réal stood, and to the other immediately by its side, which together must have once formed but one large chamber. The thin partition of wood-work which separated the one from the

other, was supported, from the floor to the roof, by the strong stone pillar that divided the Gothic window into two parts; and thus, though the two chambers were completely distinct, they both had an equal share of light.

"This chamber is somewhat obscure," continued the Prior; "but, in the alterations which were made in this building, some twenty years ago, we could not arrange things better. What are now sleeping rooms were then part of the old chapel, and this high window looked out to the Prior's dwelling." So saying, he advanced and opened the casement, a great part of which, swinging back on its creaking and clattering hinges, gave admittance to the free air of summer from without, and showed to St. Réal the heavy walls of another body of the building rising up before the window, at the distance of scarcely five feet. Running along upon the same level as the chamber in which he stood, might be seen one of those Gothic passages of fretted stone-work, which, in churches, are called monks' galleries; while, at the distance of about twenty feet below, appeared between the two buildings the narrow paved alley which united the inner to the outer court of the Dominican convent.

The Prior proceeded with some more excuses for the dimness of the chamber; but as soon as he had concluded, St. Réal, who had listened calmly, replied, "I complain not of the apartment, father, I have slept in worse; but I complain of imprisonment, when my safety and freedom were guaranteed to me by the Duke of Mayenne himself. However, let me warn you, that I am aware, from some circumstances which occurred at the gate of the convent, that his Highness of Mayenne is purposely held in ignorance of my imprisonment. I acquit him, therefore, of all dishonourable conduct; but how you, and others, will answer to him for bringing his honour and good faith in question, you must yourself consider."

"For my actions," replied the Prior, somewhat sternly, "I am prepared, my son, not only to answer to him, but to God. Those of others I have nought to do with. It suffices for me, that I have authority from those who have a right to give it, to detain you here till I am assured that the Lieutenant-General thinks it fit that you should be set at liberty. You are ungrateful, my son, for kindness felt and shown: you might have undergone harsher treatment, had you been consigned to the Bastille."

"Father, I am not ungrateful," replied St. Réal, whose simple good sense was no unequal match for even monkish shrewdness; "but when an act of injustice is committed, it is somewhat hard to require that the sufferer should be well pleased that the act of injustice is not greater than it is. To confine me here is wrong—to confine me in the Bastille were worse; but, surely, I cannot be expected to feel grateful to the thief who cuts my purse, simply because he does not cut my throat also!"

"Your language is hard," replied the Prior, "and your similes are indecent towards a minister of the religion you profess to hold; I shall, therefore, waste no more words upon you, young sir! your conduct, however, makes no change in my purposes. The treatment you receive shall be as gentle and as good as if you were grateful for kindness, and courteous towards those whom you should respect. You will one time know me better; and you may be sure, even now, that I have no purposes to serve by your detention; as you will find by our intercourse, be it long, be it short, that I shall strive for nothing but, if possible, to lead you in that course in which your honour, your happiness, and your best interests, here and hereafter, are alone to be found."

St. Réal made no reply; and the Dominican, bowing his head with an air of conscious dignity, withdrew from the apartment, and, proceeding through the doorway by which he had entered, left the young Marquis and his attendant alone. The sound of turning keys and drawing bolts succeeded, and St. Réal for the first time found himself a prisoner indeed. Now, the soul, secure in its existence, may smile at the drawn dagger, and defy its point; yet there are many things which may happen to the body, that defy the soul to preserve her equanimity, although they be much less evils, in comparison, than that irretrievable separation of matter and spirit, which we are accustomed to look upon with more indifference. For a moment or two, St. Réal lost his calmness, and, striding up and down the room with his arms folded on his breast, gave way to that bitterness of spirit, which every noble heart must feel on the loss of the great, the incomparable, the inestimable blessing of liberty. His more philosophical attendant, who had been selected in haste from among the rest of his followers, without any great attention to his mental qualities, consoled himself, under the privation which so painfully affected his master, by examining every hole and corner in the

apartments to which they were consigned; and comforted himself not a little, under all their woes and disasters, by the sight of soft and downy beds, rich arras, and velvet hangings. Before his perquisitions were well complete, however, and just as his master was reasoning himself into calmer endurance of an event he could not avoid, the door once more opened, and admitted a brother of the order, on whose appearance and demeanour we must pause for a moment.

He was younger than any of the friars that St. Réal had yet seen,—pale in countenance, heavy in expression, with a certain degree of sadness, if not wildness, in his eye, and that close shutting of the teeth and compression of the lips, which, in general, argues a determined disposition. A little above the middle height, he was powerful in limb and muscle; but the appearance of strength and activity, which his form would otherwise have displayed, was contradicted by a certain slouching stoop, which deprived his demeanour of all grace; while the habit of gazing, as it were, furtively from under the bent brows which almost concealed his eyes, gave his dull countenance a sinister expression, not at all prepossessing.

"Benedicite!" said the friar, as he advanced towards St. Réal; "benedicite!"

St. Réal made some ordinary answer in Latin; but the dull unreplying countenance of the monk showed that his stock of Latinity did not extend even to the common phrases in use amongst persons of his profession; and the young Marquis proceeded in French: "You are, I presume, the brother appointed to keep watch over us in our confinement?"

"The Prior has given me, for a penance," replied the monk, "the task of lying in a down bed, and waiting your will in communicating with the parlour and the refectory, till to-morrow morning. I am commanded to ask you if you will have supper: it grows late."

"I am here, father," replied St. Réal, with a smile, "as a bird in a cage; and you must feed me at what hours you please: it matters but little to me."

The monk gazed on him, for a moment, in sullen silence, as if he hardly attended to his reply, or hardly understood its meaning; and then, as his slow comprehension did its work, he turned away with a few muttered, half intelligible words, and left the apartment, going apparently to command the meal of which he had spoken. It was soon brought in; and, during its course, the Dominican sat by, turning over the leaves of his breviary in silence, from time to time reading a few sentences, and filling up the intervals in gazing vacantly upon the pages, seemingly occupied in dull and gloomy dreams.

The meal did not occupy much time; and after it was concluded, St. Réal, anxious to hear something more precise concerning the state of the capital, and to obtain some information in regard to his own situation, endeavoured to enter into conversation with the monk; but the course of all their thoughts lay in such different lines, that he soon perceived the attempt would be in vain. The Dominican sat and listened, and replied either by monosyllables, or by long fanciful tirades, in general totally irrelevant to the topic which called them forth; and, as twilight began to grow upon the world, the young Marquis abandoned the endeavour, and intimated, by his silence, a desire to be left alone. It was long before the other gratified his inclination in this respect, however, but sat mute and absent, still turning over the leaves of his breviary, and gazing, from time to time, upon the face of his companion. Nor was it till St. Réal expressed his desire to have a lamp, and to be left to his own thoughts, that the monk deemed it advisable to retire.

Fatigued in body and mind by the events of the day, St. Réal soon cast himself down to rest; and sleep was not long in visiting his eye-lids. His slumber was profound also; and he awoke not till various sounds in the immediate vicinity of his chamber disturbed his repose somewhat rudely.

The nature of the first noises that roused him he could not very well distinguish, for slumber, though in flight, still held, in some degree, possession of his senses. They seemed, however, as far as he could remember afterwards, to have proceeded from some smart blows of a hammer upon a wooden scaffolding; but, before he was well awake, those sounds had ceased, and a buzzing hum, like that of a turner's wheel, or a quickly moved saw, had succeeded. St. Réal listened attentively; and, having convinced himself that the noises, by whatever they were occasioned, were not produced by anything in his own chamber, but rather seemed to proceed from some part of the building opposite to his window, he addressed himself to sleep again, and not without success.

But his repose was not so full and tranquil as before. His former slumbers had been profound, forming one of those dreamless, feelingless, lapses of existence, which seem given

us to show how the soul, even while dwelling in the body, can pause with all her powers suspended, unconscious of her own being, till called again into activity by some extraneous cause. The sleep which succeeded, however, was very different: dreams came thick and fast; some of them were confused and wild, and indistinct, but some were of that class of visions in which all the objects are as clear and definite as during our waking moments,—in which our thoughts are as active, our mind is as much at work, our passions are as vehemently excited, as in the strife and turmoil of living aspiration and endeavour;—dreams which seem given to show us how intensely the soul can act, and feel, and live, while the corporeal faculties, which are her earthly servants, are as dead and useless as if the grave's corruption had resolved them into nothing.

At one moment it seemed that he was in the battle-field, amidst the shout and the cry, and the clang of arms, and the rush of charging squadrons; and then he was in the flight of the defeated army, and he knew all the bitter indignation of reverse, and all the burning thirst to retrieve the day, and he felt all the vain effort to rally the flying, and the hopeless and daring effort to repel the victor; and then, again, when all was lost, and not the faint shadow of a despairing hope remained, he was hurrying his rapid course across some dark and midnight moor; and, while he spurred on his own weary horse, he held in his hand the bride rein of another, who bore one for whom he felt a thousand fears which he knew not for himself; and ever and anon, as he turned to look, the soft sweet eyes of Eugénie de Menancourt would gaze upon him with imploring earnestness. Then, suddenly, the figure changed, the rein dropped from his hand, and, armed all in steel, with lance couched and visor up, as if galloping to attack him, appeared his cousin, Philip of Aubin; and, with a feeling of horror and a sudden start, St. Réal awoke.

The sounds that he now heard—for as yet the night had by no means assumed her attribute of quietness—were certainly not calculated to produce the painful sensations that he had just undergone. There was music on the air—soft and delicate music,—not gay, and yet not sad, but with a certain wild solemnity of tone, that well accorded with the hour, and seemed calculated to raise the thoughts to high and unearthly aspirations. At first, the music was solely instrumental; but, in a moment or two afterwards, two sweet voices were heard, singing, with peculiarly thrilling softness of tone, that seemed to have something supernatural in its clear melody. St. Réal listened; and, though the sounds must have proceeded from some distance, yet the words were pronounced so distinctly, that he lost not a syllable of the song that they poured upon the night.

SONG.

- First Voice.** Blessed! blessed! art thou
Amongst the sons of men!
For angels are wreathing for thy brow
Flowers that fade not again!
- Second Voice.** A crown, a crown of glory for the brave!
- First Voice.** Blessed! blessed! are those
That sleep the sleep of the good!
Blessed is he whose bosom glows
To shed the tyrant's blood!
- Second Voice.** Glory to him whom the church shall save!
- First Voice.** Amongst the saints in Paradise,
In glory he shall dwell!
And angels shall greet him to the skies,
When to earth he bids farewell!
- Second Voice.** Joy, joy, joy to the champion of the Lord!
- First Voice.** His arm is now endued with might,
The foes of the Faith to destroy!
To sweep the tyrant from God's sight,
To crush the worm in his joy!
- Second Voice.** Death, death, death to the tyrant abhorred!
- Both Voices.** Blessed! blessed! blessed art thou
Amongst the sons of men!
For angels are wreathing for thy brow
Flowers that fade not again!

It was no longer doubtful whence these sounds proceeded; for, in consequence of the closeness of a hot August night, St. Réal had left his window open; and he now distinctly perceived that the music issued from a spot in the monk's gallery, very nearly opposite. Springing out of bed as soon

as the sounds had ceased, he advanced to the window, and looked out; but he could perceive nothing. The night was somewhat obscure, the moon by this time was down, and it was with difficulty that he distinguished the fretted stonework of the gallery from the rest of the dark mass that rose before him. He paused for a moment, to consider what all this could mean. Though a sincere Catholic, and habituated to make a marked distinction between the doctrines of the religion he professed and the absurdities, superstitions, and corruptions with which knaves and fools had endeavoured to disguise it, still the Reformation had disclosed too much, and the young noble was of too inquiring a disposition, for him to be unaware of the multitude of tricks, intrigues, and deceptions, which some of the more bigoted members of the Roman church thought themselves justified in practising for the attainment of an end desired. The sounds he had just heard, therefore, he attributed at once to their right cause, looking upon them as a part of some piece of monkish jugglery. Almost as rapidly joining this conclusion in his mind to his own arrest without the knowledge of Mayenne, to his detention in the Dominican convent, to his separation from the rest of the community, and to the peculiar position of the apartments assigned to him, he was led to believe—though wrongly—that he himself was the object of the somewhat absurd stratagem which he had just witnessed.

"These monks must surely deem me a very great fool indeed!" he thought, as he stood and gazed out upon the building opposite, longing to give the persons who had been singing an intimation of his consciousness of their arts, and of the contempt in which he held them. But, while considering whether it would not be more dignified to let the matter pass over in silence, a new trick was played off. A sudden light burst through the apertures of the stone-work, and was poured, as it were, in a full stream upon the window at which he stood, but not on the part contained in his own chamber, being directed entirely upon that portion of the casement which was beyond the partition, and which gave light to the chamber assigned to the young monk who had been given him as an attendant. The first ray of light that St. Réal perceived was of the ordinary hue, though of a dazzling brightness; but the next moment it assumed a bright rose-colour, and proceeded to pour on, changing to a thousand varied and beautiful tints, which the young noble thought certainly very admirable, but not at all supernatural. The next moment, however, he heard through the partition the murmuring of voices in the neighbouring chamber; and, thinking that the jugglery had been carried quite far enough, he determined, if possible, to put an end to it. Throwing his cloak round him, therefore, he approached the door, intending to enter the chamber of the young Dominican, and tell him in plain language, that he was not to be deceived; but, when he attempted to draw the lock, he found that the key had been turned upon him from without; and, with a curling lip, he cast himself again upon his bed, and soon forgot, in tranquil slumber, events which had excited in his mind no other feeling than contempt.

CHAPTER XII.

It was late in the morning when St. Réal woke; and so profound had been his slumbers during the latter hours of their course, that the door of his chamber had been opened without his knowing it; and, on looking round, he found the young Dominican sitting at the farther end of the room, employed, as usual, in turning over busily the leaves of his breviary. In his eye there was more wild and gloomy fire than St. Réal had remarked on the preceding evening; and the young noble, who could not help connecting the monk with the trick that had been played off upon him during the night, resolved to speak upon the subject at once, in the hope of discovering what was the real object of the friars.

"Good morrow, father!" he said, as his eyes first met; "I trust you have slept more soundly than I have."

"Why should *you* sleep unsoundly?" demanded the Dominican in return. "You have no mighty thoughts! you have no heavenly calling! you have no glorious revelations to keep you waking! Why should *you* sleep unsoundly?"

"Simply, because foolish people took the trouble to disturb me," replied St. Réal. "Heard you not the singing, and saw you not the light?"

"Foolish people!" cried the friar, with his grey eyes

gleaming: "call you the angel of Heaven foolish people? Yes, profane man, I saw the light, and I heard the singing; and that you heard and saw it too, shows me that it was no dream, but a blessed reality! But you saw not what I saw! you heard not what I heard! You saw not the winged angel of the Lord that entered my cell, bearing the sword of the vengeance of God! you heard not the message of Heaven to poor Jacques Clement, bidding him go forth in the power of faith, and smite the Holofernes at St. Cloud,—the oppressor of the people of the Lord, the enemy and contemner of the will of the Highest!"

"No, indeed!" answered St. Réal, "I neither heard nor saw any of these things; but I now perceive, father, that the vision was addressed to you, not to me, as at first I believed it to be. But tell me, good father, you surely are not simple enough to take all this that you have seen for—"

Ere St. Réal could conclude his sentence, the door, which the Dominican had left ajar, was thrown wide open, and the Prior of the convent entered the room, and approached the bed where the young gentleman had remained resting on his arm while he maintained this brief conversation with Father Clement. "Good morrow, my son!" said the Prior. "What! still abed! Brother Clement, thou may'st withdraw."

The friar immediately obeyed; and the superior went on: "I bring you tidings, my son, which you will be glad to hear. The Lieutenant-General of the kingdom has been informed of your arrest; and, notwithstanding some circumstances of a suspicious kind which justified that measure, trusts so much to your good faith and honour, that he has ordered your liberation, and recognizes the validity of your safe-conduct. Some of his officers wait below; your own attendants are now collected in the court; and all is prepared in order that you may immediately visit him. In the meantime, however, while you rise and dress yourself, I would fain speak a few words of warning and advice."

"Willingly will I attend, reverend father," replied St. Réal, who was disposed to show every sort of respect to the teachers of his religion, although he could not but believe that there was a good deal of double-dealing, even in the very speech by which the Prior announced the tidings of his liberation. "Happy am I to hear that the Duke of Mayenne, however he may have learned my detention, is more awake to a sense of his own honour, than that detention itself seemed to imply. But let me hear: what is it you would say, good father?"

"As a vowed teacher of the true faith, and a preacher of the holy Gospel," replied the Dominican, "I would warn you, my son, against any hesitation in those particulars where your eternal salvation is concerned. In matters of faith, as in matters of virtue, there can be but one right and wrong: there is no middle course in religion; and, if you are a true Catholic, holding the doctrines of the apostolic church, and reverencing that authority which the Saviour of mankind transferred to blessed St. Peter and his successors, you must hold the enemies of that church, who oppose its doctrines, and strive for its overthrow, as blasphemous and sacrilegious heretics, whose existence is an ulcer in the state, whose very neighbourhood is dangerous, and whose companionship is a pest. You must hold those who, pretending to be apostolic Catholics, support, maintain, and consort with the enemies of that religion, as even worse than those enemies themselves, inasmuch as they add hypocrisy and falsehood to heresy and sacrilege; and when you perceive that every vice which can degrade human nature characterizes those who are thus apostates to the church, and protectors of heresy, you will see the natural consequences which fall upon such as disobey the injunctions of the church they acknowledge, and the punishment that will attend all those who uphold a foul and evil cause,—disgrace, dishonour, loss of their own esteem, crimes that they once regarded with horror; in this life infamy, misfortune, and reverses; speedy death; and then eternal condemnation."

In the same strain the Prior proceeded for some time, enlarging, and not without eloquence, upon all the common topics with which the preachers of the League were accustomed to stir up the fanatical spirit of their auditors. He touched also upon St. Réal's own situation, his power of choosing, at that moment, between good and bad: he spoke of the unquestionable honour and high repute of many of the leaders of his faction; he painted in the most dark and terrible colours the vices and the crimes that stained the court of Henry the Third; and he artfully glossed over, or passed in silence, all that could be detrimental to his own party in the opinion of an honourable and an upright gentleman. He said nothing of the ambition, the rapacity, the debauchery, the prostitution of feeling, honour, virtue, patriotism, to the basest party purposes and the

most sordid self-interests, which disgraced the faction of the League.

While he proceeded, St. Réal went on with the occupations of his toilet, and, somewhat to the annoyance of the Dominican, heard his oration in favour of the League with a degree of calmness that set all his powers of penetration at defiance. He expressed neither assent nor dissent; neither wonder at all the charges which the Prior brought against the King and his minions, nor admiration of the characters which he attributed to the leaders of the League. He listened, but he did not even take advantage of any pause to answer; and, when the Prior had completely concluded, he merely said, "Well, father, I shall soon see all these things with my own eyes, and shall then determine."

Somewhat piqued to find that all his oratory had produced so small an effect, the Prior rose, and, with an air of stern dignity, moved towards the door. As he approached it, he turned, drew up his tall figure to its full height, and, lifting his right hand, with the two first fingers raised, he said, in an impressive tone, while he fixed his keen eyes upon the figure of the young Marquis, "Remember, my son, what Christ, your Saviour, himself has said: 'He that is not for me, is against me;'" and, without waiting for a reply, he turned and quitted the room.

Unmoved by what he considered, rightly, a piece of stage effect, St. Réal soon followed, and found the door of the corridor left open; while the servant, who had been suffered to accompany him to the convent, was seen in the little ante-room beyond, speaking with some persons in rich military dresses, with whose faces St. Réal was unacquainted. The moment he approached, however, one stepped forth from the rest, and addressed him by his name.

"I am commanded, Monsieur de St. Réal, to greet you on the part of his Highness the Duke of Mayenne, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and to inform you that the arrest under which you have suffered, took place without either his knowledge or consent, by a mistake on the part of a body of reîtres, who seem to have confounded you in some way with the troops attached to Monsieur de Longueville. I am further directed to conduct you to the presence of his Highness, who will explain to you more at large how these events have occurred. Your own attendants and horses are already prepared below: and, if it suits your convenience, we will instantly set out."

"At once, if it so please you, sir," replied St. Réal: "I am so little used to imprisonment, that every minute of it is tedious to me."

Proceeding, therefore, to the door of the antechamber, at which stood one of the Dominican friars, St. Réal and his companions were led down to the court, and there mounted their horses. As he was turning his rein towards the gate, however, his eye fell upon the form of the Prior, standing at an oriel window above; and, raising his hat, he bowed with all becoming reverence. The Prior spread his hands, and gave his blessing in return, adding, "May God bless thee, my son, and give thee light to see thy way aright!"

On the present occasion, there appeared to be not only dignity, but even sincerity, in his tone. Nor, indeed, did St. Réal doubt the purity of his intentions throughout; but, in the wars and factions that had preceded the time of which we now speak, the young noble had, as we have said, acted the part of a looker-on; and thus he had learned many a lesson in the art of appreciating the character of such men as Prior Edmé Bourgoine,—men who, devotedly sincere themselves in their attachment to the party they espouse, and convinced by passion's eloquent voice of the justice of their cause, think every means justifiable to attain its objects or to bring over converts to its tenets. St. Réal felt sure that the Prior entertained not a doubt of the rectitude of his own motives, and the propriety of everything he did in behalf of the League; but he felt equally sure, that the Dominican would think right and just a thousand means and stratagems, to obtain his purposes, which he, St. Réal, would look upon as base, dishonourable, and even impious. Whatever end, therefore, had been sought by confining him in the Jacobin convent, the effect had been anything rather than increased affection for the League; and, as he rode away from its gates towards the Hôtel de Guise, his only reflection was, "Well, if such be the means by which the League is supported, and such the stratagems by which its adherents are gained, I, at least, will not be one of the crowd of fools whereof its followers must be composed."

At the Hôtel de Guise a different scene awaited him, and different means of attraction were played off in order to win him to the faction. All that had passed at the Jacobins had apparently been minutely reported to Madame de Montpen-

sier; and, with a profound knowledge of human nature, and a perfect command of art, she at once read the principal points of St. Réal's character, and adapted her own behaviour to suit it. The mistakes which she committed, as we shall presently see, were not from misapprehending the traits of his disposition, but from not perceiving their depth.

On alighting from their horses, the young officers who had conducted St. Réal from the Dominican convent, led him at once towards the audience chamber of the Duke of Mayenne. At the door, however, they were informed by an attendant that the Duke was busy on matters of some deep importance, but that he would be at leisure in a few minutes. Another attendant then stepped forth to usher him to some waiting-room; and, ere he was aware of it, St. Réal was in the presence of two beautiful women,—the Duchess of Guise, and the Duchess of Montpensier,—who appeared busy with the ordinary morning occupations of ladies of that day, and seemed surprised at the intrusion; though it need scarcely be said, that the whole manœuvre had been conducted upon their own positive orders. The attendant, who led the young cavalier thither, seemed also surprised to find that chamber engaged; and, begging St. Réal to follow him again, was retiring, with many profound reverences and apologies to the two ladies, when Madame de Montpensier demanded the gentleman's name; and, glancing her eye over his person, with a smile not at all unnatural, added, before the man could answer, that, as all the other chambers were occupied, the stranger might, if he so pleased, remain there till her brother was disengaged, as he did not seem so ferocious a person as to make war upon a bevy of women, though Henry of Valois had shown that even the sacred robe of the church was sometimes no protection.

St. Réal's name was then given by the attendant; who, without further question, retired, leaving the young cavalier to play his part with the two artful women in whose society he was placed, as best he might. The Marquis, however, did not play that part ill. Graceful by nature and by education, his manners were embarrassed by no kind of bashfulness; for although his acquaintance with society was but limited, yet there were two feelings in his bosom which gave him ever perfect self-possession without presumption. The first of these feelings was a slight touch of the pride of birth, which taught him, when in company with the high or the proud, never to forget that he was himself sprung from the noblest of the land; the second, was the consciousness of perfect rectitude in every thought, feeling, and purpose. Besides all this, the St. Réals had been, as I have said, from age to age, a chivalrous race; and their representative had strong in his own bosom that species of chivalrous gallantry, which made him look upon woman's weakness as a constant, undeniable claim to deference, to courtesy, and to those small attentions, which give greater pleasure very often than even greater services.

Madame de Montpensier was surprised and pleased; and the Duchess de Guise, perhaps, inwardly determined to add St. Réal to her train of admirers. At all events, both bent their efforts, in the first place, to gain him for the League; and the sister of the haughty houses of Lorraine pursued her plan with the calm and steady purpose of a great diplomatist. In her communion with the young Marquis, she scrupulously avoided aught of coquetry—she suffered not a touch even of levity to be apparent in her manner—she put a guard upon her tongue and upon her eyes, and suffered not even an idle jest to pass those lips with which such things were so familiar. At first, affecting even a degree of distant coldness, she suffered the softer and more blandishing manners of the Duchess de Guise to smooth away all the difficulties of an accidental introduction; and then, as the conversation proceeded, she affected to become more interested, spoke wisely and cautiously, and assumed the tone of virtue and deep feeling, which she knew would harmonize with his principles; though, if all tales be true, that tone was the most difficult for her to effect.

She soon contrived to discover a fact, of which she seemed to be ignorant till St. Réal told her; namely, that he was the cousin of the Count D'Aubin; and then, acting upon one of those vague intuitions, which women are occasionally gifted with in regard to matters of the heart, she turned the conversation suddenly and abruptly to Mademoiselle de Menancourt, and the subject of her detention in Paris. St. Réal was taken by surprise: there had been some warring in his bosom too, of late, in regard to the fair girl, who had been the companion of his early youth: it was the only point on which his thoughts were not as free and as light as the sunshine on the waters; and, at the name of Eugénie de Menancourt, so suddenly pro-

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nounced, the blood mounted for a moment into his cheek, and glowed upon his brow.

Madame de Montpensier saw, without seeming to see; and instantly understood the whole: but she fancied even more than she understood. Even though the purity of St. Réal's nature forced itself upon her conviction, the evil and subtlety of her own character affected the impression which his left upon her mind, and changed it from its natural appearance. It was like a beautiful face seen in a bad mirror—the traits the same, and yet the aspect changed. She fancied that she saw in the feelings of St. Réal towards Eugénie de Menancourt the secret of his hesitation between the League and the Royalists: not, indeed, that she believed that he wished to bargain for his services, as so many had done, or that he designed to attempt to deprive his cousin of the hand of her he loved; but she imagined that secret, and perhaps unconscious, hopes of some fortuitous circumstance, proving favourable to his wishes, might be the cause of a lingering tendency towards the party who could bestow the hand of Eugénie de Menancourt, when his political feelings led him to support the royal cause. Upon these suppositions she shaped her plans, and proceeded to speak of the young heiress with all the tenderness and consideration of a sister. She commiserated her situation, she said,—promised by her father to a man that she could not love, and then left an orphan in the midst of such troublous times. It was happy, indeed, she added, that the young lady had fallen into the hands of one in every respect so noble and considerate as the Duke of Mayenne; for Monsieur D'Aubin must, by this time, have learned, that the Lieutenant-General, endeavouring to exercise his power for the happiness of all, would not suffer any restraint to be put upon the inclination of Mademoiselle de Menancourt, but would bestow her hand upon any one that she could really love, provided his rank and station presented no invincible obstacles.

St. Réal was, for a moment, silent; but he at length replied, that he could not conceive upon what ground Mademoiselle de Menancourt's present objections to a union with the Count D'Aubin could be founded. During her father's lifetime, he said, she had not, apparently, opposed the alliance; and, as far as he had heard, D'Aubin had given her no new cause of offence.

The subject was one on which St. Réal found it difficult to speak, not from any feeling he might experience towards Eugénie de Menancourt,—for, by a strong sense of honour, and a great command over his own mind, he crushed all sensations of the kind as soon as he found them rising in his breast,—but his difficulty proceeded from a consciousness that D'Aubin was to blame, and from a wish to say as much as possible in favour of his cousin, without deviating from that rigid adherence to truth, which was the constant principle of his heart. What he said was true, indeed. Eugénie de Menancourt had evinced no strenuous opposition to the proposed alliance, so long as her father had lived; and yet it was during his lifetime that St. Réal had principally remarked those errors in the conduct of his cousin which he thought most calculated to give offence to that cousin's future bride. He did, therefore, wonder what new motive had given such sudden and strong determination to one whom he had always remarked as gentle and complying; and, although he doubted not he should find Eugénie in the right, he did long to hear from her own lips the reasons upon which her conduct was founded.

Madame de Montpensier remarked the restraint under which he spoke, but attributed it to wrong motives, and shaped her answer accordingly. "Perhaps," she said, with a significant smile, "Mademoiselle de Menancourt may have perceived that there are other people, more worthy of her heart; and, as soon as she finds that her duty to her father no longer requires obedience, she may yield to her own inclinations, especially where she finds they are supported by reason."

"I do not think that, madam," replied St. Réal. "I do not think Eugénie de Menancourt is one to love easily; though, where she did love, she would love deeply."

There was a degree of simplicity and unconsciousness in this reply, that somewhat puzzled Madame de Montpensier, and put her calculations at fault. She did not choose to let the subject drop, however; and she replied, "You seem to know this young lady well, Monsieur de St. Réal: have you been long acquainted?"

"I know her as if she were my own sister," replied St. Réal. "We have been acquainted since our infancy; and, indeed, we are distantly related to each other."

"Not within the forbidden degrees, I hope!" said the Duchess de Guise with a smile.

"She will scare the bird from the trap with her broad jests!" thought the more cautious Catherine of Montpensier, as she saw the colour come up again to St. Réal's cheek: but he replied, with his usual straightforward simplicity, "I really do not know, madam: I never considered the matter; but the relationship is, I trust, sufficiently near to justify me in asking his Highness of Mayenne to grant me an interview with Mademoiselle de Menancourt, as I wish to see whether I cannot remove any false impression she may have formed of my cousin, and induce her to fulfil an engagement on which his happiness depends."

Madame de Montpensier gave a sharp eager glance towards the Duchess de Guise, to prevent her from pressing St. Réal too hard; and she herself replied, "My brother will doubtless grant you the interview, Monsieur de St. Réal; but I am afraid you will be unsuccessful. One thing, however, you may be sure of, that Mayenne himself will in no degree press Mademoiselle de Menancourt to such a union, for he is fully convinced that her objections are but too well founded; and although, perhaps, the party that we espouse might be benefited by holding out to your cousin the prospect of our support in this matter, yet it can be in no degree granted, unless some great change takes place in the feelings of Mademoiselle de Menancourt herself."

As St. Réal was about to reply, an attendant again appeared, and announced that Mayenne was, for a few moments, free from those weighty affairs with which the situation of his party overwhelmed him. The young Marquis rose to obey the summons: but Madame de Montpensier was not at all inclined to abandon her unconcluded schemes to the chances of a private interview between her more candid brother and the object of her wiles. That which had at first been the mere desire of gaining a powerful acquisition to her party, and of depriving the Royalists of a strong support, had now become, under the opposition and difficulties she had met with, the eager struggle of compromised vanity. Her reputation for skill and policy were even dearer to her, at that moment, than her reputation for beauty and wit had ever been; and, at the mere apprehension of missing her stroke in a matter where she had risked so much, and employed such means, she called up before the eyes of imagination the calm half-sneering smile with which Mayenne would mark her failure, and the galling compassion with which all her dear friends and favourite counsellors would commiserate her disappointment.

"I have a petition too to present to my all-powerful brother," she said, rising at the same time; "and, therefore, with your good leave, Monsieur de St. Réal, I will accompany you to his high and mighty presence." St. Réal, perhaps, would have preferred to see Mayenne alone, but no choice was left him: and, offering his hand, he led her through the long galleries and corridors of the Hôtel de Guise, to the audience-chamber of the Lieutenant-General.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON entering the cabinet of the Duke of Mayenne, Madame de Montpensier and her companion found him still engaged in listening to the reports of several military men. He instantly made a sign, however, for the purpose of enjoining silence as his sister approached; and, turning to St. Réal, he pointed to a seat. "The Marquis of St. Réal, I presume?" he said, with an air of plain and unaffected dignity. "Your mourning habit, sir, reminds me that I should condole with you on the death of one of the noblest gentlemen France has ever known. He would not, it is true, take part with those who wished him well; but, even had he drawn his sword against us, I should have lamented his death as a star gone out that may never be lighted again."

There was a brief pause,—for St. Réal would not trust his voice with a reply,—and the Duke, after having dismissed the officers by whom he had been surrounded, proceeded: "I trust, Monsieur de St. Réal, that you know enough of him who speaks to you to believe, even without my saying it, that Charles of Mayenne is utterly incapable of such an act as that by which my safe-conduct was violated in your instance. For my own part, the persons who captured you allege, in their excuse, some dispositions of your troops, which gave cause to suspect an inclination to support our adversary, the young Duke of Longueville; but I—judging your sentiments by my own—absolve you from all such suspicion."

"You do me justice, my lord," replied St. Réal; "I am in-

capable of taking advantage of your pass in order to injure you; and though, in the first heat of anger at my arrest, I might cast the blame on you, I have since learned to judge better, and to know that it was the purpose of those who detained me to keep you in ignorance of my imprisonment. At least, I conclude so from the fact that, on my desiring one of the lookers on as I was carried through the street to bear the tidings to you, the commander, as he seemed, of the reitres threatened to cut the man's ears off if he obeyed. How the news was at length brought to you I know not, and would willingly hear."

"'Twas a little misshapen dwarf," replied Mayenne, "whom I remember well about the court some years ago, that brought the tidings, and bellowed them forth just as I was mounting my horse to ride out this morning."

"'Tis one of my own pages, doubtless," replied St. Real. "I fancied that the little pigmy could ill bear the fatigues of our long march, and I sent him on hither in a *chariot*, with another young lad, to prepare a lodging for me while in Paris."

"I knew not, sir Marquis," replied Mayenne, "that you, who affect so much retirement in the provinces, took such pains to follow the modes of the court. What! you have dwarfs for pages, too, have you? And doubtless, in such a household as yours, you equal this Henry of Valois, and have the *tailleur aux nains*, as well as the dwarf's valet."

"A fear crossed the mind of Madame de Montpensier, lest her brother should be pressing St. Real somewhat too hard for his own interests; and she accordingly joined in the conversation at once. "No, no!" she exclaimed; "depend upon it, Charles, Monsieur de St. Real has obtained this dwarf through some accident. I am a better judge of nature than you, Mayenne; and I will answer for it that a St. Real is not one to ape the follies of a vicious court, and have his dozen or two of dwarfs and buffoons."

"You are quite right, madame," replied St. Real, who could not but feel pleased to hear himself so boldly defended by such lovely lips. "This dwarf was given to me, when I needed a page, by my cousin of Aubin, who prophesied that one day he would serve me at my need—a prophecy which you see has been happily fulfilled, by the unexpected service he has rendered me to-day; and I only trust that his Highness of Mayenne will punish as severely those who have abused his authority, as I will reward largely the activity of my little page."

Mayenne's brow darkened a little: for, of course, the contrivers of the scheme by which St. Réal had been brought to Paris he could not punish; and the executors of that scheme were too necessary to his own purposes to admit of any severity being exercised towards them, even had a sense of justice not pointed out that they were mere instruments in the hand of his sister. He was embarrassed therefore; for he felt that the mind of the young Marquis of St. Réal was too clear and too straightforward not to detect and appreciate any evasive reply: but Madame de Montpensier came to his aid.

"Nay, nay, Monsieur de St. Real," she said, half playfully, half sadly, "let us not talk of punishments to-day. The miseries and the pangs which are inflicted by either party on the other are sufficient, Heaven knows, without requiring us to be very severe upon our own. But you talked," she added, changing the subject abruptly, "of your page seeking you a lodging in Paris. Now, this is the Hôtel de Guise; and I, as a daughter of that house, will take upon me to bid you make it your dwelling while you stay; though my brother here present, might have had the courtesy to do so before now."

"Nay, Catherine," answered Mayenne, "I wished to put no restraint upon Monsieur de St. Real. He came to the capital to act and to judge for himself; to examine our cause, to mark the demeanour of those who support it; and, though anxious—most anxious—to have so noble a name joined to all those who already uphold the Catholic faith against the apostate and excommunicated tyrant who would destroy it, yet on no account would I bias for a moment the judgment of our noble friend, which, indeed, he might think I wished to do if I pressed him to dwell here."

There was a dignified simplicity in the demeanour of the Duke of Mayenne which pleased St. Real much; but still he wished in no degree to commit himself with the League, till he had ascertained that there was some strong and imperative cause for quitting the path which loyalty and his allegiance pointed out for him to follow. "I thank you, my lord, for your consideration," he replied; "but it was my purpose, after this interview, and after having obtained one boon at your hands, to take my leave for the time, in order to proceed to St. Cloud, as I first intended."

A cloud came over the brow of the Duke; but Madame de Montpensier again interfered. "Monsieur de St. Real," she said, laughing, with something of a double meaning, "you are strongly inclined to spoil all my best plans in your favour; but I do not intend to let you do so. Positively, for this day at least, you shall make your habitation in the Hôtel de Guise. The morning you shall spend as you please,—see all our faults and failings, and spy out the nakedness of the land. At night you sup with me, to which supper I also bid my lord Duke here; and I will take care that, in the course of the evening, you shall have an opportunity of urging your cousin's suit upon the ear of Mademoiselle de Menancourt, as long and as privately as you please."

Mayenne cast an inquiring glance upon his sister; but she only replied, "Ay, Charles, even so: your fair ward, Eugénie de Menancourt, with whom Monsieur de St. Real desires to speak in favour of the Count d'Aubin. However, to this plan I will have no objections, my lord Marquis; so, on your gallantry, I call you to obey without murmuring, remembering that, as it is impossible for a young, gay, handsome cavalier like yourself to have a private interview with a beautiful girl like Eugénie de Menancourt at her own dwelling without notorious scandal, this is your only chance. No reply!" she added, with an air of playful imperiousness; "no reply! but obedience! Herbert!" she continued, raising her voice loud enough to be heard in the ante-room, "command the *maître d'hôtel* to conduct this gentleman to such a suite of rooms as may be sufficient for himself and his attendants, and suited to his high quality."

It would have needed a heart very stern and stoical to disobey commands so pleasantly given, and coupled with such temptations. St. Real, therefore, signified his assent, and following the officer who had come to Madame de Montpensier's call, was conducted to an apartment in the Hôtel de Guise, where he was soon joined by his own attendants, bearing the various articles of baggage which he had brought with him on quitting his little camp near Senlis, and which, to their singular honour be it spoken, the reitres had left with no very important abstractions, though plunder was no uncommon part of their military avocations.

Madame de Montpensier, although she had in reality neither boon nor question to demand of her brother, lingered for a moment after St. Real was gone, looking archly in the grave face of the Duke of Mayenne. "Well, Charles," she exclaimed, "do you not thank me for my assistance? have I not got you nicely out of a scrape?"

"After having wildly got me into one," replied the Duke. "but tell me, Kate, what is this business about Mademoiselle Menancourt? I will not suffer you to trouble the course of events there."

"Nor do I propose to do so," replied Madame de Montpensier; "but I see farther than you do, Charles, and, at all events, for this day will have my own way. So, you look to your plans, and I will look to mine, and may come to help you again when you get into difficulty." Thus speaking, and without waiting for any farther questions, she turned away, leaving the Duke to pursue the military arrangements in which he had been previously occupied.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ST. REAL, whose toilet at the convent of the Jacobins had been, from the circumstances in which he was placed, both hasty and unceremonious, now proceeded to change a dress suited alone to a journey, and both deranged and soiled by all that he had lately passed through. While thus occupied, a loud but well-known voice made itself heard in the ante-room, exclaiming, "Make way, make way! Paul Thiebaut and Pierre Langlois, if you do not get out of my way, I will break your pates with the hilt of my dagger! I will break your pates, though they may be as thick, and as hard, and as heavy as the leaden pummel of my old lord's double-handed sword! Out of the way, I say: do you think one can walk through your great hulking bodies!"

"No," replied one of the attendants, in a gruff voice, "no! but you could walk between our legs, I suppose, little Master Bartholo."

What was the dwarf's reply did not appear; but it would seem that it was somewhat of a manual nature, for a loud oath and stamp of the foot followed; and the door of the chamber opened so unceremoniously as to evince that Bartholo was in

some haste to escape from the vengeance that his replication, whatever it had been, was likely to call down upon his head. Banging the door in the face of those behind, he instantly recovered his tranquillity when he found himself in the presence of his master; and, advancing towards St. Real with graceful ease, bent his little knee to the ground, kissed his lord's hand, and gave him joy on his arrival in the great capital.

St. Real replied something kind, to his first salutation, and then added, "But how now, Bartholo! you claim no merit for the service you have rendered me this morning?"

"I never like to claim merit," replied the dwarf in his usual cynical tone; "I never like to claim merit, especially with people who think themselves generous: because, if they have forgot my merit, and do not intend to reward me, my claim is a reproach which they never forgive; and if they remember my merit, and design to thank me, my claim is a disappointment."

"It would be well, my good Bartholo," replied St. Réal, "if every one else acted upon the same principle,—not alone to those who think themselves generous, as you say, but to all men. It would, I believe, save many a disappointment, and many a bitter aggravation of ingratitude; for I have remarked that, as you say, those who are simply forgetful of services hate those who serve them when they are called on to be grateful. But where is Leonard de Monte! Could not he find out his master's abode as well as you, Bartholo? or is he one of those whose memory of kindness does not outlive the act?"

"Good truth, I do not know, my lord!" replied the dwarf. "I never judge of folks on brief acquaintance. His memory of kindness may be as short-lived as a jest at the gallows, or a widow's mourning, or a court lady's constancy,—the sincerity of Madame de Montpensier, or the smiles of Monsieur de Mayenne, or any other short thing in this short life, for aught I know; but in regard to the reason why Leonard's black eyes did not find you out here, it is that they are even now looking for you at St. Cloud. As you were two or three days later than your appointed time, the silly boy took fright, and set out late last night to seek for you. He would fain have persuaded me to go too; but I was not to be wheedled into such an errand. I know well that every fool finds his way to Paris, and that you, therefore, could not well miss it. So I remained quiet, watching every corner till you appeared; and then, as I found you guarded more strongly than necessary, and lodged more holily than I judged you would like, I made bold to bear the tidings to the Duke of Mayenne, begging him to deliver you forthwith from the preaching friars, for fear you should be tired of the friars' preaching."

"You did well and wisely, Bartholo," replied St. Réal; "and, as this is the first piece of real good will that I have ever seen you display to any one, it shall not go without reward. There is my purse, good Bartholo; and now, while I dress, give me the news of Paris: for you are sharp enough and shrewd enough, I take it, to discover and to mark all that is passing in this great city."

According to his master's desire, Bartholo proceeded to detail all the gossips, the scandal, and the real news of the capital, commenting, as he went, on every anecdote that he related with the keen shrewdness and sagacity which peculiarly distinguished him. His observations, indeed, might derive a peculiar turn from his own particular views and purposes; but, in this curious and complicated world in which we live, every part fits into the other with such exact nicety, that the great depend upon the little nearly as much as the little depend upon the great: the intrigues of the mighty and the powerful, the schemes of the noble and the high, are almost always found to be affected in their course—to derive their success or receive their overthrow—from the most mean and despised things that crawl almost unseen around their presence. Thus, in the present instance, all the art, the tortuous policy, the consummate acting of Madame de Montpensier was rendered nearly unavailing by the keen and sarcastic observations, the knowledge of parties, and the insight into real motives and actions, of even so insignificant a person as the dwarf. In the course of the half hour that succeeded, he gave to St. Réal a completely new view of the state of the League, and the motives and characters of its supporters; and, without one direct assertion, without one attempt to controvert his opinions, or one apparent effort to obtain a particular object, he showed his master that frank simplicity might be assumed as the best cloak for art, just as much as religion and patriotism might be affected for the purpose of concealing selfishness and ambition.

As soon as he was dressed, St. Réal went forth on foot, followed, as was customary in those days, by two or three armed attendants, and guided by the dwarf, who took care that

he should see everything which the capital contained that could disgust him with the proceedings of the League: though why he wished to drive his master into the royal party was somewhat difficult to discover. He first led the young Marquis into the large open space in the neighbourhood of the University, upon the pretence of showing him that building from which the light of knowledge had been so frequently poured forth upon France; but it would seem that he had calculated upon another and more important object presenting itself by the way: nor was he disappointed; for, immediately on entering the great square, St. Réal's eyes encountered a considerable crowd; and, making his way forward, through the press to a spot where he could see what was proceeding, he immediately beheld one of the many curious scenes which no city in the world, at any period of its history, has presented, except Paris in the days of the League. Covered with steel corslets, armed with sword, and pike, and musketoon, and with their shaven heads covered with that species of iron caps called a salad, appeared a dense body of about 1500 men, manœuvring with that close and serried discipline which was peculiarly attributed to the Spanish infantry. They seemed indeed, at first, a very strong body of regular troops, though somewhat singularly clothed; but nearer inspection showed the large hanging sleeves and long flowing gowns of various communities of monks and friars protruding from under the iron panoply of war.

As soon as St. Réal had satisfied himself that his eyes had not deceived him, he turned away disgusted, and, led by the dwarf, proceeded onward to the Bastille; where, entrance being refused to all but those who came against their own will, or those who had something to do with the act of bringing them thither, St. Réal and his attendants stood without, while the dwarf commented in a low voice, but in bitter terms, upon the uses to which that prison was for the time applied. While thus engaged, a party of horsemen, followed by a small guard of cavalry, came up at full speed; and their leader, as he sprang to the ground at the gate of the fortress, turned to give a hasty glance at St. Réal, exposing, as he did so, the features of the Duke of Mayenne.

As soon as the Duke perceived who it was that was gazing up to the building, he beckoned to him to approach, saying, in the same bold and candid tone which he usually employed, "If you will come in with me, Monsieur de St. Real, you shall see the inside as well as the outside of this famous prison; and may also see," he added, knitting his brows, "and may also see to what evil purposes power may sometimes be applied in troublous times, and how difficult it is for one who endeavours to guide aright the outburst of popular indignation to insure that his name and authority shall not be abused by others, even while he is labouring night and day himself to re-establish order and justice, and promote the public weal."

St. Real readily agreed to his proposal, as his desire was to see all that he could during his short stay in the capital. All gates opened at the appearance of the Duke: but, as if by previous orders, he was not alone accompanied by his own immediate suite, but was also followed by at least one half of the cavalry forming his escort; who, dismounting from their horses, gave their bridles to their companions, and kept close to the heels of Mayenne as he advanced. The guards and warders at the second and third gates looked suspiciously upon the number of soldiers thus introduced into the fortress, and seemed to hesitate in regard to giving them admission. Mayenne advanced, however, and, before his bold and determined aspect, all opposition at once gave way. A man at the second gate, indeed made a sudden movement, as if to communicate the fact of the Duke's arrival to others in the interior of the building; but, in a stern though low tone, Mayenne commanded him to stay where he was, and advanced rapidly unannounced. It would seem, indeed, that his coming took the demagogues then in possession of the Bastille by surprise. In the inner court a knot of several persons might be observed standing under a beam, which was thrust out of one of the loop-hole windows of an angular tower, and from which beam dangled a strong cord, formed into that ominous ellipsis, the sight of which has made many a stout heart turn cold. One of the group assembled below was in the very act of demonstrating to his fellows that it would be necessary to fetch a bench or table in order to bring their pastime to a crisis, inasmuch as the rope was too short, and the noose fully eight feet from the ground, when the appearance of Mayenne stopped his oration in the midst.

The speaker raised his hat at the approach of the Duke; but the glance that he gave was certainly not one of welcome or of love. "What are you doing, Monsieur le Clerc!" demanded Mayenne, sternly eyeing the fatal preparations before

him. "All this seems very like an intention of again overstepping your authority."

The person he addressed was a shrewd bold-looking man, with an expression of quick eager cunning, not unlike that of a monkey. "We were going, my lord Duke, to do what, I trust, you will be well pleased to witness," replied Bussy le Clerc; "we were going to execute a traitor, a rebel to lawful authority, and an enemy to the apostolic League and to the Catholic faith—him who was formerly called the President Blancmesnil."

"And how did you dare, sir," exclaimed Mayenne, in a tone that cowed even the bold plotter before him, "how did you dare to stir in such a matter without my authority? I ask you not where you got the impudence, for that you lack not for any feat; but where did you get the courage for such a deed? Am I, or am I not, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom? and am I a man to pass by such an act without punishment?"

"You are, my lord,—you are Lieutenant-General of the kingdom," replied Bussy le Clerc, in a humbled tone: but the next moment he muttered between his teeth, "You are Lieutenant-General of the kingdom; but those who made can unmake."

Notwithstanding the low tone in which he spoke, Mayenne seemed to catch his words; for, grasping him suddenly and firmly by the arm with his left hand, he pointed to the instrument of death, which Le Clerc had prepared for others, and, shaking the fore-finger of his right in the pale countenance of the bloody man before him, he fixed his eyes upon him with a look of dark and stern significance, the meaning of which was not to be mistaken. He said not a word, but the glance was sufficient; and there was no one present who did not read therein a threat to make the demagogue taste of the portion he assigned to others, if he pursued his bloody course any further—a threat which did not fail to receive its accomplishment at an after period.

Mayenne held him in his powerful grasp for nearly a minute; then letting his arms drop, he turned, and, while Le Clerc slunk away amongst his creatures, exclaimed aloud, "Bring forth the President de Blancmesnil!"

Several of the officers hastened to obey; and an old man, whose noble countenance and silver hairs might well win respect and pity, was brought out into the court, while two or three of the Governor's satellites hurriedly untied the cords which had pinioned his hands behind.

"Ah! my good lord of Mayenne!" he exclaimed, as he approached, "I am happy to see your face."

"I had nearly come too late, Monsieur de Blancmesnil," replied Mayenne; "but still I am in time to tell you that, by the authority in me reposed, you are set free from this moment; and that whatever proceedings have been taken against you, in whatever court, whether legal or illegal, are null and void, so far as I can render them so."

The old man cast himself at Mayenne's feet and embraced his knees. "Thank you, my lord!" he said: "I thank you, and God will reward you for saving a guiltless man, on whose life some hopes and some affections are still fixed by those he loves: but yet, my lord, one boon—grant me one boon more, and let the cup of your generosity overflow! You have given me life—give me also liberty, and suffer me to retire from a city where each day shows me something either to condemn or to regret, and retire to the court of my lawful sovereign, where alone I can serve my country as I ought."

Mayenne paused for a moment, and his countenance, though not of the most expressive character, gave evident marks of a strong internal struggle; the quick glance of displeasure, and the open expansion of more generous feelings, succeeding each other rapidly, like the quick light and shade flying across a landscape in an autumn day, as the clouds are borne over the bright sky by the hasty wind. The sunshine, however, at length predominated. "Be it so; Blancmesnil, be it so," he replied, "be it so. I had hoped that your wisdom, your attachment to the faith, and your love of virtue would have kept you from a court of fools, of heretics, and of villains; but I will not stay you if you love such men."

"My lord," said Blancmesnil in a tone almost of sorrow, "it would be ungrateful in me to answer you. Suffer me alone to say, that the most imperative and absolute sense of duty alone would induce me to repeat the request which I have made. None would more willingly spend his last few hours of this brief life in the service of one so noble and so generous as yourself than old Blancmesnil; but it cannot be, my lord, without the sacrifice of all those principles which have won me the esteem of your Highness."

"Well, well!" replied Mayenne, conscious that the im-

pression produced by any farther discussion of this kind in the hearing of St. Real would be very opposite to that which he could desire; "well, well! far be it from me to withhold any man from the path on which he thinks that duty prompts him. A bold enemy I love next to a faithful friend; it is only traitors to either cause that deserve punishment. Go! Blancmesnil, go! and do not forget that as much as we hate the vices which we are armed to crush, so much do we love virtue, even in an enemy!"

Mayenne felt that he had regained his advantage; and, turning to St. Real, he said, "Well, Monsieur de St. Real, you will return with me, for it grows late, and my sister will soon expect us. I will bear you company on foot. Sometimes I love to ramble amongst the people for a while, and hear the unvarnished opinions of the streets. Greatness, caged in gilded saloons, knows too little of the world around it, and needs now and then to take a flight amongst the wide universe of other things, to learn how many varied and different aspects the state of all things can assume to the myriads of eyes that are looking on upon each passing event. You, Longjumeau," he continued, "take the horsemen, and guard Monsieur de Blancmesnil safely to his house. Wait there with him till all his preparations are made; and then, with a white flag, pass him safely to the outposts of the Huguenots at Meudon. "Fare you well, Blancmesnil!" he added, turning to the old man; "I must embrace you once more, though you will be my enemy."

"Perhaps more your friend, my lord, in quitting you, than I should have been in staying with you," replied the President. Mayenne answered nothing, but, turning away, led St. Real from the Bastille, and took his way back to the Hôtel de Guise, followed on foot by the principal part of the gentlemen of his household who had attended him to the state prison. No matter of any importance occurred during their walk; and St. Real was pleased to find that, far from attempting in any degree to influence him against his better judgment, the Duke confined his conversation solely to indifferent topics, commenting upon all the many objects of attention which all great cities present with as much liveliness as his nature permitted. More than one interruption occurred as they passed on, springing from the various duties and functions with which the Duke had charged himself, or with which the people chose to burden him. It was now an officer from the outposts, who stopped them on the way to demand orders and directions for the night; then a bare-footed friar, of not the most prepossessing appearance, approached the princely Mayenne, and held with him a whispering conversation of several minutes in the open street; then again a high officer, belonging to one of the courts of law, with his bonnet in his hand, presented some papers relative to the proceedings against the President de Blancmesnil; and then an old woman, thinking that she had as good a right as any other citizen of Paris to her share of the great Duke, hobbled across his path, and presented her dirty *placet* regarding a stall in the Fauxbourg de l'Université, and reinforced her petition by a torrent of that peculiar eloquence possessed by old apple-women in all civilized countries.

Mayenne gave her some mild but evasive reply; and, turning with a smile towards St. Real, as they walked on, he said, "You see the post I occupy is not without its cares, and those cares so nicely balanced as to be all equally weighty; for you may judge, by that old woman, that, if the greater cares are more oppressive, the lighter are the more importunate."

All these interruptions of their onward progress had occupied no small time; so that the western sky began to look rosy with the summer sunset ere they reached the Hôtel de Guise. "Quick! Monsieur de St. Real," said Mayenne, as they entered the vestibule; "quick! for in less than half an hour my sister will expect us at her supper-table."

St. Real accordingly retired to his apartments, and, changing his dress with all speed, sent down one of his followers to seek out some of the attendants of the Duchess de Montpensier, and discover to what chamber, of all the many in that wide and rambling mansion, he was to bend his steps. Almost immediately after a servant of the Duchess appeared to conduct him; and he was led down the stairs, and through the manifold passages and turnings of the Hôtel de Guise, at that particular moment of the day ere fictitious light has supplied the place of the blessed sunshine, and when such rays of the set orb as still linger in the sky and find their way through the windows—though as rosy as those of the morning—are melancholy rather than gay. At length the servant opened the door of a small cabinet, and, passing through, led St. Real into a larger room beyond, where he left him.

Standing near one of the windows at the farther end, and apparently gazing forth with some attention, appeared the figure of a lady in deep mourning. The light was not sufficient for St. Real to distinguish who she was; but her garb showed that it was not Madame de Montpensier, and St. Real was sure that it was not the Duchess de Guise. His heart beat quick, far quicker than he liked—for the heart is sometimes a prophet:—and, for a moment, he paused in the midst of the room. The next instant, however, he again advanced: the lady turned as he approached, roused from her reverie by the sound of his footsteps, and St. Real suddenly found himself alone in the chamber with Eugénie de Menancourt. He was not surprised,—at least, he had no right to be so,—for he was prepared to meet Mademoiselle de Menancourt at the Hôtel de Guise that night; but it were vain to say that he was not agitated. He knew not why, and he was angry with himself for feelings which he could not, which he would not, perhaps, account for to his own understanding.

With Eugénie it was different. She was both surprised and agitated; for the last person she had expected, yet the person she had most wished to see, was the Marquis of St. Real. It was natural enough, too, that she should desire to see him: she had known him from her infancy; she had learned in the early habits of unrestrained intercourse, to look upon him as a brother; she had found him always kind and gentle in his affections, clear and just in his opinions, and firm and noble in his principles; and, in the friendless and orphan state in which she was now left, there was no one to whom she so longed to apply for advice, assistance, and protection as to Huon de St. Real. At one time, indeed, in her utter ignorance of the selfishness of faction, she had contemplated applying to the Duke of Mayenne for permission to retire to the castle of the old Marquis of St. Real, whose neutrality between the contending parties of the day, she had fondly fancied, might obviate the objections which the leader of the League would entertain to any other asylum not within the immediate grasp of his own power. There was, however, in her bosom a vague unacknowledged consciousness of feelings, which she wished not to render more distinct,—a sort of apprehension lest the world should attribute to her motives that she would have shrunk from entertaining,—which made her hesitate so long in regard to giving voice to her request, that ere she decided the tidings reached her that the old lord was dead, and that the refuge which she might otherwise have hoped to find in his dwelling was consequently shut against her for ever. Her thoughts, then, had often been busy with St. Real; she had often longed to see him, to speak with him, to confide her situation, her fears, her anxieties, her danger, to one in whom she was sure to find a kind and feeling auditor. With these wishes, however, no hopes had been combined. She knew, or believed she knew, that St. Real's principles would lead him to join the royal party; and that, therefore, unless he entered Paris as a victor or a prisoner, there was little chance of his visiting the capital. Madame de Montpensier, in summoning her to the Hôtel de Guise, had given her no information of the object for which she was called thither; and she had obeyed with some degree of alarm, which had not been decreased by an apparent inattention and want of courtesy on the part of the Duchess, evinced by leaving her for nearly half an hour unnoticed in the wide and solitary chamber to which she had been ushered on her first arrival. Her sensations, therefore, on beholding St. Real, were purely those of surprise and pleasure; but they reached the height of agitation.

She spoke not; but, as the last light that lingered in the sky shone upon her beautiful countenance through the open window, St. Real beheld the warm blood rush up into her cheek and forehead, a beaming lustre dance in her eyes, and a bright irrepressible smile play about her lips, that plainly told he was no unwelcome visitor. The hand, that was instantly extended to him, he took in his; and he thought it no treason to his cousin to press his lips upon it. What either Eugénie or himself first said was too hurried and confused, too shapeless and meaningless, to bear the writing down in mere cold words, without the looks, and the gestures, and the feelings, that at the time gave life and soul to those words themselves. They had a thousand things to speak of. Since their last meeting each had lost a father, each had lost a friend; and the affection that either had borne to the dead parent of the other was matter of deep sympathy and feeling between them. All their thoughts, their sorrows, their regrets, were in common, and their conversation, for long, was one of those deep, touching, artless, unrestrained communications of mutual ideas, which—full of the reciprocation of bright sentiments—more than aught else on earth knit heart and heart together.

At length St. Real remembered that he was losing moments

which he had destined for another purpose; and some of the servants entering to light the lamps and sconces in the apartment, at once showed him that he had no time to lose, and gave him an opportunity of changing the topic. As soon as they were once more left alone he spoke of his cousin, the Count d'Aubin, and approached, without directly speaking of the subject of his pretensions, to Mademoiselle de Menancourt.

Eugénie turned as pale as death, and then again the red blood mounted to her cheek with a quick vehement blush: she too felt that there was an infinity to be said, and feared that there might be little time to say it. There was much—she felt there was much—to be staked upon the conversation of the next few instants; and she determined that, whatever report of her sentiments St. Real might bear his cousin, it should be such as to put an end for ever to his hopes of her affection.

"And would you, St. Real," she said, "would you, who know both him and me—would you press me to fulfil an engagement, in making which I myself bore no part, and which, even on the side of my father, was, as far as I can learn, but conditional? No, St. Real, no! sooner than disobey my father's commands, I would have sacrificed happiness, perhaps life itself: but he left me free, and pointedly, with his last breath, bade me, in the difficult circumstances in which I should be placed, use my own judgment. That judgment will never lead me to become the wife of one who can act as you and I have seen Philip of Aubin behave."

"But, believe me, Eugénie," replied St. Real, "Philip has changed. He loves you deeply, sincerely; and that love will teach him to seek your happiness by gaining your esteem."

"No, no! St. Real," replied Eugénie with a sigh, "no, no! he loves nothing but himself. I know him better than you do, St. Real. While I thought that one time I was to become his wife, I strove to love him as much as woman can strive to direct the feelings of her own heart. In striving to love him, I strove to know him; and thus I learned all the baseness, all the selfishness, of his character. Forgive me, St. Real, for speaking so harshly: you know it is not in my nature to speak or to feel thus, except in a case where all my happiness is concerned: but I wish you to understand at once, and for ever, that I will not marry Philip of Aubin, because I do not love him."

"But might not time, and assiduity, and better deeds, teach you to love him?" demanded St. Réal: "for, believe me, Eugénie, there are better qualities lie slumbering in his heart, which a great object might awake and strengthen. Might he not teach you to love him?"

"I would not love him for a universe," replied Eugénie; "for the woman who loves him is sure to be miserable. But press me no more, St. Réal, press me no more: my resolution is taken—my mind and heart are fixed. I do not love Philip of Aubin—I never have loved him—I never can love him; and, sooner than become his wife, I would resign all that I have on earth but the dowry of a nun; quit the world, and seek peace in the cloister."

St. Réal replied but by a sigh; and although that sigh might be one of sorrow for the disappointment of his cousin, yet it called up in the bosom of Eugénie de Menancourt varied emotions, that, for a moment, sent another bright flush across her cheek, which, fading away again, left her as pale as death. Ere the soft natural hue had returned, and ere St. Réal had time to separate his mingled feelings from each other, and give to those he thought it right to express a tangible form in language, the door opened, and Madame de Montpensier appeared alone.

Strange is it to say, but no less true, that though Eugénie de Menancourt and Huon de St. Réal had both longed for such a moment of calm and unobserved communion, the approach of a third person was, at that moment, a relief to both. Nor was the manner of Madame de Montpensier at all calculated to lessen that sensation: it was the same which she had assumed in the morning towards St. Réal, and which she had found succeed so well, that she determined not to abandon it till he had quitted Paris. She was, perhaps, even calmer and more tranquil in her demeanour now than she had appeared before: for reading, with deep knowledge, the secrets of the human heart, she knew that such a demeanour was best in harmony with the feelings which she wished St. Réal and Eugénie to experience towards each other. Approaching, then, slowly and tranquilly, she welcomed Mademoiselle de Menancourt cordially, and then proceeded to speak of various indifferent subjects with wit and grace, but with very tempered gaiety, until the appearance of the Duchess de Guise, and then of the Duke of Mayenne, gave a different turn to

the conversation. Supper was almost immediately announced; and, during the meal, all passed in the same calm tone. Eugénie, for the first time in her life, thought Madame de Montpensier as fascinating in manners as she was generally reported to be; and although she could not help feeling, with a degree of discomfort, that the eyes of the princess were frequently upon her with an inquiring, or rather investigating, glance, yet the minutes went by more pleasantly than any she had known for many months. St. Real, too, felt the time brief and sweet; but, arguing from the costly apparel of the Duchess and her sister, that they were either going forth to figure on some more splendid scene, or were about to receive other guests at home, he judged that the moments allowed to such conversation as he then enjoyed would be but few; and he tormented himself by remembering a thousand things he wished to say to Mademoiselle de Menancourt, which he had forgotten at the only time when they could have been said.

At length the party rose; and, if the sound of rolling wheels, and shouting attendants, and trampling horses, augured true, the members of the house of Guise were even somewhat late in preparing to receive the noble guests who were invited that night to meet together in gaiety and splendour, though the morning had passed with many in strife and bloodshed, and though iron war was thundering with his cannon at the gates.

On the first signal of their design to quit the supper table, the attendants, who stood round, threw open the doors of the hall, and Madame de Montpensier, taking Eugénie by the hand, led the way into another chamber, which was already brilliantly lighted, and evidently prepared for some occasion of splendour, but into which, as yet, no one had been admitted. Passing through that and several rooms beyond, they at length approached a saloon, the door of which was open, and from which proceeded the busy hum of many voices; while various figures were seen passing to and fro across the aperture of the doorway, like the painted shadows cast by a phantasmagoria. Some of those guests, however, who watch for great men's steps, and observe their looks, soon perceived the approach of the family of Guise; and the words, "The Duke, the Duke! His Highness the Lieutenant-General!" pronounced by several voices within, created, for the moment, a brief bustle among the guests, and then the silence of expectation, till the party entered the room.

The number already assembled might amount to nearly fifty, of whom the greater proportion were officers and soldiers, either personally attendant upon the Duke of Mayenne, or eager to pay court to him whose fortunes were for the time in the ascendant. To them governments, commands, and the many military employments which gave profuse opportunity of squeezing a divided people, were attractions towards one at whose disposition were all the good things of at least one half the empire. The rest of the party who occupied the saloon were made up of the lower classes of the French nobility, male and female, principally the *noblesse de la robe*, with their wives and daughters, who, with the same views, though directed in a different line, sought to be amongst the first at the Hôtel de Guise.

Not long after, however, another class began to arrive, who, willing to associate with Mayenne, to partake of the influence of his good fortune, to share what he chose to delegate of his power, and to obtain for their younger children the various benefices in his gift, were yet desirous to distinguish themselves from even the democracy of their own order, by making the hour of their visit somewhat later, that they might not be confounded in the first rush of the subservient crowd. Last of all, as if in mockery of the pride of their immediate predecessors, came the fops, the coxcombs, the wittings, the debauchees of Paris, heedless of all interest but the dear first all-absorbing interest of their own vanity, and ready to laugh or sneer at everything and every body from the great Duke himself, down to the last new-made *procureur*, who claimed a right to bear arms and call himself *gentilhomme*.

On his arrival in the Hall, the Duke advanced and bowed round him with the dignity, and perhaps with a little more than the pride of a legitimate monarch. Though his eye had not much of the fire and energy which characterized that of his father and his brother, it was sufficiently quick and marking to observe in the room all those who are likely to be serviceable, either individually to himself, or, more generally, to the state; and to each of these he took care to address some word of more particular favour and encouragement. Some he passed with a mere inclination of the head; some he noticed not at all. Madame de Montpensier, however, though in her heart prouder than her brother, was one of those—of those few persons—capable of feeling the master passions of human nature in all the terrible energy in which they can display

themselves. Hatred, revenge, and ambition were, for the time, predominant in her heart: and these are idols to which, as to the Moloch of the Ammonites, pride will even sacrifice its children. Knowing and feeling that the meanest man present might accelerate or retard the objects of her desire, casting aside all her natural vanity, and all the haughtiness of her race, Madame de Montpensier mingled with the crowd, and—while her languishing sister, the Duchess of Guise, sat coquetting with her own particular admirers—she spoke with every one, smiled upon every one, and left each with increased prepossession in her favour, and renewed attachment to her cause.

As the crowd increased, and the rooms became full, the party separated into groups, classing themselves by the various standards of rank, opinions, wit, or tastes. For all, amusement was provided in case conversation should not be sufficient to fill up the time; and many took advantage of such arrangements to favour or to conceal the purposes and the views with which each came thither more or less preoccupied. In one chamber the dice rolled upon the board, while one of the most vehement players was every now and then seen to hold a brief conversation with various persons who came and went in the room. At other tables again, those flat, dull pieces of mischievous pasteboard called cards were dealt and played in solemn silence, except when some biting jest, or well-directed and premeditated sneer, found a hook to hang itself upon, even in so insignificant a thing as the foolish names assigned to different cards. Then, again, in a vast and brilliant hall beyond, music, of the sweetest kind, hung upon the air; while the dance offered its protection to every sort of scheming, from the soft business of innocent love, to foul intrigue and tortuous policy.

In the midst of all this, St. Real, in the simplicity of his heart, saw nothing but very innocent amusement. Eugénie refused to take a part in the dance; and, how or why he knew not, St. Real found himself generally by her side. Such a scene, of all others on the earth, affords the greatest opportunity of private communication; but, if the thoughts, the wishes, and the purposes of the speakers be not intimately known to each other, it may become the most dangerous place for such communion also. The half-spoken sentence is so often interrupted at the very point where it is the most interesting, and where it the most needs explanation—so much must be said in haste, or not said at all—so much must be left to fancy—so great is the treasure turned over to imagination—that he who plays with hearts should be very sure of his game before he ventures boldly in such a scene as that. St. Real and Eugénie de Menancourt conversed, at first, upon subjects of every-day import and of general reference; but there were between them so many stories of private feeling and thought, that, upon whatever topic they began, the conversation soon flowed back to matters in regard to which their own hearts were in unison respecting either the past or the present. They found it vain to struggle against the stream of sympathies that either sooner or later drew their communion apart from the things that surrounded them; and, as the evening went on, they more and more gave way to what they felt; endeavouring, indeed, to avoid speaking of their own sentiments in an individual manner, but still only covering their personal feelings under a thin veil of general observations. This veil, too, was so often rent by accidental interruptions,—the termination of a phrase which was intended to give it its general character, so often remained unspoken, that every minute, as it flew, left the hearts of Eugénie de Menancourt and Huon de St. Real with deeper and more agitating feelings than either of them had ever felt before: and yet, like all other people who have loved where it would have been wiser not, they were unconscious of what they were encouraging in their own hearts. Eugénie was agitated, but was not alarmed. St. Real was delighted, but only fearful, when he saw the eye of any one marking the close position that he occupied by Eugénie's side, lest it should be supposed that he was making love to her who had been promised to his cousin; but he never believed—he never even dreamed—that he *was* making love—that he was winning her heart, and yielding his own. The very efforts he had made that very night in favour of his cousin were sufficient to blind him entirely, and to lead him, like a general deceived by his guides, into the cunning ambush which the keen archer Cupid so skilfully lays for the advanced parties of the human heart.

At length, towards midnight,—that enchanted hour, when all the powers of the imagination, the fairies of the microcosm within us, are up and revelling in the greenest spots of the human heart;—at length, towards midnight, when music, and conversation, and gay sights, and happy faces all around, and

pleasant words, and the bright eyes of the sweet and beautiful, had left St. Real's fancy as excited as ever was Iaccus' self by the juice of the Achaian vine, Madame de Montpensier stood by his side; and laying the jewelled forefinger of her right hand upon his arm, called his attention while she said, "I have a message to give Monsieur de St. Real from my brother, who cannot detach himself from that group to speak with you in person, and who fears that you may be absent to-morrow, ere he can see you. I will not detain you one instant."

St. Real obeyed the summons at once, giving but one look, as he turned to follow Madame de Montpensier, towards Eugénie de Menancourt, and another towards a young cavalier, who hastened to fill up the place he abandoned at her side. The Duchess also gave a glance to each, and a third to St. Real; and then, with a smile, led the way across the ball-room, and through two or three chambers beyond, to the utmost verge of the long suite of apartments, which was that night thrown open to the public.

There, looking round her to see that she was unobserved, she paused, and turned towards the young cavalier. "Monsieur de St. Real," she said, in a calm, sweet, but impressive tone, "when you came to Paris, you came undecided whether to join the friends and supporters of the Catholic faith, or their enemies. I think that you have seen enough of us now to judge and to decide; and I have not the slightest doubt of what your decision will be; nay, what it is! But, setting all that apart, I have an offer to make you, which the noblest amongst all you glittering throng would give his right hand to hear addressed to himself. Mark me, Monsieur de St. Real! A woman's eyes are keen:—you love Mademoiselle de Menancourt! Nay, stop me not; but hear! Eugénie de Menancourt loves you! I, in the name of the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, offer you her hand. Take it, and be happy! Spare my brother a world of anxiety and difficulty on her account; spare her the pain of importunity; relieve her from the helpless exposure of her present situation; and make the loveliest creature of all France happy, in the protection of him she loves!"

Pausing for a moment, she gave one glance at the countenance of her auditor, and then added, "Say not a word to-night! but breakfast with me *tête-à-tête* to-morrow, when all difficulties and obstacles shall be removed for ever!" She turned away, and left St. Real standing alone in the room, feeling that the casket of his heart was opened to his own sight, and its deepest secrets displayed, never to be concealed again by any of the thin and glistening veils with which human weakness cloaks itself so effectually against the purblind eyes of self-examination. He cast himself into a seat, and for some minutes remained in bitter commune with his own heart, while the music and the dancing, and the gay society of the capital, were as unmarked as if they had not existed. Then remembering, painfully, that his demeanour had been already but too accurately watched, he rose, and, with a flushed cheek and contracted brow, returned to the chief saloon. As he approached Eugénie de Menancourt, however, he perceived that she was preparing to depart with a lady of high rank and advanced years, under whose especial care Madame de Montpensier had placed her. Eugénie paused as he came near. The crowd of gay gallants, who were pressing forward with the formal courtesy of the day to offer their services in conducting her to the carriage, drew back as he approached, as if already warned of the purposes of Mayenne in regard to the rich heiress. St. Real felt what was expected of him, and at once offered his hand; but it was with an air of restraint and absence that instantly caught the eye of her to whom he spoke. She gave her hand, and followed in silence as he led her through the rooms; but, as a turn on the staircase left them for a moment alone, her anxiety prevailed, and, with an unsteady voice, she said, "You seem suddenly unhappy, Monsieur de St. Real: has anything occurred to pain you?"

St. Real was not a good dissembler; and Eugénie had not dissembled. He heard in the soft, scarce audible, tone,—he felt in the trembling of the hand that lay in his,—he saw in the soft and swimming eyes that looked on him,—the truth of one part of what the Princess had said; and in his own heart he felt but too strongly the truth of all the rest. St. Real was not a good dissembler; and all he could reply was "Oh, Eugénie!"—but it was enough.

CHAPTER XXV.

ST. REAL entered not again the lighted halls in which the leaders and partisans of the League were assembled; but he paused for a moment in the open air, after the carriage which bore Eugénie de Menancourt towards her solitary home had driven out of the court-yard and passed away down the echoing streets. A momentary burst of artillery and small arms came, borne upon the wind, from a distance, as the indefatigable Henry of Navarre roused the Parisian Garrisons with an *alerte* from the side of Meudon: but the mind of St. Réal was too deeply busied with other thoughts for the thunder of the cannon to awake in his heart the martial and chivalrous spirit that lay within. The discovery which he had made of his own feelings was, in every respect, painful; and the insight which he had gained into those of Eugénie de Menancourt herself—although there is ever a sweet and soothing balm in the consciousness of being loved—was hardly less bitter. The idea of entering into rivalry with his cousin—of attempting to deprive one who confided in him of the hand of his promised bride;—the idea of seeking, or even receiving, happiness himself at the expense of that of Philip of Aubin, found not harbour in the bosom of St. Réal for one single moment. Deeply and severely did he blame himself for having suffered such feelings to grow up in his heart as the occurrences of that night had discovered to his own sight; and still more bitterly did he reproach himself for having allowed his feelings to carry him away as they had lately done. Even the degree of regard with which he saw that Eugénie de Menancourt looked upon him was an additional reproach; for he well knew that that regard could not have been obtained without conduct on his own part which, however involuntary, he looked upon as a betrayal of his cousin's confidence.

St. Réal was not a man, however, to waste upon fruitless regrets those powers of mind which should be employed in forming and executing noble resolutions. He grieved bitterly for what was past, but he grieved only with the purpose of shaping his conduct differently for the future; and, as he turned again to enter the Hotel de Guise, it was with the full determination of never seeing Eugénie de Menancourt again, till the fate of Philip of Aubin, as far as it was connected with hers, was fixed beyond all recall.

This resolution was joined with another, which rendered the first not difficult to execute. With all her art, with all her skill, with all her knowledge of human character, and with all her insight into that of St. Réal, Madame de Montpensier had over-reached herself. She had been able to comprehend and appreciate the simplicity and purity with which he was attached to Eugénie de Menancourt, without perceiving the nature of his own feelings; but the quality of her own mind prevented her from comprehending the deep firmness of principle which existed in his heart, and from foreseeing the means that principle would take to combat love as soon as ever the progress of the insidious enemy was discovered. The proposal that she had made to him had produced upon the mind of St. Réal an effect the most directly opposite to that she had intended which it is possible to conceive. The character of the Duke of Mayenne, St. Réal could not but esteem: there was a dignity, a generosity, a frankness about it, which, together with his splendid talents, commanded no small admiration; and, had St. Réal been convinced that his opposition to his King, that his bold rebellion, that even his connexion with a party, factious, turbulent, and depraved, originated in motives of patriotism and virtue, his views of the League might have been modified by his opinion of the leader, and his ultimate conduct determined by the judgment he might form in regard to whether that leader's efforts would, or would not, be ultimately beneficial to his country. In the course of that night, however, he had heard and seen enough to convince him that the passion of Mayenne was ambition, and that his object was his own aggrandizement; and the only hold, therefore, that the League could have had upon St. Réal would have been virtue, honour, and patriotism, in the whole, considered as a party.

The question, therefore with the young Marquis had now become, whether the League did, or did not, possess such qualities. At the Jacobins, on the preceding night, however, he had witnessed the means employed by those who were considered the holiest men amongst them to obtain ends which he could not doubt were treacherous and bloody: that very night it had been calmly proposed to him, as a bribe to attach him to the party of the League, to betray his cousin's confidence, and to gratify his own passions at the expense of his honour and integrity. In his examination of the city

during the day, he had seen the high and the noble demeaning themselves to court popularity by fawning on persons they despised,—an irrefragable proof that their own designs were base; he had seen the good and the just in the filthy and unsparing hands of villains and plunderers; and he had seen those who professed to be the ministers of a God of peace armed for the promotion of a civil war and the bloodshed of their fellow-creatures!

What, then, could be the result, he asked himself, when a leader, whose principle was ambition, took upon him to guide a fierce and lawless multitude, composed of nobles whose motive was selfishness, of priests whose spirit was fanaticism, and of a rabble whose objects were licentiousness, bloodshed, and plunder? The answer was not difficult; and, as he turned and mounted the staircase, amidst the crowd of lacqueys and attendants who stared at his thoughtful and abstracted demeanour without his noticing their presence, he determined to proceed to the royal camp as early as might be on the following morning, doubting not that, whatever might be the vices and the follies it presented to his sight, he should there find the path which led to his country's welfare, and, he trusted, also to his own peace of mind.

Passing the doors of the saloons, he proceeded to that part of the house in which was situated the apartments that had been assigned to him; and sending for his master of the horse, a common officer at that time, in the houses of the principal French nobility, he directed him to have everything prepared to quit Paris by daybreak on the following morning. The earliness of the hour which he thus appointed was not dictated by any apprehension that Mayenne would endeavour to impede his departure; but, his resolution being taken, and his opinion fixed by the most favourable view that could be afforded him of the party of the League itself, he wished to avoid, as far as possible, anything like solicitation; and he likewise desired neither to explain his feelings, nor reason upon his motives, in the conduct he was about to pursue regarding Eugénie de Menancourt.

His sensations, indeed, upon the subject were so painful in themselves, that St. Réal did not wish either to speak of or to dwell upon them. Arguing, with the usual simplicity of his nature, that, where our wishes and our duties are at variance, it is better to employ our thoughts in performing the duties, than to give them up to the hard task of combating the wishes,—in which combat they are but too often defeated,—he prepared to occupy all the energies of his mind in the attempt to serve his country, and to benefit to the utmost of his power the party he had determined to espouse, leaving his cousin to pursue his suit towards Eugénie de Menancourt as best he might, but endeavouring to serve him therein by pointing his efforts to nobler objects than had hitherto employed them, and by taking care that all he did should be placed in a fairer light than that in which the levity and somewhat vain indifference of Aubin had hitherto permitted his own actions to appear.

Poor St. Réal, however did not know how hard is the task—how painful, how continual is the struggle, to turn the thoughts of a feeling and affectionate heart from the objects of its first attachment, and to occupy, even in the busiest scenes and most stirring actions wherein other men find employment for their whole soul, a mind to which love has given its direction elsewhere. His first experience of what he was but too long to undergo, was made when he lay down to rest, on the night of which we have just spoken. He thought to sleep, to taste the same refreshing, undisturbed slumbers, which were so rarely absent from his pillow; but, alas! alas! how changed were all his sensations. The burning thirst for thoughts to which he would not give way—the consciousness that he was resigning for ever that which would have made his happiness through life—anxieties which he dared not probe, regarding the happiness of her he loved—self-reproaches, slight, indeed, but bitter, because they were the first he had ever had occasion to address to his own heart—and doubts respecting the conduct and vows of his cousin, which he now saw with eyes sharpened by love—all planted his pillow thick with thorns; and he tossed in feverish restlessness upon his uneasy couch, while slumber and all its wholesome balms were far away.

The sounds of music and of laughing, which to his saddened heart rang like the revelry of fiends, came in bursts up to his windows; and the roll of carriages, the trampling of horses, the shouts of torch bearers, and the murmuring hum of a thousand less vociferous tongues, poured irritating upon his ear, and set sleep at defiance. Gradually, however, those sounds died away, and that space of time which the citizens of the masterless metropolis called a day, and set apart for the

transaction of a certain portion of intrigue and faction, levity, sensuality, and bloodshed, came to an end. The bell of the neighbouring church, unheard during many an hour of turbulence and noise, struck two, and the whole world around sank into silence, if not into repose. Still, however, sleep came not to the eyes of St. Réal; and he lay and counted the moments till a new class of sounds began to be heard, announcing that the sons of toil were up and busy in the task of preparing luxuries for the sons of idleness and dissipation. At length, a faint rosy light was seen to glimmer through the open window, the indistinct forms of the massive furniture began to stand out from the gray darkness, and St. Réal started up more weary and fatigued with that one night of restless anxiety than he would have felt after weeks of watching in the tented field.

The first task, after dressing himself, was to sit down, and, with the writing materials that stood at hand, to indite a brief note to the Duke of Mayenne, apologizing for not waiting to make a more formal leave-taking. He did not, it is true, announce in distinct terms his determination of joining his arms to the other supporters of the royal cause, because he felt that it was within the bounds of possibility that circumstances might yet change his purpose; though, as he left the matter still open, he thought that had must be the scene presented by the camp of the Henrys indeed, if it could make him prefer the craft, the treachery, and the baseness he had beheld in Paris. In this respect, while expressing his high opinion of the Duke himself, he did not scruple to use language and to display sentiments which had already brought many a venerable and respected head low, amongst the factions and anarchy of the day; and having said enough to show which way his feelings at that moment led him, he descended to the court, and, mounting his horse, which, with his train, stood prepared for departure, he bade adieu to the Hôtel de Guise.

The streets of Paris now presented a very different scene from that which they afforded in either the full life of the risen day, or in the dregs of the evening. Few were the persons to be seen walking slowly along in the fresh, clear, unpolluted light of the early morning; and the long irregular perspective of the antique streets might be seen unencumbered by the many gaudy vehicles which obstructed the sight at a later hour. As St. Réal rode on towards the suburbs, indeed, one or two patrols of horse, returning from their night watch beyond the walls, passed him with tired faces and soiled arms; but, although, the numbers that composed his train were sufficient to have justified some inquiry, yet such was the confused organization of the garrison of Paris, and of the army of the League in general, that no one asked his errand, and he passed on uninterrupted to the gates.

Here, however, he was detained for some minutes, while the drowsy commander of the guard examined his pass and safe-conduct; and some suspicious glances were given to the apparel of his followers, who neither wore the black cross, nor the scarf of the followers of the League. At the end of about a quarter of an hour, however, he was suffered to proceed; and, as the position of the royal armies was not distinctly known to him, he directed his course towards Meudon, at which place it was certain that a part, at least, of the Huguenot force had shown itself the day before. Greater watchfulness was now apparent on the part of the League; and St. Réal was challenged and stopped five or six times within half a mile of the gates of Paris. At length, a wide green meadow by the banks of the Seine presented itself; and at the angle of this meadow and the road stood a solitary sentinel, covered with his cuirass, his salad or iron cap, and steel plates to defend the thighs. In one hand he carried his long musket, while with the other he held his coil of match, smouldering slowly between the finger and thumb, and only requiring to be blown to prepare it for immediate action. In the ground, just one pace before him, was planted the iron-shod stake, which, supporting a sort of two-pronged fork, afforded a rest for his long and unwieldy weapon in case of his being called upon to make use of it against any advancing enemy. Painted in front of his iron cuirass appeared the black cross of the League; and there could be no doubt that this was the extreme outpost of the garrison of Paris. It would seem, however, that he had no order to oppose the passage of persons coming from the side of the city; for, although he gazed attentively at the young Marquis and his party as they passed, he asked no questions; and St. Réal advanced along the road skirting the meadow, towards an extensive building that he saw at the distance of a quarter of a mile before him, and which bore every sign of being, what it really was, a religious house belonging to some order of friars.

Scarcely had he passed half the distance between the sen-

tinell of the League and the gate of the monastery, when a considerable body of horsemen drew out from behind some trees at the farther extremity of the field, and galloped towards the travellers with their lances down in somewhat menacing array. St. Réal immediately halted his men, and waited calmly for the approach of the strangers, who advanced at full speed almost till the parties met, without choosing to notice the peaceable demeanour of the young lord and his attendants. The moment after, however, they came to a halt; and two or three, riding forward before the rest, demanded "*Qui vive?*" apparently not half satisfied with the appearance of St. Réal and his attendants. The white scarfs borne by the leaders of this impetuous party sufficiently indicated to what army they belonged; and, replying "*Vive le Roi!*" St. Réal produced the pass he had received from Henry the Third.

"No game for us, this!" exclaimed he who seemed to be their chief, as he read the authentic letters of safe-conduct placed before his eyes. Good faith, Sir Marquis of St. Réal, we thought that Monsieur de Mayenne had roused himself from his bed full four hours before his ordinary time, and was sending out parties to take us by surprise, thinking that we were as laggard and sleepy-headed as himself. However, we will, if you please, form your escort to the next post, and beyond that you will find your way easily to the King."

St. Réal signified his assent, and, thus guarded, proceeded onward towards Meudon, conversing, as he went, with the leaders of the Huguenot party,—for the strangers were followers of the King of Navarre,—and gaining from them some knowledge of the real state and position of the royal armies. On the side of the two Kings he found a much greater degree of activity and military caution; and, notwithstanding the presence of the party he had first encountered, he was not suffered to pass the second outpost without a strict examination of his letters of safe-conduct, and was afterwards escorted from post to post by a small body of men-at-arms, until he had proceeded beyond the quarters of the King of Navarre, and had fully entered those of Henry the Third of France, who had taken up his abode, by this time, at St. Cloud. Here, again, the discipline seemed more relaxed; and St. Réal was suffered to advance without any further question, till, at the entrance of the neat little village of St. Cloud, he perceived a group of persons gathered together round the door of a house, from which, the moment after, issued forth his cousin the Count d'Aubuin, booted and armed, as if prepared to mount a horse that was held ready by a groom before the house.

"The lost one found!" exclaimed d'Aubuin, embracing his cousin as soon as they met; "the lost one found! Why, St. Réal, I had even now my foot in the stirrup to set out once more for Paris, in search of your fair person. But how has all this happened! Let me hear all; for you have had to do with the shrewdest heads in France; and his Highness of Mayenne, with his fair sisters of Montpensier and Guise, are well worth studying, if it be but to lay out a map of human cunning, in order to find our way through its tortuous roads in future."

As St. Réal returned the warm embrace of his cousin, there were sensations in his bosom that he had never felt before. It was not that any feeling of rivalry had diminished his affection for Philip of Aubuin, even by a feather's weight; but it was that, notwithstanding every wish to serve his cousin and promote his suit, he had unintentionally cast in his way a greater obstacle than ever; and, although conscious of his own virtue and integrity, he felt as if he had wronged him. The feelings that were predominant with St. Réal were not, as with the rest of mankind, concealed or distorted with laborious care, but on the contrary were always the first to find utterance; and he replied at once, "Oh! I will give you all that history hereafter; but I have somewhat of more importance to communicate." Thus saying, he entered the house with his cousin, who had led the way to some apartments apparently appropriated to himself, and demanded, laughing, "What now, Huon? what now? You rustic nobles see things in the capital with magnifying glasses, and think many matters of deep consequence, which to us, who see them every day, are, of course, every-day affairs."

"I trust you may think as lightly of it as you seem to expect," replied St. Réal: "but the matter is this:—Last night I saw Eugénie de Menancourt."

"Ha!" exclaimed d'Aubuin, instantly roused to attention; "what of her—where did you see her?"

"I saw her at the Hôtel de Guise," replied St. Réal; "supped with her there, and was near her afterwards, at the great entertainment given, as I suppose, to the partisans of the League."

"Indeed!" exclaimed d'Aubuin, somewhat moodily; "and what saw you then?—who fluttered round her!—who was favoured in their suit of the great heiress!—to which of his partisans does Mayenne propose to give her hand!—tell me all you saw!"

"I saw much," replied St. Réal. "I had an opportunity of speaking with her alone, and was near her the whole evening; so that—"

"Ay! doubtless, doubtless!" replied his cousin; "and were the favoured knight, beyond a doubt; and, probably, sweet Madame de Montpensier encouraged your suit, and Mayenne offered you her hand, if you would join the League—"

He paused; and St. Réal, somewhat astonished at the accuracy with which his cousin—partly in the random venturing of passion and ill humour, partly from a shrewd knowledge of the actors in the great drama going on at Paris—hit upon the facts as they had occurred, was silent for some moments also; till, seeing impatience flashing up in his cousin's eye, he replied, "You are right, Philip; such an offer was made me!"

"By the Lord! I thought so!" exclaimed d'Aubuin. "On my honour, this is right merry and good! and fair Eugénie de Menancourt, as timid as a young fawn, and as gentle as a turtle dove, may do more good service to the armies of the League than a whole regiment of reîtres, or half a dozen hot nobles of Provence! Why, the devil incarnate seize upon the man! he offered her to me in the morning, if I would join the League, and to you in the evening on the same conditions; and now, doubtless, Huon, if you choose to turn your horses' heads back to Paris, and call in your troops from Senlis, put on a black scarf, and sign the blessed union, you may to-morrow have the hand of the sweet heiress of Maine, and become a distinguished leader of the hypocritical League.—Ha! what say you to violating your cousin's confidence, and gallantly carrying away his promised bride? On my honour and soul, it were a worthy commencement, and would rank you high amongst us libertines of the court and the capital."

"You are angry, Philip," replied St. Réal, calmly, though somewhat sorrowfully; "you are angry, Philip, and without cause. Such is not the commencement that I intend to make, nor has it ever entered into my thoughts to do so."

"But what said Eugénie?" interrupted d'Aubuin, fixing his keen eyes upon him; "what said Eugénie to all this fine arrangement! Doubtless it pleased her well!"

"She said nothing to it," replied St. Réal, "because she never heard it; and, in regard to what you would insinuate of myself, my being here in order to serve the King in arms, is a sufficient reply, I should think."

"And are you here for that purpose?" demanded d'Aubuin, softening his tone. "Have you positively decided on joining the royal forces?"

"Positively," replied St. Réal, "If I find nothing here which would render the King's service perfectly insupportable."

"Then get ye gone to the court as fast as possible, Huon," exclaimed d'Aubuin, relapsing into the usual levity of tone which was fashionable at that time, even in speaking of the most serious subjects; "get thee gone to the court, and see all the vices and horrors it contains; for, till you have done so, I shall not know what you consider supportable or not. Yet, stay, Huon," he added, more generous feelings, for a moment, resuming their sway; "I doubt you not, my cousin—I know your nature, St. Réal, too well to doubt you; so let not your determination be influenced by me. I would trust you as fully with Eugénie in Paris, as if thousands of miles, or hostile armies, or wide flowing seas, separated you from her."

"You might!" replied St. Réal; "but, in the present case, my purpose is fixed. With the private vices of Henry the Third, or the vices of his court either, I have nothing to do, at least, as far as regards my public actions; and, if I see no reason to believe that my joining the League is absolutely necessary for the salvation of my country, my allegiance to my King is my first public duty, after the service of my native land. Yet, hear me a word more, in regard to Eugénie—"

"Hark, what a noise!" exclaimed d'Aubuin, turning towards a window that looked into the street. "Those dogs of Huguenots are always quarrelling with us cats of Catholics, and the distance between Meudon and St. Cloud cannot keep us asunder. Look, Huon, look! they will come to blows presently! See that fellow in the white scarf, how he is laying down the law and the Gospel with the bony finger of his right on the broad hard palm of his left hand. If he were the renegade, voluptuous fiery Luther himself, or the keen, fierce, bloodthirsty

Calvin, he could not argue the matter more eagerly. Now there, I warrant ye, goes the demonstration of the superiority of the *prêche* over the *messe*—the refutation of transubstantiation, and an utter condemnation of poor purgatory!"

St. Real had followed unwillingly to the window, wondering not a little—although his own ear had been caught by the turbulent sounds in the streets—at the levity of his cousin, who could so easily break off a conversation in which he had already shown such heat, and which St. Real himself felt but too deeply to be one of painful interest, in order to gaze upon a squabble between some rude soldiers. The scene which presented itself, however, soon obtained a stronger hold of his attention: it was evidently, as D'Aubin had divined, a quarrel between a small party of the Huguenot soldiers, who, serving under Henry of Navarre, had been quartered in the neighbouring town of Meudon, and a body of the Catholics, forming part of the army of Henry the Third, who seemed not at all disposed to show much hospitality in the streets of St. Cloud to their allies with the white scarfs. According to the usual practice on such occasions, two persons were more distinguished than the rest by vehemence of manner, loudness of tone, and fierceness of look; but behind the principal speaker on the part of the Protestants stood another of the same party, gifted with that dark and ominous look of silent determination which betokens, in general, a man more disposed to deeds than words. As the argument was evidently getting higher and higher, and the dispute was apparently reaching that point where strong blows are brought in corroboration of vigorous assertions, St. Real proposed to his cousin to interpose with that authority which their rank conferred, and which the number of their retainers, who were standing by enjoying the scene, enabled them to render effectual. D'Aubin agreed to the propriety of this proceeding; but he still continued to gaze out, more amused than affected by what he saw, till at length the more quiet personage, whom we have described as belonging to the Huguenot party, stretched forth a long arm from behind his more voluble comrade, and cut short a very vehement and vigorous tirade on the part of the Catholic soldier, by dealing him a blow on the side of the head that instantly stretched him on the bosom of his mother earth.

Swords and daggers were instantly drawn on all sides; and St. Real, waiting for no farther question, sprang down the stairs, followed by his cousin; and, calling upon the attendants to aid him, he interposed between the contending parties, thrusting his powerful form between the two principal combatants, and casting them asunder like two pugnacious curs unwilling to be separated. In the struggle, however, and ere D'Aubin and the attendants could come to his assistance and enforce order, St. Real had received a slight cut upon the face, which deluged his collar in blood; and his clothes suffered equally from dust and dirt, and the profaning fingers of more than one unclean hand. At length the tumult was appeased; and D'Aubin, after treating the contending parties to a witty harangue in praise of peace, turned away with St. Real, saying, "Well, well, Huon, now that you have had enough of fighting for your morning's meal, get you gone to the King, or he will be out for the day. He is not at the château, but in yon house with the large garden: you can scarcely see it as we stand; but, by the number of people I see gathering in that direction, I should suppose he was now about to set out. So hasten on, and you will find me here at your return."

"My visit to the King may well wait a few hours," replied St. Real; "and I would fain, Philip, conclude with you a conversation which can never be renewed between us without pain. I have got much to tell you—But, stay!" he exclaimed suddenly, as his eye fell upon the figure of a Dominican monk, who was slowly proceeding up the road, and had just passed the spot where he himself stood in conversation with his cousin; "but stay! I think I know that friar; and, if so, I must to the King in all speed!"

Thus speaking, and without waiting for any reply, he made a sign to his attendants to follow, and hurried on, after the Jacobin, on foot. The monk was proceeding slowly, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; and St. Real was by his side in a moment. One glance showed him the dull heavy features of Brother Clement, who had tenanted the neighbouring chamber to his own in the convent of the Jacobins; and the voices and the jugglery he had seen played off upon the wretched fanatic, as well as the effect which the whole had produced upon the object of those artifices, instantly came up before St. Real's mind, and made him hesitate whether he should not question him in regard to his errand at St. Cloud. The next moment, however, a gentleman, in whom St. Real could easily recognize a high officer of the law,—as, in those days, every class and profession had its appropriate garb—came up, fol-

lowed by some other people carrying papers; and, stopping the friar, as a person whom he knew, he held a brief conversation with him, and then walked slowly on by his side towards the dwelling of the King. St. Real, after a moment's consideration, paused, and beckoned to the dwarf Bartholo, from whose knowledge of Paris and its inhabitants he had already derived much information, inquired if he knew the name of the personage now walking forward with the monk.

"His name is La Guesle," replied the dwarf dryly: "he is the King's *Procureur Général*."

Such information was sufficient to remove from the mind of St. Real some part at least of the apprehensions which he had entertained; but, nevertheless there was a lingering suspicion that the Jacobin's intentions were not all righteous, which made him resolve to inform the King at once of what he had seen in Paris, and put him upon his guard against the machinations of his most insidious enemies. With this view, as he saw that the *Procureur Général* and his companion were proceeding exactly in the same direction as himself, he hurried his pace, and once more passed them. Making his way onward through the various groups of soldiers, courtiers, and officers, that were scattered thickly through the streets of their temporary residence, enjoying the fine sunshine of the early summer morning, he hastened forward towards the spot to which his cousin had directed him as the abode of the King, inquiring as he passed along which was the exact house amongst the many splendid buildings that St. Cloud then contained.

At length the abode of one Hieronimo de Gondi was pointed out to him: and, entering the court, the walls of which had concealed from his sight all the guards and attendants at that time waiting upon the sovereign, he proceeded to the great entrance, and mounted the steps which led to the first hall. Here his name and business were instantly demanded, and his reply transmitted through various mouths to the chambers above. While waiting for the King's answer to his demand of an audience, he was ushered into a side room, where some of the superior officers of the court were whiling away their daily hours of attendance. Some were playing with dice, and some at chess; but in all there was a fearful effeminacy in dress and demeanour, which made St. Real shrink from the soft and womanly things with which he was for the moment brought in contact. He was not destined, however, to remain long amongst them; for the next moment a page—fair and soft, and smooth-spoken, with jewels in his ears, and as much satin and lace upon his slashed doublet of sky-blue silk as would furnish forth a lady on a court birth-day—glided into the room, and besought the Marquis of St. Real to follow him to the presence of the King.

Ascending the broad flight of steps which led to the principal apartments above, St. Real first passed through the chamber of the Gascon guards, the same unscrupulous body which had served the monarch so remorselessly in the assassination of the ambitious but heroic Duke of Guise. Their harsh and war-worn features, shaggy beards, and affectedly rough demeanour offered a strange contrast to the soft and silken aspect of the rest of the court: but St. Real was soon introduced to a new, but not less sickening scene of luxurious effeminacy. Passing through an ante-chamber, in which lounged a number of creatures such as he had seen below, he was led into the audience room prepared for the King. Faint rose-coloured velvet formed the hangings of the walls, a number of green silk couches were placed round the room, and the whole air was so burdened with manifold perfumes, that St. Real, disgusted with all he beheld, felt actually sick at the compound odour that assailed him as soon as he entered. A number of personages stood round, dressed in all the gaudy colours of the rainbow, and each without the slightest spot or stain to be seen upon his glossy vestments. In the midst of them all sat a man habited, like themselves, with all the scrupulous care that folly can waste upon personal appearance. His hands and his face were as white, as soft, and as delicate as the satin lining of his cloak, except where on his cheeks appeared a faint delicate colour, like the hectic blush of a consumptive girl, but which, in him, was probably rather the effect of pain than of disease. He was speaking when St. Real entered: but it was none of his lords, or minions, as they were then called, who was so honoured at that moment by the effeminate Henry the Third. On his lap he held a beautiful, worked basket, lined with faint blue satin, and containing no less than four small dogs, neither of which exceeded in size a well-fed miller's rat; and to one of these, his favourite pets and constant companions, he was addressing some tender reproaches for the crime of having scrambled over the back of one of the others, in its unceremonious attempts to escape

from the delicate dwelling, which it would willingly have exchanged for a wooden box, and some clean hay.

St. Réal's bold step in the room, the sound of his heavy boot and jingling spurs, instantly caught the King's attention; and, looking up from his basket of dogs, he gazed over the person of the young noble, with a glance first of surprise, and then, apparently, of horror and disgust. The silken watchers of the King's countenance instantly caught its expression, and divined the cause.

"Good God, sir!" exclaimed one, interposing between St. Réal and the King, as if he feared that the young noble were about to assassinate the monarch; "good God, sir! is it possible that any one should present himself before his Majesty in such a plight! Retire, for Heaven's sake! you had better retire!"

St. Réal laid his hand upon his breast to push him back out of his way; but the minion, as the favourites of Henry the Third were named throughout France, shrunk back from the touch of the same stout doe-skin glove, with which the young Marquis had parted the contending soldiers in the street, as if a dagger had been at his bosom.

"I would not have intruded upon your Majesty," said St. Réal, "in a garb stained with blood as this is, had I not had something to communicate which I thought of immediate importance."

"Whatever you have to communicate, sir," interrupted the King, frowning, "must be told when you have changed your dress: I will hear nothing at the risk of being suffocated. The blood has nothing to do with the matter! I have seen more blood, and shed more blood, than you ever have, or ever will; but you bring in with you a whirlwind of dust, enough to choke up the lungs of any Christian king upon the face of the earth. Make no reply, sir," he continued, waving his hand; "make no reply, but leave the room; and when you have changed your dress, and appear in habiliments more befitting this place, I will hear what you have to communicate, but not before."

"As your Majesty pleases," replied St. Réal: but still, let me warn you of one thing at least—"

"Of nothing!" exclaimed the King. "Why, the very percussion of your breath shakes the dust from your cloak, till the whole air is dim. Away with him! away with him! Nevers, Joyeuse, Epemon, rid me of the sight of him! But gently, gently! Do not shake the dust off him: 'tis bad enough to be obliged to ride along the high roads, once every day, without having the high roads brought into our own audience chamber."

There was a determination in the look and demeanour of the young Marquis of St. Réal which argued something in his nature not pleasant to lay hands upon; and, consequently, the courtiers of the contemptible monarch took care not to enforce his commands with any rudeness. Nor was it necessary; for St. Réal, finding that any farther attempt, at that moment, to communicate to the King the apprehensions he entertained from what he had seen in Paris, would be vain, retreated from the royal presence without further question, resolved immediately to inform his cousin D'Aubin, and beg him to convey the bare intelligence to the monarch, or to some of his officers, while he himself changed his dress, and prepared to give more full and minute information.

Rejoining his attendants in the court, and looking eagerly round, as he quitted the royal residence, in order to ascertain whether the monk were still in sight, he turned his steps back again towards the house where he had found D'Aubin on his arrival at St. Cloud. It was not, indeed, that St. Réal could feel particularly interested in the fate of the monarch whom he had just seen, or that he thought the death of such a degraded being would be, at any other period, much to be regretted in France; but the young lord, acting upon general principles, which accidental circumstances never greatly modified, felt it his bounden duty to prevent, if possible, a meditated crime; and, even had it not been so, would have been extremely desirous of preserving the life of the reigning sovereign, at a moment when political and religious factions, personal enmities, and contending interests, convulsed the realm, and required no new brand of discord to bring down sorrows, desolation, and ruin, upon the people, the country, and the state.

Whichever way he turned his eyes, however, various groups of persons loitering about, without any apparent object, interrupted his view ere it could penetrate many yards. Nevertheless, the figure of the Jacobin was not to be seen; and, mounting his horse, which had been led after him, he proceeded as fast as possible to the dwelling in which his cousin had taken up his quarters.

PART I.—NO. 16.

He found D'Aubin surrounded by a large party of the gay nobility of Paris; and levity and merriment had so completely taken possession of every one present, that St. Réal could obtain no attention for the serious matter he had to communicate. Even his cousin himself, whom he knew to be full of strong and fiery passions, and whom he had seen that very morning moved by no light emotions, appeared now to have given himself up entirely to the idlest spirit of gaiety; so that all the effect which the tale that St. Réal had to tell produced, was loud laughter at the repulse he had met with from the monarch's presence, and advice to suffer Henry to deal with his friend the friar as best he might.

Somewhat offended, and still more grieved, at his cousin's conduct, St. Réal quitted him, promising to rejoin him in the course of the day; and, betaking himself to the small rooms, which were the only ones he could find unoccupied in either of the two *auberges* that St. Cloud at that time could boast, he hastily put off his riding suit, removed the traces of travel and contention from his person, and then, dressed more as became the court of a great capital than that which he had expected to find in a camp, he returned to the temporary dwelling of the King, bent upon executing his own right purposes, whoever might laugh or sneer. Henry had by this time, it would seem, considered the impolicy of alienating so powerful a subject, at a moment when the throne so much needed support; and St. Réal found a page waiting in the vestibule, charged, on his return, to deliver a sort of half apology for the treatment he had met with, and to conduct him immediately to the royal presence.

Led through the same rooms, St. Réal entered the audience chamber, which was still tenanted by the same personages, with the exception of the King himself, whose voice was heard in a cabinet beyond. The page, however, instantly proceeded to the door, and, throwing it open, announced St. Réal's return.

"We will speak with him presently," replied the King aloud; but the sight which met St. Réal's eyes through the open door made him once more cast away all ceremony, notwithstanding his rebuke of the morning. On the right of the monarch stood La Guesle, the *Procureur Général*, while at his feet knelt the very Jacobin friar whom St. Réal had seen in conversation with that officer in the morning. The monk seemed in the act of presenting a letter; but though that action, and his whole demeanour, seemed perfectly pacific, yet so convinced was St. Réal, from his previous knowledge, that the ultimate designs of the Jacobin must be evil, that, striding across the audience hall with the purpose of interposing, he had nearly reached the door of the cabinet, when one of the nobles in attendance stopped him for an instant, attempting to explain to him that the King would summon him when he thought fit.

"Of course, of course!" replied St. Réal, "but the king is in danger. See, see!"—And at the same moment the Dominican, as he knelt, lifted his arm and struck the monarch, what appeared to be merely a blow of his clenched hand. The King staggered back, however, exclaiming, "He has killed me!" And drawing from his side the long sharp knife which the Jacobin had left in the wound, he struck the assassin on the head as he was endeavouring to rise. Almost at the same time, La Guesle, drawing his sword, passed it through the monk's body; and the nobleman, who had so ill-timedly stopped the advance of St. Réal, sprang forward, crying, "The Monk has killed his Majesty;" and while the murderer was already falling under the blows of the King and La Guesle, drove his dagger into his throat and put a period to his existence. The other officers in attendance rushed into the cabinet in tumult and confusion; and, with an indecent excess of rage, cast the dead body of the Jacobin out of the window into the court. The courtiers, interested deeply in the life of their master, were thrown into confusion, terror, and despair, by the event that had just occurred; but Henry himself, at that awful moment, recalled all the courage and self-possession for which he had been distinguished in his early years, and showed himself far more tranquil and undisturbed than any of the party.

"Send for a surgeon," he said; sitting down and pressing one hand upon the wound, while with the other he waved back those who were crowding round him. "La Guesle, you have done wrong to kill the wretch. We might have learned who were his instigators; but let the room be cleared. Monsieur de St. Réal, I thought to have spoken with you, but it is impossible now. You said you had something to communicate; but if I recover, it must be told hereafter; if I die, it must be told to my successor."

"God forbid your Majesty should die at this moment," replied St. Réal, whose intended communication was now ren-

dered useless. "I trust that your wound will not prove serious."

"I trust not," replied the King; "but no one can say what, or how soon, may be the termination. Although I am inclined to think that the wound is not dangerous, yet in this body there may not be but half an hour of life. Therefore remember, lords and gentlemen of France here present, that should death be the result of this morning's bad work, Henry of Navarre is your lawful king! From the moment that my lips cease to breathe he is your king according to every principle of right and justice: the fundamental laws of the French monarchy make him so, and no power on earth can absolve you of your duty towards him. I only raise my voice to point out to my subjects what will be their duty when I am dead, and remember that this is my last injunction: but here comes the surgeons; and, once more, let the room be cleared."

The monarch's orders were instantly obeyed; and the cabinet, in which he had received his wound, was accordingly abandoned by all but the surgeons and his immediate personal attendants. The whole party, however, lingered in the audience chamber, and in the ante-room adjoining, breaking into separate groups, and each speaking low, but eagerly, on the event that had occurred, and the consequences likely to ensue. As St. Réal was not personally known to any one present, he was, of course, thrown out of all these small circles, and was proceeding through the rooms, in order to join his attendants and make his escape from the bustle, confusion, and tumult which were beginning to spread rapidly through the royal household, when a stout, plainly-dressed, middle-aged man, whom he had not particularly noticed in the crowd, laid his hand upon his arm, saying, "I think I heard your name mentioned as Monsieur de Réal."

"The same," replied St. Réal, bowing. "What are your commands?"

"My name is De Sancy," replied the other: "an old acquaintance of your father's. I would speak a word with you, but not here." Thus saying, he led St. Réal on till they reached the court, where all was in the same state of confusion which reigned above,—the gates closed, and no one suffered to go out. At the appearance of Monsieur de Sancy, however, the guards presented arms, and the porter threw open the grille for him and his companion to pass. A word, on his part, obtained the same facility for his own immediate followers, and for those of St. Réal; and, walking on foot down the road, while their horses followed, he spoke briefly to his young companion of what had occurred.

"The King will die," he said. "I see it in his countenance; and France will be thrown into a state of greater turbulence than ever. There is but one way to save her, Monsieur de St. Réal; and, if you inherit your father's heart and principles, you will not hesitate to join me in following it."

"May I ask you," demanded St. Réal, "what is the way to which you allude?"

"I mean," replied De Sancy, "boldness, decision, preparation, on the part of the friends of good order. You will see, Monsieur de St. Réal, that, as soon as the King is dead, the bonds which keep all these forces together will be suddenly dissolved. The greater part of the leaders will think all ties of honesty, loyalty, and patriotism at an end; and almost all will set themselves up for sale to the highest bidder, while many will join that party for which they have already a hankering. I heard, some time ago, that you were expected here, and I learned that you have a considerable body of troops lying near Senlis. Now tell me, supposing that the King were dead, in what light would you look upon Henry, King of Navarre?"

"As the legitimate successor to the crown," answered St. Réal, "and as my rightful sovereign!"

"Then you would be as well contented to fight against the League under a Huguenot sovereign as under the Catholic monarch, who has just met with such a fitting reward for his love of priests and friars?"

"A thousand times sooner," replied St. Réal, "if that sovereign be Henry of Navarre, my father's friend and my own,—honest and noble, if ever man was, and loving his country and his people better than himself."

"If such, then, be your opinions, Monsieur de St. Réal," replied De Sancy, laying his hand familiarly on his shoulder—"if such be your opinions, without a word more let us mount our horses, and ride over together to Meudon, to bear to the Bearnais, as they call him, the first tidings of all that has happened here, and to promise him our unbought support in case of need. I bring with me nearly three thousand sturdy Swiss; and you, I hear, near a thousand hardy Frenchmen. What say you? shall we go?"

"With all my heart," replied St. Réal, who, however brief had been the explanation, understood De Sancy's views and objects as well as if he had spoken a volume; "with all my heart!" he replied, "and we will ride quick."

Their horses were beckoned up; each cavalier sprang into the saddle; and, after a few words of direction and command to some of their attendants on either part, they galloped off towards Meudon as fast as their horses could bear them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEITHER St. Réal nor his companion spoke much as they advanced towards Meudon. The rapid pace at which they proceeded, and the still more rapid thoughts that were passing in the mind of each, left little room for conversation. Each, however, seemed so instinctively to appreciate the character of the other, that the few words which did occasionally pass between them conveyed far more, than much longer communication might have accomplished between persons whose ideas flowed in a less direct and straightforward channel. So rapidly did their horses bear them forward indeed, that but a few minutes elapsed ere they beheld the pleasant little upland supporting the village in which the witty but licentious Rabelais poured forth the biting and sarcastic torrent of satire that, however ill understood by after ages, has rendered his name immortal; and in which also he exercised all those clerical functions that were far less adapted to the character of his mind.

Coming from the side of St. Cloud, and bearing about his person those conventional signs which were understood to indicate an officer of the royalist party, Monsieur de Sancy, accompanied by his young companion, was permitted to go forward with scarcely any interruption almost to the gates of the old chateau in which Henry of Navarre had fixed his head quarters. Here, however, they were challenged by the sentinels; but, giving the word they passed on, and meeting with an inferior officer attached to that Prince, inquired if he had yet gone forth.

"More than an hour," was the reply; "but he may certainly be found with the advance guard at the *Pré aux Clercs*."

Without farther question, and somewhat mortified at the loss of time, De Sancy and St. Réal turned their horses' heads, and at some risk galloped down the steep descent; nor pulled a bridle rein, till they reached the large open plain called the *Pré aux Clercs*, which at this time offered a singular, and not unpicturesque exhibition. From the spot where the road which they followed entered the plain, the country lay flat and unvaried to the very suburbs of the city of Paris, which rose up behind, forming a dense back-ground of gray buildings, towering up one beyond another in the misty light of a summer's day. The open ground between was not exactly covered with multitudes, but was living with a hundred groups of gay and glittering cavaliers; while two strong bodies of infantry, and a squadron of horse, covered the several roads that led from that part of Paris to Meudon and St. Cloud. The groups of horsemen of which we have spoken, armed at all points, and, in general, bearing the old knightly lance,—some decorated with the colours of the League, some displayed those of the Catholic Royalists, and some carrying the white scarfs and sword-knots of the Huguenots,—were seen, now wheeling about the plain, endeavouring to gain the vantage ground of a party of opponents; now standing still, waiting in firm ranks the attack of a body of the enemy; now hurled in impetuous charge against the foe, and mingling in brief but desperate struggle; with the armour, and the pennis, and the scarfs, and the rich caparisons, glancing in and out of the clouds of dust that covered them. Every now and then, also, when any of the Leaguers advanced too near, the arquebusiers, who covered the roads, would keep up upon them a rolling fire from their levelled pieces; and occasionally some of the batteries erected for the defence of the suburbs would pour forth flame and thunder upon the position of the Huguenot infantry, though with but little effect.

About an hundred yards in advance of the foot, upon one of the few slight rises which the plain afforded, appeared a group, consisting of about twenty horsemen, principally distinguished by the Huguenot scarf, and taking no further part in the skirmishes which were going on than by every now and then detaching a messenger from their body, apparently to bear directions or commands to other parts of the field. At the

head of this group, armed at all points except the head, appeared Henry King of Navarre, with his fine, but strong-marked features, full of animation and excitement from the scene before him. St. Real was the first who remarked his position; and, pointing it out to Monsieur de Sancy, paused only till they had ordered their attendants to remain near the body of infantry, and then spurred on together to the spot where the monarch was watching the progress of the morning's skirmish—an amusement of which he rarely deprived his soldiery. Turning round as they came up, he welcomed St. Real with a look of surprise and satisfaction, and greeted De Sancy with a smile.

"This is unexpected and glad some, my good young friend," he said, grasping St. Réal's hand. "I heard you were in Paris; and, though your cousin declared you would certainly visit us ere you decided, yet, good faith! I thought the cunning of the League would be too much for you."

"It was, I believe, too much for themselves, your Majesty," replied St. Réal; "for I am not only here, but purpose to remain. We have, however, something of more importance to tell your Majesty, if you will give us your ear for one moment."

"Instantly," replied the King; and then turning to some of those behind him, he pointed with his leading-staff to one of the groups of skirmishers, exclaiming, "Some one ride in there, and bring out Rosny! The lad is mad with sorrow for the loss of his wife. *Ventre Saint Gris!* 'Tis a strange thing that what would make one man mad for joy, should make another man mad for grief! He will get himself killed now, in order to go to heaven after his wife; while there are many men who would almost go to the other place, to get out of the way of theirs. But ride in, ride in, and bring him out—tell him I want him! Now, St. Réal! now, Monsieur de Sancy! I am for you!"

Thus speaking, he rode on twenty or thirty paces in advance of his attendants, and looked first to Monsieur de St. Réal, and then to Monsieur de Sancy, as if requiring them to give him their tidings. The latter then spoke: "We have to communicate to your Majesty," he said, "an event that has occurred at St. Cloud, and which may be productive of great and sorrowful results,—which pray God avert!"

"Amen!" cried Henry; "but what is it, what is it?"

"This, my Lord," replied de Sancy. "About an hour ago, while Monsieur de St. Real and myself were both in the audience-chamber of his Majesty, the King was wounded severely by a Dominican friar, and I have many fears that the result will be fatal."

Henry made no reply, but gazed upon Monsieur de Sancy's face with a look of anxiety and horror. "This is ruin indeed!" he exclaimed,—“to be killed at the very moment that our united arms had so nearly seated him securely on the throne! This is ruin indeed!”

"I trust not, your Majesty," replied St. Real. "First, the King is not yet dead, and may recover; and next, even should he die, you, my Lord, have not only a righteous cause to support you, but a more fair renown. You would then be as much King of France as he is now, and many a subject who serves him unwillingly will draw his sword with joy for you."

"At all events, my Lord," said De Sancy, "whatever may be the conduct of others, and whatever may be the result of this most lamentable affair, your Majesty will find that two at least of the French nobles, without consulting or considering any other interest but that of their country, will be ready, should fate place the crown of France upon your head, to serve your Majesty with their whole heart and soul. I, for my part, engage at once to bring over the Swiss to your Majesty's service; and, if I have understood him right, Monsieur de St. Real here present will immediately move his troops from Senlis to your support."

"Without a moment's hesitation," added St. Real; "and if I have hitherto even entertained a scruple in regard to joining the royal forces, that scruple would not exist after your Majesty's accession to the throne."

"Thank you, thank you, my friends!" exclaimed Henry, grasping the hand of each, the one after the other, "this is noble! this is generous! But still let us hope that the calamity will be averted, which, by the death of the King, would cast amongst us a fresh ball of discord, when so many already exist. Still it is necessary for me to be prepared; but while I speed to St. Cloud, in order to learn, as far as possible, what is proceeding there, let me beg you, my friends, to converse over the matter with those you can trust, and ascertain upon whom I can rely,—who are likely to be doubtful friends, and who will prove open enemies."

St. Real and his companion promised obedience; and the King, after speaking a few moments with some of the gentlemen of his train, turned his horse's head towards St. Cloud, and galloped off. De Sancy and St. Real returned more leisurely, conversing over the event that had occurred, and its probable results.

"You, Monsieur de Sancy, and the King of Navarre also, seem to apprehend much more danger from the death of the King," said St. Real, "than I can conceive likely to accrue. Far be it from me to speak evil of a man who, even now, may be dying; yet who can doubt that in virtues as a man, and in high qualities as a sovereign, the monarch who has just left us is as superior to him who now reigns in France as light is to darkness! As a military leader, too, his renown is justly among the first in Europe; and with the sole command of the army, which is now divided, the affection of all that is noble and good in the land, and the warm co-operation of many of those who have held aloof from the present sovereign, he would surely be able to accomplish far more towards reducing the land to a state of tranquillity and subordination, than a king who is not only hated but despised."

De Sancy shook his head, with a somewhat melancholy smile, at calculations made upon grounds so very different from the motives which actuated the generality of men in the disorganized land wherein they lived.

"If every one were Monsieur de St. Réal," he answered, "If every one—I do not mean in France, but even in this camp and army—were actuated by the same pure and patriotic feelings as yourself, your calculations would be undoubtedly right, and the extinction of the line of Valois would be the signal for tranquillity and happiness to resume their place in our distracted land. But the men that we see around us are divided into many classes, and actuated by many motives. The Huguenots have among them one principle of action,—I mean religious fanaticism. But, taking all the rest of the united armies, I suppose there are not ten men of rank amongst us who have any general principle whatsoever."

"You give a sad picture of our countrymen, Monsieur de Sancy," replied St. Réal; "but if your view be correct, how happen such discordant elements to have adhered so long?"

"From causes as numerous," replied De Sancy, "as the men themselves. Some have adhered to the King out of gratitude for favours conferred, and from a knowledge that their fortune, almost their very existence itself, depended upon that monarch. Such are the minions, the favourites, the priests. Others again, of a nobler nature, have remained attached to the same party equally from gratitude for favours conferred, but without entertaining any further hopes from, or being bound by any tie of interest to, the King. Such is the Duke of Epernon, and such are many more. Others, again, serve the monarch because their own dignity and power are connected by various ties to his. Such are the princes of the blood. An immense number follow him only because, seeing the country split into factions, and knowing that they must attach themselves to some party, they judge that they can obtain most from the court; and, at all events, can sell themselves to the League hereafter, in case they find their first expectations disappointed. Many, too, have some individual object in view, which they may obtain from the King, but could not obtain from the League; and many serve the monarch from personal hatred to some one in the opposite camp. Monsieur de St. Réal, I could go on for an hour, and yet leave half the motives unreckoned by which men of different parties are actuated in every civil strife. All these motives are at work amongst us; and patriotism, depend upon it, comes in for but a very small share, when there are so many other greedy passions to divide with her the hearts of the multitude."

St. Réal was silent for a few moments, and thoughtful too; for in the picture of the manifold hues and shades of human baseness thus presented to his sight, there was something very painful to a mind accustomed to view the world in a brighter light. After having considered for a short time, however, letting his mind roam to more general thoughts, he returned to the immediate matter of their conversation. "I am sorry to hear," he said, "that such is the composition of an army from which I had hoped better things. But tell me, Monsieur de Sancy, will not the same motives which have hitherto bound them to the present king bind them also to his successor?"

"By no means," replied De Sancy. "In the first place, the difference of religion will be a great objection to many, and an excellent pretext to more. A thousand to one all the zealous Catholics will abandon the heretic monarch at once. Those who personally love him will seek to make him change his religion; those who love him not will leave him without any question. All who are already doubtful will seize this

favourable opportunity of going over to the League. All who are serving upon interested motives will demand place, preference, or promise, as the price of their future assistance. Of these—and I am sorry to say that at least one half of the royal camp is composed of such—of these there will be a general market—a buying and selling, as in the halls of Paris; and if the King cannot outbid the League, they will all go over together."

"Well, let them go," replied St. Réal. "By Heaven! Monsieur de Sancy, I hold that we shall be better without such false and doubtful allies. Our swords will strike more firmly, our confidence in ourselves and in each other will be redoubled, when the army is purified from such a nest of mercenary villains."

"Ah! my young friend," replied De Sancy, "you may make a good soldier; but you are not yet fit for a politician in this bad world of ours. Call them by some softer name, too, than mercenary villains," he added, with a laugh; "for, till you see the event, you do not know whom you may see amongst them."

St. Réal was silent; for his mind was not without some shade of doubt as to what would be the conduct of his own cousin in the event of the King's death breaking asunder all those ties which, for the time, united the incoherent parts of the royalist army together. However much St. Réal might love his cousin, and however much he might strive to conceal from himself the faults and failings which disfigured the character of the Count d'Aubin, he could not help experiencing a vague internal conviction that his actions were more the effect of impulse than of principle, and that there was not sufficient firmness in his character to restrain him from following where his passions or his interests led him, if to the path which he thus chose no very signal disgrace was attached in the eyes of the world.

He was silent then, and a few minutes more brought them back to St. Clôud, which exhibited all the usual marks of a small place in which some great event has happened. The eager faces; the gliding up and down of important-looking persons; the whispering groups at every corner, and at every house-door; the loud-tongued politicians, demonstrating to their little assemblage of hearers the events that were to follow, or the events that were past; and here and there the mercenary soldier, sauntering indifferently through the streets, and caring not who died, or who survived, provided that his pay was sure, and that the blessed trade of war was not brought to an untimely end.

Monsieur de Sancy and St. Réal drew up their horses at the first group of respectable persons they met with, and demanded news of the King. The reply was favourable: "the monarch was better," the people said; "the surgeons apprehended no evil; and the consequences of the crime had fallen upon the head of him who perpetrated it."

After receiving this answer, St. Réal and De Sancy separated, each well pleased with the other, and promising mutually to meet again before night, whatever might be the result of the events which had brought them first together.

St. Réal then directed his course up the road towards the small *auberge*, in which he had hired the only apartments that on his first arrival were to be found vacant in the village, and at which he had left a part of his attendants to prepare for his return. The door of the inn, like that of every other house in the place, was surrounded by its own little group, discussing the events of the time; and as St. Réal approached, he distinguished amongst the crowd his dwarf page Bartholo, together with the handsome Italian boy, who had been left in his service by Henry of Navarre. The young Marquis—whose mind was not of that indifferent cast which looks with philosophical coolness upon the dangers or un comforts of every person except its own particular proprietor—had been not a little anxious for the fate of the fair delicate boy amidst the troubles and perils of the capital and its environs, and was in no slight degree rejoiced to see him in safety in a spot where he could afford him protection.

Leonard de Monte sprang forward as soon as he beheld his lord, and welcomed him on his arrival, with all that peculiar grace which we have before had occasion to notice in his demeanour. There was something in his manner that expressed a willingness to serve and to obey; but, at the same time, it appeared to be the willingness of a free and generous mind to perform that which depended solely upon its own volition. There was a dignity withal in his tone and demeanour, that made his obedience seem a condescension rather than a duty; and yet, as we have said, it was all so cheerfully done, that St. Réal, although he felt more as if he were speaking to a friend or a younger brother, than to one who was bound to

obey, nevertheless did not feel the difference disagreeable, but rather looked with more interest upon a person whose demeanour was so superior to that of others in his station.

"I have had some fears for you, my good boy," said St. Réal, "since I heard that you had come hither to seek me."

"Oh, never fear for me, sir!" replied the youth, speaking with that confidence in his own fortune, which is one of the many happy deceits whereby the human heart beguiles itself to forget the weariness, and the difficulties, and the dangers of the long and perilous path of life; "oh, never fear for me, sir! In my short day, I have passed through so many scenes, where others have found every sort of danger and tribulation, without receiving so much as a scratch of my hand, that I begin to believe myself enchanted against peril: besides, I had the two stout fellows you gave me to accompany me from Maine; and if I had met with any danger, I should have left them to fight it out, and have slipped away, finding safety under cover of my littleness."

"Well, well, we must not try your fortune too far, my good Leonard," replied the young noble. "But come hither with me! Bartholo, seek me wherewithal to write; and bid Martin and Paul hold themselves ready to set out in half an hour to Senlis. Have you seen the Count d'Aubin?"

"I saw him not half an hour ago," replied Leonard de Monte, ere the dwarf could answer. "He was riding forth with a gay company to the *Prés aux Clercs*."

"That is unfortunate!" replied St. Réal; "I would fain have seen him. But hark! there is the drum beating to arms, and the clarions sounding a march! See what that may mean, Leonard."

The boy sped away quickly; and during his absence St. Réal proceeded to his own apartments, and wrote to the officer whom he had left in command of his troops near Senlis, directing him, in as few words as possible, to advance without loss of time to the distance of half a march from the royal army. Ere he had concluded, Leonard de Monte returned, and, in reply to St. Réal's eager question of what news, informed him, that an order had just been given out to put the royal forces under arms, as it was supposed that those who had instigated the attempt at assassination, not knowing that it had failed, would endeavour to take advantage of the confusion they expected to follow its success amongst the royalists.

"A wise precaution!" said St. Réal; "a wise precaution, marking that Henry of Navarre is in the camp, even if one did not know it from other circumstances. Now, tell me, Leonard," he continued, after having sealed and despatched his letter, "how long have you been here?"

"I reached Paris some five days since," replied the boy, "and waited two days there, in hopes of your coming; but, finding that you did not arrive, I grew anxious, knowing that there are wily men and unscrupulous of all parties in these places. Then, when you did not appear the third day, I set off hither to see whether you had been delayed against your will at the King's quarters; and ever since then I have been coming and going between the camp and the city of Paris, till I learned this morning that you were here."

"But were you never stopped at the out-posts," demanded St. Réal! "your pass extended only to the capital?"

"Oh, no!" replied the boy, in a gay tone; "I passed and repassed as often as I liked, and will do it again whensoever it pleases me. I have the secret of making myself invisible; and they must be sharper eyes than either those of the League or of the Huguenots that will spy me out to stop me as I go."

"Indeed!" said St. Réal: "that were a secret worth knowing."

"Easy to learn, but not so easy to practice," answered the boy. "I had first to consider the sentry as I came up to him; then, if I found him a Huguenot Gascon, to stop a quarter of an hour to listen to all the great exploits he had performed at Montcontour, Jarnac, or any other place; then—seeming to believe the whole—to tell him as great a lie as any that he told me, vowing that I was the truant son of some Huguenot lord, going back to hear Du Plessis Mornay preach against the Pope of Rome; and thus might I pass by without farther question. If, on the contrary, it were a royalist, I vowed I was King Henry's new page, and talked about Monsieur de Biron, and the good Duke of Epemon. If it were a Swiss, I boldly said, 'What is your price?' put the crowns in his hands, and walked on. And when I came back to the sentinels of the League, I had but to throw this toy over my shoulders," he continued, drawing a black and green scarf from the bosom of his vest, which, according to the custom of those days, was made very large and full, and often served the purpose of a pocket; "I had only to throw this toy over my shoul-

ders, and swear by the holy mass that I had gone out to kill the King, and would have done it, too, if I had not, by mischance, trod on the toes of one of his Polish puppies, and been turned out of the anteroom for that grave offence."

St. Real laughed. "You are a brave boy," he said, "and seem to know these people thoroughly—perhaps better than I do."

"Perhaps I may," replied the youth: "but still, call me not a brave boy, for that I am not; on the contrary, I am as arrant a coward as ever lived; so, if you intend to take me with you into a pitched battle, or even a skirmish, or so much as the siege of a town, you are very much mistaken, for I shall certainly lag behind."

"You jest," said St. Real, smiling; "for though you are too young to be led into battles, or to sieges either, yet you are one of those whereof, some day, men may make good soldiers."

"Not I," answered the boy, seriously, and with a sigh; "not I, my lord!—I have a vow against it. Faith, I think that heretic Du Plessis Mornay has converted even me; and I hold, that for hundreds of honest men to shed each other's blood, for the sake of making their favourite sit in a great ivory chair, wear a gilt cap with a tassel, and call himself king, is not only a folly, but a madness, and not only a madness, but a crime. Be not offended, my lord," he added, seeing a slight cloud come over St. Real's brow, as he listened to doctrines very different from those which his own bold and chivalrous heart entertained; "be not offended, nor doubt me either; for you may well rest sure that, should danger threaten you, or misfortune overtake you, when I am your follower, this heart—though not so bold as a falcon's—would find courage for the time; this hand—though not so strong as a giant's—should do its best to defend or aid you."

"I believe you in that at least, my good Leonard," replied St. Real; "yet, nevertheless, I have always held that life is valueless without honour, and that the drops of our heart's best blood can never be weighed against the service of our country, our king, or our friend. However, you are not my sworn soldier, so I shall not try you; and, to speak of matters whereon we shall better agree, tell me—for amongst all your wanderings, you must have heard—how go men's opinions upon the events that are taking place here?"

"Opinions!" cried the youth. "They go, my lord, as the waves of the sea. Looked at from a distance, and at first sight, they seem innumerable, and all distinct one from the other; but when one examines a little more closely, they are found to be nothing but one great flow of the same things, following the first that comes forward and dashes upon the shore. I know not well what the word *opinion* used to mean in the days of old; but now, I know it means the portrait of every man's selfishness, painted as he likes it to appear. One man has a strong desire to be Governor of Dijon, and he represents it under the form of a sincere admiration of the Catholic faith; another wishes to be made *Maréchal* of France, and he displays his wish under a full approbation of the murder of the Guises."

"It is wonderful," said St. Real, with a smile, "how soon, in the camp and in the court, the wisdom of the brow of sixty years, finds its way down to the curly head of sixteen! Do you know, Leonard, I have just heard this morning from Monsieur de Sancy the same fine sarcastic character of the good folks around me that you have given me now?"

"Then you have heard the truth from two people in one day," replied the boy gravely. "It is worth marking with white chalk! and, though you think that I ape the sententiousness of wiser persons than myself, you will find, that one who has lived amongst these scenes from his earliest years knows the characters that appear in the mystery as well as one of themselves. At all events, my lord, hope not to find Spartan virtues even in your dearest friend; or, if he do possess such jewels as patriotism, and firmness, and integrity, happy—thrice and fully happy, is he in this place; for nothing is so saleable here as virtue and a tolerably good reputation."

"Spartan virtue in my dearest friend!" said St. Real, repeating the words on which the youth had laid the strongest emphasis. "What mean you by that, Leonard? Tell me, are you frank and honest? If so, you have some meaning! Now, make it a plain one!"

The boy coloured a good deal, and, for a moment, seemed struggling between two emotions; but at length he replied, "I am frank and honest, sir, and I will make my meaning plain, feeling sure that you will not let my candour hurt me. When I spoke as I did speak, I thought of your noble cousin; for it is the common report of camp and city, that a large dower, and a lady's unwilling hand, will soon convert the Count d'Aubin from a bold Royalist to a zealous Leaguer."

It was now St. Réal's turn to feel troubled, and the blood irrepressibly mounted to his cheek. "I trust that the camp and the city are both mistaken," he replied at length; "and that Philip of Aubin, if he do change his party, which may, perchance, happen, will have nobler motives to assign than any selfish advantages. One thing, however, is certain, no lady's *unwilling* hand can be the object, for no man will or can force her inclination."

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "These are times, sir," he replied, "when men can do anything; but nevertheless—"

Ere he could finish his sentence, the door of the little saloon in which he stood was thrown quickly open; and, as so often occurs, the very object of the conversation which had just passed appeared, and put an end to any farther observations. The boy, indeed, coloured deeply, and glided out of the room; but St. Réal, whose consciousness of upright purpose and integrity of heart had restored his calmness and confidence in himself, turned to greet his cousin kindly, and prepared to speak with him upon the great events of the day, avoiding, as far as possible, those subjects which might renew any painful feelings between them. "I heard that you had gone to the *Prés aux clercs*," he said, looking at his cousin's dusty garb; "but you are not armed, I see."

"Oh, that matters not!" answered D'Aubin; "it is as well sometimes to show these gentlemen of the League that, in a velvet pourpoint and silken hose, we can overthrow their best cavaliers, clothed from head to heel in good hard iron. I had not time to arm, and therefore ran two lances in my jerkin, having promised to give a course to Duverne and Maubeuge. So the King is wounded, they say! You have heard of it, of course. Should he die now, Huon—should he die, 'twould make a great difference in men's fates."

"I do not see why or how," replied St. Réal; and then—not remarking that his cousin, whose very speech had been rambling and unconnected, suffered his mind to wander inattentive while he replied—went on to give all his reasons for thinking that the death of Henry the Third should make no earthly change in the conduct of any honourable man hitherto attached to the royal cause.

"Huon!" interrupted D'Aubin, at length, "I have been thinking over what passed between us this morning, and I have come to crave a boon of you. Your safe-conduct from Mayenne is not yet near its end; and I would fain have you make one more journey to Paris. As I said before, I would trust you with aught on earth, such is my confidence in your honour; and you have great influence with Eugénie de Menancourt. She esteems and respects you, which is a very different thing from love, you know: no woman loves a man that she respects—"

"Nay, nay, nay, Philip!" said St. Real, somewhat sickened with his cousin's conduct, and yet pained to remark the evident anxiety and distress which D'Aubin strove in vain to cover under a tone, half jest, half earnest. "Nay, nay, Philip! speak not thus of those who form more than one half of man's happiness or misery—speak not thus if you would ever win the love of those whose love is worth possessing."

"Pshaw, Huon! you know them not!" replied the Count. "Respect and esteem may be the foundation of man's love for woman, but not of woman's love for man. Fear, jealousy, revenge, scorn, even hate itself, are nearer roads to woman's love than respect and esteem. You may disappoint her wishes, contradict her opinions, insult her understanding, pain her heart, aye, even cross her caprices! and yet win her love, if you will but pique her vanity. But a truce to such dissertations. Mark me, Huon! I think you love me, and wish me well; and I tell you sincerely, it imports much and deeply to my peace and comfort, that Eugénie de Menancourt should yield me a willing consent."

"Not, I trust, from any pecuniary consideration," said St. Real, who entertained some vague suspicions that his cousin had outstepped even his princely revenues in the gay and thoughtless course he had pursued for many a year. "If so, speak at once, Philip, for you know the extent of my resources; and you likewise know, I trust, that those resources are your own, when you choose to command them."

"No, no, Huon!" replied the Count, while his brow and cheek grew as red as fire. "No, no! I thank you for your kindness, good cousin; but there are many causes which make it as necessary to me as life, that Eugénie de Menancourt should become my wife. Why, think," he continued, raising his tone, "I should become the talk and the pity of all Paris!—the laughing-stock of every friend I have!"

St. Real bent down his eyes without reply, merely muttering to himself the word, "Friend!" while his cousin went on. "What I wish, then, Huon, is this, that you would return to

Paris; and, seeing Eugénie, represent to her that my claim to her hand in consequence of her father's promise is indubitable; that I would sooner part with life than resign that claim; and that, in order to atone for aught I may have done to offend her, and to remove whatever objections she may have, I will change my course of living, cast from me those faults that appear so much blacker in her eyes than in those of our fair dames in the capital, and live a life as pure and holy as any nun was ever reputed to do, if she will promise at the end of a certain period to fulfil her father's engagement towards me. Will you do this for me, Huon, and exert all your eloquence?"

"Philip, it would be in vain," replied St. Real; "last night, I said all that I could say in your behalf—I promised even more for you than I well knew that you would perform—on my life, on my honour, Philip, I urged all that could be urged in your exculpation and in your favour; but she remained firm; and nothing I could say made any change in her replies. Your conduct, she said, had produced its natural effect; that effect was not to be effaced; her father's promise was conditional; and, free from any engagement herself, she was resolved, she said, never to give her hand to one who had not sought her affection, and did not—"

St. Real hesitated, but his cousin finished the sentence boldly for him, and then went on, "and did not possess her esteem, or deserve her love, or something of that kind," he said; "all that she told me before! It is but the ringing of the same chime! but by Heavens, it shall go hard if I do not find means to ring that chime backwards! Yet, listen, St. Real; yesterday, you were not empowered by me to say anything and therefore she might doubt. I now empower you on my part to vow constancy, and promise amendment, and so forth—will you undertake it!—will you go?"

"No, Philip, no," replied St. Real, in a tone of firm determination, "I will not; I love Eugénie de Menencourt too well myself, to cheat her with promises made in so light a tone as that—nay, frown not on me, Philip of Aubin, for you shall hear more, that you may never say your cousin deceived you. I refuse to go back to Eugénie to plead your cause, not alone because I believe it to be both a bad and a hopeless one, but, because I feel that it would be dangerous to my own peace; and might make me unhappy without serving you."

"Ho, ho!" cried D'Aubin, his brow darkening, "is such the case! Then I see somewhat more clearly how all this may end!"

"I trust you do," replied St. Real; "I trust from my conduct through life, and from my conduct now, that you may plainly see, what will be that conduct still."

D'Aubin's lip curled into a cold, unpleasant smile; but his brow did not relax, and he answered, "What your conduct may be, like all future things, must be left to fate; but I shall certainly take means to ensure myself against what it seems it might be. I give you good evening Huon, for I find it time to bestir myself! Farewell!" So saying, he turned upon his heel, and left the apartment. At the foot of the stairs he paused for a moment to speak a few eager words with the dwarf Bartholo, and then springing on his horse galloped back to his own abode.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LEAVING St. Real to meditate over the effects which his candour and honesty had produced, and to strengthen himself in his integrity against the bitterness of undeserved suspicion and reproach, we must follow the Count d'Aubin to his dwelling, and be his companion for the next few hours. Springing from his charger, he threw the reins to one of his attendants, ordered fresh horses to be held saddled in the stable, a change of dress to be instantly brought him, and eagerly demanded if no packet had arrived from Paris. The answer was in the negative; but still the Count proceeded to change his dress, apprelling himself with no small care and splendour, brushing the dust from his dark curling locks, and adding the fine essences that were then held a part even of the simplest toilet. Ere he had done, there was a sharp knock at the door of his chamber, and the next moment the dwarf Bartholo stole in, bearing a packet in his hand.

"I saw the messenger straying about the town," he said, "and knowing you would want this, I hastened to bring it hither."

"You see into my thoughts, and anticipate my wishes, good

Bartholo," replied D'Aubin, breaking open the packet, and running his eye over the words, of a regular safe-conduct from the Duke of Mayenne. "It is all right," he added, "though they limit me to four and twenty hours; but say, have you aught to tell me, Bartholo; for the day wears, and I am ready to set out. There seems matter in that face of thine.—Speak, man! speak boldly.—We know each other well."

"Your Lordship is kind," replied the dwarf, with one of his sardonic grins. "I would fain give your Lordship a piece of advice; but knowing from sweet experience, how advice is relished in this wise world, I wish to know whether you have any appetite for it."

"Yes, yes; speak boldly," replied D'Aubin; "I am as hungry for good advice as a famished wolf, and I am inclined to believe thee, just now, seeing that the hint you gave me not long since, concerning my simple seeming cousin, has proved but too true. He would act in all honour as yet, it seems; but we all know with what tiny footsteps love begins the course, that he determines, ere the end, to stride over like a giant: not that I think,"—he added, giving a glance to the mirror, and marking there as handsome features as ever that crowning invention of personal vanity reflected to the self-satisfied eyes of man, though the countenance he beheld might be somewhat worn with the strife of passions,—"*not that I think that, were it to come to rivalry, I should have to fear the result. But I would fain put it beyond all chances; so speak your advice, good Bartholo. If it suit me, I will take it; and if not—why it is but empty air.*"

"Ay ay," replied the dwarf, "empty air, and dust and ashes! Those few words are the history of the whole world—man's fame, and wisdom, and wit, and eloquence, and power, and strength, and beauty—empty air, and dust and ashes, are the whole!—so that brings me to my tidings, and to my advice;" he continued, resuming his ordinary tone. "You have heard of the King's wound, my Lord. Now, do not you be one of the fools who deceive themselves, and think he will recover! Take my word for it, he will die!"

"Nay; but the surgeons say," replied D'Aubin, "that he is already far better, and give many shrewd reasons to show that he is nearly well."

"Let them give what reasons they will," answered the dwarf, "do not you believe them. Why, my good Lord, do you think that your fair friend, the Duchess of Montpensier, or any of the holy and devout men of the Catholic union, are such fools in grain as to trust to a simple bit of smooth innocent iron to do the work of their hatred, while they have our dearly beloved René Armandi at hand, to smear the edge and the point with some of his blessed contrivances for shortening pain and making the work sure! No, no! my Lord; not more than two days ago, I was hanging about the gate of that very Jacobin convent from which this foul monk came forth, and I saw three people arrive to lay their heads together with the very reverend and respectable Father Prior, whose meeting told its own tale, whereof this morning's butchery is but the comment. First came Armandi the poisoner, next came the Duchess of Montpensier, and then came Wolfstrom the rogue; so be you sure, my Lord, that the King will die; and this very night, make your bargain so firm, that no one will dare to break it. To-night," he added, his lips curling with more cynical bitterness than ever, "to-night you may dispose of your assistance and co-operation at what rate you like; but if you wait till to-morrow, your merchandise will fall a hundred per cent., for the market will be overstocked."

The manner in which the dwarf put his counsels was certainly not the most agreeable; but D'Aubin was accustomed to his bitterness, and was willing enough to cull wholesome advice for the direction of his own plans and purposes from amongst the gall and wormwood wherewith good Bartholo seldom failed to savour his discourse. "I believe thou art right, Bartholo," he replied; "and as I am determined sooner to lose life itself than to be foiled, and made a laughing-stock, and held up to the scorn of all my companions by this fair-faced country girl, I must even make the most of my time, and bind Mayenne to his promises by ties that he cannot shake off. Thanks, then, good Bartholo, for your advice; I will be back before dawn to-morrow, and will reward you better than by thanks. In the meantime, keep a wary eye on all that is going forward here; and, both for ancient love, and for future advancement, bring me, as often as may be, a hint of other men's doings. And now, fare thee well—away to thy lord, lest he miss thee. But hark! there are the horses, and I go."

Thus saying, he threw on his hat and plume; cast a wrapping cloak round his shoulders to keep his apparel as much as possible from the dust; and, springing down the stairs, mounted his horse, which stood saddled at the door. Bartholo

watched him, as making a sign for his usual train of attendants to follow; he struck his spurs into his charger's flank, and galloped away in full speed towards Paris. A grim smile hung upon the dwarf's lips as he saw him depart, and muttering, "Ay! there he goes! to seek an unwilling bride, and for pure vanity to marry, neither loving nor beloved: but it matters not—my end is gained!"—he turned him back towards the abode of St. Real.

In the meantime D'Aubin galloped on hastily, giving the word as he passed any of the posts of the royal army, till at length, having got beyond the precincts of his own camp, he was challenged by the outmost sentinel of the League. Occupied with other thoughts, and giving way to the vehement impatience of his nature, the Count spurred on without reply; and the man, presenting his matchlock, fired without further ceremony. The ball whistled past D'Aubin's head; but, merely shaking his clenched hand at the sentinel, he pursued his rapid way, till at length he was encountered by a body of Mayenne's horse, who again challenged him, and obliged him to display his pass. More than once, ere he was permitted to enter the town, the same ceremony was observed; and, what between one delay and another, the evening sky grew deep purple, and then faded into gray, as he rode along, at a more cautious pace, through the streets of the capital.

Directing his course by the shortest way, he passed along through many of the narrow gloomy lanes of the Faubourg; and, crossing one of the bridges which joined the island in the middle of the Seine, he plunged in amongst that dingy accumulation of tall, dark, small-windowed houses, which lie behind the great cathedral of Notre Dame. In these streets, at the hour of which we speak, the twilight, which would have still been seen in the open country, existed not; and all was darkness, except where, here and there, citizens returning from their shops to their dwelling houses, or persons of a higher class going on some expedition of pleasure or business, were seen finding their way along, preceded by a lantern or a torch; and also where, before the hotel of some of the old nobles of the court, who still lingered in that quarter, were to be seen a few torches fixed in sockets at the door. It was to none of these more lordly dwellings, however, that D'Aubin took his way; but, at a door which stood open in a tall, unlighted, gloomy-looking house, he sprang to the ground; and, giving his servants some directions as to where he should find them in case of necessity, and some money where-withal to provide themselves their evening meal, he entered the house, followed by his page and one armed attendant, and began mounting, in utter darkness, the long, steep, narrow stair.

At the second story D'Aubin stopped, and, by the little light that found its way through a small lattice upon the staircase, he struck several hard blows with the hilt of his dagger against a massive unshaped oaken door, which stood on one side of the landing-place. Immediately after, a sound was heard within; and, the door opening, the Count was admitted, shading his eyes from the sudden glare of light, into a small anteroom or vestibule, where, stretched on benches or settles, were ten or eleven stout attendants, together with one of those large sort of vehicles which we are accustomed to call sedan chairs, wherein the ladies of Paris were very much accustomed, at that time, to go from house to house, and one of which we have already described.

The person who opened the door was a trim-looking serving man, dressed somewhat in the garb of an inferior burgher of the town; and, conducted by this personage, D'Aubin was led on, leaving his groom behind him, but followed by the page. The next chamber into which he was led presented a different aspect, being a small octagon room, with the ceiling of black oak exquisitely carved, the walls beautifully painted and gilt, and the furniture as rich and elegant as the art and taste of that day could produce.

Here D'Aubin was met by no less a personage than Armandi, the perfumer, who, bowing low and reverently, welcomed him to his house, and then led him on through several chambers, each more tastefully decorated than the other, into one where eastern luxury itself was outdone, and where Madame de Montpensier was waiting the guest she had invited there to supper. Strange as it may seem that the highest and noblest in such a capital as Paris should abandon their own convenient and splendid dwellings, to make these little parties at the houses of inferior, and often of very base and dishonourable persons, yet the custom was not restricted to this period of French history, but even to the succeeding reigns the monarch himself was frequently known thus to indulge; and the custom, which was begun probably with political views, or for the sake of a temporary relaxation from

the fetters of state, was found to be too convenient for a debauched court to be readily abandoned.

"True to your appointment, most noble Count," said the Duchess. "I augur, from your punctuality, that all goes well and happily with the heretics and tyrants beyond the walls, so that they can spare the services of so gallant a cavalier as the Count d'Aubin."

"The fact is, most beautiful Lady Catherine," replied D'Aubin, whose plan was already fixed,—"the fact is, their Majesties are waiting till the day after to-morrow, ere they begin serious operations against the city; for, first, with that brilliant forgetfulness which characterizes great men, they did not remember till yesterday that fifteen hundred cannon balls are hardly enough to begin a regular bombardment; and, secondly, they wished that my worthy cousin should bring up his troops on the side of St. Denis, in order to straiten you a little in your diet, as they are resolved, absolutely, to try whether your stomachs are not like that of the ostrich, and capable of digesting mere iron in default of other food. They must therefore wait a day to give time for casting bullets and marching men."

D'Aubin spoke with so much of his ordinary levity of tone, that he left Madame de Montpensier still doubtful whether he spoke in earnest or in jest, whether he was saying what was really the case, or from some particular motive was endeavouring to deceive her.

"You seem in a mood for revelations to-night," she said. "Thank you for your warning, Monsieur d'Aubin, we shall be upon our guard; but whether the two kings will thank you for telling us, remains to be proved."

"I care very little whether they thank me or not," replied D'Aubin; "besides, what I have said can do you no good, and them no harm, otherwise I should not have told it. You are here in a net, fair lady; and you must employ some other means to get yourself free than those you have hitherto employed, or depend upon it the fisherman will put in his hand and take you."

"He may find that he has a shark in the net," replied Madame de Montpensier, "and be glad enough to let it escape ere it devour him."

"Well, we shall see," replied D'Aubin,—"we shall see. But oh! by the Lord, I had nearly forgot to compliment your Highness on your exploits of this morning. Has none of the Dominican come back to you yet?"

"None of the Dominican," replied Madame de Montpensier, with evident astonishment,—"none of the Dominican! What do you mean, D'Aubin?"

"I simply mean," replied the Count, "that by this time I thought your Highness might at least have got a leg, or an arm, or a foot, or a little finger of your martyr, to make a relic of; for it could scarcely be more than two o'clock when he was torn to pieces by the four horses.—No, it could not be more than two; for as soon as ever he attempted to stab the King, La Guesle ran his sword through him, and, almost immediately after, casting him out of the window, they tied him to the horses' heels, and tore him to pieces, in the little square down by the end of the bridge."

"Attempted to kill the King!" said Madame de Montpensier; but ill concealing, in her desire to hear more, her previous knowledge of the act that had been perpetrated,—"attempted! Then he *did not* kill him."

"Oh, no," replied D'Aubin gaily, and purposely affecting to laugh at her disappointment. "You do not think Henry is such a fool as to let himself be killed by a bungling Dominican. You should have sent our friend in the next room there, Armandi, or some other skilful, delicate, dexterous personage. Besides, dear lady, when you and Armandi and good father Bourgoins were consulting together, surely three such shrewd heads as yours might have fallen upon some better and more politic plan of getting rid of a bad king than that of trusting the execution of the act to an ignorant, clumsy, timid friar. Good faith! I should have thought that you might have even acted Judith yourself, and have delivered the land of our worthy Holofernes of St. Cloud."

Madame de Montpensier turned pale, and red, and pale again; and there was a quivering of her fine proud lip, and a flashing of her proud dark eye, which showed D'Aubin at length that he was urging her too far. As soon as he perceived it, he dropped the sarcastic irony which he had been using; and drawing nearer to her, he took her fair soft jewelled hand in his, and raised it to his lips. "Forgive me," he said, "for teasing you. I love not Henry of Valois more than you do—as you well know; and though I will not say that I regret your attempt has failed, yet I do believe that all knowledge of the share you had in it rests with me alone, and, be-

lieve me, my lips are and shall ever be sealed by this kiss upon this hand—except towards yourself.”

Madame de Montpensier gazed on him in no small surprise. “You assume things, sir,” she said with some hesitation, “which you have no right to assume.”

“Nay, nay,” replied D’Aubin, “say not a word, dear lady. I know the whole as well as if I had been one of your triumvirate at the Jacobins the day before yesterday, all the means employed, the vision of the angel, and all—”

“Either some one has betrayed me, or you deal in magic, D’Aubin.”

D’Aubin smiled to see her consternation; for although, by combining the information he had received from St. Réal with the hints that had been given him by the dwarf, and adding thereto his own knowledge of the parties, he had been able to form a very correct guess at the truth,—and although he knew the effect which vague hints of greater knowledge than one possesses, supported by one or two distinct facts, will produce upon a mind loaded with a heavy secret and apprehensive of discovery,—yet he had hardly calculated upon so completely deceiving such a shrewd intriguer as Madame de Montpensier, in regard to the extent of his information. “No one has betrayed you,” he replied; “nor do I deal in magic; but I have far greater means of knowing things that pass both in the city and in the camp than you suppose. What I have said just now I said but to tease you; and indeed, fair lady, you deserve somewhat worse at my hands.”

“Wherefore, wherefore! how so!” demanded Madame de Montpensier,—“how have I offended you, D’Aubin?”

“Why, I do think,” replied D’Aubin, “that considering all the old friendships which had existed between us, it should not have been you who attempted to mar my fortunes, and thwart my purposes. Did you not only last night propose to my cousin St. Réal to bestow on him the hand of my promised bride?”

“I did,” replied Madame de Montpensier boldly, recovering in a moment all her composure,—“I did, and I will tell you why I did so, Philip of Aubin. I saw, by your conversation of the day before, that you had irretrievably attached yourself to the party of the tyrant; and I consider the interests of our cause far before any private interests or friendships. I am resolved, and so I know also is Mayenne, that the hand of Mademoiselle de Menancourt shall never be given to any but a member of the union; and it was therefore that I offered her hand to your cousin, if he would bring his forces to our side.”

“Ah! but, lady,” replied D’Aubin, “how could you venture on such an offer, when your own brother, the very morning before, had made the same to me, and left me a certain time to deliberate and act?”

“Nay, of that I know nothing,” replied Madame de Montpensier. “Had I been aware of that, of course I should have acted differently.”

“But if you and your brother will play at cross purposes,” replied D’Aubin, “what surety is there that the promises of either will be kept? And observe the consequences of this sort of dealing! My cousin at once determined to join the forces of the King, told me the story, and thus well nigh changed all my views and purposes, unsettled my designs, and nearly determined me to take an oath of perpetual service to the kings.”

“Nay, nay,” replied the Duchess, giving him her hand, “but join us at this moment of our need, and Eugenie shall be yours.”

“Ay,” replied D’Aubin; “but I must have some better security than mere promises.”

“Surely you do not doubt me,” said Madame de Montpensier, “when I most solemnly declare—”

“Declare nothing, dear lady,” replied D’Aubin; “I doubt nobody, but my resolution is taken. The hand of Eugenie de Menancourt must be promised to me this night, under the hand and seal of his Highness of Mayenne, as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom; or when I return to the camp to-morrow, I pledge myself, in the most solemn terms, to serve the Kings of France and Navarre, till there is no such thing as a Holy League and Union in France. And more, I assure you most solemnly, that I will instantly send an order unto Maine to cut down remorselessly every acre of my old forests, in order to raise another regiment for the service of the state. Now, mark me, lady! mark me well! In doing this I know what I am doing; for, if you cannot obtain this written promise for me, it will be evident your brother does not intend that the hand of Eugenie should be mine, and I have no other means to obtain it, but the capture of Paris and the destruction of the League. It will be therefore well worth my while to sa-

crifice everything to swell the ranks of the royal forces, in order to insure success.”

“Well, well, say no more, say no more,” replied Madame de Montpensier; “the promise you shall have, if I have any influence with Mayenne; and besides you say he voluntarily made it himself, and therefore he will not hesitate to write it. But tell me what are the terms in which this promise is to be couched,—you mean him to promise you her hand, if she herself consents?”

“No, no,” replied D’Aubin; “I will leave no hold for after-tampering and intrigue by any party. But,” seeing a cloud come over the brow of Madame de Montpensier at his intemperate words, “I mean not any offence to you, dear lady. Others may tamper—there are others may intrigue, and may delay her consent and our union so long that my views in favour of the League itself may be overthrown. The moment that the hand of Eugenie is mine, I will raise for the service of the Duke all the retainers of the house of Menancourt who are now either lying idle, or swelling the ranks of the royalists. What I demand then is, that your brother—acting as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, as well as calling himself so, and consequently considering himself as the lawful guardian of all wards of the crown—shall promise me, without other condition than that in three days I subscribe the union and join my forces to his, the hand of Eugenie de Menancourt, which was promised to me by her own father.”

Madame de Montpensier mused for a moment; and then rising, she replied, “It shall be done, D’Aubin, it shall be done. The world—which Mayenne fears more than he will acknowledge—can say nothing against this act, for it is but a ratification of his father’s promise by him who now stands in his father’s place. Here,” she cried aloud, ringing a small silver bell that stood on the table before her, and which was instantly answered by the appearance of Armandi, “bring me ink and paper, René:—you shall write down the promise as you would have it, D’Aubin, and I will get my brother to sign it before you go; but make haste, for every moment I expect Wolfstrom to make our third at supper.”

“I too must be speedy,” replied D’Aubin; “for I must be back in the camp long before dawn, lest there be any tampering with my troops. They are all fresh, and new-arrived, so that I can do with them what I will at present; but there is many a shrewd head both amongst the Huguenots and royalists, and, not being too sure of my attachment, they may think to make sure of my soldiers.”

With his swift and gliding step Armandi soon re-appeared, bearing the writing materials which had been demanded, and D’Aubin proceeded to put down the brief promise which he required from Mayenne; but scarcely had he finished, when the leader of the reîtres made his appearance, and seemed somewhat surprised at the grave and business-like faces by which he was received.

“What is the hour, Sir Albert?” demanded Madame de Montpensier. “Has it yet struck nine?”

“The light, or rather the darkness, says that it is nearer ten,” replied the German; “and I heard the nine o’clock bell near an hour ago.”

“Then, I shall not find Mayenne till eleven,” replied the Duchess. “His clock-work habits have, at all events, the advantage of letting one know when and where he is to be met with.—Come, Armandi, is the table ready? We may as well fill the moments with something more real than poor thought.”

In a moment Armandi re-appeared, and with soft and courtly words informed the Duchess that the best refreshments which his poor house and inferior artists could prepare waited her gracious presence. Catherine of Guise and her two companions followed where he led; and, proceeding into another small cabinet, they found a table covered with what might well have merited the name of *cates divines*, if ever anything can be so called which is destined to pamper the most animal propensity of our nature.

Placing himself beside the Duchess’s chair,—while his own lacqueys and the pages of the guests served and carved the dishes, and poured out the wine,—Armandi, in his low, sweet tone, mingled in the conversation, descanted upon the merits of the various kinds of food, and read one of those lectures upon the mysterious art of cookery which persons addicted to the pleasures of the table are always well pleased to hear during their meals—stimulating their appetite for the good things before them, by exciting their *eating imagination* with pictures of unseen delicacies.

The exquisite fare, however, of which they were partakers, the choice and delicious wines that flowed amongst them like water, and even the culinary eloquence of Armandi, did not seem capable of rousing either Madame de Montpensier or

CHAPTER XXVIII.

D'Aubin from the thoughtful seriousness into which their preceding conversation had thrown them. Albert of Wolfstrom, indeed, ate and drank, and enjoyed to the uttermost, and showed his white teeth in many a grin at the thoughts of all the rare ragouts and savoury sauces which the Perfumer described; but his companions were grave and abstinent, and when the dessert was placed upon the table the Duchess rose.

"I leave you, gentlemen," she said, "for half an hour, trusting that you can amuse yourselves, at least for that time, without a woman's presence. D'Aubin," she added, turning to the Count, and marking a certain degree of stern anxiety upon his brow,—"D'Aubin, it shall be done!"

Thus saying she quitted them; and Wolfstrom looking to D'Aubin with inquiring eyes, as if for information regarding what was passing. But D'Aubin's countenance replied nothing; and the German, filling high a glass with sparkling Burgundy, exclaimed, "Come, come, Count, think no more of your mysteries with the lovely Duchess! Let us have the dice, and pass her half hour's absence pleasantly."

"With all my heart," replied D'Aubin; and there shot through his own bosom one of those strange dreams of superstition which are felt even in the present time, but which were much more common then. "I have cast my last great stake already," he thought; "but the dice will soon show me whether fortune favours me to-night or not!"

The dice were brought, a small table placed beside them, and Wolfstrom and D'Aubin shook the accursed boxes, and cast throw after throw. Fortune, however, *did* favour D'Aubin: he won invariably; and though the sums for which they played at that time were too small to make the gain or loss a matter of any consequence, yet the fancy which had taken possession of him made him rejoice more at the winning of a few hundred crowns than if he had acquired a fortune. His lip smiled, his eye sparkled, his cheek glowed; and though the time of Madame de Montpensier's absence was nearly double that which she had anticipated, D'Aubin found it not long or tedious, even under expectation.

At length she returned; and, without a word, laid down a paper on the table before the Count. D'Aubin ran his eye over the promise he had himself drawn up; and there assuredly, at the bottom of the page, stood Mayenne's name in his own handwriting, together with the broad seal of his arms.

What arguments she had used, what reasons she had assigned, what motives she had called into action, to obtain that signature, the Duchess did not tell, but gazed for a moment with a look of triumph upon the Count; and then, as her eye caught the dice upon the table, she turned with an air of gay indifference to Wolfstrom, demanding, "Well, Sir Albert! have you won the royalist's gold?"

"Good faith, no!" cried the German, throwing the dice into a water jar of rock crystal that stood upon the supper-table; "those little demons have played me false, and he has won six hundred of us good crowns of the League as ever were squeezed from a heretic Huguenot."

"Well, well!" replied Madame de Montpensier, "if the dice forsake you, turn again to the wine, Sir Albert; there is a resource for you in all time of trouble. Fill me yon Venice glass too; and you, D'Aubin, give me that sweet manchet,—for, to tell the truth, the thoughts of this encounter I was about to undergo in your behalf, Sir Count, kept me from supper."

D'Aubin gracefully spoke his thanks, taking care, however, to veil, in the circumlocutory ornaments employed in that day, all direct allusion to the nature of the service for which he expressed his gratitude. The conversation became gay and animated for half an hour; roamed to a thousand indifferent subjects, touching each with a momentary light, like a sunbeam breaking through the clouds of a windy autumn day, and skipping from point to point in the landscape as the vapours are hurried on before the gale; then, drooping for a moment, paused as if to breathe the wits of the gay little coterie. Madame de Montpensier took advantage of that minute to rise and depart; and D'Aubin, bidding his male companion "Good night," proceeded to call together his attendants and return to the camp.

A more strict watch was kept in the night than in the day; and, what between one halt and another, the dawn was beginning to purple the eastern verge of the sky, when the Count arrived at the spot where his troops were quartered. As he was dismounting from his horse, however, some one whispered a word in his ear; and, springing again at once into the saddle, he turned his horse's head, and galloped on to his lodgings at St. Cloud.

WHILE such was the conduct of the Count d'Aubin, St. Réal, whom he had left hurt, agitated, and gloomy, continued to pace his little chamber, giving way to many a melancholy thought. The more he yielded to reflection, the more he examined the state of his own heart, the more deeply and bitterly he felt that the deceit he had practised upon himself did not date from a late period, but had been of long existence. He remembered the pleasure he had felt in the society of Eugénie de Menancourt from his earliest days, in the sweet reciprocation of simple and innocent feelings, in the mutual communication of thoughts and sensations peculiar to the retired state of life in which they then passed their days. He remembered how much pain he had felt when her father, taking part in the troubles of the time, had removed for a short period from his neighbourhood; and he remembered how gladly he had heard that the hand of Eugénie de Menancourt had been promised to his cousin the young Count d'Aubin, inasmuch as that engagement was destined to bring her back to the vicinity of his father's château. He had calculated, simply enough, upon always regarding her as a beloved sister; and never for a moment having dreamed of any other feeling towards her during his early days, the idea certainly never presented itself after he was informed of an arrangement which he was taught to look upon as a positive engagement towards his cousin. When she did return to Maine, he greeted her with what he fancied brotherly affection; and though when he beheld his cousin apparently neglecting her, to pay devoted attention to the gay and sparkling beauties of the royal court, he felt a degree of anger and indignation on Eugénie's account, which made him devote himself entirely to her, he would have considered those feelings—had he thought of the matter in such a light at all—as the surest proofs that his inmost sensations towards Eugénie de Menancourt were merely those of a relation, inasmuch as, instead of feeling jealous of the attentions his cousin paid her, he was angry that those attentions were not more. Now, however, he knew the whole—he saw that the love he had felt had been early conceived, and secretly nourished; and the insight that he gained into his own feelings showed him that those feelings could never change, but would last in all their intensity to cause his misery through life.

While these thoughts passed in his mind, the time flew quickly by; and the meal which his principal attendants took care should be placed before him, was served and taken away almost untouched. Shortly afterwards Monsieur de Sancy visited him; and St. Réal, whose mind was not one to yield where it could resist, endeavoured to enter vigorously into every thing that could distract his attention from himself, spoke again and again of all the probable consequences of the events that were occurring, and endeavoured to gain a clear and distinct knowledge of the characters, purposes, and power of the various nobles forming the royalist party.

For the time the attempt succeeded, and his mind found some relief from the memory of personal sorrows; but the moment that Monsieur de Sancy left him, his thoughts returned to himself as bitterly as ever. As evening fell, he fancied that music might soothe his mind or distract his attention; and sending for his page, Leonard de Monte, he asked, "Did you not once tell me, Leonard, that you could sing, and play upon the lute? I am somewhat sad just now, my boy, and would fain hear a little music to while away unpleasant ideas."

The boy smiled with a peculiar expression, and replied, "Music!—I will sing, if you like—that is to say, if I can find a lute; but music, which will soothe the care, and refresh the mind fatigued by business, calm the turbulent thoughts of ambition, or soften the feverish pangs of sickness, is no antidote against sorrow, and is, they say, 'the food of love.'"

"Well, well," replied St. Réal, "let me hear your instrument and your voice; I must have amusement of some kind, for this night wears heavily."

"I have not my own lute here," replied the boy, "but the dwarf will soon find one, I warrant;" and, going out, he returned in a few moments, followed by Bartholo, carrying one of those sorts of guitars with eleven strings which were the principal musical instruments then in vogue. The boy struck his hand across the chords, and then pushed it from him to the dwarf, exclaiming angrily, "Take it from me, and tune it. Why give me a thing all discord, like that?"

"May it please you," replied the dwarf, with a look of humble deference which did not escape St. Réal's eyes, and which he had never seen assumed towards himself, "I did not know that it had been out of tune, or I should not have failed —"

"Well, well, take it away," replied the boy; and remaining seated on the spot where he had placed himself to sing, he leaned with his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his head upon his hand, and the dark shining locks of his black hair falling in linked curls over his clear beautiful brow and small graceful fingers. He seemed to be thinking over the song he was about to sing. At least, so St. Real read his attitude. But the tone in which the youth had spoken to the dwarf, and that in which the dwarf replied, had struck and surprised their common master, and he was about to disturb the page's reverie, by making some inquiries in regard to his previous history, when Bartholo again returned with the lute. The boy took it, and running his fingers through the strings, scarcely seeming to know what note he struck, produced, nevertheless, a wild plaintive wandering melody, which nothing but the most exquisite skill and knowledge of the instrument could have effected.

"There are few songs," he said, looking up in St. Real's face, "that are good to soothe sorrow; but I will sing you one of the battle songs of my own unhappy land, in which liberty begat anarchy, and anarchy strife, and strife weakness, till foreign tyrants made a prey of nations who knew not that military and political power are the children of internal union and civil order—a land which, from sea to sea, has been one vast battle field for ages past."

He paused, and seemed to give a moment of sad thought to the sorrows of his native country; then suddenly dashing his hand over the chords, he made them ring with a loud and peculiar air, so marked and measured that one could almost fancy one heard the regular footfalls of marching men, mingled with the sounding trumpet, and the beating of the drum. Then joining in his clear melodious voice, he sung of the dreams of glory and of patriotism wherewith the soldier on his way warns his heart to battle, and conceals from his own eyes the dark and bloody nature of the deed itself. Then, again, the chords of the instrument, with a quicker movement, and more discordant sounds, imitated the clang and clash of charging hosts; and the deep and frequent tones of the bass might be supposed to express the roar of the artillery, while still, between, came the notes of the clarion, and sounds that resembled the distant beating of the drum. At the same time the voice of the youth, in few but striking words, and, as it were, with brief snatches of song, called up the images more forcibly, and aided imagination in supplying all that the scope of the lute could not afford. Gradually, however, as he sung, the louder sounds were omitted; the imitation of the trumpet changed from the notes of the charge to those of the retreat; the strings seemed to rustle under his touch, as if from the hasty rush of flying multitudes; and then, with a sudden change of time, the music altered to a sweet and plaintive strain of wailing, while his voice took up the song of mourning for the dead.

Till that moment St. Real had no idea of all that music can produce. He had heard sweet songs, and what were then considered fine compositions; but this was something totally different; this was a painting addressed not to the eye, but to the ear; and that not with words, which, with laborious minuteness, describe insignificant parts, without conveying effectually grand impressions; but with sound which, rousing fancy's greatest powers at once, called up all the splendid pageantry of imagination to complete for the mind's eye the grand pictures that those tones suggested. The boy, too, as he sung, looked like one inspired; his eyes flashed and glittered; his voice rose and fell with every touch of feeling which his song expressed; and his hand seemed now playing amidst the strings, as if in childish sport; now sweeping them with all the fire and power of some mighty master of song; but ever with such perfect ease and grace, that it seemed a gift rather than an accomplishment. When his voice had ceased, St. Real sat rapt for one moment by all the feelings which the music had inspired; and then, gazing upon the youth, he said, "You are an extraordinary boy, and I must one day have your history, Leonard."

The youth shook his head; but then after a short pause added abruptly, "Perhaps you may, perhaps you may; but now while the lute is in tune, I will sing you another song—a song about love; and, without waiting for reply, he struck the chords, and began with a measure and a tone so different, as for a time to seem almost tame and insignificant, when compared with the wild and thrilling energy of the former music. But as he went on, there was a touching and melancholy pathos in the words and in the air which went direct to St. Real's heart, rousing feelings that he would fain have lulled to sleep, and overwhelming him with deeper melancholy than ever. So sad, so sorrowful did it make him,—so

completely did it master him and take possession of his imagination, that he could have given way even to tears, if there had been no eye to see him so unmanned.

The boy was still going on; but St. Real waved his hand, exclaiming, "Hush, hush! no more! It is too much for me!"

The boy looked up with a smile, saying,

"He that will not find
Ease when he may,
Leaves all joy behind
For ever and a day.

"Yet let him whisper
His own hopes at will,
So that no other
Blossoms he kill."

St. Real started, somewhat surprised. "You seem to know," he said, "more of me and mine than I fancied. I must hear what you do know, Leonard, and how you know it, before you quit me."

"Nay, nay, my good lord," replied the boy, still smiling, "look not so suspicious. Does it need a very shrewd guess to discover, or to fancy, when a gallant cavalier, like yourself, falls into sadness suddenly, as if he had caught some infectious disease, and then looks more dark and gloomy still, when one sings a simple song to him about love, and beautiful eyes—does it need a very shrewd guess to fancy that after all that same passion of love is at the bottom of the mystery?"

"But you spoke but now," replied St. Real, "as if you knew more than that, and made allusions that you could not have made unless you had known more."

"Faith then, my lord," replied the boy, "the man who compounded the old proverb I repeated, must have had a mighty skill in divination, to see what was likely to go on in your lordship's heart some hundred years after he had lived himself, and that it would serve a page at his need instead of a better answer—but yet the proverb is a good one," he continued, rambling on. "Good faith! I hold that no man has a right to make a woman love him, and then leave her for any whimsy whatsoever. I do not know much about these things, it is true, but I think that it is dishonourable."

"But suppose," replied St. Real, "that honour has some other claim upon him which calls him in a different way—what should he do then?"

"Why, methinks he should become an apothecary!" replied the boy; and then added, seeing St. Real's brow slightly contract, "what I mean is, my lord, that he should take the very nicest scales that conscience can supply to weigh out medicines for hurt honour, if he have got himself into such a scrape that honour must be injured either way. Or he may do the matter differently, and weigh in those nice scales, which is the heaviest sin,—to break a lady's heart; to leave her unhappy and cheerless during the long days of life; to doom her to wed one that she does not love, or perhaps hates; to have her reproaches and her sorrow to answer for at his dying day; or, on the other hand, to violate what he may think a claim upon his honour, which very likely priests and prelates, and saints and martyrs, and his own heart too, in the calm after-day of life, may tell him was no claim at all."

"And do you tell me that you speak thus from mere guess?" demanded St. Real. "No, no, my boy! You have some other knowledge; and you must give me an answer how it was obtained."

"Indeed, my lord," answered the youth, starting up and laughing, "I am tired, sleepy, and thirsty, with looking for you all the morning, and singing you two songs at night. So by your leave I will e'en go to bed and sleep; and I dare say before to-morrow morning I shall be able to make an answer, for I have not one ready made; and even if my wit should run low, I will away by cock-crow to the nearest *fripier*, and buy me an answer secondhand. One often finds one as good as new that has served twenty people before;" and seeing St. Real about to speak again with a serious brow, he ended with a gay laugh, and darted out of the room.

A momentary feeling of anger passed through St. Real's breast, and he half rose in his chair, determined to call the boy back and make him explain distinctly what was the meaning of the allusions he had made, how he had obtained his information, and to what length it extended. Brief reflection, however, caused him to pause and change his purpose; thinking that it would be better to take time to regulate his own thoughts, and command his own feelings, ere he questioned his page upon subjects so likely to awaken and expose unpleasant emotions in himself. Casting himself back into his seat again, he revolved all that had just passed; and his mind, reverting to

everything that was painful and distressing in his situation, fell into one of those sad and melancholy dreams which must have visited almost every one at some time of life, when the bright and brilliant prospects of youth are suddenly obscured by the dark and lowering clouds which precede the first storms of life.

However painful may be this mode of mind,—however desirous we may be of escaping from it,—however sensibly we may feel that the only relief we can hope is to be found in activity, occupation, and resistance; yet there is a benumbing influence in that peculiar state of grief and disappointment, which, like the fabled fascination of the serpent in regard to the birds it seeks to devour, prevents us from employing the only means of delivering ourselves. St. Real knew, as well as any one, that the occupation of his thoughts upon other subjects was the only relief he could hope for; but still he lingered on from hour to hour, no sooner attempting to turn his mind to other things, than falling back again into the same desponding memories of all that he cast away when he resigned the hope of ever seeing Eugénie de Menancourt again. Ere he was aware of it—for deep grief, like intense happiness, “takes no note of time”—the gray daylight of the early summer dawn began to pour through the open window. All had been long quiet in the town, the inns and cabarets had long been closed, and not a sound had for some time stirred in the auberge where he had taken up his quarters. But at length his reverie was broken by the distant sound of horses’ feet; and, rising from his seat, he almost mechanically proceeded to the window, and gazed out up and down the road. At first no one was visible, except a small group of guards at the gates of the Maison de Gondi, in which King Henry the Third had fixed his abode; and though they were apparently speaking together, the tones they used were so low that not even the murmur of their voices reached St. Real’s ear through the still, calm silence of the early morning. The next moment, however, the sound of the horses’ feet became suddenly more distinct, as, turning the corner of the road from Meudon, a party of five cavaliers galloped into the village. St. Real fixed his eyes upon them as they advanced, and instantly recognized in their leader Henry of Navarre.

The guards at the gate of the Maison de Gondi seemed, from the bustle created amongst them, not only to see the party, but to recognize the cousin of their monarch. The tidings of his arrival appeared to be passed on into the court; and the moment after, the soldiers and officers of the Scottish guard came pouring forth without any symptoms of their usual discipline and orderly demeanour. The King of Navarre perceived their approach; and nearly opposite to the window at which St. Real stood drew up his horse, which hitherto had proceeded at full gallop. Several of the officers of the guard instantly rushed forward, and cast themselves upon one knee at the stirrup of the King, exclaiming, “Oh, Sire! you are our king and our master!” and, at the same moment, one or two voices from the crowd pronounced, for the first time, the often repeated words, “Vive Henry Quatre!”

The King sprang to the ground, affected even to tears, exclaiming in a tone of unfeigned regret, “Alas! alas! is he then really dead!” Walking rapidly forward, he proceeded towards the royal head quarters, and entered the Maison de Gondi; and the news of Henry the Third’s death proceeded rapidly through the town. Every house began soon to pour forth its inhabitants; and ere the sun was well risen, all was bustle, and agitation, and confusion.

Although a feeling of reverence for that fearful thing, death, and the awe which an event of such magnitude might well inspire, repressed much of the noise which otherwise would have been heard; and though the eager consultations and busy rumour were carried on in no louder tone than a whisper, still it was evident, from every symptom displayed by the multitudes which now thronged the streets of St. Cloud, that the ties which linked society together were broken, that the foundations were shaken, and that not only the fabric of the royal army, but even the French monarchy itself, was wavering as if to fall.

After gazing out for a few minutes upon this scene with the feelings of a mere spectator, St. Real remembered that he himself had a part to act; and as the auberge, in common with all the other houses of the town, was by this time roused, he called for his attendants, and despatched a messenger to his cousin, intimating his wish to speak with him immediately. Then casting on his cloak, he went forth into the street; and entering into conversation with some of the inferior officers of the troops, he tried to gain some insight into the various feelings and motives by which the lower ranks of the royal army were actuated; and, wherever he

found it possible, endeavoured to give a bias to the wavering and undetermined in favour of that conduct which could alone save the monarchy and the country.

To every one whom he addressed St. Real was a stranger; and though his dress was such as became his station, yet his rank and character being unknown, it was not at all improbable that he would have met with insolence, if not violence, had there not been in his whole demeanour that mingling of frankness and dignity, of sincerity and of grace, which went far, not only to win and to persuade, but to command attention and respect. While he was thus engaged, the attendant whom he had despatched to his cousin returned, and informed him that the Count d’Aubin had gone up to the royal quarters; and, almost at the same moment, a hand was laid upon his arm, and turning round he beheld Monsieur de Sancy.

“A moment’s conversation with you, Monsieur de St. Real,” he said, leading the way towards the auberge. St. Real instantly followed, and on entering conducted the old officer to his own apartments.

“Is your mind the same as when last I saw you?” demanded De Sancy, as soon as the door was shut.

“Undoubtedly,” replied St. Real; “you cannot suppose I would change.”

“One can never tell,” replied de Sancy, smiling; “you will find this morning that more than fifty have changed since the same hour last night; and, to speak plainly, Monsieur de St. Real, your own cousin amongst the number. However, let us ourselves lose no time. The leaders are flocking up to the quarters of the late king, and many, I fear, will be the differences we shall find. Nevertheless, I hope that we shall still be able to make up a good party on our side, and perhaps we may shame a great many more to join us by taking a bold position ourselves, and letting the others see that they are not only contemptible, but weak. Will you come, for every moment is of consequence?”

“Instantly,” replied St. Real. “D’Aubin is there already.”

“Then there will be mischief going on,” said De Sancy; “for I have very sure information that your cousin has decidedly chosen his part. I do not fear to say to you, Monsieur de St. Real, that he is wrong, and that he knows it; and when such is the case, it is natural that a man should endeavour to persuade as many others to act in the same way as possible, in order that, at all events, he may shelter his own conduct from the odium of singularity.”

“Very often too,” replied St. Real, as they walked on, “when a man is determined upon a thing, and does not clearly know whether he is right or wrong, he strives to satisfy himself that he is right, by bringing over as many more to his own side as possible. ‘This I believe to be D’Aubin’s case; for his opinions on any points are never very fixed, and many is the time that I have heard him defend both sides of a question with equal skill.”

“Vanity, vanity, all that!” replied De Sancy, “and a most unhappy vanity too; for it has cheated many a man out of his honour and integrity, out of his own self-respect, out of the world’s esteem—ay, and even out of his hopes of heaven. But at all events, as apostates, whether religious or political, are the most vehement against the creeds they abandon, so we may feel sure that Monsieur d’Aubin, and all those who have cast off their loyalty, will have many a furious argument in store against the cause which they are quitting. Let us be prepared then to assert in words, as well as deeds, the ancient loyalty of the French nobility.”

“Of course, to the best of our abilities,” said St. Real; “but my voice can have small weight. Who is that going in?” he added, just as they reached the gates of the Hôtel de Gondi, the court of which was filled with guards and attendants: “I mean that stout, hard-featured man, who walks forward with as consequential a step as if the throne were his.”

“By my honour, if it be not his to take,” replied De Sancy, “it may be his to give; for if he act heartily with the King, there is little fear of the result. If he go over to the League, the clouds, which are dark enough already, will grow deeper still over our heads. It is Armand de Gontaut, Marechal de Biron. He is stopping to speak with the officer on guard. I will see if I can learn his determination; for he is so much in the hearts of the soldiers that one half the army will fall off if he fail us.”

Thus saying, De Sancy advanced; and, with an air of some deference, saluted Biron, who in return shook him warmly by the hand. He failed, however, in his object of gaining any insight into the purposes of the old soldier, though his questions were dexterously put. Whether at that moment

the Marshal had not yet determined upon any precise line of conduct, or whether he hoped to gain greater advantages by concealing his own views, he evaded De Sancy's inquiries; and then said abruptly, "A great number of our friends are assembled already in the lower hall to talk over all these affairs. If you are going to them, I will walk in with you."

De Sancy replied that they were about to join the rest; and Biron, after running his eyes with a glance of some attention and pleasure over the fine and soldier-like person of St. Real, asked his companion in a low voice who he was. De Sancy replied in the same tone; and the Marshal rejoined in a louder voice, "Indeed, indeed!—I knew his father too—I knew him well, in the time of my uncle, you know. Monsieur de St. Real, I am glad to see you here, and I hope—" But here the conversation was interrupted by an officer requiring them to give up their swords, a ceremony which the two commanders seemed prepared for, and with which St. Real, of course, complied without opposition. De Biron then again turned towards St. Real, as if to conclude his sentence; but ere he could speak, a young man, whom St. Real had remarked with the King of Navarre as he rode into the town that morning, came up, and after shaking hands with Monsieur de Sancy, drew Biron aside, whispered a word in his ear, and then passed on. The Marshal smiled, and from this slight indication De Sancy drew a favourable augury, saying to St. Real, ere the other joined them, "I think from that smile all will go well. That young gentleman is Rosny, an especial friend and adherent of his present Majesty."

By this time they had nearly reached the chamber in which the nobles of France, with the body of their late monarch lying in a room not very distant, and their lawful sovereign seated in the apartment directly above them, were deliberating what use they should make of the power which a foul and unjustifiable act of their common enemy had thrown into their hands. The table at which they were placed was nearly full, and Marshal Biron, with De Sancy and St. Real, placed themselves in a group at the end next to the door; while the Duke of Longueville, who was speaking when they entered, went on. He was a young man of a handsome and prepossessing appearance; but his manner was timid, and his elocution hesitating and difficult. He did not seem so much to want ideas as words, and appeared even to want words more from not having any confidence in himself, than from any other cause. He expressed shortly and confusedly the determination of himself, and of the little knot of princes and gentlemen by whom he was surrounded, to acknowledge the title of Henry the Fourth to the throne of France, and to serve him with their whole souls, if he would renounce the Protestant heresy, and reconcile himself to the church of Rome. If he refused to do so, the Duke continued, it would be for the gentlemen, in whose name he spoke, to consider whether they would not beg leave to retire from his service.

Apparently not knowing how to wind up his speech, he was deviating into one of those long and unmeaning tirades with which unskilful orators often attempt to let themselves drop by degrees, when he was suddenly interrupted by the Duke of Epemon, who said, somewhat sharply, "In your offers of service, my lord duke, I beg you to omit my name. I have much to do on my own lands, and have borne arms long enough."

"I will beg you to except me also," said the Count d'Aubin, who was sitting near the Duke of Longueville, and rose to speak as soon as he saw that Epemon had concluded. "I will not serve Henry King of Navarre, and I trust that my reasons are good ones. As a Catholic, I should think it treachery to my faith were I to attempt to establish a heretic monarch upon the throne of this realm. Therefore, if the King remains attached to the Huguenots notwithstanding the eloquence of Monsieur de Longueville, I cannot remain in his army; and if he be suddenly converted by the arguments of my lord duke, my faith in the miracle will be too small to assure me that it will last. For myself, gentlemen, I see no choice: if the King remain unchanged, he is a heretic; were he to change suddenly, he would be a hypocrite; and in neither case can I draw my sword in his behalf."

There was something sneering and bitter in the tone of the Count d'Aubin, which, though it made the Duke of Longueville, and others of the undecided party, hate him, and inclined them more than before to the service of Henry the Fourth, yet rendered others, even better disposed towards the monarch, afraid to answer; and, for a moment, there was a pause. Seeing that no one spoke, however, St. Real took a step forward to the table, and, without the slightest degree of hesitation, addressed the assembly, while his name passed from mouth to mouth, and many an inquiring ear was turned to hear what

one of the simple St. Real's would say, after the speech of the sarcastic Count d'Aubin.

"Gentlemen of France," he said, "my opinion, in many respects, coincides with that of my cousin who has just spoken."—D'Aubin, De Sancy, and Biron, looked at him and each other in astonishment—"My opinion," he repeated, "in many respects coincides with his; but, as is very often the case with us, my conduct will be the direct reverse. I think as he does, that to ask his Majesty to change his religion on a sudden change of fortune, were to ask him to become a hypocrite; and I should as soon think of requiring him to do so, in order to gain my services, as he would think of requiring me to abandon my faith to merit his favour. Let us be too just to do the one, and we may feel sure that he is too just to do the other. The claims of his Majesty, King Henry the Fourth, are known to us all. As the lineal descendant of St. Louis, he is king of this realm of France, unless some of his acts have been so black as to render him incapable of reigning. Now what have his acts throughout life been up to this day, but noble, generous, chivalrous, worthy to lead a nation of brave hearts upon the path of honour! And shall we attempt to pry into his conscience? Shall we demand that, by a sudden abjuration of his long-cherished belief, he should stain that honour which he has ever held so pure and spotless? The worst that the most zealous Catholic can apprehend—and none is more zealous than I am—is that a Protestant monarch should interfere with our faith. Let us not set him the example by interfering with his, and take for a guarantee of his future conduct the whole of his conduct that has gone before. We have, at this moment, two claims upon us—the claims of our country and our king,—both equally powerful on the hearts of Frenchmen, and happily both in this instance leading us in the same direction. Our first duty is to put an end to the factions which have torn this unhappy land, and left her scarce a shadow of her former prosperity,—to compel the rebellious to submission, and teach the ambitious to limit their expectations to their rights,—to bring back, in short, security, and peace, and union to France. This can only be done by bending all our energies to uphold the shaken throne, and with those good swords, which have never yet been drawn in an unjust quarrel, to open a way for our gallant and our rightful monarch to the seat and the power of his ancestors. This, at least, is my determination; and I trust that I shall see no one who aspires to honour during life, or glory after death, fall from his duty at a moment when the safety of his country and the throne of his king depend upon union, energy, and fidelity."

"Well spoken, on my soul," cried Gontaut de Biron. "Well spoken, on my soul! And if all here present act up to it, the monarchy is safe!"

"That at least will I," rejoined De Sancy; "for I hold that to propose any terms to his Majesty at this moment, when—encompassed as we have too fatally seen by assassins, surrounded by difficulties and dangers, and opposed by an ambitious faction—he comes unexpectedly to a perilous throne, were base and ungenerous indeed. Let those who will join the party of the assassin; my voice and my sword are ready for Henry the Fourth."

The speech of De Sancy was followed by one of those slight murmurs which betoken a vacillation of opinion in a popular assembly. Each man looked in the face of his neighbour; some smiled and nodded to the speaker, as if in approbation of what he had said; some frowned and bit their lips; some whispered eagerly to the persons next whom they sat; and the cheek of Count d'Aubin, as De Sancy denominated the League "the party of the assassin," grew as red as fire, while the veins in his temple might be seen swelling out through his clear dark skin.

There was a pause for a moment; but D'Aubin recovered himself quickly, and said, "Methinks the three noble gentlemen who, not deigning to take a seat amongst us, remain standing at the foot of the table, have not come here to deliberate, but to announce their determination; and if that determination were binding upon all the princes and nobles of France, it would become us to submit and break up the council; but as that is not exactly the case, I would propose that we should continue our consultations, without yielding more than due weight to the veto of Monsieur de Biron, the pithy sentences of the noble leader of the Swiss, or to the speech of my worthy but somewhat inexperienced cousin—a speech evidently got by heart."

"It is got by heart, Philip of Aubin," replied St. Réal, opposing to the sarcastic sneer of the Count d'Aubin a look of calm and dignified reproof. "It is got by heart; for it comes from my heart, and the actions of my hand shall justify it. As to my inexperience, what you say is true,—I am somewhat

inexperienced; and I would thank God for it, did I believe that experience would ever debase me to take advantage of a noble monarch's utmost need either to dictate terms which he could not comply with without dishonour, or to abandon his cause for a selfish motive or a weak pretext."

D'Aubin rose angrily from his seat, and, for a moment, it did seem that everything like deliberation was to be merged in anger and contention; but De Biron and the Dukes of Longueville and Epernon interfered; and after, in some degree, restoring order, Monsieur d'Epernon addressed the French nobles, and put an end to a meeting from which no good could accrue. "Angry words, gentlemen," he said, "can do no good, and are not at all required. We are not here to determine any settled plan which is to be binding upon us all; but each is as free as before to follow his own purposes and determinations. However, as the communication of our various opinions has produced some heat, I think it better that we should conclude a discussion which seems to be fruitless. Let each of us follow his own path. For my own part, though I do not draw my sword against the King, yet I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to fight the battles of an excommunicated monarch against my brethren of the faith."

Thus saying, he rose; and beckoning one or two of those on whom he could rely, into one corner of the hall, he entered into conversation with them; while the same conduct was followed by various other persons in different parts of the room.

St. Réal and his companions, however, did not remain long to witness this scene; for Marshal Biron laid his hand upon the arm of the young noble, saying, "Come, Monsieur de St. Réal; come, De Saucy! Let us to the King. It is easy to see that he will need the consolation and support of all that are faithful to him." Thus saying he quitted the chamber, followed by those to whom he spoke and two or three others; and, speaking a few words with one of the attendants, he was led on to a large upper hall, where Henry the Fourth waited the result of the deliberations which he was well aware were taking place around him; the nature of which he knew, and the termination of which he feared, but which he had no power to stop or to control.

Almost alone, with only two attendants of an inferior class stationed at the door, he was walking up and down the room in evident agitation. The moment he saw De Biron, however, he stopped, and gazed for a moment anxiously in his face; but the Marshal advanced at once, and throwing himself at the King's feet, kissed respectfully the hand that he held out to him. Henry instantly took him in his arms, exclaiming, "Rise, rise, Biron! Tell me what tidings you bear!" And at the same time he extended his hand to St. Réal and De Saucy, who knelt and pressed it to their lips.

"The tidings I bear your Majesty from below," replied De Biron, "are, I am afraid, not very satisfactory. Several, I fear, will fall off from your Majesty, and several will be but lukewarm friends."

"That I expect," replied the King; "but if you, Biron, stand fast by me, on your shoulder will I lean, and defy all the factions in France to shake me."

"Thanks, Sire, thanks!" replied De Biron, in his usual blunt tone. "Of my fidelity and attachment your Majesty need have no doubt; and I think," he added, "I think I can answer for the greater part of the troops."

"Then we are safe!" cried the King. "Then we are safe! What with my own forces, and those that you can bring me, Biron, the Swiss under Monsieur de Saucy here, and the fresh troops of Maine promised me by my young friend St. Réal, I will not fear anything, even though D'Aumont and his division go over to the enemy."

"I do not think he will, Sire," replied De Biron. "He is not the most active of soldiers, but he is an honest and true-hearted man. De Rosny told me but now that he was going to him, and I doubt not but, at the first word, he will come to join your Majesty; but it might have been better to have directed Rosny to speak with his officers, and bring them over too, for D'Aumont will never think of it; and besides—"

"He has not the whole hearts of his soldiers, like De Biron," added the King. "I thought of it, my friend, I thought of it, and begged De Rosny to see what could be done. But who have we here! Oh! our cousins of Longueville and Nevers; and Monsieur D'O too, whom we hope speedily to replace in his government of Paris, which has been ill-governed enough certainly since he left it."

As he spoke a large body of French nobles, headed by the persons whom he mentioned, entered the hall; and Monsieur de Biron and the others who were with the King, forming a semicircle on either hand, the gentlemen who had just arrived

advanced, and one by one knelt and kissed the monarch's hand. There was, however, a degree of gloom and coldness in their countenances, which betokened no hearty wishes for the welfare of him who had so suddenly been placed upon the throne. When they had all saluted the King, Monsieur D'O, the titular governor of Paris, advanced a step before the rest, and addressed the monarch in the name of all. His tone was respectful, and his words well chosen; but after proceeding to offer some faint congratulations to the King on his accession to the throne, he stated that the fact of his Majesty's adherence to the tenets of the Huguenots pained and embarrassed many who were his faithful subjects and sincere well-wishers; and he then proceeded boldly and unceremoniously to propose that the monarch should reconcile himself to the Church of Rome, and receive absolution for his past heresies, holding out but a half-concealed threat, that if he did not comply with this sudden proposal, the great body of the French nobles and princes of the blood would be obliged to withdraw from the royal army.

Henry heard him patiently and calmly; though for a moment, while he was making his somewhat extraordinary request, one of those gay and brilliant smiles, with which his countenance was so familiar on ordinary occasions, passed over the King's lip and chequered the gravity of his attention. "My noble cousins and gentlemen," he said in reply, "I confess myself not a little astonished to find that you, who are so strongly attached to your religion, should think me so little attached to mine. It is true my attachment is more a matter of habit than perhaps of reason; for, living as I have lived in the tented field, and spending the greater part of my time between the council chamber and the battle plain, I have had no opportunity of hearing discussed the merit of those questions which unhappily divide the one church from the other. Nevertheless I should think myself base, and—what is more to the purpose on the present occasion—you also would think me base, if for any worldly advantage I, unconvinced, were to sacrifice the religion in which I have been brought up. That, gentlemen, is impossible. But still I am not so foolish as to say that I will never abandon what is called the Reformed Faith; for, on the contrary, I will zealously and diligently investigate the merits of the arguments on both sides; and, if my conscience will allow me, will take those steps which I well know would be pleasing to the great majority of my subjects. Nevertheless this must be the work of conviction, not of interest; and I tell you candidly, that I must have, at least, six months to hear, and ponder, and judge, ere I can give you any determinate answer as to what my ultimate conduct in these respects will be. In the meanwhile, believe me, I love you all as my children, and will serve and protect you as such to the utmost of my power; and should there be any one amongst you who has the heart to leave his King at the moment his King most needs his service, let him go in peace, and not be afraid, for I will serve him still, as far as may be, even against his will."

When the King ceased, there were one or two amongst the group of nobles who looked as if they would fain have added something to the speech of their orator; and it was evident that the noble and dignified manner in which Henry treated their absurd proposal was not without effect upon any. Like all other bodies of men, however, there were those amongst them destined to lead, and those only fitted to follow; and the latter did not venture to act without the approbation of the former. Bowing in silence, then, the whole party retired, and were immediately succeeded by the Baron de Rosny, afterwards famous as the Duke of Sully, who approached with the Marechal d'Aumont. The latter at once, and with graceful zeal in words and manner, tendered his faith and homage to the King, and assured him that the officers under his command would present themselves within an hour to swear allegiance to their new monarch. He again was succeeded by another, in whom St. Réal instantly recognized the Duke d'Epernon, though he had changed his garb within the last hour, and now appeared in deep mourning.

The keen eye of Henry the Fourth at once read his purpose in the countenance of the Duke; and, preventing him from kneeling, he said, "Pause, my cousin, and think what you are about to do. We will excuse your bending the knee to-day, if it be not to be bent to-morrow."

Though fantastic, and even effeminate in appearance, D'Epernon was brave even to rashness, and by no means destitute of that calm and dignified presence of mind which approaches near to greatness. Gravely taking half a step back, he persisted in bending his knee, and kissed the King's hand, replying, "My lord the King! your Majesty's right to the throne of France and to the homage of your subjects is incon-

testable; and deeply do I regret that any circumstances, religious or political, should lessen that zeal which the nobles of France are so willing to display in behalf of their kings. But, to avoid all subjects which it would be painful for your Majesty to hear and for me to speak, I come to crave leave to retire for a time to my own lands, which have much need of their lord's presence. I am weary of warfare, Sir, somewhat anxious for repose, and my poor peasantry require protection and assistance."

"Well, cousin of Epemon," replied the monarch, "if you be really disposed to imitate the great Roman and hold the plough, my service shall not detain you; but let me trust that you are not about to reverse the scriptural prophecy, and turn the ploughshare into a sword in favour of new friends."

"I need no sword, Sire," replied the Duke, "but that which I lately proved beside your Majesty at Tours; and be assured that if it be not drawn in your service, it shall not be unsheathed against you."

"Well, well!" said the King with a sigh, "so be it, if it must be so. Fare you well, cousin of Epemon! and may the harvest you are going to reap have fewer thorns than that which is before me, I fear!"

The Duke bowed and withdrew; and Henry, turning to those who surrounded him, proceeded with a sigh, "Let them go, my friends, let them go," he said; "better a few firm friends, than a discontented multitude. On you I repose my whole hopes; but let us lose no time. My confidence in your judgment and in your affection is unlimited; and therefore I send you forth amongst the mingled crowd of friends and enemies which surrounds me in the camp, with no other direction or command than this—Do the best that you can for your King and for your country. Rejoin me here again in the evening, to let me know what has been done; by that time we shall have learned what troops remain with us, and shall be able to determine upon our future conduct."

All but the King's immediate attendants now took their leave and withdrew. Biron and D'Aumont proceeded instantly to their several quarters. De Sancy set off to insure that there was no tampering with the Swiss under his command; and St. Real, returning to his lodging, called his attendants about him, and ordering a certain number to mount with speed, prepared to go in person, in order to bring up more rapidly the troops he had left near Senlis. In the hurry and agitation of the last few hours, his personal situation had been forgotten; but as he was just about to mount his horse, the appearance of his page, Leonard de Monti, recalled to his mind both the events of the preceding evening and his own determination of questioning the boy upon that knowledge of his inmost thoughts which Leonard seemed by some means to have obtained. He had no time, however, at the moment to pursue such a purpose, and after commanding him to remain at the alberge till he returned, he inquired if the boy knew where the Count d'Aubin's forces were quartered.

"They lie under the hill at the back of the park," replied the youth. "Shall I show you the way?"

"Quick! get a horse, then, and come," said St. Real.

"I will run by your side, and be there ere a horse could be saddled," said the page. St. Real assented; and, proceeding in the direction which had been pointed out, he rode on, determined to make one last effort to recall his cousin from a path which he firmly believed would lead to dishonour.

When they had mounted the little hill, however, underneath which, as the page had said, the Count d'Aubin's troops had been quartered, nothing was to be seen in the meadow where their tents had lately stood but one or two carts of the country, in which a small party of soldiers were busily stowing the canvass-dwellings wherein they had lately made their abode, together with the spare arms and baggage of the larger body of troops just gone.

As St. Real halted and gazed, the sound of a clarion at a little distance struck his ear, and made him turn his eyes to the opposite slope. Over the brow of the hill, upon the road which led towards Paris, appeared horse and foot filing away with their arms glittering in the summer sun; and the distance was not sufficiently great to prevent St. Real from recognizing the retainers of the house of Aubin, joined to another body apparently little inferior in number. The step taken by his cousin was too decided to admit a hope of change; and bidding the boy, who was gazing steadfastly in the same direction, return to St. Cloud, he resumed his own path, and rode on with all speed towards Senlis.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WE must now once more change the scene, and lead the reader back into the heart of Paris, where, on the very morning which witnessed, at St. Cloud, the events we have just been describing, the Duke of Mayenne held a conference with some of his principal officers, and some of the leaders of the faction called the *Seize*. It was at an early hour, and he had already given directions for re-establishing in some degree the rule of law and justice within the city of Paris; which directions, though spoken with a tone that left no reply, were listened to by those whose power and fortunes were founded upon tumult and disorganization, with gloomy and discontented countenances.

"And now, gentlemen," continued Mayenne, turning to his own officers, "having taken measures to restore order to the city, it becomes me to adopt some means for preserving order in the camp. I have often reprobated in your presence the system of continual skirmishes and defiance which are going on in the *Pré aux Clercs*; and yet I hear that no later than yesterday evening a cartel was exchanged between Maroles and one of the adversary, called Malivaut, I think. The defiance given, I do not choose to interfere; but this once over, and I will permit these things no longer: we thus lose some of our best officers and bravest soldiers, without the slightest advantage to our cause."

"They have gained us a great advantage this morning, my lord," replied the Chevalier d'Aumale, who had entered just as the Duke began to speak. "That same *coup de lance* between Maroles and Delisle Malivaut has obtained intelligence for which your highness would have given a spy ten thousand crowns had he brought it you."

"How so? how so?" demanded the Duke of Mayenne. "Crowns are not so rife in our treasury, Aumale."

"Nevertheless you would have given the sum I mention," rejoined the chevalier; "but I will tell you, my lord, how it happened. Maroles and Malivaut met as appointed, and we stood back at a hundred yards on one side, while the enemy remained under the old oak where Malivaut had armed himself. As soon as the two were mounted, and the trumpet sounded, they spurred on, and both charged their lances well: the shock was smart, and Maroles was beat flat back upon his horse's crupper. I thought he was unhorsed; but somehow it had happened that Malivaut's visor had been ill-riveted, Maroles' lance struck it just at the second bar, drove it in, and entering between the eye and the nose broke sharp off, leaving the iron in the wound. For a moment we did not see that he was hurt, for he sat his horse stiffly; but the next instant, as he turned to get back to the oak, his strength gave way, and he fell. Maroles instantly sprang to the ground and made him prisoner, and both parties crying *truce*, ran up. A glance at his face, however, showed us that death would soon take him out of our hands, and, in fact, he spoke but two sentences after. The first was, 'Give me a confessor.' The next, 'I care not to live longer, since my king has been murdered!'"

"What! what!" exclaimed Mayenne, starting and gazing steadfastly on Aumale.

"Ay, my lord, even so!" replied the chevalier. "Murdered was the word; and we heard from the others who stood round that Henry of Valois died last night of a wound given him by a Jacobin the day before."

Mayenne clasped his hands; and, looking up, exclaimed, "Guise! my brother! at length thou art avenged!" And taking off the black scarf which he had worn ever since the death of his brother, the Duke of Guise, he cast it from him, adding, "So Henry of Valois is dead, the base, effeminate, soulless tyrant! But you have not told me how it happened, D'Aumale. Let me hear the particulars! Who ended the days of the last of those weak brothers! Was it one of his own creatures, unable to support any longer the daily sight of his crimes! or was it some zealot of our party, who ventured the doubtful act for a great object?"

The satisfaction which he derived from the event was so unconcealed, and yet his surprise at hearing it so unaffected and natural, that although those were days of suspicion, no one ventured to suspect, for a moment, that Mayenne had any previous knowledge of the intrigues which ended in the death of Henry the Third.

"Good faith! my lord," replied Aumale, "I can tell you no more than I have already told. The friends of Malivaut let out the secret, that the King had been stabbed by a Jacobin friar, and died of his wounds; but we could not expect them to enter into any minute particulars. I have still more good news, however, my lord. Ere I quitted the ground, a servant

of the gay Count d'Aubin came up, and besought me to obtain for his master a pass for the morning, adding, that by noon, D'Aubin, with seven hundred men, horse and foot together, would be at the outposts on the side of St. Denis, with the purpose of joining the Union."

These tidings did not appear to surprise Mayenne so much as the former; but he seemed well pleased, nevertheless. "D'Aubin is better than his word," he said, "both in regard to time and numbers. He fixed three days, but I suppose the death of Henry has hurried his movements. How comes he to enter by St. Denis, though? It is leading his troops a tremendous round! There surely can be no foul play, D'Aumale! Are you sure the servant was his?"

"Quite sure, my lord," replied Aumale, "for the fellow was once my own *ecuyer de main*; and, besides, he gave a reason for taking that round. 'The Huguenot army,' he said, 'was advanced as far as Meudon, occupying both banks of the river, and the ground as far as Beauregard; D'Aubin was afraid of being stopped, and having to cut his way through, if he did not make a *detour*.'"

"Nevertheless, Aumale," replied the Duke, "let us be upon our guard. Strengthen the posts towards St. Denis, and bid Nemours take his regiment to meet and do honour to the new comers. D'Aubin I can trust, for he plays for a great stake; but he has not seven hundred men with him; and though he may very likely have brought over some other leader to our cause, yet it is as well to be prepared, and to be able to repel force by force, if Henry of Navarre should present himself instead of Philip of Aubin."

Measures of precaution were accordingly taken; but at the hour appointed, the Count d'Aubin with one or two inferior leaders, who had joined their forces to his, presented themselves at the outposts of the army of the League; and once having placed their troops within the limits of the garrison of Paris, so as to be out of danger of attack, D'Aubin and his companions rode into the city, followed by merely a small train of common attendants. His reception from the Duke of Mayenne was as gracious as the circumstances had led him to expect; and the news which he bore of the doubts and differences in the royal camp not only removed from the leaders of the League every fear of attack, but suggested the hope of obtaining some striking success by assuming the offensive.

Mayenne, however, though a skilful general, and a bold, decided, and courageous man, was wanting in that great quality, activity. Much time was spent in preparation; and it was not till the third day after the King's death that it was determined to march a body, consisting of ten thousand of the best troops of the League, by a circuitous route to Meulan, and to take up a position in the rear of the King's army, thus cutting off his retreat upon either Normandy or the south, and exposing him, if he held his present camp, to be attacked at once in front and flank. The command of the force destined for this important expedition was divided between the Chevalier d'Aumale and the Count d'Aubin, whose skill, courage, and activity, were undoubted, and whose zeal in favour of the League, and against the royalists, was likely to be the more energetic from the fact of his having just joined the one and abandoned the others. The march was ordered to commence the next morning early; but late in the evening, when Mayenne, seated alone in his cabinet, was busily preparing his last written order for the two officers in command, the Count d'Aubin was suddenly announced, at least an hour before the Duke expected him. He was instantly admitted, however, and advanced to the table at which Mayenne was sitting, with one of those smiles upon his lips, which showed that his errand had its share of bitterness. "Well, my lord," he said, "I come to save you unnecessary trouble. You may lay down the pen; for—as I thought we should be—we are too late."

"How so?" demanded the Duke of Mayenne. "We cannot be too late, if they have not bribed Saint Mark. The place could hold out a year."

"They have not bribed him," replied D'Aubin, "but they have done just as good; they have outwitted him. Yesterday, towards five o'clock, Rosny, and some others, engaged the thick-headed fool in a parley, and while they amused him with fair words, who should present himself at the bridge but the Maréchal d'Aumont, as if merely to pass the water, according to convention; for Saint Mark's forces have never been sufficient to defend the bridge. Well, when the troops were in the midst, they thought they might as well walk into the first open gate they saw, which happened to be that of the castle. So now Meulan is in the hands of the Huguenots; and we may save ourselves the trouble of a march which can produce no results."

"Saint Mark is a fool," said Mayenne, as calmly as if nothing vexatious had happened: "when we retake Meulan, we must put some person of better understanding in it; and at present we must change our plans. What think you, Aubin! will the Bearnese retreat upon Normandy and the sea coast, or will he fall back upon Maine and Touraine?"

D'Aubin paused thoughtfully; so long, indeed, that the Duke added, "Speak! speak, D'Aubin! I know no one whose foresight is more shrewd than yours. Why do you hesitate?"

"To tell the truth, my lord," replied D'Aubin, "I paused, considering how I should answer; for your interests lead me one way, and my own keenest wishes would make me go another. Did I choose in this instance to consider myself, before either country, or party, or truth, or honesty, as nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of your faithful followers would do, I should answer at once, that the Navarrese will march upon Maine; but we are all playing too great stakes at this moment for trifling, and my sincere opinion is, that Henry will fall back on Lower Normandy."

It was now Mayenne's turn to muse. "I see not how it affects you, D'Aubin, whether I am led to believe the Bearnese will turn his steps the one way or the other," he replied. "Tell me what interests have you therein more than other friends of the Catholic faith.—But first let me hear your reasons for judging that Normandy will be the direction of his march."

"For three strong reasons, my good lord," replied D'Aubin; "because the Normans are well affected towards him; because he expects succour from England; and because he is a good soldier. The first he will soon find out, if he do not know it already; the English troops *must* land on the Norman coast; and his knowledge of war will not suffer him to leave such advantages behind."

"And now, D'Aubin," said the Duke, after listening attentively to his reasons, "let me hear why, if you considered your own interests more than mine, you should desire me to believe that Harry of Navarre will march upon Maine and Touraine?"

"Simply, because I could then show you the best of all reasons for at once fulfilling your promise in regard to the hand of Eugenie de Menancourt," replied D'Aubin.

"My promise *shall* be fulfilled, Count," replied Mayenne, with some emphasis. "Fear not that Charles of Mayenne will shrink from the performance of his engagement; but you are somewhat too pressing. You cannot expect me to employ force in such a matter; and you have as yet given yourself no time to obtain, by gentleness and persuasion, that consent which the poor girl seems somewhat reluctant to grant."

D'Aubin coloured a good deal, piqued by the terms of consideration in which Mayenne spoke of her who had so deeply wounded his vanity; but he was a great deal too wise to let his displeasure have vent on the present occasion. "My lord duke," he replied, "I should have thought your highness knew woman better. This is all a matter of caprice. During her father's life Eugenie showed no such reluctance; and it was but some slight and unintentional offence on my part which first made her declare she would not fulfil the engagement between us. Once having said it, she makes it a matter of mere vanity to adhere to her purpose; though I could very well see, in our interview of yesterday, that her feelings in these respects were much altered. As long as she is suffered to make a point of vanity of her refusal, she will persist, even contrary to her own wishes; but once let her be my wife, and I will make her contented and happy, I will be answerable for it."

Mayenne shook his head, observing dryly, "Her reluctance did not seem to me much shaken when I spoke with her yesterday, Monsieur d'Aubin; but still I do not see how this question is affected by Henry's march upon Maine."

"Were he likely to execute such a march, I would soon show you how, my lord," replied D'Aubin. "As it is, it matters little. However, the simple fact is this: the lands of Menancourt lie contiguous to my own; and did Henry of Navarre march thither, it would be absolutely necessary to your best interest that I should instantly become the husband of Eugenie, and set out for Maine, armed with power to bring all the retainers of her father in aid of the union. Full seven hundred men, trained to arms, and caring little which party they join, are lying idle in the villages and hamlets there; and if Henry reaches Le Mans before the husband of Eugenie de Menancourt, those men will be arrayed against the union instead of in favour of it. My worthy cousin of St. Réal, who is much loved amongst the peasantry there, is not a man to stand upon any ceremonies in serving a cause which he thinks

just; and it would but little surprise me, to find the vassals of De Menancourt marching under the banners of St. Réal; but as I hold it certain that the Huguenots will retire upon Normandy, the matter is not so pressing that we cannot wait a few days longer, to allow your highness's notions of delicacy full time to tire themselves out, by doubling like a pack of beagles after a woman's caprices."

There was something in the reasoning of D'Aubin which seemed to affect Mayenne much more than even the Count himself had expected. Rising from his seat, the Duke strode up and down the room for a moment or two, as if not a little embarrassed how to act; then, turning suddenly to his companion, he said, "You hold it certain, then, D'Aubin, that the Bearnois will fall back on Normandy and the sea?—Hold it certain no longer!" he added, taking from a portfolio, which lay on the table at which he had been writing, an unsealed letter, and placing it in D'Aubin's hands. "Read that, D'Aubin, read that! and you will soon see that you are mistaken. There you see De Rosny himself, under the King's dictation, writes to the Count de Soissons to tell him, that if he will advance to Château Gontier, or even as far as Le Mans, Henry will meet him there within fifteen days. Mark, also, he lays out the line of march which they intend to pursue,—by Meulan, Mantes, Dreux, Verneuil, and Mortagne."

"May not this have been thrown out to deceive us?" demanded D'Aubin.

"No," replied Mayenne. "No: it was taken upon the person of Monsieur de Gailon last night, and they would not have risked a man of such importance with a letter which was not of the utmost consequence."

"Well, then, my lord Duke," replied D'Aubin, returning him the letter, with a calm and well satisfied smile, "I trust that all our purposes will be answered. Henry has committed a fault, of which you, of course, will take advantage."

"No immediate advantage can ensue," replied the Duke. "It was the knowledge of these facts which made me so eager to push a strong force upon Meulan; but as that fool St. Mark has suffered himself to be deceived, Henry's line of march is secure. What you say of Maine, however, is of importance, and must be thought of farther."

"By your good leave, my lord," replied D'Aubin, somewhat sharply, "methinks it needs no farther thought at all. Either you must let the retainers of Menancourt be raised and marched for the use and benefit of Henry of Navarre, calling himself King of France, or I must be the husband of the fair heiress of Maine; and before this time to-morrow night must be on my horse's back with a hundred stout cavaliers behind me, riding like the wind towards Château du Loir. The road by Chartres is open, and all that side of the country in our favour. In three days I shall be in Maine; and if I cannot gather together forces sufficient to make head against the Bearnois, I will at least do something to impede his march, and will join you with all the troops I can raise, wherever you give me a rendezvous."

Mayenne again walked up and down the room, knitting his brow and biting his lips with a degree of emotion which showed an evident distaste to the proposal of his companion. D'Aubin gazed upon him with not the most placable look, understanding the nature of his feelings, and not a little displeased to see a disposition to delay the fulfilment of the promise made to him; but at the same time feeling a secret triumph in his heart at the concatenation of circumstances which would compel the Duke of Mayenne, from political motives, to grant that which he, D'Aubin, thought ought to have been willingly accorded to his own merits and services.

"My lord," he cried, with a somewhat bitter laugh, after gazing upon the Duke for two or three minutes, "I am sorry to see you hesitate upon a matter in which both policy and justice should make you decide at once. Your unconditional promise has been given, that Eugénie de Menancourt shall be my bride; and circumstances have arisen, which render it as necessary to you as agreeable to me that she should become so immediately. In regard to these circumstances, I have dealt with you honestly, and have done what you know there is scarcely another follower that you have would do,—given you advice contrary to my own interest and wishes. Now, my lord,"

"Well, well!" interrupted Mayenne, "it must even be as you say, D'Aubin. There is no other resource; but remember, in wishing to find one, I am not influenced by any desire to evade a promise made to you, but solely and simply by the hope of inducing Mademoiselle de Menancourt, by persuasion, entreaty, and remonstrance, to fulfil her father's engagement, and thus spare me the pain of doing what I feel to be harsh, uncourteous, and unknighly."

"Your lordship is mighty delicate in all this," replied D'Aubin; "but I am not so much so. A little wholesome compulsion will do this proud beauty no harm. Proud I may well call her; for, proud of her wealth, her loveliness, and her rank, she thinks, it seems, that she is to be treated in a different manner from every other woman in France; and I am not sorry that, in the very fact of our marriage, that proud spirit should be a little humbled, which would certainly render her not the most yielding or obedient of wives."

Mayenne bit his lip. "I have never seen any thing in her, Monsieur d'Aubin," he said, "but gentleness and sweetness. Determined she certainly is upon one point—her personal objection to yourself. What cause you have given her for such objection I know not, and shall not inquire, as my promise to yourself, and great state necessity, compel me to act in a manner which no other circumstances could excuse. Now mark me, Monsieur d'Aubin; what I intend to do is this, to yield you my whole authority to bring about your marriage with Eugénie de Menancourt to-morrow evening. There is a chapel in the house where she lives, and at a certain hour my own confessor shall be there, ready to perform the ceremony. But still remember, that I can hardly hold such a marriage to be legal, if she persists to the last in opposing it; and I must take measures to guard against doing aught that may either affect my own honour and reputation, draw upon me the censures of the church, or infringe the laws I am called upon for the time to defend and uphold. Under these circumstances, I will write down the exact terms and conditions on which I consent to what you propose. If political motives alone move you to press the marriage so hastily, what I require will be easily conceded. If otherwise, I say No! and will try no means of compulsion till all other efforts have failed."

Thus saying, Mayenne wrote down a few words on a slip of paper, and handed it to the Count d'Aubin, who gazed on it, while the shadows of many a quick passion flitted over his countenance. Thrice, with a frown, he lifted his eyes to the face of Mayenne; but all that he beheld there was calm, stern determination; and, after again reading the paper, he replied, "Well, I consent, because I doubt not, my lord, that when she finds the matter inevitable, she will yield, even if not with a good grace; but if we were to set out for Chartres on the following day, it would surely be time enough, but —"

"No, Monsieur d'Aubin, no!" replied Mayenne: "the plan which I have drawn out must be followed exactly. I will myself be present at the ceremony; and I require that you sign that paper to guard against misunderstanding on either side, otherwise I stir no farther in the affair. Are you contented with this arrangement?"

"Perfectly, my lord," replied D'Aubin, signing the paper with a smile. "I merely thought that, by delaying the marriage till the following morning, I and you, and your noble sister of Montpensier, might, perhaps, have more time to reason her out of her prejudices; but, as you say, it will after all be better to-morrow night, for the only danger of interruption on my journey lies in the neighbourhood of Paris, and it will be better to take our departure under cover of the darkness. As for the rest, let us but show this fair lady that it is inevitable, and I will engage that she shall soon make up her mind to it. For this purpose, my lord, let me beseech you to furnish me with a billet to her, under your own hand, telling her what we have determined, couched in what courteous terms you will, but sufficiently explicit to let her know that there is no chance of evasion."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mayenne, "perhaps you are right; but nevertheless, D'Aubin, try all gentle means. You are not one, as far as ever I have heard, to fail in persuasion, when you choose to use your eloquence against a woman's heart."

D'Aubin smiled, but replied, "Nevertheless, my lord, it goes somewhat against the grain to flatter, and to soothe, and to beseech, when one is treated with scorn, and has, at the same time, the right to command; but still, fear not; I will do my best; and, if ever woman was won with fair words and soft entreaties, Eugénie de Menancourt shall come willingly to the altar; but, to give those entreaties greater force, it will be necessary to show her, by your hand-writing, that it is not from want of power that I use the gentler before the harsher means."

Mayenne took up the pen, but mused for many minutes ere he put it to the paper, and even then wrote no less than three billets before he could satisfy himself in a species of composition to which he was not accustomed. At length, abandoning all formal excuses, he contented himself with simply announcing to the unhappy Eugénie de Menancourt that motives of importance to the state compelled him to require her with-

out farther hesitation to fulfil her father's engagement to the Count d'Aubin; and that he had appointed the hour of nine on the succeeding evening for the celebration of her marriage.

"There!" he said, as he handed the note to Aubin—"There, Sir Count! Seldom has my hand so unwillingly traced a few lines as to-night. But I will send my sister Catherine early in the morning, to soften the matter to the poor girl; and now, farewell! for I have matters of much import to attend to."

D'Aubin took the note, and before he noticed the hint to withdraw, read it over attentively, to satisfy himself that it was such as he could wish, and then folding it up again with a triumphant smile, he uttered a few words of thanks and took his leave. Ere long, however, those feelings of triumph died away; and other sensations took their place. His pride had been wounded, his vanity insulted, and many of his worldly prospects endangered by the steadfast rejection of Eugenie de Menancourt; but his heart was not so hardened as he himself believed it to be, nor as it appeared to others, in the fierce pursuit of his object; and when he turned away from the cabinet of Mayenne, and took his path homeward, he asked himself whether, after all, he should make use of the cruel power he possessed. He asked himself whether, for the sake of humbling a fair and innocent girl, and of gratifying his vanity by triumphing over her opposition, he could resist the tears, and entreaties, and reproaches of a being that he had been accustomed to regard with tenderness, if not with love—whether he should cause the unhappiness of her whole after days, and at the same time unite himself, against her will, to a woman whose dislike would only be increased by the force that was put upon her inclinations. Even while he revolved these ideas, the memory of one that he had long—ay, that he still loved, was awakened by the other thoughts which struggled in his bosom; and although he had contemplated the deed he was about to commit a thousand times before, and fully made up his mind to it, he now shrank with cold and chilly repugnance at the idea of placing between himself and her who possessed the only stronghold of his affections, the impassable barrier of his union with another. All these feelings leagued together, and for a time made head against his less generous purposes; but there were difficulties in retreating, which could hardly be overcome; and as he reached the house in which he had fixed his dwelling at Paris, he thought, "I will sleep over these new doubts, and decide to-morrow."

When he entered, however, he found Albert of Wolfstrom, and several gay companions, waiting to sup with him, and to bid him farewell, ere he set out upon the expedition against Meulan, for which they still thought he was destined on the morrow. D'Aubin despised them all, but nevertheless he sat down with them, and drank deep. Dice succeeded to wine; and when the Count rose from table, he had no resource, but to wed Eugenie de Menancourt, or to descend more than one step in the scale of society.

CHAPTER XXX.

In every minute event which took place in the beginning of August, 1589, was matter of importance to the inhabitants of Paris, a thousand times more deep, intense, and thrilling, than that experienced by any other person, was the interest taken by Eugenie de Menancourt in all that passed at that period. Her happiness, her misery for life, hung upon the die which other hands were destined to throw; and without the possibility of aiding herself in the slightest degree, of changing the fate that awaited her, or arresting its progress for a moment, she was obliged to abide the unknown result in the power of people, whose purposes she neither knew nor could control. Every rumour, every sound, created some new sensation in her bosom. Every change, where change was constant, either raised a momentary hope, or cast her back into the depth of apprehension. The distant roar of the artillery, the march of the troops through the streets, the galloping of messengers and couriers, the military parade, even the processions of the clergy, as they proceeded from shrine to shrine, petitioning for the aid of God to support them in rebellion, and encourage them in assassination, all agitated and alarmed her, till, at length, her mind fell into that state in which terror has so much the predominance, that every fresh tidings are anticipated as tidings of sorrow. The news of the death of the King, and the particulars of the manner in which that foul act was perpetrated, struck her with hor-

ror and despair, as showing to what length the men in whose hands she was placed dared to go in pursuit of the objects of their party. Scarcely, however, had she time to think over this event, when another, more deeply and personally painful to herself, banished all other feelings but anxiety for her future destiny.

One morning suddenly, the Count d'Aubin was announced, and, hardly waiting to see whether his visit were or were not acceptable, he followed the servant into her presence. The result of their meeting we have already seen in his conference with Mayenne; but either vanity or policy had induced him to distort the truth, when he had asserted, that Eugenie de Menancourt had shown the slightest symptom of vacillating in her determination against him.

From his words and his manner, she had soon learned that he had joined the party of the League, and that he considered all the authority and influence of Mayenne at his command, in support of his suit towards her; and perhaps the fear of irritating him, and driving him on to use the power he possessed to the utmost, might make her more gentle in her language, and less disposed to express the reprobation and dislike she entertained towards him, than would have been the case had he persisted in his pursuit under other circumstances. But Eugenie was too noble, too candid, too sincere, to suffer him to believe, for one moment, that her feelings would ever change towards him. She was gentle, but she was firm; and D'Aubin, when he left her, was, perhaps, the more mortified to find, from her calmness, as well as determination, that she was influenced against him by no temporary pique, by no fit of passion or indignation, as he had represented the matter to others, and tried to regard it himself; but that positively and certainly, he who had thought that her heart was at his command whenever he chose to demand it, had never caused it to beat one pulse more rapidly; that he had never been loved, and was now contemned and disliked.

Although during his stay he had employed persuasion and entreaty, and all the arts that none knew better how to use than himself, there had still been in his tone that consciousness of power and authority which alarmed Eugenie for the result; and with a trembling hand she wrote a few words to the fair Beatrice of Ferrara, beseeching her to come to her aid, determined as she was to risk anything, in order to escape from her present situation. Fate, however, ever over-rules our best efforts; and, as if disdaining to cast away the greater exertions of its almighty power to thwart our petty schemes, contents itself with throwing some trifling stumbling-block in our way—some idle, insignificant trifle, over which our pigmy plans fall prostrate in their course. The servant whom Eugenie had charged with the delivery of her note returned, and brought her word that Beatrice had gone out on horseback to witness the movements of the royalist army in their retreat, an amusement worthy of her bold and fearless spirit. The lady's attendants, however, had informed him, the servant said, that she would be back long before night-fall; and Eugenie waited and counted the anxious moments till the daylight waned, and the shadows of evening fell over the earth.

"Beatrice must soon be here now," she thought; but moment after moment, and hour after hour, went by, without the appearance of her she waited for. At length, giving up hope for that night, and wearied with wearing expectation, Eugenie retired to rest; but it was rest broken by fears and anxieties; and early on the succeeding morning she was up, and watching eagerly for the coming of her friend, whose bold counsels and skilful aid might, she trusted, give her courage to undertake, and power to execute, some plan for her own deliverance.

Watching from the large projecting window we have mentioned, she was not long before she beheld one of the carved and gilded equipages of the day turn into the court-yard of her own dwelling, and in a few minutes after the door of the saloon was opened to give admission to a visitor. But the countenance that presented itself was that of Madame de Montpensier, not of Beatrice of Ferrara; and the heart of Eugenie de Menancourt sunk at an occurrence, which, though not unusual, she felt in the present instance could bode her no good.

The conversation which now took place may easily be divined, from the conference which we have related between Mayenne and the Count d'Aubin. We shall therefore not repeat it here, it being sufficient to say, that when about an hour afterwards, D'Aubin himself entered the saloon, he found Madame de Montpensier rising to depart, and Eugenie de Menancourt, with her face buried in her hands, weeping in hopeless bitterness of heart.

Lifting her shoulders with an emphatic shrug, Madame de

Montpensier quitted the room in silence, and D'Aubin stood for a moment gazing upon the fair unhappy girl whom his ungenerous pursuit had reduced to such a state, with a variety of passions warring in his breast, in a manner which it would be difficult to describe. After a brief pause, Eugénie withdrew her hands from her face and turned her tearful eyes upon him. As she looked, a sort of involuntary shudder passed over her frame, and she again pressed her hands upon her eyes for one moment; then, rising from her chair, she advanced direct to where he stood, and cast herself upon her knees at his feet.

"Philip d'Aubin," she said, "you were once generous and kind of heart:—nay, nay, hear me!" she continued, as he endeavoured to raise her. "Hear me, I beseech you; for my happiness or misery—perhaps my life or death—depend upon this moment."

"Mademoiselle de Menancourt," replied D'Aubin, "I can hear nothing, I can attend to nothing, while you there remain in a posture unbecoming to us both—for you to assume and for me to suffer. Rise, I entreat you!"

"No, no!" she replied, clasping her hands earnestly. "I will not, I cannot rise till you have heard me. Have I not used every other means? have I not employed every other form of entreaty without avail? and I now kneel at your feet to beseech you to spare yourself and me misery interminable. I have told you, and with bitter regret have I been obliged to tell you, that I cannot love you as woman should love her husband; and I did not resolve to tell you so till I had struggled with my own heart,—till I had combated all my own feelings,—in order, if possible, to fulfil what had been a wish of my father. I struggled, I combated in vain, Monsieur d'Aubin; for the more I did so, the more I found that my peace of mind required me to take a decided part,—that honour and justice towards you required me to tell you that I could not, that I would not, be your wife. Why, why persecute me thus, Monsieur d'Aubin?" she continued; "you do not love me—you have never loved me; and, under such circumstances, how can you expect me to love you? Why not turn to any of those who will not only consider themselves as honoured by your suit, but who, much better suited than I am to your views, your habits, and your feelings, have it in their power to return your affection, and to meet you, as I doubt not you deserve to be met, with love for love!"

"You mistake me altogether, Eugénie," said D'Aubin, raising her almost forcibly, and leading her back to her seat; "I do love you; and I trust that, though you doubt your own feelings at present, you will find it not so difficult, when you are my wife, to feel towards me in such a manner as to be happy yourself and to render me so."

"Do not deceive yourself, Monsieur d'Aubin!" exclaimed Eugénie. "I do not doubt my own feelings! I am but too sure of them! I do not love you, I cannot love you, any more than you love me; and if you persist in your pursuit, you do it warned of what are my sentiments towards you, and assured that those sentiments will but become more repugnant, in proportion to the degree of constraint used towards me."

"Nay, nay," replied D'Aubin, willing as far as possible to use gentle means, and try those powers of persuasion which he believed himself, not unjustly, to possess; "nay, nay, dear Eugénie, you do me wrong altogether; believe me, I do love you sincerely. I know that I have acted foolishly, wrongly towards you,—I know that, prompted by vanity, and the gay and roving disposition of youth, flattered and courted, idle, perhaps, and conceited, I appeared to neglect and undervalue the jewel that was offered to me in the hand of Eugénie de Menancourt. But, believe me, dear Eugénie, that it was not that I failed to esteem that jewel at its full and highest price; it was but that foolishly I thought it my own beyond all risk. Consider in what school I had been brought up,—consider the lightness and fickleness of all by whom I was surrounded; forgive me the errors and the follies that are past away for ever, and give me an opportunity of proving to you that they are deeply regretted, and will never be renewed. My whole life, my whole thoughts, my whole endeavours, shall be devoted to wipe out the evil impression which a few acts of folly have left upon your mind; and surely the unceasing devotion and tenderness of one who will never forget that he wronged you, and that you forgave him, will be sufficient to atone for errors which proceeded more from idle levity than from evil purpose."

"Monsieur d'Aubin," said Eugénie, sadly, "I accuse you of nothing, I blame you for nothing. What might have been my feelings towards you, had your conduct been different towards me, I cannot tell—I cannot even guess: but you

greatly deceive yourself if you think that my sentiments towards you originate in anger, or mortified vanity, or wounded pride. I must be candid with you to the very utmost, and tell you that I never felt towards you anything which could enable your conduct to others to inflict one pang upon me. I have never loved you, Monsieur d'Aubin, and the only effect of your behaviour has been to teach me that I never can love you."

"You have inflicted upon me that mortifying reiteration, somewhat often," replied D'Aubin; "and perhaps I am not wrong when I ask, whether the want of love towards your promised husband in the past and the present, has not originated in love for another?"

Eugénie's cheek crimsoned to a hue deeper than the rose; and something between confusion and indignation kept her silent. D'Aubin drew his own conclusions; but, strange to say, though those conclusions were as bitter as well might be, they only added fire to the fierceness of his pursuit. His cheek, however, reddened also; but it was with the struggle of anger, and interest, pride and vanity; and he went on: "I see I am right, Mademoiselle de Menancourt, and am sorry to see it. Nevertheless, my confidence in you is such, that I entertain not the slightest doubt, that however unwisely you may have entertained such feelings hitherto, you will crush them with wise precaution, and bury them in speedy oblivion, when you become my wife. Nor am I inclined to resign my hopes of teaching you to change all such opinions by my own conduct, and of bringing you to love me, when your duty shall be engaged to second all my efforts."

Eugénie saw that her fate was determined, as far as the Count d'Aubin had power to govern it. She saw that with him entreaties would be ineffectual, and tears of no avail. Nothing then remained but resolution; and although she knew not what protection the law of her native land held out to one under her circumstances, and was too well aware that in the city where she was detained, popular violence had broken through all the restraints of society; yet she determined that no weakness or want of energy on her own part should favour the oppression to which she was subjected. As soon as she perceived that the humble supplications to which she had descended fell as vainly upon the ear of the Count d'Aubin as the song of the charmer upon the deaf adder, her whole manner changed; and, assuming the same look of unconquerable determination which he had put on towards her, she replied, "My duty, Sir Count d'Aubin, will never either second or prompt any efforts on my part to feel differently towards you than I do now; for I never will be, and never can be, your wife. The arm of power may drag me to the altar, and a mockery of religious service may be read between us; but there, as here, my voice shall steadfastly pronounce the same refusal; the ring, with which you think to wed me, shall be trampled under my feet; and as long as I have strength to lift my voice, I will appeal against the tyranny which oppresses me; and let me warn you, that every step you take forward in this brutal and ungentlemanly course will but increase those feelings which you have this day striven in vain to remove, till indifference becomes dislike, and dislike grows into detestation."

"You will think better of this, Eugénie," said D'Aubin, surprised and struck by energy and vehemence, such as he had never witnessed in her before. "We are destined to be united, and be assured that nothing can make a change in this arrangement. Let us not meet, then, at enmity. You will think better of this."

"Never," replied Eugénie, "never! You have roused a spirit in my bosom, Count of Aubin, that you knew not existed there—that I knew not myself till this hour. But I feel that it will bear me through every thing; and I tell you boldly, and at once, that I would infinitely rather die, were death within my choice this moment, than be the wife of Philip d'Aubin."

D'Aubin bit his lip, and casting his eyes upon the ground, paused for a moment in deep thought, his resolutions and purposes shaken by what he had heard, and his mind once more undecided. "Tell me," he said at length, "tell me, Mademoiselle de Menancourt, if by my application to the Duke of Mayenne the ceremony of our marriage this night, which I see has been announced to you by the Duchess de Montpensier, can be put off to some later period, will you give me the hope, that after a certain time, during which, my conduct towards yourself, and towards the world, shall be in every respect irreproachable, I may obtain your hand, without doing that violence to your feelings, which it seems would be the consequence of our present union?"

Eugénie turned deadly pale, under the emotion that she felt. The words of the Count d'Aubin offered her the prospect of a

temporary relief—offered the means of obtaining invaluable time, during which a thousand changes of circumstances might take place to free her from the difficulties and dangers that surrounded her; but she asked herself, how was this to be bought? By deceit, by the first deceit she had ever been guilty of in life; and though many a casuist might argue, and argue perhaps justly, that she had a right to oppose the unjustifiable means employed against her, by any method in her power to use, the heart of Eugénie de Menancourt was not one that could admit such close reasoning in regard to honesty and truth. She would not have bought her life by deceit; and though perhaps in the present instance she might feel that more than life itself was at stake, she would not sacrifice her own good opinion even for that.

"No, Monsieur d'Aubin," she replied, after a long and agitated pause—"No!—I will not deceive you. No time can change my opinion or determination. I never can be your wife. If you will desist from your present pursuit—if you will recollect the former generosity of your sentiments—if you will consider your own honour, and my peace of mind, and set me free from this persecution, you will merit and obtain my deepest gratitude, my thanks, and my admiration; but, Philip of Aubin, you never can have more."

"Then you seal your own fate, Eugénie de Menancourt," replied d'Aubin, "and things must take their course, as already arranged. Yet think not that this arrangement has been planned solely to gratify me. Other and more important interests are involved therein, and you will see by this note from the Duke of Mayenne, that motives of state necessity compel both him and me to abridge that ceremonious delicacy which otherwise would have been extended towards you."

Eugénie took the paper, and tried to read it over; but agitation and apprehension caused the letters to dance before her eyes, and she only gathered the general import, and saw that as far as Mayenne and the Count d'Aubin had power, her fate was sealed indeed. Although her resolution remained in full force, and her mind was as unconquered as ever, she felt that her bodily powers were failing her; and fearful that Aubin should see how much she was overcome, as well as anxious for a few hours of uninterrupted thought, she waved her hand for him to leave her.

"Not one word more?" he said, advancing as if to take her hand. "Not one word more?"

"No," replied Eugénie, shrinking back from him with involuntary horror. "No, I have nothing more to say."

d'Aubin turned on his heel, mortified to the very heart by the personal dislike which he marked with the keen eyes of wounded vanity; and, without another word, left Eugénie to solitude, and to feelings very nearly akin to despair.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A long summer's day was over, and nothing remained of its splendour but a fading tint of purple in the deep blue sky; while Venus and the moon came hand in hand together above the trees, as if to divide between their bright but gentle rule the tranquil kingdom of the night. The royal camp no longer sounded with the clang of arms or the tramp of marching men; the manœuvres for the day were over; and the soldiery, quartered in the village of St. Cloud itself, had left the streets vacant, while they sought consolation, after all the labours and exertions of the morning, in the gay evening meal and often replenished flask. The body of the dead king lay—almost forgotten, by those who had fed upon his bounty and encouraged his vices,—in the house where the hand of the assassin had struck him; and lights were just beginning to twinkle in the windows of the old chateau where the new monarch had fixed his abode the night after his accession to the tottering throne of France.

Such was the state of St. Cloud, when, on the third evening after the death of Henry the Third, a party of horsemen paused at the gates of this park, and, dismounting there, advanced towards the old palace on foot. The guards at the gates saluted as the cavaliers passed; and Henry the Fourth, who walked a step before the rest, mused as he proceeded, leading the way with a slow step, and sometimes gazing up thoughtfully at the blue twilight sky, sometimes fixing his eyes upon the gravel of the path, absorbed in deep and silent reverie. At length, turning to those who accompanied him, he said, "Our arrangements, I think, are all now complete, and we may begin our march to-morrow. I have to thank you, Rosny, for

Meulan; and you, St. Réal, for as fine a body of men as ever a loyal heart brought to the aid of a poor king. D'Aumont has, I suppose, already marched to see what friends he can raise for us in the east; but I much fear that our messenger has never reached our worthy cousin, the Count de Soissons. However, it matters not, as by the reports from Normandy, we shall most likely change our plans. Still I could wish, De Rosny, that you would write a few lines to the Count, bidding him advance as fast as possible upon Mans, and then regulate his movements by what he hears of ours; remembering, however, that the great object is to bring the men and money as speedily as possible. Let the letter be copied six times, and I will come and sign each ere half an hour be over. Sent by six separate messengers, one of these letters can scarcely fail to reach him. You, St. Réal, look well to your quarters; for these Leaguers must know how much our forces are diminished, and may strive for some advantage. Fare you well! Good night! Quick! up to the chateau, Rosny, and take all these others with you. I would fain have half an hour's quiet thought, amidst these moonlight walks where so many of my ancestors have wandered, ere I quit them, perhaps for ever, after having been their sovereign but for a day!"

"Were it not better, your Majesty," replied De Rosny, in a low voice, "to keep a few of your attendants around you? Remember that the dagger of the assassin found your predecessor in the midst of his army and his court, and that treason has been so evident amongst those by whom we are surrounded, that we cannot tell whose hand may next be armed against his monarch's life."

"I fear not, De Rosny," replied Henry, "I fear not! If it be the will of God that I fall, the weapon will find me in the midst of guards and precautions, as easily as alone in the open field. Nor do I fear the treason you seem to apprehend. Our camp has lately been like a butt of new made wine in one general ferment, where all was troubled and unpalatable; but that very ferment, I trust, has worked it clear; and I would not be the man to fancy myself continually surrounded by secret enemies—no, not if I could thereby spin out this mortal thread for centuries beyond the length of ordinary lives! No, no! De Rosny, I fear not, and I would be alone."

The last words were spoken in a tone that left no reply; and De Rosny, beckoning to those who followed, walked on directly towards the chateau, while Henry turned into one of the lateral alleys, down which the moonlight was streaming in full effulgence. One or two of the attendants lingered for a moment, as if still unwilling to leave the King; but Henry waved his hand for them to depart, and then walked on.

There are periods in the life of every man when so many events are crowding into the short space of a few days, when such manifold calls upon attention, and such deep and important interests for consideration load the wings of every minute as it flies, that time is wanting for the recollection, for the thought, for even the feeling, of how the mighty changes which are going on around us affect our own individual nature, and work upon our being and our fate. At those periods, to every thinking and intellectual mind, comes a thirst and a longing for even a brief space of calm reflection; and we gladly seize the very first opportunity of withdrawing our thoughts from the wearying necessity of directing our actions on the instant, and give them up for a time to that consideration of remote prospects and general feelings, which, after the energetic activity lately required of us, is comparatively a state of tranquillity and repose.

Such had been, and such was the situation of Henry the Fourth. Since the assassination of the late king, scarcely an instant had passed without some imperative demand for immediate exertion. Mighty and deep were the interests involved; imminent and terrible were the perils that surrounded him; and the consequences of every step that his foot trod upon the rough and precipitous path before him were not only destined to affect himself as an individual, but to carry weal or woe to thousands and tens of thousands; to change the fate of states and kingdoms, and decide the destiny of generations yet unborn. His crown and station for life, the security and fortune of his friends, the power of recompensing those who served him, the right of chastising the rebel, and of punishing the traitor; the means of restoring peace to his rent and devastated country, the weal and welfare of his whole people, hung trembling in the balance of every instant, and required the exertion of all the energies with which God had blessed his great and powerful mind for the direction of his feeling and generous heart. The exertions of those energies had not been spared by Henry the Fourth. He had lost not a moment; he had neglected not an opportunity; he had done more than mortal frame could well endure; and had taken from the

cares of empire not even the time for necessary refreshment and repose. But now that the hurricane had in some measure passed by, that the evil of the hour was accomplished, and that every means which human sagacity could devise had been taken to remedy past misfortunes, and to guard against future perils, he gave way to that longing thirst for communion with his own heart, which the heat of the great storm of difficulties and dangers he had undergone, and the fatigue of mighty exertions, had left behind. Well, well might he think of that vast, dim, misty prospect, the future! Well, well might he look around to see, if beyond the rocks, and shoals, and tempests, which surrounded him, he could perceive no calmer scene, no haven of repose, no gleam of sunshine to light him on over the dark and troubled waters around him! Well, well might he ask his own heart, if he could have courage, and energy, and perseverance sufficient, to dare all the dangers, to bear all the reverses, and again and again breast the waves which had so often dashed him back against the rocks.

Such were his thoughts, such the matter of his contemplation, as, with his eyes now bent on the ground, now raised towards the sky, he walked slowly along one of the alleys of the old park of St. Cloud. But his mind wandered far to, and paused for a moment upon many of those collateral associations to which his circumstances and situation gave rise. He thought of the sorrows and cares of kingly lot, of the ingratitude and baseness of mankind, of the hollowness and heartlessness of courts, and of the selfishness and insincerity of many of those who dwelt in them. He remembered the fate of his immediate predecessor; betrayed by those whom he had favoured, driven from his capital, and almost hurled from his throne by the friend and companion of his youth,* opposed in arms by those whom his bounty had fed and pampered, and murdered by the representative of an order which he had loaded with benefits, and degraded himself to serve. He thought of what might be his own fate; and, judging from all the signs that he saw around him, he argued, that the well of bitterness was but freshly opened for him, and that his hand held a cup of sorrow whereof he was destined to drink to the very last drop.

Then again, as he raised his eyes towards the beautiful planet which was diffusing the flood of her tranquil light over field, and plain, and wood, over armed camp and beleaguered city, as calmly and tranquilly as if nothing but peace, and virtue, and happiness dwelt beneath her beams, his mind reverted to his early days, when he had seen the same effulgent rays pour through the mighty masses of his native mountains, and stream down the lovely valleys in which he had first learned to shoot his boyish arrows at the mark, to cast the light line for the silver trout, or to pursue the swift footed lizard over the beetling crags: and as he thought of those sweet times, and happy hours, how he did long, with the deep yearnings of the disappointed heart, to be able to cast away crown and sceptre, sword and shield, the miseries of high station, the bitter wisdom of manhood, and to sport again, a boy, with the happy carelessness of other years, by the bright waters of the Gave, and amidst the lustrous valleys of Ossau, Argelez, and Pau.

By this time he had nearly reached the end of the alley, where it opened out upon a small lawn, over which, in the neglect of all things that existed during the civil wars, the grass had grown up long and rank, and he was preparing to return and bend his steps towards the château, when a light rustling sound amongst the trees caught his ear, and made him draw round his sword belt, till the hilt of his well tried weapon was within easy reach of his hand.

The next moment the cause of that sound stood before him, at the distance of about ten paces; and the moon afforded quite sufficient light to show the monarch that no fresh peril was near. The form was that of a page, and the next moment Leonard de Monti advanced, and cast himself upon his knee at Henry's feet. "Ha! my friend the page!" cried the King, "I saw you yesterday, as I passed through the village, and recognised you instantly; but had no time to speak. What would you now, good youth?" and as he spoke he extended his hand towards him.

Leonard de Monti raised it to his lips, but still continued kneeling, while he replied, "I crave a boon, sire. You may remember that I once, not many moons since, led you in safety through more than one path of danger; and you promised me

then, that if ever I asked you a boon consistent with your honour, you would grant it."

"And so I will, if it be possible," answered Henry, "though I have granted you one boon already without your asking it; I mean, that I have kept your secret!" Leonard de Monti started up and drew a step back; but the King continued, "Did you fancy I did not recollect you? Ay! within five minutes after our first meeting: but never mind, and do not fear; speak your boon boldly, and, if it be in my power, I will not say nay; though, to tell the truth, within these three days I have granted so much that I doubt if there be anything left in all France to grant!"

"Mine will not be difficult, sire," replied the page; "it is but this, that you will give me, under your royal hand, an order addressed to all your lieutenants, officers, and seneschals, and to all persons, in short, who hold you dear, to aid and help me with the whole of their power whenever I shall call upon them; to protect me and all who are with me in case of danger, and to give me every kind of information and assistance which I may require for my personal safety."

"You ask a very high and unlimited power of command for a boy of your age!" said the King, laughing, "but I think I may trust you; and yet," he added, in a graver tone, "such authority might be abused."

The boy again advanced and once more bent his knee, "Never by me, sire!" he said; "and to think so for one moment, would be to do me foul injustice. Born in a foreign land, and my own sovereign at least, I cannot offer you allegiance; but I swear with truer intentions than many of those who have vowed faith and service to you within these three days, that I will never use the power I ask from you but for the purposes of safety. I promise it upon my word, a word that never was broken; upon my honour, an honour that has never known a stain."

"You are an extraordinary being," said the King, "and I will do what you ask without a doubt; but tell me," he added with a smile, "what name shall I put in this general order! Shall it be Leonard de Monti, or a nobler name?"

"Show me that you do really know me," answered the other, in a gayer tone than he had hitherto used, "by writing the name you would fix upon me in the letter."

"Do you think I have forgotten the conferences of Niort?" demanded Henry; "no, no! I remember them well; and I recollect, too, that when I pressed Madame de Saulnes somewhat hard to tell me what I was really to expect from the court of that day, she told me to ask you, not her; for that your habits were different; you never told a falsehood, and she never told the truth!"

"But I told you nothing!" exclaimed the boy eagerly.

"No, but you said plainly you would not!" answered the King, "and, therefore, I trusted you with my life when last I met you; and will trust you to the very utmost now. Come, let us go back to the castle."

As he spoke he took the hand of the youth, who had again risen; but Leonard de Monti instantly withdrew it, saying, "Perhaps I had better send for the paper when your Majesty has had leisure to finish it."

"Good faith, you must take it now or never!" answered Henry: "but who have we here?"

"'Tis but a page I sent to seek you at the château, sire," replied his companion, "while I waited amongst the alleys for his return. I heard your voice, however, as you dismissed your attendants, and followed you hither."

"Ha, St. Réal's dwarf, who met us in the wood!" cried the monarch, as the page Bartholo approached. "Pardie! your schemes seem to have been well and deeply laid; and yet there is a mystery which I cannot altogether fathom; though I have been accustomed to deal with those whose trade is deceit, till my eyes, I believe, would well nigh penetrate the nether millstone. You must some day let me into the secret of all this."

"Perhaps I may, your Majesty," replied the youth, "that is, I may some time give you the secret of my own conduct. The secret of my present request, sire, is very soon told. I seek but to aid the oppressed; and if your Majesty will listen to the tale, it shall be told as we go along."

"Speak, speak!" replied the King: "we treat as crown to crown, you know; and I must e'en take as much or as little of your confidence as your diplomacy is pleased to suffer. Speak, speak! and if I can aid you, count upon my help."

Leonard de Monti made a sign to Bartholo to draw back; and then walking by the side of the King, with the ease of one accustomed to courts and the society of princes, proceeded to tell the tale he had mentioned, in a low voice, the tones of which scarcely reached the dwarf's ear. It was evident,

* The Duke of Guise who shook the throne of Henry the Third, and was afterwards barbarously assassinated by command of that monarch, had been his bosom friend in youth.

however, that the King soon became interested; sometimes suddenly interrupting the soft melodious tones in which the voice spoke, to ask some rapid question, sometimes abruptly pausing to listen with greater attention, and then resuming his walk towards the château. When they had nearly reached the gates, the monarch again turned, exclaiming, "Marry her to St. Réal!—Pardie! that was not the consummation I expected."

"And why not, sire?" demanded the boy. "Wherefore should she not be married to St. Réal?"

"Why, certainly, I did not suppose you wished to marry her yourself!" replied Henry, laughing. "You are very generous, however."

"Sire, your Majesty mistakes me," replied Leonard de Monti in a grave tone,— "mistakes me, my views, wishes, and purposes entirely."

"I perceive I do," replied the King, "and acknowledge you are more a mystery to me than ever. However, this is all irrelevant to the matter of deep interest which you have just told me, and to the shrewd but daring plans which you have formed. On my honour," he added, "you have a bold and generous heart, and could we but get you to grow a little taller, would make as good a knight as ever couched a lance. But let us speak to the point. You must have my counsel and advice, for I have been somewhat famous for *coups de main* in my day;—be so good, Sir Dwarf, as to put at least a hundred times your own length between your steps and ours; we shall give you notice when we want your presence at our conference." Thus saying, the King again entered the lateral alley, in which he had first met Leonard de Monti, and dropping his voice so as to confine the sense of his words to the ears for which they were intended, he continued the conversation with rapid and eager interest. Leonard de Monti frequently joined in; and, by the time they reached the end of the walk, it seemed that their plans were fully arranged; for, turning suddenly round, they returned with much quicker steps towards the château, keeping silence also as they went, till at length, when within a hundred yards of the terrace, Henry burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "Ventre Saint Gris, 'twill be worth half a province so to circumvent his slow Highness of Mayenne!"

He then led the way into the palace; and, bidding the dwarf wait in the vestibule, proceeded to a small cabinet in which De Rosny, together with a secretary, was busily engaged in writing the letters before mentioned to the Count de Soissons. The grave and somewhat formal Huguenot raised his eyes with some surprise to the handsome and glittering youth who entered with the King, and to whose face and person he was totally a stranger. Henry, however, without noticing his astonishment, and seemingly entirely occupied by the thoughts to which his late conversation had given rise, led the way on into a chamber beyond, bidding the secretary bring him instantly materials for writing. Then casting himself into a chair, he wrote with a rapid hand, in the first place, the general letter, which the youth had originally demanded, and then another longer epistle, which he folded and sealed with his private signet.

"This," he said, handing the letter to Leonard de Monti, "this is to be your last resource if other means fail; and I do not think, however he may deny our authority, that our worthy cousin will neglect the warning there given him. Nevertheless, try all other means first, and forget not to give me instant information of the result; for even should the beginning be successful, it may require some pains and some power to render the end equally fortunate."

The boy, who had remained standing, took the papers; and kissing the King's hand, with many thanks, retired from his presence. Passing through the vestibule, he beckoned to the page to follow him, and, with a rapid step, proceeded to the outward gates. Then taking his way to the auberge, in which St. Réal lodged, he entered the room in which the young marquis was seated.

St. Réal beckoned him to approach, saying, "I have sent for you twice, Leonard."

"No one told me of it, sir," replied the boy, "and in fact no one could, for I was absent till within this moment. But what are your commands?"

"Come hither," said St. Réal, with a smile, "and I will tell you." The page approached; and the young lord marking some sort of impatience in his countenance, for a few minutes played with his expectation as one might do with the eagerness of a child.

At length, however, he asked more gravely, "Do you remember, on the night of the King's death, you sang me a song, and repeated me a proverb, which, together with your own

words, too well applied to myself to have been spoken accidentally. You escaped me at the time; and since, I have not had an opportunity of speaking with you on the subject. But now I must not only demand to know, how you have fathomed secrets which I thought confined to my own bosom; but I must also require of you to tell me, who, and what you are, for your language and your station are at variance, and I must have my doubts satisfied."

"Sir," replied the boy, while first a playful smile, and then a look almost approaching to sorrow, passed over his countenance, "with regard to what I know of yourself, some day I may tell you how I know it, but I cannot tell you now. In regard to what you ask concerning myself, I can give you but one answer. Did you ever hear of beings called fairies, who, for some particular motive of friendship or regard, sometimes come down to do better than mortal service to a chosen race, or a particular individual? If you have heard of such beings—and who has not!—you must know, that the very first question concerning their nature, or their fate, dissolves the spell that binds them to the person they serve, and ends their term of service. Such, sir, is the case with me. So long as you asked me no question, I was your willing page and humble attendant. Your curiosity has dissolved the spell, and all I can do is, to bid you farewell, and to tell you, that you will never see Leonard de Monti more."

Thus saying, he again darted out of the room, leaving St. Réal uncertain whether he spoke in jest or earnest. Determined, however, to know more, the young nobleman started up, and opened the door, in order to call the gay youth back, and question him farther. Bartholo the dwarf was seated in the ante-room, together with another attendant; and St. Réal bade him instantly follow the page, and bring him back. The dwarf stared for a moment, as if in astonishment at the command; and then replied, that he knew not where to find Leonard, for that he had seen him enter the room from which the young lord had just come, but had not seen him return. The other attendant was in the same story, and St. Réal caused the boy to be sought for in vain.

The next morning, however, a still greater defection was found amongst his followers, which satisfactorily accounted to St. Réal for the magical disappearance of his page on the preceding night. The dwarf Bartholo, and three of his ordinary attendants, were no where to be heard of; but, by this time, the tampering of the Leaguers with every class of persons in the royal camp was so great and notorious, that St. Réal was not at all surprised to find that four of his followers had been induced to quit his service. The loss of Leonard de Monti, however, he felt more than he could have anticipated from the short time the youth had been in his service, and from the slightness of the duties required at his hands; but, from the first moment he had seen him, the young lord of St. Réal had conceived an interest in his page which every hour had increased. During his first deep sorrow for the loss of his father, he had found the boy's attentions so soothing and well judged, his sympathy apparently so deep and true, his few words of consolation so mingling together sense and feeling, that he felt gratitude towards him as well as regard; but there was something more than all this. With all the boy's occasional boldness and daring, there was blended a softness and a gentleness, which, together with the apparent weakness of his slight frame, and a few traits of timidity, approaching to cowardice, rendered him an object of that care and guardianship which always endears those in whose behalf it is exercised. Thus, when St. Réal found that the youth had really left him, though he felt some slight degree of anger at a desertion which he was conscious he had not deserved, he experienced no small desire to know the former, and guide the future fate of Leonard de Monti.

Events, however, calling for frequent and vigorous exertion, were multiplying so rapidly round his path, that he had but little time to give to matters of more remote interest. He occasionally thought of the youth, it is true, but more often grieved over the conduct of his cousin, and never ceased to ponder, with bitterness of heart, on the fate of Eugénie de Menancourt, and on his own feelings towards her. But still every hour brought some claim upon his attention of a different kind; and in the retreat of the royal army, which began two days after his page had left him, he had scarcely time for thought of any other sort than the anxiety and foresight attendant upon withdrawing a small and ill-supplied body of men from the presence of a powerful adversary.

It was in the midst of the arrangements incident to such a retreat, that, at the first halting-place on the march, Monsieur de Sancy came into the small room in which St. Réal was seated at Mantes, exclaiming, "I have news for you, Mon-

sieur de St. Réal! Your cousin has already secured the recompense at which he aimed in quitting us. He was married last night to Mademoiselle de Menancourt, the rich heiress of Maine. I have it from one who was in Paris at the time."

St. Réal could not reply; but he turned so deadly pale, that De Sancy could not but observe that something had gone amiss, and instantly strove to turn the conversation into another channel.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was toward that hour in the evening, at which the rays of twilight that linger behind the rest of the lustrous retinue of day are called away from the sky, and our hemisphere is given over to the night.—It was at that hour, too, which is more important, when the joyous denizens of the gay capital of France, after having sunned themselves through the long afternoon of a summer's day in the gardens and highways, were in those times wont to retire each to his individual home, to enjoy such dainties as the bounty of nature and the skill of his cook had prepared for the last meal of the evening.—It was about nine o'clock, then, on a night in August, when, the streets of Paris being nearly deserted by every one else, a strong troop of horsemen assembled in the little square, nearly opposite to the dwelling of Eugénie de Menancourt.

The gentleman who was at their head, springing to the ground, advanced to the door; and after asking a few questions of one of the servants, entered the court. Shortly afterwards the carriage of Madame de Montpensier rolled heavily up; and that fair dame herself, with one or two ladies in her train, descended therefrom and mounted the great staircase. Then, after a pause of five minutes, appeared on horseback the Duke of Mayenne, with his habiliments somewhat dusty, as if unchanged since his return from some long expedition, and accompanied by a numerous train of officers and attendants. Dismounting from his horse, the Duke dismissed at once the principal part of his suite; only retaining two or three of the inferior attendants who remained below at the gate, while he himself, with a slow and seemingly unwilling step, entered the house.

The servant who marshalled the Duke on his way to the saloon did not seem to look upon him with the best-satisfied countenance in the world; and the faces of the three or four attendants who had been permitted to remain with the young heiress of De Menancourt, after their old lord's death, and who now appeared in the lobbies and antechambers, seemed full not of grief, but of a sort of sullen determination, which, had their numbers been greater, might have broken out at once in a more serious manner.

Mayenne, however, marked them not, but mounted the stairs and entered the saloon; and certainly, if his heart revolted at the part he was about to act, the scene which now presented itself to his eyes was not calculated to reconcile him to the proceeding.

Standing at one of the farther windows, and looking out into the dark street, where he certainly could see nothing to engage his attention, was the Count d'Aubin, while seated at a table, on which stood two or three lighted tapers, was the unhappy Eugénie de Menancourt. Her dress was still deep mourning; and her eyes gave evident tokens of having shed late and bitter tears: but she was now calm; and fixing her gaze upon vacancy, seemed totally inattentive to the words which Madame de Montpensier and her ladies, who stood round her, were pouring upon her dull unheeding ear.

"We cannot persuade her to change her dress, Charles," said the Duchess, pointing to the mourning in which Eugénie was clothed.

"Never mind, never mind!" replied the Prince, impatiently; "why tease her more than necessary? Let her wear what dress she will!"

"Nay, Charles, but it is ominous," cried the Duchess; "pray speak to her about it."

"Mademoiselle de Menancourt," said Mayenne, in a grave but not unkind tone, "let me persuade you to change this garb, if it be but for this night. It is unusual and ungracious to go to the marriage altar in the robe of mourning, as if you were following some friend to the grave."

Eugénie had started at his voice, and now looking up she replied "Were I going willingly to the marriage altar, my Lord Duke, I would change my garb; but what robe, but the robe of mourning, would you have me wear, when you

are about to drag me to a fate, in comparison with which the grave itself were happiness. But, my Lord, you mistake me. If, as I am told, marriage must depend upon consent, and that none other is legal, my consent shall never be given to an union with the Count d'Aubin."

"I am sorry to say, Madame," replied Mayenne, "that imperative motives of state necessity compel me —"

Mayenne was suddenly interrupted; for, unperceived by himself, the few servants and retainers of the old Count de Menancourt, who had, as we have said, been suffered to remain with their young mistress, had glided into the room one after the other, and stood ranged across the door; and while the Duke was speaking, the principal officer of the unhappy girl's household, indignant at the oppression exercised towards the daughter of his beloved lord, strode forward and boldly confronted Mayenne, as if he had been his equal. "My Lord Duke," he said, "we will have none of this! Our young lady shall be free to give her hand to whom she likes; and if you drag her to the altar against her will, it shall be over our dead bodies! Nay, frown not on me, Count d'Aubin. I have seen more stricken fields than you are years of age; and a great man when he is doing a wicked thing is less than a little one. But all I have to say is, that though we be but few, we will die sooner than see our lady ill used. Stop him in the way, Martin," he continued, speaking to his companions as he perceived the Count d'Aubin striding towards the door. "We have them here; but two against us seven; and though, doubtless, we shall be hanged for it after, we can, by one means, make sure that Mademoiselle shall never be forced to marry a Count d'Aubin!"

Rage and fury had evidently taken possession of D'Aubin; but Mayenne, on the contrary, listened calmly and tranquilly, with a slight smile curling his lip, till the man had done speaking; then, pointing to the window, he said, "Do me the favour, Monsieur d'Aubin, to call up the guard. By the window, by the window, D'Aubin!"

"Lock the door, Martin," exclaimed the old attendant, as a comment upon Mayenne's words; "we can settle the matter here before the guard comes. Out with your swords, my men, and upon them!"

But Eugénie interposed: "No, no! my friends," she cried, rising; "no, no! blood shall never be spilt on my account. Quit the room, I beseech, I command you, and let them have their will, however iniquitous that will may be. Only remember, that whatever may be said, or whatever may be done, I do to the last protest, that I do not, and that I will not, wed the Count d'Aubin; and though they may drag me to the altar, I am not, and never shall consider myself, his wife:—leave me, I beseech you," she added, seeing some hesitation on the part of her attendants; "leave me, if you would not increase my sorrow," and sinking down into her chair, she burst once more into a flood of tears; while the attendants, still muttering and eyeing Mayenne and his companion with somewhat doubtful glances, slowly and sullenly quitted the apartment.

"Really, Monsieur d'Aubin," said Mayenne, in a low voice, "this should not go forward!"

"Your promise, my Lord Duke," said D'Aubin, drily.

"Well, well," said Mayenne, shrugging his shoulders; and then producing a roll of parchment, he laid it on the table before Eugénie de Menancourt, whose weeping eyes were still covered with her hands, and said, "Mademoiselle de Menancourt, I am compelled by circumstances, much against my inclination, to request your signature to this contract of marriage between yourself and the Count d'Aubin."

"Never," said Eugénie, distinctly; "never!"

Mayenne looked towards the Count d'Aubin, who said, in a low and hurried tone, "Never mind the contract, my Lord! let us get over the ceremony in the chapel. That will be sufficient. Marriage is a sacrament, you know, and that once past, it cannot be shaken off."

Mayenne paused for a moment, as if scarcely able to master the reluctance which struggled in his bosom against the fulfilment of his promise to the Count d'Aubin. "Where is Father Herbert?" he asked at last; "Catherine, did you not bring him with you?"

"He is waiting us in the chapel by this time," replied Madame de Montpensier: "some one gave him a note just as we were in the court, and he said he would follow instantly, and join us below."

"Send down and see, Monsieur le Comte," said Mayenne: "you had better call up some of the attendants, by means of that window," he added, "for we may be troubled by these pugnacious peasants again; and, indeed, I must take care that they be looked to till this business be blown over and

forgotten. You are well aware," he continued in a low tone, speaking to D'Aubin, "that what we are doing is contrary to the law."

"I will take my share of the responsibility," replied the Count sharply; "and for your part, my Lord, if you cannot manage a parliament which is wholly devoted to you, I am afraid you will never be able to manage a kingdom, which is more than one half devoted to another." Thus speaking, he approached the open window, and, in a few words, directed some of the persons below to come up; but almost instantly turned to Mayenne, saying, "I suppose that is your confessor just arrived—at least I hear some one inquiring for you in great haste apparently."

Almost as he spoke the door opened, and the Chevalier d'Aumale entered the saloon, followed by a person, who was evidently to be distinguished as a priest both by his tonsure and robe, but upon whom Mayenne and his sister gazed as a stranger. "I beg your Highness' pardon for intruding," said Aumale; "but two things have occurred which called upon me to wave ceremony. After leaving you, I rode on direct to your hotel, where I found the whole world in confusion in consequence of that insolent villain, Bussy le Clerc, having caused your own confessor to be arrested by a party of his people within a hundred yards of your dwelling, upon the pretence of his favouring the Huguenots—your own confessor favouring the Huguenots!"

"I will hang that pitiful demagogue to one of the spouts in the chateau before many weeks are over!" said Mayenne, sternly; "but why did you not follow and release the good father, Monsieur d'Aumale?" he continued.

"Because just at that moment," answered the Chevalier, "this reverend gentleman trotted up on his mule, begging instant audience of you on urgent business from his highness the Prince of Parma."

"Indeed! Indeed!" exclaimed Mayenne; "what is your business with me, reverend sir? I can but ill attend to it at this moment, unless it be important indeed."

"My business is to deliver that despatch, my son," replied the priest, placing in the hands of the Duke a sealed paper, which he instantly tore open and read.

"Most warlike and joyful news, by a most peaceful messenger!" exclaimed Mayenne! "Spain sends us a thousand men, Aumale, within three days! Most joyful news, indeed! and not the less acceptable from being conveyed to us by a minister of our holy religion."

"Glad am I to hear you say so, my noble and princely son," answered the priest; "for his Highness of Parma, when he over-persuaded me to quit my little flock at Houdaincourt, because he fancied a cassock would pass more safely with the tidings than a buff belt, did mention something about a vacant stall in the cathedral church of Cambrai, and the great love and reverence of our father, the Bishop, for your Highness, and all your illustrious family."

"Well, well, your good service, father, in the cause of the faith shall not go without reward," replied Mayenne; "but you are just come in time to do us another good service. Have you any objection to read the marriage service here, and win a rich benefice for your pains?"

Eugenie had heard every thing that passed, as if in a troubled dream; and when the Chevalier d'Aumale had related the arrest of the confessor, a momentary hope of reprieve had crossed her mind. The last words of Mayenne, however, and the ready assent of the priest, instantly extinguished it. The next moment it revived again, as she heard the somewhat strangely chosen missive of the Prince of Parma observe, "But the lady seems to be weeping! what is the cause of that?" and a vague purpose of beseeching him not to join in the oppression which was exercised towards her entered her thoughts. Ere she could execute such a design, however, Mayenne, in a low voice, directed the Count d'Aubin to take the priest out of the room, and explain to him, as he thought best, the circumstances of the case, promising him what reward he judged right to stop all troublesome inquiries.

As the door opened and closed, Eugenie looked fearfully around; and feeling that the last hope of moving any one to pity lay in the temporary absence of him whom she regarded as her most determined persecutor, she rose, intending to cast herself at the knees of Mayenne, and to beseech him, by all that was noble and chivalrous in his nature, to become her protector against the violence of others, rather than to join in oppressing her himself. During the last two days, however, she had undergone more mental suffering than her corporeal frame could endure. The efforts of the last few minutes had poured the drops of overflowing into the cup; and though by great exertion she staggered to the spot, where Mayenne remained standing, after speaking to the Count d'Aubin, she

could not utter a word, but fell fainting at his feet. At the same moment D'Aubin returned; and there was a slight interval of confusion and uncertainty, some calling for water and essences, some proposing to bear her to her own apartment. But D'Aubin interfered. "Let us seize the present moment," he said, "to carry her to the chapel, where we can find means of restoring animation. One great difficulty will then be got over, and we can proceed with the ceremony at once."

"I have often heard," said Madame de Montpensier, "that yours is a determined nature, Monsieur d'Aubin, but I did not know how determined till to-night."

Without noticing the sneer by any reply, D'Aubin raised the senseless form of Eugenie de Menancourt in his arms, and, followed by the rest, bore her down one flight of stairs to the chapel, which, as usual in many of the principal hotels of Paris at that time, was attached to the dwelling, and independent of the parochial clergy. During his short absence, the Count had taken care that his own followers and those of Mayenne should clear that part of the house of the attendants of the unhappy object of his persecution, so that, by the way, he met with neither opposition nor inquiry. The chapel was reached, and all was found prepared, with the priest standing at the altar.

The situation of Eugenie instantly called his attention, however, and he exclaimed, "I cannot go on till the lady has recovered."

"Nobody wishes you, sir priest," exclaimed D'Aubin, sharply. "Some one bring water; quick!"

This command was rendered unnecessary, however; for by this time Eugenie was beginning to regain that miserable consciousness of the evils that surrounded her, from which even temporary insensibility had been a relief. Madame de Montpensier raised her head; Mayenne, in broken and scarcely intelligible terms, endeavoured to speak a few words of comfort; and, being lifted up before the altar, the vain ceremony of her marriage with the Count d'Aubin was begun by the priest, in hurried and not very distinct tones.

Rallying all her powers for one last effort, Eugenie freed herself from the hands of those who supported her, and once more distinctly and firmly protested her dissent from the idle rite which they were performing. Again overpowered, however, she sank upon her knees, the priest went on, and ere she well knew what past, the fatal ring was upon her finger.

Snatching it off instantly, however, she cast it down upon the floor of the chapel, and again fell back fainting into the arms of Madame de Montpensier.

"See her carried back to her own apartments, poor girl!" cried Mayenne; "and do you, Catherine, stay with her a while, and comfort her."

"Let us leave her with her own people, Charles," answered Madame de Montpensier, comprehending better than her brother the nature of the only solace that one in the situation of Eugenie de Menancourt could receive. "We are all comparatively strangers to her; and the best comfort in time of sorrow, to a woman's heart at least, is some familiar and long-remembered face. Will you call some of her own people, Monsieur le Comte d'Aubin?"

It was not, perhaps, from any unnatural hardness of heart that D'Aubin was mortified by the tone of commiseration in which both Mayenne and his sister spoke of Eugenie de Menancourt; but he felt, and could not help feeling, that their pity for the object of his persecution was a direct condemnation of himself. He believed also, and, perhaps, not erroneously, that Madame de Montpensier, on various accounts, experienced a degree of pleasure in rendering every particular of the scene, in which he was so principal an actor, as painful to him as possible; but he was a great deal too deeply skilled in the world's ways not to struggle to prevent those feelings and suspicions from appearing, either in an angry word, or in any attempt to make light of the sorrows he had caused. Sending for some of Eugenie's attendants, therefore, he gave her over into their hands; directing them, in a grave and earnest tone, and with the air of one who now had a right to command, to bear her up to her usual apartments slowly and gently, and use instant means to recall her to consciousness. "Perhaps, madam," he added, turning to the Duchess, "you would at least watch the applications of remedies to promote her recovery, as these good people may be more affectionate than skilful."

"I will do so with pleasure, Monsieur le Comte," replied Madame de Montpensier; "but I will retire as soon as I perceive that animation is returning; for I am sure the sight of any one who has mingled in the horrible scenes through which the unhappy girl has just past will for long fill her with terror and abhorrence."

D'Aubin bit his lip, but made no reply; and Madame de

Montpensier in silence followed the attendants, who bore the insensible form of their young mistress out of the chapel.

"And now, Monsieur le Comte," said Mayenne, "it must be time, I think, for you to put your foot in the stirrup, and ride to make those preparations which we spoke of yesterday."

"A few moments more, my good lord," replied D'Aubin, with a cynical smile. "Your Highness has so scrupulously fulfilled your part of the engagement, that you need be under no fear lest I should fail in mine. But ere I go, I must ask this worthy priest to give me a regular certification of my marriage with Eugénie de Menancourt, otherwise the retainers of her house may refuse to acknowledge the authority which it is so necessary for the interests of your Highness that I should be fully enabled to exercise."

"You are right," replied Mayenne calmly; "be so good, reverend father, to draw up the document required. The names are, Philip Count d'Aubin, and Eugénie Lady of Menancourt and of Beaumont en Maine."

In the little room which answered the purpose of a sacristy, materials for writing were soon procured, and the priest sat down to prepare the certification which was to place D'Aubin in possession of the property he had so unjustly acquired.

"You are somewhat slow, sir priest," said the haughty noble, perceiving that every now and then he paused, and seemed to think of what he should say next; "you are somewhat slow, as if you had never drawn a certificate before."

"I generally do leave it to the sacristan," replied the priest, mildly, "but that was not what made me hesitate, my son. I pondered whether I should insert that the marriage was against the lady's will;" and a sly, though half suppressed smile played about his lips, and put D'Aubin to silence.

Mayenne, however, replied, "No, no, good father," he said, "make it as brief and as simple as possible. We need no comments."

The priest accordingly concluded his task, and D'Aubin taking the certificate, glanced his eye hastily over its contents, and then turning to Mayenne, he said, "Now, my lord, I make all speed to Maine, leaving my bride in your hands, and trusting to find on my return that, during my absence, you have used more eloquence in my favour, than you have thought fit to do to-night in my presence."

"I will do all that I can, Monsieur d'Aubin," replied Mayenne, with calm dignity, "to efface from her mind the impression which this night must have left, to overcome objections founded on former conduct, of which I know nothing; and to reconcile her to her fate, which she does not at all appear to consider the less bitter because it is inevitable."

Both the Count d'Aubin and the Duke of Mayenne felt that, under existing circumstances, the fewer words that passed between them the less was likely to be the diminution of their friendship. Each had in a considerable degree a hold over the other; for D'Aubin, possessing an extended right of command over the lands of Eugénie de Menancourt, was too powerful to be alienated from the League; and yet, on the other hand, retaining possession of the person of Eugénie de Menancourt, Mayenne held D'Aubin to the League, by a bond that it would have been dangerous for him to break. D'Aubin, therefore, curbed the anger which during the whole evening had been gathering in his bosom, and merely bowing in reply to the last words of the Duke, quitted the chapel, mounted his horse, and galloped off, followed by his attendants.

"And now, my good father," said Mayenne, "return with me to the Hôtel de Guise, and we will speak over this letter from the Prince of Parma, and his promise regarding the stall in Cambray."

"May it please your Highness," replied the priest, as you are on horseback, and I am on foot—for I left my mule at the door of your hôtel—I will follow you with all speed, if you will leave some one to show me the way, for I cannot boast much acquaintance with the topography of this vast and labyrinth-like city."

"Well, well, so be it," replied Mayenne. "But, now I think of it, my sister, the Duchess of Montpensier—that lady, who was here just now," he added,—"will bring you with her in her coach. It will hold ten with ease, and she has but four ladies with her; wait here, and I will tell some of the attendants to let you know when she comes down."

The priest bowed his head, and Mayenne departing, left a message for his sister, and rode back to the Hôtel de Guise. Not long after the carriage of Madame de Montpensier rolled into the court, and the Duchess instantly sought her brother's cabinet.

"One of your grooms told me, Charles," she said, "that I was to bring the priest with me."

"Certainly," replied the Duke. "Have you not done so?"

"No," she answered, "I have not, because I could not find him. We sought every where, in the chapel and the sacristy, and over all the lower part of the house, but he had evidently gone away and left the door of the chapel open behind him."

"The foolish man has mistaken me, then," said Mayenne; "but it matters not. He will not be long in finding me out, for he has not got his reward for either of the two services he has rendered to-night; and if I may judge by his face, he is not a man to perform either the one or the other for the love of God. So we shall hear of him ere half an hour be over, depend upon it." And he turned the conversation to the distressing scene in which he had so unwillingly played a part.

In regard to the priest, however, Mayenne was mistaken. The night passed over without his appearance; and the following morning, as the Duke was making inquiries concerning him, he was interrupted by news of a different nature, in regard to which we must give some previous explanation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN Eugénie de Menancourt, slowly and painfully, returned to consciousness of life and sorrow, she found herself in the saloon in which she usually sat, and in the arms of her own women. Gazing fearfully around, she sought to discover where the forms of those who so lately surrounded her were now concealed; and as she satisfied herself that there was no one present but her own attendants, her bewildered imagination almost led her to hope, that the terrible scenes she had gone through were nothing but the phantasms of some horrible dream. Gradually, however, memory recalled every circumstance with too painful a degree of accuracy to admit of her indulging any longer in such a happy delusion; and now, unrestrained by the presence of any but those whom she knew and loved, she gave way to all the bitter sorrow that swelled her heart, and burst into a long and silent flood of tears. The tears, however, seemed to relieve her; but the words which one of her young attendants whispered in her ear tended more than all to afford consolation, and to revive almost extinguished hope.

"Do not weep so bitterly, lady, do not weep so bitterly," said the girl. "He is gone, he is gone, and may not return for months!"

"Who is gone?" exclaimed Eugénie, starting up, and hurriedly wiping the tears from her eyes, that she might gaze the more intently upon the speaker. "Who is gone? Who may not return for months?"

"The Count d'Aubin, lady," replied the girl. "Madame de Montpensier bade me tell you so, and gave me this note to be delivered to you, when you were well enough to read it."

"Give it to me—give it to me now," cried Eugénie; and tearing it open, she held it to the light, gazing with eager eyes upon the contents. It was very brief, but almost every word spoke comfort, for they went to inform her, that the Count d'Aubin on business of importance, had been obliged to set off for Maine; that the period of his return was not decided, but that it certainly could not take place before the end of the month, while it might be delayed longer; and though the conclusion of the letter went to say, that both the Duke of Mayenne and Madame de Montpensier trusted that, ere the Count's return, Eugénie would have made up her mind to receive him as her husband, and to sign the formal contract of marriage, yet the intelligence of his absence was a reprieve; and imagination fondly clinging to the uncertainty of the future, at once renewed hope in her bosom.

With hope came back the spirit of exertion which had been crushed beneath despair. Dropping the note upon the table, as the lightning progress of thought ran on in an instant from one object to another, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, "Where, where! can Beatrice of Ferrara be? She must be ill, or she would have come to me, I am sure."

"Shall we send, and see, lady?" demanded one of the women.

"Yes, yes! do so," replied Eugénie, "and leave me alone for half an hour; I would fain think—I would fain consider what is best to be done! I am better, indeed I am better now," she added, seeing the women look at her with some hesitation. "Stay in the anteroom, and I will call, if I want you."

The women obeyed; and Eugénie, leaning on the table, covered her eyes with her hands, and remained endeavouring

to reduce, to some definite and feasible plan, the vague hopes of relief which she had again conceived. But the effects of the agitation she had suffered still remained, and she found it impossible to fix her thoughts upon the future, so perseveringly did they wander back to the past.

In this state, she had continued about five or ten minutes, when the sound of an opening door made her raise her eyes. That which led into the anteroom was shut, as well as that which gave egress, at once, upon the staircase; but on the other side of the room there was another door, which communicated with an unoccupied part of the house, looking into a back street which led away towards the Faubourg St. Antoine; and when Eugénie turned her eyes in that direction, she started up with surprise, and some degree of alarm, on perceiving it gently and slowly drawn back. Remembering, however, that her attendants were in the anteroom, she paused, to see what would be the result, suppressing the exclamation which had nearly burst from her lips.

The sight that the open door presented, when farther drawn back, was certainly one which in no degree diminished her surprise, but at the same time added nothing to her alarm; for the person who opened it was alone; nor was he one whose appearance was calculated to inspire terror. It was the figure of a youth, apparently not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age, that now presented itself, carrying a lamp in one hand, and unclosing the door with the other. His dress was of the gay and splendid costume of the court of Henry the Third, and from under his high-crowned beaver, and its manifold ostrich feathers, the bright and glossy curls of his coal-black hair fell round as handsome a face as ever was beheld. A large cloak was wrapped about his arm, and riding boots pushed down to his ancles, as was then customary, seemed to indicate that he either came from or was bound upon a journey; and as Eugénie gazed upon him, she concluded at once that he was some page attached to the Count d'Aubin, who, sent with some message or letter ere his lord's departure, had either by accident or design passed by that part of the dwelling which was for the time out of use. As soon as this conviction struck her, she rose to call in her women, but the youth held up his hand with a gesture which was easily interpreted into an entreaty to be silent; and Eugénie again paused, saying in a low tone, "What do you seek here, sir? Do not advance, or I must call my servants!"

The youth, however, did still advance, but with an air of deprecation and gentleness, that took away all fear; and when, within a step, he placed the lamp on the table, and bent one knee to the ground, Eugénie gazed upon him with doubt and astonishment; but a confused and uncertain hope began to take possession of her mind, as the boy raised her hand to his lips, and then, as he glided his arms round her waist, and, with the jetty curls of his hair mingling with her light-brown locks, kissed her tenderly on either cheek, the fair girl's face dropped upon her new companion's shoulder, and with a flood of tears she exclaimed, "Oh! Beatrice, Beatrice! why did you not come sooner?"

"I did come sooner," replied Beatrice of Ferara,—or Leonard de Monti, as the reader will,—"I did come sooner, my dear Eugénie. I did come sooner! and have been in these apartments all the evening, directing every thing that has passed in all this sad scene, though those who were actors therein knew nothing of the prompter. I could not come to console you, my Eugénie, nor to give you one word of comfort and assurance, lest I should be discovered by all the spies and messengers who were going to and fro about this house during the whole of yesterday; but I arranged the only means of saving you, and making my way into the house by the back street, watched till I saw my plan executed, and then came to bear you away to a place of greater security."

"But, alas, alas! your plan has failed," replied Eugénie. "The fatal ring has been upon my finger."

"Fear not! fear not!" replied Beatrice. "That ring binds you to nothing, Eugénie. Such a marriage is lawful in no land under the sun; and I took care that there should be plenty of witnesses to prove, hereafter, that your consent was refused to the last."

"I know," replied Eugénie, "I know that such a marriage cannot be legal; and I would sooner die than ever render it so. But still, Beatrice, still a ceremony has taken place; and though I will not be his wife, yet I can never, never feel myself free again!"

"Yes, yes, you can," replied Beatrice, with one of her gay smiles; "yes, you can be free as ever to give this fair hand to any one in the wide world you choose."

Eugénie shook her head; but Beatrice drew her arms closer around her, saying, "Well, well, you little infidel, if you will

not believe me without farther proof, hear the secret of it all—but I dare not speak it aloud, lest the very spirits of the air should catch it, ere the poor man get back to the Huguenot camp; for they would burn him alive in the Place de Grève, if they caught him; and the two thousand pistoles which bribed him to the adventure would be but cold comfort in the midst of the flames;" and putting her lips close to Eugénie's ear, she whispered one or two words in a tone so low, that Mademoiselle de Menancourt herself might rather be said to divine their meaning than to hear them distinctly. That she understood them fully, however, was evident; for the light of joy instantly broke over her countenance; and clasping her hands together, while she raised her eyes towards heaven, she exclaimed, "Then I am saved indeed!"

At that moment, the door from the anteroom suddenly opened, and Beatrice started up from the position in which she had remained ever since her first entrance into the room, while Eugénie turned a terrified glance towards the door. It was only one of her women, however, who entered; and, contrary to her mistress's expectations, she evinced no surprise at the sight of Beatrice de Ferara, disguised in the manner we have described.

"She knows it all, Eugénie," said Beatrice, "for it was by her means I obtained admission."

"I suppose, madam," said the waiting woman, with a smile, "that I need scarcely tell you that Jean Baptiste has returned, with the news that Mademoiselle de Ferara is still absent from home, and is not expected for many days."

"But why did you not tell me, Caroline," demanded Eugénie, "that she was here? It would have saved me many a miserable moment. If I had known that she was in this house, I should never have lost hope that all would go right."

"But it was impossible to tell you, lady," replied the waiting woman; "for the Duchess de Montpensier sent us all away; and after she was gone, I could not say what I knew, because your other women were with you."

"Well, well," said Beatrice, "we have matters of more importance to think of now, Eugénie: we will keep all explanations for an after time, when you and I, in some little cottage, far away from these scenes of strife, want conversation to pass away the hours till the storm has worked itself out, and the sky is once more clear. And now, sweet sister of my heart, call up all your courage, summon all your resolution, for we must lose no time, but make the best of our way out of this hateful city; for ere to-morrow morning be two hours' old, Mayenne will have discovered that he has been cheated; and though Philip of Aubin be by that time beyond recall, his Highness the Lieutenant General, and the Holy League, even if they find not out all the windings of our plot, will take such measures for your security, that all after efforts will be vain."

"Oh! I will do anything! I will fly any where!" replied Eugénie. "I have courage, I have resolution for any effort. The worst that can befall me is death; and I would rather die a thousand times than be the bride of Philip of Aubin."

Beatrice smiled, half sorrowfully, half playfully. "He is not reputed, my fair Eugénie," she said, "to be so very hateful, as you seem to think."

Eugénie blushed deeply, pained to believe that her undisguised abhorrence of the Count d'Aubin might have wounded the feelings of one whom she loved so much as she did Beatrice of Ferara—one who, she well knew, was not indifferent to the man whom she herself so deeply detested. "I mean not to say that he is so hateful in himself, Beatrice," she replied. "But has not he given me good reason to hate him?—Perhaps I might have loved him, too, if—"

"If you had not loved another," interrupted Beatrice, with a smile. "But we have not time for all that either," she added; "and will talk of it, too, another day. At this moment we have other matters to think of. You, my good Caroline, bring your mistress some refreshments quickly; but take care that no one else enters while you are gone."

"Indeed, Beatrice, I need no refreshment," said Eugénie, rising. "Joy at my deliverance, and hope for the future, will give me strength and support to go any length of way; and I am ready, quite ready, to set out directly."

Beatrice smiled. "I will command to-day," she said; "Caroline, do as I bid you! Alas, my poor Eugénie, you have much to do, ere you can set out, for the danger lies at our threshold; and when once I have led you twenty yards in safety from the door of this house, I shall think the battle half won at least."

"What, then, is it that you fear?" demanded Eugénie, eagerly.

"Delay, above all things!" answered Beatrice; "for though, I trust, our plot has been too well laid to be discover-

ed immediately, yet there is always danger where there is anything concealed. First, then, Eugénie, you must change your dress, and take such an one as will most completely disguise you, should you be sought for more speedily than we suppose."

"I know not where to find any dress but my own," replied Eugénie. "What dress would you have me take, Beatrice?—Though now I think of it," she added suddenly; "one of my maids has her own country costume with her,—a white petticoat, and a red open gown above it, with —"

"Impossible! impossible!" exclaimed Beatrice. "It would betray you at once. Remember, my dear Eugénie, that I go with you; and though in the streets of Paris they might but think that the gay page was deceiving the country girl with a tale of love, that would not do beyond the gates. I once thought of a nun's dress for you, which would do very well in the city also; but one must care for other things than those of the mere present; and I recollected, that if I, dressed as a bold youth, and you, dressed as a pretty nun, were seen getting into either coach or litter together, we should soon have the ecclesiastical officers at our heels. No, no, Eugénie! we must have some dress for you which will neither attract attention in the city, nor beyond the walls; which will tell its own tale, and, by sparing all inquiries, conceal our sex and character without an effort."

"Oh, not a man's dress!" exclaimed Eugénie, imploringly.

"None other, indeed!" answered Beatrice, smiling; "but knowing the timid shyness of that heart which pretends to be so bold, I have chosen one for you, Eugénie, which will hide your person as effectually as the fullest robe that ever woman wore, which will accord with a smooth cheek and a demure look, and which will yet admit of your travelling in company with a bold page. Come and see! for I have brought it here along with me."

Thus saying, Beatrice de Ferrara led the way, through the same passage by which she herself had entered, to a room wherein she had lain concealed during the time that the other apartments were occupied by the party assembled for that said bridal. There, on one of the old oaken chairs, lay the robes of a young abbé in complete costume; not such as that costume appeared in after years, when the gradual blending of the dress of different orders permitted the aspirants to ecclesiastical stations to assume habiliments only distinguished from those of the laity by colour; but full, ample, and flowing, and offering to Eugénie that modest concealment for her fair form, to which even she, under existing circumstances, could not object. Deeply sensible of the kind and delicate appreciation of all her feelings, which Beatrice—whose wilder and more daring nature scoffed at such scruples in her own instance—had displayed in this choice of her disguise, Eugénie was eagerly thanking her for all her consideration; but her friend cut her short, to hasten her new and unusual toilet, taking care, however, as indeed she had hitherto done, to avoid, even by any eager hurry, alarming her more timid companion in the outset of their perilous undertaking.

The dress, chosen by an experienced eye, fitted admirably in every respect, with the exception of the shoes, which were far too large for Eugénie's small feet. The robe, however, was sufficiently long to conceal this defect, in a great degree; and, when all was complete, Beatrice gazed over the changed appearance of her fair friend with a smile of gay satisfaction.

"Well, Eugénie," she exclaimed, "certainly you are the prettiest little abbé that ever was seen; but, nevertheless, you will do admirably. Only remember not to uncover your head, for your ringlets will betray you. See how I manage mine! I can pull off my hat without fear; cannot you do the same? Only cut off those two lower curls at the side; they will grow again in a month."

"I will cut them off altogether, with all my heart," answered Eugénie. But her friend assured her that such a sacrifice of her bright locks was not necessary; and showing her how she herself contrived to conceal in one mass her own profusion of dark hair, she soon put that of Mademoiselle de Menacourt into the same form, but still bade her uncover her head as little as possible, lest the want of all tonsure should call attention, and betray her disguise.

"And now, Eugénie, take some refreshment," said Beatrice; "meat to give you strength,—for you may have far to walk ere morning,—and wine to give you courage; for, after all, I doubt the resolution of that little heart; and depend upon it, that the only sure means of carrying through a great undertaking is to begin boldly, and go on without stopping. But I hear your girl Caroline in the other room; she had better bring the refreshments in here, lest we should be interrupted."

Beatrice, accordingly, called the maid in; and not small was the girl's astonishment to behold the transformation that had taken place in the person of her mistress during her short absence. Beatrice, however, suffered no exclamations; and while Eugénie, whose appetite had not been increased by all the events of the night, took what refreshment she could, her friend proceeded to give directions to the *suivante* concerning the course that was to be pursued after her mistress's departure.

"In case any one returns to the house to-night," she said, "seeking the priest, all you have to reply is, that you know nothing about him, and that your mistress is in her own chamber in deep grief. I do not think, however, that any one will come; and, in that case, by eight o'clock to-morrow,—for Mayenne does not rise before—go yourself to Madame de Montpensier, and with a grave and serious face ask to see your mistress, adding, before she can answer you, that you have brought her such apparel as she may stand in need of for the morning. Mind you must not move a muscle of your face! She will instantly be all astonishment, and ask if you are mad; then tell her that, about this hour to-night, a gay page and a young abbé came here saying, that they brought a letter from her Highness, and took your mistress away with them, as if to the Hotel de Guise, to which place you were directed to bring various things the next morning. Will not that do, Eugénie?" she continued, turning to her friend, "and am not I fit to be a general of reitres?"

Eugénie smiled, but replied, "Suppose they do not believe her, Beatrice, and send to examine the other servants?"

"Oh! I am prepared for all that," replied Beatrice. "As soon as ever we are gone, send the women to bed, good Caroline, and despatch the greater part of the men upon different errands: you can direct two of them to my house, bidding them wait till my return. One you can send to the Count d'Aubin's, to inquire whether he has really set out for Maine; and while these are gone, explain yourself to those whom you can best trust amongst the others, telling them simply, that if any inquiries are made, they have merely to keep to the same story about the abbé and the page which you are going to tell."

"But suppose we are asked to describe the abbé and the page, lady, what are we to do then?" demanded the woman.

"Why, describe them, to be sure," replied Beatrice.

"Here we are, take an exact picture of us. You cannot do better; and if you say, that your mistress went away in our company, you will but say the truth. Now I bethink me, you may as well add, that you think you have seen the page somewhere before, and rather believe that he is in the service of the Count d'Aubin—which is true too, Eugénie, when all things are wisely considered, though we are serving him against his will. But now, my pretty abbé—I shall call you Eugène for the future—we must lose no more time. Run down, Caroline, and see that the door at the foot of the back stairs is open, and give a glance round the court-yard, to make sure that it is clear."

The girl, with a ready promptitude in manœuvring, for which French *soubrettes* are not unjustly famed, required no farther explanations, having that internal consciousness of great resources of intrigue, which rendered her quite confident of being able to make up a new story, or to mend the old one for the occasion, in case anything in Beatrice's plan went wrong. Tripping away then through the unused apartments, to the back staircase that led out into the court, she descended to the bottom, and gently unclosing the door, to the extent of about a hand's breadth, closed it again as quietly, and returned to the two ladies with the unpleasant tidings, that all the male attendants belonging to the house were standing under the arch of the *porte-cochère*, apparently talking over the events of the evening.

"Get ye down then, Caroline, to the *maître de hôtel*," cried Beatrice; "bid him express your mistress's thanks to the honest fellows for their attachment; and tell him, in her name, to call them into some room, where their voices will not be heard by the spies of the League, and to give them each a bottle of the best Burgundy, to drink to their lady's health and deliverance, and confusion to her enemies and persecutors."

With a smile at the lady's readiness and resources, the *soubrette* ran off to obey; and in a few minutes returned with the better news, that all the men were safely housed, with bottles before them which would occupy them for some time. Beatrice then drew Eugénie's arm through her own, and led the way towards the staircase, followed by the *suivante*, for the purpose of closing the doors behind them.

Eugénie felt that her happiness for life was at stake; that

she was taking the only means to save herself from oppression, persecution, and, in all probability, ultimate misery. She felt that the object was worth any exertion; that if ever she displayed energy, resolution, and courage, this was the moment in which they were all most needed: and yet it were vain to say, that her heart did not palpitate; that her knees did not shake; and that her trembling hand did not feel like a piece of ice, even in the midst of a hot and sultry night of August.

Beatrice perceived her agitation; and, though her own firm heart did not share in her friend's terrors, she felt for her deeply, and endeavoured to support her by every means in her power. "Fear not, dear Eugenie!" she said, "fear not! Be assured that ere I came hither, I took every means to insure success; and that we shall not pass along two hundred yards of the way without finding some one stationed by me to aid and protect us in case of need. I have spared neither gold nor thought, Eugenie; and, in this world, gold, and thought, and courage, will do every thing; so there wants nothing but the courage, my fair friend, and that you must try to have."

"I will! I will!" whispered Eugenie in return. "But, indeed, Beatrice, I cannot but find it terrible to go out thus alone into the streets of a strange, turbulent, vicious city, in the dress of a different sex, and with no one but another girl to guide and protect me!"

"Not terrible at all," replied Beatrice. "It is but what many a gay light heart would do for a jest, and many a base heart for a worse purpose. It is only on account of the great stake we are playing for, that you feel terrified, Eugenie; but that, on the contrary, should give you courage."

By this time they had reached the top of the back staircase, the narrowness of which obliged them to descend one by one. Beatrice, holding the lamp, led the way, and Eugenie followed. At the bottom of the stairs, the fair Italian, telling the maid who accompanied them that she must find her way back in the dark, blew out the light, and gently unclosed the door. The moment she did so, the summer air rushed in; and though it was as soft and warm as the breath of southern spring, it felt chill to Eugenie's cheek, while the rolling sound of carriage-wheels, in some distant street, made her shrink back upon the maid as if she were already detected. Beatrice glanced her eye quickly around the court, and seeing that it was vacant, took Eugenie's hand to lead her on. The maid, at the same time, feeling sure that her mistress would gain more courage as soon as all means of retreat were cut off, kissed her affectionately on either cheek, by way of leave-taking, and gently supported her forward till she was actually in the court, then suddenly closed the door; and Eugenie heard the lock turn within. For a moment her heart sunk; but making a great effort, and recalling the image of the Count d'Aubin, she hurried forward with Beatrice across the court to a small door which opened into the back street.

When one is in haste there is always some impediment. The door was locked, and though the key was in, it fell out of Beatrice's hand as she attempted to turn it, and rattled on the pavement. Some moments passed ere it could be found again, during which time Eugenie's courage waned fast. At length, however, it was recovered, and placed in the lock, but ere the door was opened, some one rang the bell at the front gate. Eugenie felt as if her fate was sealed, and clung to the doorway for support. Luckily, however, no servant loves to obey the summons of a bell; and Eugenie's attendants, happy in their Burgundy, resolved that the visitor should ring again. Ere that occurred, Beatrice, with a steady hand, had turned the lock, the door opened; and springing through after her friend, Eugenie de Menancourt stood in the streets of Paris.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TAKING Eugenie by the arm to give some support to her tottering frame, Beatrice hurried on, and they reached the end of the street in safety. As they were turning into another, however, a man who was walking slowly on the other side of the way paused to mark them in their advance towards him, and seemingly attracted by a certain degree of agitation as well as haste in their demeanour, crossed over and accosted them:

"What now, my young rovers!" he exclaimed. "Whither away so fast? Some intrigue, I warrant!"

"What is it to you?" demanded Beatrice, turning towards him fiercely, while she still hurried on, holding up the trem-

bling form of her timid friend. "If no one meddles with your intrigues, meddle you with no one's either."

"What is it to me!" cried the stranger. "Do you not perceive that I am the captain of the quarter? and I doubt you have been about some notorious evil, by your haste and this young lad's trembling;" and, as he spoke, he laid a somewhat rude grasp upon Eugenie's arm.

"By the blessed union, and the holy catholic faith!" exclaimed Beatrice, in a tone that made the man start back, "If you hold his arm another moment, I will drive my dagger into you, twice as far as Saint Jacques Clement did the other day into the tyrant at St. Cloud;" and, without hesitation, she drew the weapon out of its sheath, and brought the gleaming blade so near the man's breast, that he dropped Eugenie's arm, and laid his hand upon his sword.

Bursting into a loud laugh, Beatrice taunted him with his fright; and putting up her dagger, hurried on, diverting the stranger's attention by railery, till at the corner of another street, Eugenie saw her raise her two fingers in the moonlight, and the next moment a man sprang out from a gateway on the dark side of the way; and running forward as fast as possible, as if intending to pass them, he rushed full against their undesired companion, and laid him prostrate in the gutter in the middle of the street. Then taking the first word of quarrel, he stopped and turned to abuse the fallen man for not getting out of his way, while Beatrice and her companion hurried on, and were soon at a distance from the scene of strife.

"Matthew managed that well!" exclaimed Beatrice, when she thought herself at a sufficient distance to pause and take breath; "I must promote that fellow to some better office for his skill."

"Then that was one of your own people?" said Eugenie, with her confidence in the success of their endeavour somewhat strengthened by every new proof of the foresight and precaution which her fair companion had used to ensure support. "But what if the captain of the quarter calls up the guard, and takes him into custody?"

"Captain of the quarter!" she exclaimed, with a laugh, "and did you believe that! Do you not know that, in these times, every one assumes what name he pleases? Captain of the quarter, indeed! Rather some *filou* or some *escroc* who, seeing two youths fresh from an idle scrape, as he thought, fancied he could lay a tribute on their purse as the price of his silence and departure."

Still hurrying on, Beatrice of Ferrara led the way through a number of streets towards the gates of the city; but, warned by their late adventure, she no longer proceeded at such a rapid pace. Assuming, on the contrary, somewhat of a swagger in her air, yet still holding Eugenie firm by the arm, she walked along, displaying no bad imitation of the vastly important demeanour of some noble page, who, just liberated from his mother's careful eye, overlays the inexperienced timidity of youth with affected self-confidence.

More than once quitting the quieter and less frequented streets, Beatrice was obliged to lead the way into others, through which the human tide that rarely ebbs entirely in the city of Paris, was still flowing on, though the hour was approaching to midnight. Eugenie's heart beat quick at every fresh group that they encountered, and many a pang crossed her bosom, and many an unseen blush passed over her cheek, at some of the scenes that she thus for the first time witnessed in the streets of the metropolis. Twice as they walked along, Beatrice paused for a moment to speak a single word to persons who seemed to be merely common passengers, and Eugenie, whose timid glance was frequently cast behind, remarked that the men to whom her companion spoke turned and followed them at the distance of a few paces. At length, as they approached the extremity of the Faubourg St. Germain, Beatrice whispered in her ear, "It will be impossible to pass the gates at this hour of the night, and, therefore, we must take shelter till the morning begins to dawn in a place of refuge which I have prepared."

Eugenie expressed her willingness to do anything her companion thought fit; and in a few moments Beatrice stopped opposite to a small house in the suburb, and pushing the door which was open, led the way in. All was darkness within; and Eugenie, though she had the most perfect confidence in her friend, felt her terror increased at the aspect of the place. Taking her hand, however, Beatrice led her on, up a narrow staircase, and through a still narrower passage, to a door at which she knocked for admittance. It was instantly opened, and the next moment Eugenie found herself in a neat, plainly furnished room, where two of Beatrice's women, whom she had frequently seen before, stood ready to receive them. The

moment they had entered, Beatrice cast her arms round her; and kissing her on both sides of the face, exclaimed, "Now, my sweet friend, I trust we are safe; to-morrow morning, I think, we shall be able to pass the gates without obstruction, and the rest of our expedition will be easy."

"Thank God!" cried Eugenie, sinking down into her seat. "Thank God! and next to him, Beatrice, I have to thank you!"

"Spare your thanks to me, Eugenie," cried her companion, "till we have reached the end of our journey. I will then try to hear them with patience. But now, I dare say, you will think it strange that I have not taken you to my own house, instead of bringing you here. But I have three sufficient reasons for not doing so. First, because on many accounts they might suspect you of flying to me; secondly, because we are here much nearer to the gate, and, thirdly, for a reason, Eugenie, that you would scarcely suspect, which is, that I did not choose any of the gossiping fraternity should say they had seen two gray-looking youths enter the house of Beatrice of Ferrara at night, and remain there till morning shone. So you see, Eugenie, that I, even I, am not without fears of scandal; I who have not scrupled, when my purpose served, to go disguised as I am now, and live disguised in the house of a strange man.—Ay, Eugenie! do not look so horrified, for I was as safe there as in my own chamber. I was surrounded by my own attendants, whom I had contrived by one means or another to force into his service. He was too simple and unsuspecting to suspect me, and even had he discovered me, was too noble-minded to have misused his advantage."

"You do not mean," exclaimed Eugenie, "you do not mean surely the——"

"Not the Count d'Aubin!" exclaimed Beatrice, with a blush that spread like lightning over her cheek, and forehead, and temples; "not the Count d'Aubin! I would not have trusted myself within his gates in this guise for millions of kingdoms. No, not to have obtained a century of the brightest happiness that ever yet shone upon the path of mortal!"

"I did not mean him," replied Eugenie smiling, "I meant the Marquis of St. Réal."

"Then you have divined more shrewdly than I thought you would," replied Beatrice. "But I will tell you all that story another time," she added, quitting suddenly a subject on which she evidently wished to speak, but did not know well how to proceed.—"What was I saying? Oh! that I feared to have two gray-looking youths seen to enter my house at this hour; but the fact is, Eugenie, I have found that by caution and propriety, and determination in certain things, I have acquired, as it were, a right prescriptive to be as wild, and as daring, and as unhesitating, as I liked in all others,—but now, my fair friend, let us think of the present moment. You have four good hours to rest yourself ere we set out. In yonder room you will find a bed; and one of my girls shall sit by you, while you lie down to repose, if you are afraid of sleeping in a strange apartment. But now, I must have those delicate shoes of yours; for ere we set out to-morrow, we shall need a pair more conformable to your dress, and must send a model to my own shoemaker, who, perhaps, may have some that will fit. He is accustomed to my whims; and will not mind being roused out of his bed to serve me. In the mean time I must change my dress and hasten away; for I am determined to show myself, if but for an hour, at the fête given to-night by old Madame de Gondi, so as to turn away all suspicion from the right direction. I will be back long ere it be time to set out to-morrow."

Exhausted with all she had gone through, grief, terror, mental exertion, and corporeal fatigue, Eugenie de Menancourt gladly availed herself of the opportunity of repose. Casting off her upper robe, but without undressing herself farther, she lay down to rest. She did not refuse, however, the attendance of one of Beatrice's women; for danger and terror, instead of losing their effect on her mind by custom, had only rendered her more timid and apprehensive.

For more than an hour, agitation prevented Eugenie from sleeping; but towards two o'clock weariness prevailed, and she sunk into profound slumber. It seemed scarcely a moment, however, ere she was roused by some one touching her arm; and she found Beatrice standing beside her, while the gray light that found its way into the room through the open window showed that she had slept longer than she imagined.

"It is time for us to depart, Eugenie," said her friend, "and unwillingly I must break your short repose; but I see the market carts coming in; showing both that the gates are open, and that the siege of Paris is not only raised in reality but in name. We must make the best of our time, Eugenie; for in five hours more your absence may be discovered."

Eugenie de Menancourt needed no admonitions to haste. Her dress was soon resumed, her shoes tried on and found to fit tolerably, her hair re-arranged so as to conceal its length; and once more taking Beatrice's arm, she proceeded down the narrow staircase to the door of the house, where, stretched upon some benches in the passage, lay two or three men in different costumes, who instantly started upon their feet as the two maskers approached.

"Do not come out," said Beatrice, stopping to speak with them, "but look forth from the side window where you can see the gate. If I hold up my handkerchief, run up to help us; and, good faith, you must even risk a hard blow or two, should need be; but if you see Andrew join us, or if I do not hold up my handkerchief, be sure that all is safe, and return home with the women."

The men bowed and made way; and Eugenie, accompanying her companion through the doorway, found herself once more in the street in the cool clear light of the early morning. During the former part of her flight, she had thought that the very darkness increased her terror; but now as she walked on, with faltering steps, in an unwonted garb, and fancying that every passing eye must penetrate her disguise, she would have given worlds for night once more to afford her the covering of its dull obscurity.

The gate lay at the distance of not more than a hundred yards before them; and Beatrice whispering, "Do not be surprised or alarmed at anything you see or hear, for I expect a confederate here," led the way with a quick step.

Not to be alarmed, however, was not in Eugenie's power; for even the great interests she had at stake, though they prompted to exertion, were without effect in giving birth to courage; nor was the sight of the gate at that moment calculated to remove her fears, for although the siege was, as Beatrice said, absolutely at an end, and the royal army already many leagues from Paris, yet sentinels were to be seen in every direction, and a number of the fierce-looking soldiers of the League still hung about the gates, some examining the market carts as they entered the city, some jesting with the country women who accompanied them.

Beatrice advanced boldly, however, her confidence and presence of mind appearing to increase as the dangers became more eminent; and gliding between two carts which stood in the archway, she was leading Eugenie on, when the *lanceprisée* of the guard darted out of the gate-house, and caught her by the arm.

"Ha, ha! my young truant," he exclaimed, "whither away so fast? none passes here without question: this is not the door of a church, young man!"

Beatrice shook off the man's hold without showing the slightest symptom of alarm or agitation; and ever ready with a reply, she answered, "Not the door of a church! Is it the door of a Huguenot *preche* then? and are you a Maheutre minister? Come, come! what do you stop us for? They told me that the Bearnoise and his beasts were gone, and that we could go out in safety and see where the Huguenots roasted their apples."

"You have more malice in your heads than that, my good youths, I have a notion," replied the soldier. "We must have your names at least. Give us your name, my good boy."

"Mine is Monseigneur le Duc du Petit Châtelet," replied Beatrice, laughing; "so put that down in your book."

The soldier shook his finger at her good humoured enough. "You are a wild one," he said, "and will break many a country wench's heart, I'll warrant you, ere you be done with it. But what is your name, my pretty little abbé, that stand there holding by the cart and blushing like a girl of fifteen?"

Eugenie hesitated, and blushed a thousand times more deeply than before; but Beatrice instantly came to her aid, exclaiming, "Do not tell him your real name, silly boy; have you not wit to make one? What has he to do with your real name? Monsieur le Soldat, or better still, Monsieur le Lanceprisée, this gentleman here present is called L'Abbé des Ponts et Chaussées,—so put that down in your book also!"

"Very well, I will," replied the man; "but before I let you go farther, I must know whether these are your real names or not, and I think we have one within there who can tell us."

Eugenie's heart sunk, and even Beatrice's confidence seemed a little shaken, while the soldier, turning to some of his companions, exclaimed, "Send out the old man there, and we shall soon see if he recognises these two pretty youths!"

The moment after, an elderly man, dressed much in the costume of a major-domo belonging to some old family of distinction, came forth from the gate-house and approached them, holding up his hands and eyes, as if in horror and astonishment. Eugenie looked to Beatrice to see what was to come next; but

a suppressed smile upon the countenance of her fair friend reassured her, although the words that accompanied that smile tended to a contrary effect. "We are caught now, Eugène," she exclaimed aloud, "we are caught now, that is clear!"

At the same time the old man advanced, crying, in a lamentable tone, "Ah! young gentlemen, young gentlemen! how could you play such a trick! There is my Lord the Marquis been storming like mad, and your lady-mother crying her eyes out, ever since you left the château. We thought you must have fallen into the hands of the Huguenots, and there has been nothing but fear and anxiety through the whole household. You, Monsieur Leonard, your father said he could understand your running away, for you are always in mischief; but how you could persuade Monsieur l'Abbé here to accompany you, he could not understand!"

"I am sure if my father be in such a rage," replied Beatrice, in the tone of a spoilt boy, caught in some trick more outrageous than ordinary, "I am sure if my father be in such a rage, I shall not go back till he is cool again; and so you may go and tell him, good Master Joachim!"

"Oh, let us go! let us go!" said Eugénie in a low tone; and now comprehending her companion's scheme, but anxious to bring the scene to an end as speedily as possible, "Oh, let us go! it is useless to delay."

"That is right! Monsieur l'Abbé, that is right!" cried the old man; "but you need be under no fear of your father either, Master Leonard, for good Father Philip has made him promise that nothing shall be said if you do but come home quietly. There is the carriage, as you see, standing ready, with Jean the lackey, and nothing shall be said I promise you; but if you will not go peaceably, of your own will, I must make you go whether you will or not, and these good gentlemen of the guard will help me."

"Ay, that we will," cried the lanceprisé. "Two young truants! If ye were not two such pretty boys, I should feel tempted to make your backs so well acquainted with the staff of my halbert, that you would jump into the carriage fast enough, I will answer for it!"

"We will not give thee the trouble, most redoubtable hero," answered Beatrice in a mocking tone. "But, as we must go, there is a crown for you and your pot companions to drink to the health of the Duc du Petit Châtelet and the Abbé des Ponts et Chaussées."

The man laughed and took the money; and Beatrice, with the same gay and swaggering air, marched forward through the gate, followed by Eugénie; while the old man came after; the lanceprisé of the guard taking care to whisper in his ear, with a knowing look ere he went, "You had better look sharp to them, or that young chap will give you the slip yet; he is as full of mischief as a loaded cannon."

"Ay! ay! I will look to them," said the old man, with a solemn shake of the head; "I will look to them, Sir Lanceprisé, and many thanks for your kind help and assistance in taking them."

Thus saying, he followed Beatrice to the side of the carriage, or rather *chaise-roulante*, and having assisted her and Eugénie in, took his seat in one of the boots. The lackey, who had waited with the carriage, now closed the leathern curtain, which served the purpose of a door, and then springing up beside the driver, who sat ready in his seat, gave the signal for putting the whole in motion. The short whip cracked, the two strong horses darted forward, and after drawing to its full extension the complication of ropes, leather-straps, and iron-rings, which formed the harness, started the heavy carriage from the spot where it rested in the full force of its *vis inertie*; and in a moment, Eugénie, with a heart palpitating with joy, felt herself rolling away from the gates of Paris, over roads which were rough, indeed, with the recent passage of wagons and artillery, but every step of which seemed to her hopes to conduct to safety and to peace.

For her part, Beatrice cast herself back in the carriage: her lightness, her gaiety, her air of daring passed away; and for some minutes she remained with her hands clasped over her eyes, as if exhausted with all the exertion she had made. When she looked up, she was still grave, and there was a languor about her which spoke plainly that all the ease, and the courage, and the unconcernedness which she had displayed through the difficult scenes just passed had been, in fact, the triumph of a ready and determined mind over the weakness of a frame as delicate as that of the most timid of her sex.

"We are safe, Eugénie!" she said, "we are safe! and now give me credit. Have I not played my part well? But it has almost been too much for me. When by myself I can go through anything, but I was alarmed and agitated for you; I feared not only lest you should be overtaken, but lest you should sink under the trial. But now I trust you are safe,

dear Eugénie, for these horses go fast. We have nearly five hours before us ere Mayenne will be up; ere he be well awake, and his eyes rubbed, and his boots pulled on, we shall have an hour more; then to discover the whole, to think which way we are gone; and to cross-examine your servants, will bring him to dinner time: the poor man must eat, you know; and what with other business, and the time required to give orders, and mount horsemen, and consult with his sister, the day will be done, so that we may well calculate upon its being to-morrow morning ere any one sets out to seek us; therefore, my Eugénie, with God's help you are safe!"

"Thanks! thanks, Beatrice! A thousand thanks, my sister, my more than sister! Well, indeed, as you say, and skilfully have you played your part. But you would say that I have not played mine badly too, if you knew all that I have suffered, especially when we were stopped at the gate. If you had told me, however, that you had got such a comedy ready for our deliverance, I should have been better prepared."

"But I knew no more than yourself," replied Beatrice, "what was to come next; I had only time after your letter reached me to take general measures. Luckily I had a number of my own people around me, without the walls of Paris. I bade Joachim have a carriage and horses prepared this morning, and to hang about as near the gates as possible, telling whatever story he thought fit, if questioned. Thus, when the soldier spoke to me, I took great care not to say a word that could contradict my confederate's story, whatever it was; but kept to general nonsense, which could signify nothing under any circumstances. As to the comedy which you talk of, between Joachim and myself, it was like one of those mysteries which people play in the convents, where the names of the different characters, and some general idea of the story, is all that is given, and the actors fill up the speeches as they think best at the time. But my good major-domo played his part admirably too, and shall not have reason to repent of it, when we come to speak of rewards."

"And, now, whither are we going?" demanded Eugénie; "for this does not seem to me to be the road towards Maine."

"The road towards Maine!" exclaimed Beatrice,—"why my dear, simple girl, that would be going into the lion's den indeed. They will seek you there in the very first instance, and we must give time to let their search be fully over ere we think of going near to Maine. At present we are following, as fast as ever we can, the march of the king's army, and I hope to pass the rear-guard to-night."

"But may not that be dangerous?" demanded Eugénie. "We have no pass from them; and if any of the parties of soldiers meet us, we may be taken and discovered, and perhaps maltreated."

"No fear of that," answered Beatrice; and then added with a smile that called the warm blood up into Eugénie's cheek, "we can send for the Marquis of St. Réal, you know, Eugénie. But, no, no! Do not be afraid of that, or anything else; I have orders and safe-conducts in the king's own hand. In short, Eugénie, I do not think that there is one thing, which can tend to your safety, that has been forgotten by Beatrice of Ferrara."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE night was dull and rainy; a thick shroud of clouds was drawn over the sky, so that the summer moon could not look down with any of her sweet smiles upon her wandering companion through the blue fields of space; and the air was loaded with a foggy dampness, through which fell a few thick drops, increased every now and then to a momentary shower, heavy, but brief. The valley of the Seine was dark and gloomy, and the night was so obscure, that nothing met the eye of the coachman who drove the carriage containing Beatrice of Ferrara and her fair friend, except the glistening of the river as it wound along not far from the road, and the dull and somewhat indistinct line of the highway itself, which, bad and sandy at all times, was now, as we have already said, channelled and cut up by the passage of heavy carts and still heavier artillery.

The second day after their flight from Paris was now drawing to its close. Beatrice, from hearing that some of the troops of the League had been hovering about in the neighbourhood of the Pont de l'Arche, had kept quiet during the latter part of the day, in a farm-house, where they had sought refreshment at noon, for themselves and horses, and was now proceeding as rapidly as possible on the high road, believing

that the parties of the Union would not expose themselves to the sudden and brilliant strokes of so active a commander as Henry Quatre, by following his march too closely during the night. Eugenie, on her part, though habit and distance from her immediate persecutors had removed part of the load from her mind, was still agitated by many a fear; and her terrors were not a little increased by proceeding in the darkness over a road, the roughness of which, and the jolts thereby occasioned, precluded all possibility of conversation. Beatrice could but speak a word of comfort every now and then, which Eugenie could scarcely hear, as the carriage ground its way through the sand, or rattled over the large uneven stones. Thus had the two fair girls proceeded for nearly two hours, in the darkness, when a sudden cry of, "Who goes there! Stand! Give the word!" brought the carriage to a sudden stop, and roused all Eugenie's fears again to the very highest pitch. The lackey, who sat beside the coachman, jumped down, and went on to speak with the soldier who had challenged him; and old Joachim, who sat in the leathern projection at the side not unaptly called the boot, got out, and went on also. "Oh! Beatrice, what is this?" cried Eugenie, drawing nearer to her friend in her increasing terror.

"Call me Leonard," replied Beatrice, in a gay tone; "call me Leonard! till I have got off my boys' clothes at least. What is this? do you ask, little timid fawn. Why nothing but the outpost of King Henry. They will let us pass in a minute."

At that moment Joachim returned, and approached the side of the carriage next to Beatrice, saying, "This is his Majesty's outpost, sir, commanded by the Marquis of St. Réal; and they demand to examine who are in the carriage before they let it pass."

"Oh, he will know me directly!" whispered Eugenie to her fair companion; "I would not have him see me in this garb, Beatrice, for the world!"

"He will not examine the carriage himself, sweet girl," replied her companion in the same low tone; "he will know nothing about it. Some of his ancients or lieutenants have their orders for the night, of course."

"But we cannot go much farther to-night," rejoined Eugenie; "and we shall be to-morrow in the midst of his troops. Oh, Beatrice, do not! If I should be found there, the people would say I had followed him."

"What can we do?" asked her companion with a smile, which the darkness concealed from the eyes of Eugenie. "Joachim, show the sentry the King's pass; but ask if there be not a road somewhere hereabout which leads to the little town of Heudbouville. If there be, direct the coachman thither; for we love not to sleep within the outposts of an army lest the enemy should treat us to an *alerte*. Gain us the good sentinel's bitter contempt, Joachim, by telling him that we are two cowardly boys, who hold the fire-eating soldiers of the League in great terror."

"We have past the road to Heudbouville some hundred yards or so," replied the attendant; "but we can easily turn the carriage here, for there is more room than ordinary;" and having satisfied the outpost that no evil was intended by the denizens of the carriage, Joachim, the coachman, and the lackey, performed the difficult feat of making the ill-constructed vehicle revolve upon its axis, and brought the horses' heads back again on the way to Paris. The road to the little village which Beatrice had mentioned was soon found, and for about an hour the carriage rolled on, without any further obstruction than was given by stones and ruts, which threatened to scatter the wheels of the luckless *chaise-roulante* to the four winds of heaven, in some of the manifold jolts to which it was subjected; but at length the coachman came to a halt, and seemed consulting with the lackey beside him, who in turn put back his head to speak to Joachim in the boot.

"What is the matter, Joachim?" demanded Beatrice, perceiving that some impediment had occurred, and trusting more to her own skill and presence of mind than to the readiness of her attendants, although they were selected expressly for their shrewdness and promptitude. "What is the matter? Why does the coachman stop?"

Ere Joachim could reply, however, there was the sound of galloping horse, and the next moment the carriage was surrounded by a number of cavaliers, whose polished arms, as they rode up with a loud "*Qui vive?*" caught and reflected the little light that still existed in the air.

"*Vive le diable!*" replied Joachim, who was a great deal too wise to answer seriously till he had ascertained to what party the interrogators belonged; "*vive le diable!* why do you stop two young gentlemen, going to the schools, on the highway? We are neither soldiers nor robbers, nor anything else that you have ought to do with."

"Well answered, Joachim!" muttered Beatrice, as she leaned forward to examine the persons of the horsemen nearest her; but the darkness was too complete to suffer the faces of any of them to be distinguishable, or to allow the colours which they bore to be seen. Beatrice, however, caught a glance of the peculiar cross of the house of Lorraine upon one of the cuirasses, as the fiery horse of the rider pranced by the side of the carriage; and she instantly interposed, exclaiming, "Speak to me a moment, Monseigneur! I am the young Baron de Bigny, son of the Marquis de Bigny at Amiens, and am going with my brother here, the Abbé de Bigny, to La Fleche. I do not know whether you are of the party of the King or of the Holy League and Union; but I am sure you will not stop two youths like us, but let us pass quietly."

"But this is not the right way from Amiens to La Fleche, my good youth," replied the officer. "How came you thus thirty miles out of your road?"

"We came here to get out of the way of the Huguenots," replied Beatrice; who had now gained a better sight of the cross of Lorraine, which was to be found alone on the side of the League. "We had nearly fallen into their hands an hour ago; and—perhaps you are one of that party too, Monseigneur; if so, I beg your pardon with all—"

"No, no, I am no Maheutre," replied the officer; "but do you know, my good youth, it would not surprise me if you were. Methinks I should know the voice of Auguste de Bigny, seeing I am his first cousin; and so, without more ado, I shall march you up to the village, to see who you really are, for I am very sure you are not the person for whom you give yourself out. Come, coachman, drive on, and we will give you an escort which you did not expect, I rather fancy."

"I went a step too far," whispered Beatrice to Eugenie; but do not fear, dear Eugenie, I will manage matters yet.—Many thanks, many thanks, Sir Cavalier," she continued aloud. "Drive on as he bids you, Jean Baptiste. I shall soon amuse all the companions of Monsieur François de Bigny by the history of his adventures in the well at Houdlaineourt.—How he went to make love to the miller's daughter; and the miller and his men caught him, and put him in a sack, and let him three times down into the well, maugre his high rank and gallant bearing, and brought him up, all white and dripping like a dumpling out of the pot. Ha, ha! Monsieur François de Bigny, how will you like that story told to the *gens d'armes* over their wine?—I never take the name of any one I do not know," she whispered to Eugenie, while the officer paused irresolute, and spoke a few words to Joachim and the coachman. "There is many a good tale to be told against that noble cavalier, which I had from Adela de Bigny, his cousin, and which he will not much relish; and I doubt not he will send us on to escape laughter; for though he may have found out that I am not his young cousin Auguste, he must see that I know all his history."

What would have been the result of Beatrice's expedient cannot be told; for at the very moment that Monsieur de Bigny was speaking to the coachman, and inquiring apparently whether the person who knew so much of his adventure was or was not really his young cousin, there appeared, upon what seemed,—as far as the darkness suffered it to be discovered,—a sloping field upon the right of the road, a multitude of small lights in a line of about two hundred yards long. "Down, down, in the bottom of the carriage!" cried Beatrice, who appeared to comprehend at once what those small sparks of fire meant; and instantly crouched down below the seats, dragging Eugenie after her; "the King's troops are upon them;" and, as she spoke, a bright flash ran along in the same direction as the lights, and then the loud rattle of musketry, while three or four balls passed through the upper part of the carriage. Eugenie felt as if she would faint; but the moment after came the sound of charging horse, and the whole space round the carriage became full of strife and confusion. Little could be seen, except when every now and then the flash of a pistol showed, for an instant, a part of that strange and exciting scene, a night skirmish; and it was only by the sounds of blows and shots growing fainter and more faint around that Beatrice perceived the Leaguers to have been beaten and driven up the road by the royal forces. "Is any one of our people hurt?" she cried at length. "Eugenie, you have not suffered; take courage, dear friend. Joachim, Joachim, where are you, where are the men?"

"Here, madam!" replied Joachim, creeping out from below the carriage. "We ensconced ourselves here as soon as we saw the matches blown on the hill—but what we shall do now, I do not know, for one of the horses is killed."

"That is unfortunate, indeed!" replied Beatrice; "but see, they are fighting in the village;" and she pointed on to where

repeated flashes of musketry might be seen gleaming between the dark masses of the houses and other buildings in what seemed a small town. "Henry Quatre is there himself," she said. "This is one of his daring enterprises—to dislodge the League from his flank as he advances upon Rouen, I dare say; but at all events we must wait till the matter is settled one way or another. If he be forced to retreat, we must retreat with him, Eugénie. If he drive out the Leaguers, the road will be clear before us. Take heart! take heart, Eugénie! why I thought I was a terrible coward till I saw you."

For about ten minutes possession of the village seemed to be severely contested; but at the end of that time the firing ceased; the trumpets might then be heard blowing a recall; and at the end of half an hour the sound of a body of horse coming at an easy pace down the road was distinguished at the spot where Beatrice and her trembling friend had remained.

"Ask the commander of the party to stop and speak with me, Joachim," cried Beatrice; "run on and meet them. Tell them how we were stopped by the League, and save me explanations."

"The man did as he was directed, and the moment after, a cavalier rode up to the side of the carriage, saying—"Your servant says you wish to speak with me, young gentleman. I command this party. What want you with me? One of your horses is shot, I see; but, good faith, I can give you no other; for *ventre saint gris* I want more than I have got of my own."

"On my word, your Majesty must find me one though!" answered Beatrice, boldly. "If you have not forgot Beaumont en Maine, you will understand that though an ass served my turn then, I must have a horse now!"

"Pardie, my friend the page!" cried Henry. "Then you have accomplished your bold undertaking."

"True, Sire, I have," replied Beatrice, "as far as getting away from Paris; but I had nearly lost all, by my own fault, this very moment, and fallen into the hands of the League. I attempted what I thought a *coup de maître*, and was well nigh taken in my own trap."

"The same misfortune has just befallen the League," replied Henry; "they thought to get upon my flank, and take possession of Louviers, but we have taught them that we do not slumber on such occasions. However, my brave page, you run great risks in going forward on the road where you now are. We have driven them out of the village, but they will rally not far behind, for it was too dark to pursue them far."

"Then we will turn round," replied Beatrice; "and, escorted by kings and princes, make the best of our way through your Majesty's host, till we can sleep in peace a couple of leagues beyond your outposts."

"The best plan you can follow," replied the King; "we will not ask you even to pause and refresh yourselves, lest the morals of two such simple boys should get corrupted by the license of our camp.—Though here is the Marquis of St. Réal, within a hundred yards of us, would doubtless be willing to receive one or both of you into his quarters."

Eugénie instinctively shrunk back farther into the corner of the carriage, and the King proceeded; "But we must get you a horse, at all events. Colonel James, send up some of your arquebusiers to that farm-house upon the hill, and see whether in the stables thereof you can find a horse. As your fire has killed one of the beasts which were dragging these two young gentlemen, it is but fit you should take the trouble of providing them with another."

The King waited to know if his embassy were successful; and after having seen the soldiers return with a strong cart horse, which was instantly harnessed to the carriage, in the place of the dead one, he gave orders for a party of troopers to escort the young wanderers as far as the Pont de l'Arche; and then, taking his leave, rode on towards his camp.

When the carriage was once more in motion Eugénie breathed again; but still, at every place where it stopped her terrors were renewed, and she gazed out, with alarm and anxiety, upon the dark figures of the soldiery, who watched with unsleeping vigilance in the camp of the warrior monarch, till, at the Pont de l'Arche, which was the advanced post of the King's army, the horse they had obtained was exchanged for another, and they rolled on more smoothly towards the little hamlet of St. Ouen. The fears of Eugénie de Menencourt were during those moments of a very varied kind; for with her terrors so strongly roused as they had been, she found it impossible to submit them entirely to the influence of reason; but, strange to say, the thing she dreaded most, after immediate personal danger was over, was to meet and be known by

the man whom she now felt that she loved more than any other being upon earth. She shrunk from the thought of seeing St. Réal in the garb that she had assumed to escape from the persecution of his cousin,—she shrunk even from the thought of seeing him, now that a ceremony, however vain, illegal, and compulsory, had taken place between her and any other; and though she felt, even to pain, how much she detested the Count d'Aubin, and how much she loved St. Réal, yet it seemed to her as if she had wronged her love for him in not dying sooner than suffering even the shadow of an engagement to pass between herself and another. Thus, it was not till they had passed the extreme outpost of the royal camp, and were rolling along in the quiet darkness of the night, that she breathed at ease, free from the constant expectation of seeing the Marquis of St. Réal gallop up to the side of the carriage, and recognise her under her disguise.

At the little village of St. Ouen all the world was sound asleep; and manifold were the strokes of sword hilts upon the door of the auberge, many the shouts up to the unlistening windows, before the inmates could be roused to comprehend that there were strangers on the road demanding admission. At length, the hostess, half dressed, and scarcely half awake, came scolding down the stairs, extremely angry that any one should travel at such unseemly hours; and on her steps soon followed her husband, a big burly Norman, but shrewd withal, and sufficiently sensible of his own interests to smother all expression of annoyance, and give his guests the best welcome that he could.

Early the next morning, the carriage was again in motion; though not so soon but that some of the light troops of the matutinal monarch of France were already upon the road, and alarmed Eugénie by gazing boldly into the vehicle when the curtains were undrawn, and by talking to the driver and the servants when they were closed. These parties, however, as they marched but slowly, and the carriage went fast, were soon past, and the rest of the journey proceeded as peaceably as any journey could do in those disturbed and unhappy days. Beatrice of Ferrara, after the experiment at Heudbouville, did not suffer herself again to be drawn from the route which she had laid out at first for her fair friend, but advanced as rapidly as possible towards the sea-side, seeing security only in the hope of Henry's army still interposing between them and the League, and thus preventing all search for Eugénie de Menencourt in the direction which she had really followed.

"At all events, dear Eugénie," she said, as they approached Dieppe, "here, upon the sea-coast, you will always have an opportunity of escape to England, should need be; and I will take care that our friend King Henry shall furnish you with such letters to the Queen of those bold islanders, as to ensure you protection and assistance. For my part, you know, Eugénie, after a week or fortnight's rest, I must leave you, if you can do without me. My destiny, dear girl, has to be fulfilled, and I must back to Paris by a different road, both to hide my having ought to do with your successful flight, and to watch the progress of all on which my ultimate fate depends."

"Would to Heaven," said Eugénie de Menencourt, "that I could have such a happy and saving influence on your fate, Beatrice, as you have had on mine! But I am destined only to be a burden to you, and to rely upon you for every thing, without knowing or comprehending the past or the present, as far as it regards you, without understanding your means, your wishes, or your purposes."

"I will tell you all, dear Eugénie, I will tell you all," replied Beatrice of Ferrara; "and then, as my daring rashness was necessary to give vigour to your timid nature, your gentle counsel may now perhaps tend to moderate and restrain my bold, wild schemes. But wait till we come to a resting place, and then in some sweet quiet cottage in green Normandy, with the soft autumn sun shining upon our door, I will rest beside you for a short time, and drawing you a picture of my wayward fate, will see whether we cannot find means to give it a brighter colouring and a happier hue."

So spake Beatrice of Ferrara; but ere we go on to look into the picture to which she alluded, we must beg the reader to pause for a few minutes, upon some of those dull details, which in books calling themselves historical romances serve the mind as bad post-houses on a much travelled road—places where, after scampering on for many a league in pursuit of pleasure, the little traveller is obliged to stop, kicking his heels in impatient irritation till the horses are brought out, the harness prepared, the postillion has got into his boots, the lash is put on his whip, and, in short, all is made ready for carrying on that same little eager traveller, the human mind, once more upon his way.

Giving up, then, heroes and heroines, knights and ladies, we must even follow the progress of that lumbering and uninteresting machine called an army, and pause for a while to consider its clumsy and crocodile like movements. We have already seen that on the day preceding Eugénie de Menancourt's escape from Paris, the camp of the besieging Royalists had broken up; and that the gay and chivalrous Henry Quatre led his meagre and somewhat ill furnished host down the bright and laughing banks of the Seine, in such a direction that, should need be, he could either march across Normandy, and fall back upon Touraine, or advance at once to the sea coast, and cover the disembarkation of his English allies.

We have followed him some way on his march; but it would appear, that inasmuch as the Royalists had been rather improvident of their supplies, and had been found, during the life of Henry the Third, somewhat unwilling to pay for the good things of this life, with which, at first, the peasantry had been very willing to furnish them, a want of provisions, both eatable and potable, had made its appearance in the camps of St. Cloud and Meudon. The jaws of the Royalists had got unaccustomed to maceration, and their lips to the taste of sweet things; so that as they took their way through the pleasant little towns and villages of Poissy, Triel, Meulan, Mantes, and sweet Fontenay, they lived very nearly at free quarters amongst the inhabitants, taking care to make the fat of the land through which they now passed, compensate for the meagreness of the diet they had so long endured. Nevertheless, as the King and his followers paid where they could, promised where they could not pay, and never took toll of rosy lips, except where there was a smile upon them, the people of the country in general gave them a better character when they were gone than might have been expected; and declared, that, after all, the Huguenots were not so bad as they were called.

In the mean time, as we have already shown, to diversify these employments, a little interlude of fighting did now and then take place; a town was now and then besieged and taken; and Henry the Fourth made arrangements for giving the inhabitants of the loyal city of Rouen an entertainment, which brings down the walls of a city more by the double bass of cannon than by the shrill sound of a trumpet. Pausing a sufficient time before the walls of that town to give and receive various proofs of amity, which left his own host diminished by several hundred men, and the garrison of the town less by perhaps double that number, the King received news, which made him judge that the situation of his army might be improved by a very rapid change of air; and, consequently, without longer hesitation or delay, he struck his tents, left success to follow, and at once led his troops to the sea-side.

Divining, however, that his enemies would anticipate with great satisfaction the moment for driving his scanty forces into the sea, he seemed resolved to disappoint them, if admirable dispositions could effect that purpose; and choosing for his troops the strongest position which he could discover, with their backs to the element and their faces inland, he ranged them along the side of a fair and beautiful hill, on the ridge of which still stands all which Time has left of the old and interesting castle of Arques.

Nevertheless, leaving the King and his men thus posted for that battle which covered with immortal renown the monarch and his little host, we must turn for a moment to Paris, in order to investigate what proceedings had really taken place in the capital, and what were the tidings which caused the monarch so suddenly to strike the tents he had pitched before Rouen.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE morning after Eugénie's departure, no small surprise was expressed in the Hôtel de Guise at the non-appearance of the priest, who had not only performed the marriage ceremony for the Count d'Aubin, but had also rendered the much more important service of communicating to Mayenne the coming aid from the Duke of Parma. While Mayenne, in his usual slow and deliberate manner, discussed the fact with his sister, and, shrugging his shoulders, declared that if the good father did not choose to come for his reward, he could not help it, the thought crossed his mind that he had not yet seen his own confessor, who had been carried off by the myrmidons of Bussy le Clerc, and, although he doubted not that the Chevalier d'Aumale had before this time set him at liberty, he determined to inquire, a vague suspicion for the first time crossing his mind that all was not right in regard to the transactions of the preceding evening.

By this time the hand of the dial pointed to the hour of nine; and Eugénie's maid Caroline, who, in order to give as much time to her mistress as possible, had ventured to prolong the period at the end of which she had been directed to present herself at the Hôtel de Guise, was even now at the door inquiring for the Duchess of Montpensier. Her message was brought to that lady as she sat by her brother; and although she comprehended not one word thereof, she saw that in some manner bore upon the point they were discussing, and ordered the girl to be brought into the room.

"He says that Mademoiselle de Menancourt's tire-woman has brought some apparel for her mistress," she repeated, turning to her brother after the attendant who made the announcement had left the room; "what can this mean, Charles?" "I know not, Kate," he replied, with a doubtful smile; "but when the girl comes, make her repeat her message," appearing perfectly unconcerned.

Before he could add more, the tire-woman was in the apartment; and, playing her part with a natural talent which none but a French *soubrette* ever possessed, she approached towards Madame de Montpensier, and with a low and reverent courtesy, and a look of the most perfect simplicity, said, "I have brought all the things, your Highness, that my mistress thought she would require; but in regard to the filagree girdle, as I told her last night, I have not seen it for these two months. It was given into charge to Laure, who was sent away when my old lord died." And she went on into a long story, solely the invention of her own brain for the occasion; but which was so circumstantial and minute, and delivered with so much apparent earnestness and sincerity, that Mayenne looked at Madame de Montpensier, and Madame de Montpensier looked at Mayenne, with eyes in which bewilderment and surprise were then plainly visible.

"And pray what made you think that your mistress was here at all!" demanded Madame de Montpensier, at length cutting across the thread of the girl's story, which bade fair otherwise to be interminable.

It was now the maid's turn to be surprised, and most skillfully did she represent the passion of astonishment; standing before Madame de Montpensier in silence, and looking at her without one trace of comprehension in her eyes. "Pray what did your Highness say!" she asked at length: "I did not understand you."

"She demanded what made you think your mistress was here at all!" repeated Mayenne, in a harsh voice.

"Lord bless me, sir! Your Highness! Dear me! What made me think my mistress was here!" cried the girl, with an affectation of wonder and doubt and affright that was perfectly admirable. "Did not her Highness send her own carriage for her last night, with a young abbé and a page, and a billet sealed with green wax?"

The story, as it had been prepared by Beatrice of Ferrara, now came out at full, and the whole Hôtel de Guise was soon in agitation and confusion:—Madame de Montpensier alternately laughing and frowning, Mayenne striding up and down the room, and vowing that if it were the Count d'Aubin who had served him such a trick, he would find means to make him rue it; and the maid Caroline weeping as bitterly as if she had lost a lover or a gold necklace, and wringing her hands for her poor mistress with all the phrase and circumstance of real sorrow.

In the midst of this scene the Chevalier d'Aumale appeared, informing Mayenne that Bussy le Clerc denied all knowledge of his chaplain, and that the guards at the Bastille were in the same story. Ere Mayenne, however, could include Bussy le Clerc in his denunciations of vengeance against the Count d'Aubin, the confusion of the whole was rendered more confused by the apparition of the confessor himself, who exculpated the demagogue by declaring that he had never been in the Bastille, but, on the contrary, had been carried away by persons he knew not, who, at a certain point, had put him into a carriage, and blindfolded him. They had then lodged him for the night in a small room with nothing but a bed, a crucifix, and a missal. Here, in mortal terror, he had watched and prayed, till the gray of the dawn, when, being again blindfolded, he was led out through a great many streets and turnings, of whose name and nature he had not the slightest conception, and at length finding himself free from the hands of those who had held him, he uncovered his eyes, and perceived that he was standing in the midst of the Pont Neuf, by the side of a blind man who was singing detestable melodies to the discordant accompaniment of that most ancient instrument the hurdy-gurdy. Tired, frightened, and bewildered, he had made the best of his way home, without attempting to seek for his ravishers; and after sleeping till he had incurred a penance for

forgetting his matins, he had come to add his mite of confusion to that which already existed in the hall of his patron.

His tribute, however, small as it was, aided to perplex the ideas of Mayenne far more than ever. Ere he made his appearance, it had been the natural conclusion of the Lieutenant-General, and of his sister, that the carrying off of Eugénie de Menancourt had been the work of the Count d'Aubin; and the absence of the confessor had been considered entirely as a thing apart. No sooner, however, were his adventures related, than they instantly connected themselves in the minds of all with the non-appearance of the priest, who had performed the ceremony, and with the absence of Eugénie; and the shrewd intellects of Mayenne and Madame de Montpensier, thus put upon the right track, seemed likely soon to discover no small portion of the truth. Eugénie's tire-woman was again strictly examined, and though she acquitted herself to a wonder, suspicion was roused. "Think you, Kate," demanded Mayenne, "that that shrewd plotter, Beatrice of Ferrara, has a hand in this! There was some talk of love—ay! and even of marriage—between her and D'Aubin in the old Queen's time."

"No, no!" replied the Duchess, "that has all gone by, and she now despises him, as every woman of common sense must do. Besides, I saw her at old Madame de Gondî's fête last night at one o'clock! You had better question the other attendants of De Menancourt. You may gain more tidings there."

Mayenne accordingly determined to proceed instantly to Eugénie's dwelling, in order to interrogate the rest of her servants; and he commanded, in a stern and threatening tone, that the girl Caroline should be detained till he returned. As the door was thrown open, however, to give him exit to the court, a gentleman was introduced as the captain of the lausquets, sent to his aid by the Duke of Parma; and all Mayenne's conclusions were once more deranged, by finding that the intelligence brought him by the priest was genuine.

How Beatrice of Ferrara had obtained that intelligence Mayenne never discovered; but true the news certainly was, and most important were the results to the cause of the League; for what between the auxiliary force which thus joined him, and reinforcements brought in by Bassompierre, Nemours, and Balagny, the army in Paris was soon so strong as not only to justify but to bespeak bold and energetic measures. Mayenne instantly prepared to take the field against the royal army; and ere Henry the Fourth had been three days before Rouen, the forces of the League were in full march to give him battle.

Before he left Paris, however, the Duke used every means not only to discover the retreat of Eugénie, but to ascertain the cause and the manner of her flight. In regard to the first, he was baffled at every point; and so skilful had been the arrangements of Beatrice, that in respect to the second he returned to the conclusion, after long and repeated investigations, that to the Count d'Aubin was to be attributed an act which, under such circumstances, he looked upon as a base breach of faith, approaching to a personal insult. The tidings, therefore, that Eugénie had disappeared from the capital, and was no where to be heard of, were conveyed to D'Aubin by a reproachful letter from the Duke of Mayenne; and mad with anger and disappointment, the Count, on his part, gave his mind up to the belief that Mayenne was deceiving him, threw himself on his horse, and travelled, with frantic rapidity, till he reached Paris. There finding that the army of the League was already on its march, he followed with all speed, overtook Mayenne at Gournaye, and a somewhat vehement altercation was the consequence.

Mayenne, however, could not afford to quarrel with a person of so much importance to his cause; and acting with wisdom and moderation, an explanation soon ensued, which cleared either party in the opinion of the other. As D'Aubin, however, giving way to the natural impetuosity of his disposition, had not waited to put the troops in motion which he had collected in Maine, he returned thither, after one day's rest, while Mayenne marched forward towards Dieppe.

Accompanied by some of the first officers in France, and supported by an overwhelming force, it seemed that the great leader of the League was about to drive the handful of men which opposed him, and their heroic monarch, into that sea which was already bearing to their aid the expected succour from England. Strongly posted, however, and powerful both in courage and in right, Henry the Fourth calmly awaited the attack of his adversary; and, after several preliminary movements, the day of Arques dawned heavy and dull, without a breath of air to stir the trees or to dispel the autumn fog that obscured the scene of that memorable fight.

It were tedious here to tell all the minute particulars of the glorious day, when, attacked at all points, and assailed in all manners, not only by the arms of the enemy, but by the treason or folly of part of his own troops, Henry the Fourth defended the hill of Arques against forces more than six times the number of his own.

Every one has heard how, when monarch and soldiers were alike wearied out with sustaining through a long day the unceasing attacks of infinitely superior numbers, when scarcely a horse could bear his rider to the charge, and scarcely a hand could wield a sword, the little band of Royalists beheld the powerful and yet untouched cavalry of the League wheeling round upon their flank, while a light wind springing up, tended to clear the air, and showed to both armies the insignificance of the one, and the tremendous advantages of the other. But in stricken fields, as in the daily strife of life, the event which seems destined to seal our misfortunes is often but the harbinger of unexpected success. The wind, it is true, rose higher, and rolling the sea-fog, in heavy clouds, away down the valley of Arques, left the few gallant defenders of that long-contested hill exposed, in all their need, to the eyes of the mighty host that swept round them in dreadful array; but, at the same time, the full sunshine poured upon the advancing squadrons of the League as they came on to the charge, and those upon the hill, for the first time during the day, could distinguish clearly the separate masses of friends and foes. The cannon of the castle of Arques opened at once, with tremendous effect, upon the cavalry of Mayenne; the first ranks were swept down as they advanced; the second rolled over their dying comrades; the horses, mad with pain and terror, broke through the ranks behind; and the charge of a few hundred men, at that critical moment, put all the gallant array into irremediable flight. Mayenne saw that the day was not for him; and, withdrawing his masses in slow and soldierly order, he retreated for several miles, and left the Field of Arques to the glory of Henry the Fourth.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was in a cottage by the sea-side—a mere hut, belonging in former times to a fisherman—that Eugénie de Menancourt sat one autumn day beside Beatrice of Ferrara, watching the clouds of mist roll over the waters, as the exhalations which night had left behind struggled with a light wind and a still powerful sun for place upon the bosom of the ocean. It was a mere hut, as we have said, but there was something picturesque in its position, seated half way up, half way down a sand-cliff to the east of Dieppe, with a projecting shoulder of the rock sheltering it from the winds of the Atlantic, and a few trees and shrubs—stunted in size and not very luxuriant in foliage, it is true, but still green and fresh—keeping it company in the warm nook where it was placed. It is not impossible that the very picturesque beauty of its situation might be the reason why it had been selected by one who had more poetry in her heart and soul than half the poets of the land in which she lived. But, at the same time, there was another motive which she would have assigned if she had been asked, and which was, that the shore beneath formed a little bay in which the waves seldom broke boisterously, but even in very stormy weather seemed to play there in innocent sport while their parent sea was all in trouble and contention without, as we may have often seen the children of a warrior playing in peace by their cottage-door while their father was urging the bloody strife upon the battle plain. In this sheltered bay lay a small vessel, and on the beach were two or three boats, while up above upon the cliff were several more cottages, from which to that we have described a winding and somewhat difficult path led down the face of the crag. Although the cottage had not contained more than ten days its two fair tenants, who had now resumed their appropriate dress, yet they had contrived to ornament it with a very different sort of taste from that which was displayed by any of the neighbouring dwellers on the shore: for Beatrice had her full share of all that knowledge and love of what is beautiful in art or nature which was then general in her native land; and although she had daily talked of returning soon to Paris to play her appointed part upon that busy scene, yet she had lingered with a fond clinging to the peaceful moments she spent there, musing away her time upon the ever-varying sea-shore, or decorating the cottage she had hired for Eugénie with somewhat whimsical care. As if her journey to Paris had been a duty, for the neglect of which she

owed an apology to her own heart, she often spoke of the difficulties and dangers of reaching the capital when two hostile armies were interposed: but difficulties or dangers had rarely stopped Beatrice of Ferrara when she willed to go in any direction upon earth; and, perhaps, the real reason of her delay might be, that Philip of Aubin was not in the metropolis, and that she knew it.

As we have said, however, beside her Eugenie de Menancourt sat, upon an autumn day, little more than a fortnight after we last left them. Their eyes were bent upon the sea-fogs rolling along over the bosom of the waters below, and contending in vain against a rising wind, which every now and then swept them away, and showed to old Ocean the blue eyes of Heaven looking upon his slumbering waves, when the curtain of the mist was withdrawn by the soft hand of the morning air.

"See, Eugenie! see!" cried Beatrice of Ferrara, as, with their arms entwined in each other, they gazed forth upon the changing scene; "see how the soft and downy masses of fog roll dark above the sea, and how, every now and then, a scanty gleam of light breaks in, and gilds the moving vapour and the waves below! Do you know, dear Eugenie, that the bosom of that sea seems to me like my own fate, wrapped up, as it has been for many years, in clouds and gloom, with every now and then a gleam of bright light breaking through, for a brief moment, and obscured again almost as soon as given. Do you know, dear girl, I could stand and gaze upon that sea, and, with all the superstition of the ancient days, I could play the augur to my own heart, and read my after-lot in the changes that come over the bosom of the water."

"Well, let me read it!" cried Eugenie: "see, see, Beatrice, what a long bright gleam is coming now!"

"Ay! but the clouds roll up behind," replied her friend.

"Yes, but beyond them again all is clear and bright," rejoined Eugenie, as the sun and the wind gained the mastery, and the last wreaths of mist were swept away, leaving nothing but a thin filmy veil upon the expanse of sea. "See, Beatrice, how bright it looks!"

"And, on the other hand, gaze on the dark cloud of the past," replied Beatrice, with a smile which was not without its share of hopefulness; "and as you, my dear Eugenie, have read me my coming lot, and would fain make me believe that it is to be so bright, I will tell you shortly, very shortly, the history of the past; that you may judge how much cause I have to augur well of the approaching hours from my experience of the gone. I cannot dwell long upon such painful things, but I will speak them briefly."

Sitting down together, and still gazing out upon the golden sea, Beatrice began her tale; and as she told it in a few words as it could well be told, so shall it be repeated here.

"I was born amongst the lovely Euganean hills," she said, "where nature has compressed into one small space all that is beautiful and all that is grand: mountain and valley, stream and lake, profuse abundance, vegetation and cultivation, an atmosphere of magic light, and an air of balm. My father was the sovereign prince of —; but that matters not; though we were of the house of Ferrara, which has given sovereigns to many another land, and has allied its princes to the highest upon earth. My father's dominions were small, but they were rich and beautiful; and he himself, born of a warlike race, kept well with the sword those territories which, doubtless, the sword had first acquired. He, when the sovereigns of Ferrara were closely allied to the house of France, visited this court; and wedded, more for her beauty than her wealth, and more for her virtues than her beauty, the heiress of a noble house, whose lands lie not far from your own in Maine. He carried her to Italy, where they ever after lived; his rights to his lady's lands in France being still respected by the sovereigns of this country, though the management of them was somewhat neglected by those in whom he trusted. Still, however, those lands were rich, and made no small addition to the revenues of an Italian prince. His favourite residence was amongst the Euganean hills; and there, were he had collected everything that was beautiful to the eye, or pleasant to the ear, where the wise and the good, the poet and the sculptor, the painter and the musician, ever found a home, I, his first-born child, saw the light, now some four-and-twenty years ago. About four years after, a brother was born, and, in his birth, my mother died; but though my father never wedded again, but buried his heart in the tomb of her he had loved, yet we were well, carefully, fondly nurtured, both by our surviving parent himself, and by an uncle, who, high in the church of Rome, looked on both my brother and myself as if we had been children of his own. Abandoning the paths of ambition for our sake, he left the ancient capital of empires for our peaceful

castle in the Euganean hills; and there, while my father was often absent fulfilling the duties of a prince or a soldier, he devoted himself to the cultivation of our young minds, and to the strengthening of our young hearts against the sorrows and the temptations of the world. He was, he is, one man out of a multitude. But, Eugenie, we had another uncle, who, through life, had followed a different path, and who was destined to act a different part. He was bred a soldier, and lent his sword, and the troops he had contrived to raise, to any one who held out to him the prospect of wealth or aggrandisement. His expeditions, fortunate to others,—for he was brave and skilful,—were not fortunate to himself; for the artful and deceitful men he served generally contrived to withhold from him his promised reward. From my father he always met kindness and protection; and often did my parent support his cause, and avenge his quarrels, to the detriment of his own best interests. How that uncle acted in return, you shall hear. His heart was corrupted by dealing with the base, and he became base himself, from believing that all others were so.

"My uncle Albert, the Cardinal, saw more deeply into his heart than my father; and I remember well that it was when speaking of his brother, my other uncle, that he took pains to impress upon my mind a truth that struck me as a child, and which I have never forgotten. 'True virtue,' he said, 'comes out the brighter for shining amidst vice. It is only those who feel themselves weak that fear the contagion of corruption. We may hate evil, and not willingly mingle with those who practise it; but, if forced to do so, my child, we shall only hate it the more if we be really virtuous at heart. Meaner stones derive a lustre from that which lies beneath them: we set the diamond upon black, and it shines by its own light. My father died, Eugenie; and the manner of his death was not altogether without suspicion; but as, in his territories, it was a doubtful question, whether the coronet, where there were male and female children, descended to the eldest of either sex, or was the portion of the first-born son, my uncle Ferdinand came hastily to settle the succession; and, to prevent all dispute, he took the inheritance unto himself. For fear of greater evils to us, and greater crimes to his brother, my other uncle, Albert, sent my young brother and myself, with speed and secrecy, to the court of France. I was then but thirteen years of age, and my brother nine, and with us were some attached dependants, who had either followed my mother to Italy, or had dwelt long in my father's house. My brother instantly received my mother's inheritance in France, burdened only with a small portion for myself; but, to better my fallen fortunes, the late Queen-mother, Catherine of Medicis, received me as one of her women, and, to do her but right, showed me, through life, unvarying tenderness. I will not offend your ears, Eugenie, by telling all that I saw in that corrupt court; but I had three great safeguards, dear friend—a heart naturally not easily moved; firm principles of truth and virtue, implanted in my earliest years; and one faithful woman, who had nursed my mother and myself, and who to vestal purity of heart added a daring courage, which would do what she judged right in defiance of all dangers, and would speak truth to the highest of God's creatures upon earth. Yet I must not take credit to myself for any great powers of resistance. I do not say that there were not many who sought me, some in marriage, and some with lighter vows; but so deep and thorough was the contempt I felt for the vain and idle butterflies of that vicious court, that my scorn extended to the whole sex, and I fancied I should never give one thought to any man in the whole world. You know, Eugenie, and I know too well, how much I was mistaken. At length came one who sought my love as others had not sought it. Four years, or more, have since passed, my friend, and those years have changed him not for the better. There was a freshness of young feeling about him then, that is now gone, and it was that which first won a way to my heart. I now found that, if my heart had been difficult to move, when once it was moved, like a rock broken by some earthquake from the Alps, it was likely to bear all away before it. Oh, how I loved him, Eugenie! and when, after having, I own, made him sigh for many a month, to prove his love for me, I at length let him know that I did not feel towards him as towards the rest of men, and that he might, at some distant time, hope for the hand of Beatrice of Ferrara, the relief, alas! was greater to my heart than his. Then came the change over him, Eugenie. I believe he had injured his fortune with those hateful dice; the hope of obtaining your hand was held out to him; ambition and interest called him loudly to pursue that prospect; for I was poor, comparatively, and had no hope of better fortunes; and I heard that he was offering his vows to Eugenie de Menancourt. I resolved to see;

and, as the Queen was then about to undertake one of her gay and politic progresses through Maine, I joined her, with my young brother; for my faithful nurse was dead, and I did not choose to dwell in that court alone. You remember well, Eugénie, those days, and how my truant lover seemed chained, like a slave, to my bridle-rein. My pride was satisfied, if my heart was not, and I returned to Paris. He remained some months behind; and, when he came, I found that he was changed indeed. He fled my society, and yet he seemed struggling with himself; full of passion and tenderness when we met, his words were wild and strange; he plunged deep into the vices of the court; and, though I saw and knew he loved me still, yet I resolved, by appearing to despise his conduct, and to forget himself, to recall him, if possible, to better deeds. I went down to the dwelling of my brother in Maine; and there, roaming wildly over the country, I soon heard enough to show me that, notwithstanding all his large possessions, the Count d'Aubin was struggling vainly with the consequences of his own follies. There was then a contagious disease raging here in France, and my brother caught it, and died. His possessions fell to me. I had it now in my power to raise up again him I loved, and to sweep his embarrassments away; and it became my favourite dream to reclaim him from all evil, to lead him back to virtue and to right, to restore him to honour and to station, and to make him owe to me at once peace of mind and ease of fortune. For the last two years I have laboured for this object, Eugénie, by many a different means. I have been thwarted by accident, and by his own perversity; but I cling the more tenaciously to those hopes, the weaker becomes the foundation on which they rest. Sad and sorry I am to say he has weakened it more and more every hour; but yet, Eugénie, I hope. I have had him watched, Eugénie, not that I might know his weaknesses, for to those I have ever shut my ears, but in order to seize the moment, if ever the moment should come, for snatching him from his follies or from his evil fate. To himself I have pretended to hate and despise him, the better to conceal my views, and also to make him feel my kindness the more when my time comes. Sometimes I think, however, that he suspects me; and a dwarf page, who has been attached to me from my childhood, and whom, in other days, I gave to him to be his cupbearer, he sent away, a year or more ago, to his cousin St. Réal. I had directed that page to give me notice of all that passed in Philip of Aubin's household; but the tidings he gave were scanty, even while he was there; and, as soon as he was gone, I formed a bold resolution, which I executed boldly. Shortly after you had come to Paris with your father, and I had contrived to gain your love and confidence, you may remember that Philip of Aubin went down to Maine; and I did hope, that, in companionship with so noble a heart as his cousin St. Réal, and under the eye of the good old Marquis, who was then living, his better feelings might expand, like flowers in the sunshine; and I resolved, at any risk, to go down thither and watch him myself; for I knew that men, to whom he owed large sums, were pressing him hard, and that, had it not been for these sad wars, his estates would long ago have suffered from their claims. I thought that the moment might come when the full and tender generosity, which is so often to be found in woman's heart, might have room to act, that I might save him from the consequences of his own faults, and thus, perhaps, save him from those faults themselves. I contrived, by means of the dwarf, to force several of my own servants into the household of St. Réal; and I was following down rapidly myself, to try whether I could not, for a time, obtain admission there also, when messengers from my uncle Albert, telling me of the death of Ferdinand, the usurper of my little state, conveying to me considerable treasure, and beseeching me to return, and take possession of territories which were now universally acknowledged as my own, reached me at Orleans, and brought me back to Paris.

"As soon as I had despatched them back with other letters, begging my uncle to rule in my stead till my return, I pursued my plan; but D'Aubin had, in the mean time, returned to Paris, and had thence again been summoned to the sick bed of his uncle of St. Réal. Of this I knew nothing, however; and, after manifold risks and difficulties, owing, perhaps, to the negligence, perhaps to the malice, of the dwarf Bartholo, I accomplished my object, and found myself established as a page in the house of the lords of St. Réal. I had determined, in any great difficulty, to apply at once to the old Marquis, and tell him all my history and all my views; but I found him dying, and soon saw that I must withdraw from the household into which I had thus intruded, or risk detection, and, perhaps, ill repute. To guard my name at home, however, I caused my women to give out that I was ill of the fever; and they played

their part with skill. Day by day, however, my disguise produced more and more pain to myself; for I had but hourly proofs of how completely D'Aubin had given himself up to the vices and follies of his comrades of the court; and I determined, soon after St. Réal and his cousin reached Paris, to cast that disguise off at once. The wealth which I had now at command in that venal city, and in these venal times, procured me every sort of facility in coming and going between Paris and St. Cloud; and I believe that, for one half the sum which I possessed unknown within the town, I could have procured regular passes for the two kings and all their troops to march quietly in and take possession of the capital. Thus, as soon as I had notice of the last sad and daring means which Philip of Aubin was about to employ against you, my Eugénie,—the most base and profligate step of any he had yet taken,—I cast myself at the King's feet, who owed me some gratitude for a former service; told him your situation, my own plan for saving you, and besought him to give me his assistance. He did so in the most generous manner, and even furnished me with intelligence to give Mayenne from the Prince of Parma, which is certain to mislead and puzzle the Duke regarding all our plans. Learning from an attendant, whom I still have in D'Aubin's service, that the Count had bound himself to set out on the very evening of his marriage for Maine, I conceived the Duke of Mayenne's plans at once; all his views; all his policy. I set every engine to work to gain information. I had his chaplain seized and carried away; I induced a wild drunken Huguenot soldier, not without talents, but without religion or principle, to enact the priest, and brought him to the Hôtel de Guise at the moment that a priest was wanted. I took care that your refusal should be witnessed by so many, that, even had the person who performed the ceremony been what he seemed, the whole would have been illegal; but I also ensured that proof of the man's condition, and of all the other facts, should be lodged in the hands of the King, so as to render you free as air. And now, dear Eugénie, here we are, safe and at liberty, with a bark to bear you to England, if the King should lose the approaching battle; and, doubtless, you wonder that, with all I have seen, and with all I know, I can for one moment think again of Philip of Aubin. Such is the voice of reason, Eugénie, and the voice of sense; but there is another voice in my heart, which drowns them all, and fills my mind with excuses for his conduct—vain and light, indeed, as the changing clouds upon the sky, I know; but still those clouds cast shadows, which alter the aspect of everything whereon they fall; and so, to my weak eyes, the excuses found by love cast an obscuring shade upon his actions, which will not suffer me to see them as I should if the full sun of unbiassed judgment shone upon them. I will make one more effort, dear Eugénie—I will essay one more trial; I will find the means of serving him deeply and truly; and if he be then ungrateful, I can cast him off—and die."

"Oh, not so, Beatrice!" replied Eugénie; "make every effort; try every means; but, even if all should fail, talk not of dying, but seek happiness in some other shape."

"In vain, Eugénie! in vain!" replied Beatrice: "all the feelings of my heart are engaged in this one effort. If it fail, there will be nothing else left for me on earth. The body may live, Eugénie—it perhaps may linger on some few years; but the heart and the soul are dead. Still, let us hope better things, dear friends; you have read me a happy fate in those passing clouds and the sunshine that followed, and I will trust—"

As she spoke an attendant hurried in. "They are flying, madam," he said; "they are flying!"

"Who?" demanded Beatrice, eagerly, "who are flying?"

"Mayenne's horse, madam," replied the man: "do you not hear the cannon? They have been fighting at Arques for these four hours."

"Send out! send out to see!" cried Beatrice. "On this battle may depend our future fate, dear Eugénie."

In less than an hour the news of Mayenne's complete defeat was borne to Beatrice and Eugénie; and the servant who brought it added, that he had seen the King and Monsieur de St. Réal both quite safe, and directing the operations which followed up the victory.

"Thank God for this, also!" replied Beatrice; "and now, dear Eugénie, ere I wend my way back to Paris, we will journey together to Maine, where, between my lands and yours, there lies a spot secluded and calm, and surrounded by people attached both to you and to me. Mayenne must fall back on Picardy; the King will march on Paris; and Maine will offer a safer asylum than even this which we possess at present."

The political anticipations of Beatrice of Ferrara were not far wrong: scarcely had the day of Arques been won, when the English succour disembarked at Dieppe. Henry effected his

junction with the Duke of Longueville and the Count of Soisson; the former of whom had been detached to levy troops; and then resuming the offensive, he marched in search of Mayenne, and attempted to provoke him to another battle. Retreating upon Picardy, however, Mayenne avoided the large force which was now opposed to him; and, by a number of skilful operations, both military and political, repaired the disadvantages incurred by the lost field of Arques. Anxious to withdraw him from a province into which, from the disaffection of many of the larger towns, the Royalists could not with safety follow him, Henry marched direct upon Paris, and, taking several unimportant places by the way, attacked and carried the suburbs of the capital itself, to the horror and dismay of the Leaguers. The scheme was perfectly successful. Mayenne, in terror lest the metropolis should be lost, spurred with all speed to Paris, leaving his army to follow as it might. The forces of the Royalists were not sufficiently numerous to invest the city entirely; and the troops of Mayenne following from Picardy soon placed such a number of men within the walls as to set farther attack at defiance.

Withdrawing his forces from a useless enterprise, Henry retreated upon Mont l'Héry, and then turned upon Etampes; taking a number of towns under the very eyes of the League, the leaders of which seemed little disposed to risk the chances of another battle. Thus passed the winter, and a considerable part of the spring. The town of Le Mans, it is true, made some resistance to the royal arms, but at length yielded; and thence directing expeditions towards different parts of the country, the gallant monarch recovered a great part of the rich provinces towards the centre of France. Almost all Maine and a considerable part of Normandy were now subject to the King, and, amongst the rest, the lands of Eugénie de Menancourt were, for a time, occupied by the royal troops. The tenantry, however, and the vassals, had been generally called into the field, by the Count d'Aubin, who had by this time joined Mayenne in Paris; and the changing events of the war soon obliged the monarch to withdraw his troops from that part of Maine, and advance to new victories and more important conquests.

Shortly before Easter, Henry the Fourth had laid siege to Dreux, in Normandy; and Mayenne having taken the castle of Vincennes, Poissy, and several other places, endeavoured to reduce Meulan. The demonstrations of the royal army, however, showed a purpose of compelling him to raise the siege; and having been joined by fresh levies from various parts of France, and considerable reinforcements from the low countries, he determined to risk another battle; and for the purpose of choosing his own ground put his army in motion. Nonancourt had fallen before the arms of Henry the Fourth; and the siege of Dreux was rapidly advancing, when news reached the royal camp of various unexpected movements on the part of the army of the League. First came tidings that five thousand infantry had passed the bridge of Mantes; then came reports of large forces of cavalry having been seen in march on both sides of the Seine; and, lastly, intelligence was brought to the King that the foragers of the Duke of Mayenne had appeared in the neighbourhood of Dammartin.

Calling his principal officers to council, Henry informed them of the tidings he had received, and then at once made his own comment; and announced his determination thus:—"From these facts, my friends, it is evident that our good cousin of Mayenne is seeking us; and, therefore, I propose instantly to raise the siege of Dreux."

The members of the council looked in each other's faces with glances of surprise at such an unexpected proposal from one who was not, in general, easily turned from his enterprises. Henry for a moment suffered their astonishment to continue, and then added, with a smile—"You seem surprised my friends; but I have no scruple in regard to abandoning a siege when it is for the purpose of fighting a battle. What say you, my gallant St. Réal: will you strike for Henry the Fourth as bravely here as you did at Arques?"

"With all my heart, Sir!" replied St. Réal; and this is one of the few instances on record of a council in which there existed no difference of opinion.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WILLINGLY we turn once more from the dull, dry page of history,—that uninteresting record which no one reads in these days, and probably never will again, unless by some unforeseen

accident the world were to grow wiser and better,—to the more entertaining and instructive accidents and adventures of the individual characters, which, with somewhat less skill than that of a Philidore, we have been moving about upon the little chess-board before us. It is always the most skilful game, we are told, to begin with the pawns, of which we are well aware, though we somewhat deviated from that rule in the commencement; but now that we have got our pieces scattered about in different directions, and have just been obliged to make the King abandon his attack upon the castle, we must even have recourse to pieces which we have found very useful in many a previous game, and play this chapter out with the knights.

The evening was cold and still; for the ordinary winds of March had not yet begun to blow, although that month was well advanced; and the dull heavy clouds that hung over the world might descend in rain, or might still assert the rule of winter, and come down in a fall of snow. The sky, therefore, looked chill and comfortless to the eyes of a considerable body of the army of the League, as it moved on upon the heavy and channelled roads in the neighbourhood of Evreux; and to say sooth, the aspect of the earth itself was but little more cheering than that of the heaven which canopied it. Days of trouble had impoverished the land, and the cold season which had just passed, had left the earth brown and rugged; while the woods, that swept over every favourable slope, presented nothing but a tangled mass of dull gray branches, diversified alone by a few patches of crisp yellow leaves, that adhered, with all the tenacity of old attachment, to the stems which were soon to cast them off forever, for the greener and gayer children of the spring. Thinly peopled, too, was then the land; and though here and there a village church raised its tower against the evening sky, or a cottage appeared upon the upland, in many instances the bell had long ceased to sound from amidst the scenes that war had visited; very often the light of the cottage was found extinguished, and the fire of the once warm hearth gone out forever. The hamlets were few, and generally gathered round some castle, which afforded the inhabitants refuge or protection in time of need; and solitary but inhabited cottages, if met with at all, were but mere huts, in which dwelt the lowest and most miserable of the population, upon whom war itself could inflict nothing worse than existence.

In short, the whole scene was cold and desolate; and its effect upon the mind of one of the leaders, who conducted the detachment we have mentioned, was such as it was naturally calculated to produce. He had ridden on, at about the distance of half a mile from the head of the mingled masses of cavalry and infantry which were under his command; and, accompanied by one companion, and several attendants, advanced silently upon the rude road, which, winding along the side of an easy hill, displayed a wide extent of dull gray slopes, slightly tinted here and there with a faint and melancholy hue of green, till a dark and gloomy wood, at several leagues' distance, cut sharp upon the leaden sky, and closed the cheerless prospect. Although the eye of Philip of Aubin, for such was the horseman we have spoken of, roved far and wide over the uninviting face of the country, it was clear that he looked not upon it as a general reconnoitring the land through which he passed, with the keen glance of stratagetic inquiry; but rather that he seemed to regard it with the look of one whose heart—not wholly dead to nobler feelings than those which armed him in civil strife upon a bad and unjustifiable cause—grieved for the state of ruin in which his native land was plunged, although his own evil passions aided to produce the desolation that he lamented.

The other who rode beside him, Albert of Wolfstrom, drew his cloak round him, and, as he gazed upon the bleak and desolate landscape, thought of nothing but himself. Mercenary by nature and by habit, he scarcely knew what it is to have a country; and—like many others who believe themselves to be citizens of the world—in truth and in reality, his own individual selfishness was his world, his country, and his home. D'Aubin knew the nature of the man too well to suffer the slightest hint of what was passing in his own bosom to escape his lips; well aware that his companion could not understand his feelings, and that, setting aside even the mercenary leader's own particular philosophy, there was cant of many kinds to be brought forward against the sensations which forced themselves upon him; for where was yet the unholy cause which did not inscribe upon its banners the names of virtue, religion, patriotism, and honour?

"It is a chilly night," he said, as he remarked the action of his companion; "it is a chilly night, Wolfstrom!"

"Ay, and a dreary prospect," answered his companion. "Which, think you, my noble Count, shall we have to warm

our blood to-night with: raising the wine cup, shaking the dice, or hard blows upon bright steel?"

"With wine, if anything," replied D'Aubin; "Mayenne is not one fond of night encounters and sudden surprises; and if he have not fought the King's force to-day, which is not likely, he will let another sun rise ere he strike a blow. As for dice, you know, I have abjured them."

"Ay do I, to my sorrow," answered Wolfstrom; "for we have not had one merry night since we began our march; but, by my life, it is a dreary prospect. I trust that all the centre of this good land is not so bare and wasted. I have been so long in Picardy, where things wear a better aspect, that I expected not this sad scene in Normandy."

D'Aubin turned upon him an inquiring eye, not understanding, for a moment, what curious combination could have excited in the bosom of the adventurer anything like feelings of regret for the devastation of any land on earth. "You are compassionate, Wolfstrom!" he said: "France, indeed, has suffered terrible evils; and Normandy, lately, more than all; for here has been the hottest fire of war during the last four months."

"And pray has not Maine suffered as much?" demanded Wolfstrom in a quiet tone.

D'Aubin laughed aloud: "By the Lord!" he exclaimed, "I thought thy heart had grown mighty tender over the woes of France, most worthy and considerate Wolfstrom; forgetting, that in the *hypothèque** which I gave thee over my lands in Maine, on account of that accursed throw of the dice, thou hast acquired a certain tender and generous interest in my unhappy country, through the only channel by which thy heart can be reached,—but rest satisfied! The war would be sweeping and desolating indeed, which would leave the lands of Aubin unable to pay the pitiful interest of thy pitiful debt; and besides, I shall soon be able to discharge the whole, and load thee with that sort of moveable ore, which is better suited to thy purposes and thy nature than any claim upon the soil."

"You mean when your marriage can be completed with Mademoiselle de Menancourt," replied Wolfstrom, not unwilling to retort some of the bitterness of Aubin's speech upon himself. "By my faith, Sir Count, if it wait till then, it will wait long enough apparently; for your fond and affectionate bride seems to conceal herself from your longing arms with wonderful skill and perseverance."

D'Aubin bit his lip, and paused for several minutes ere he replied; but wrath, he felt, was vain in regard to circumstances far too well known to admit the possibility of concealment, however much it might sting him to find them a subject of common conversation to every mercenary follower of the camp. It cost him an effort, indeed, to smother all the angry feelings at his heart; but that effort over, he replied in a tone of calmness that disappointed Wolfstrom's malice: "She does, indeed, conceal herself skilfully," he said; "and in good truth, I little thought that so slight offence as I gave her would so deeply wound woman's jealous love, or I should have taken greater care to please; but as soon as this battle is over, and these provinces cleared, I will bend my whole thoughts and efforts to the search; and, once I have found her, a few words of apology, and a few vows of eternal love and fidelity, will set the whole to rights again."

"I heard that you had tried all that before," replied Wolfstrom dryly; "and the good, free-spoken Parisians seem to think, that it was love for one cousin made her run away from the other so eagerly,—at least, so Madame de Montpensier, and the Duchess of Guise, and young La Tremblaye, and several others, fancied."

"It is false as hell!" cried D'Aubin; "and those who say it, and those who repeat it, lie."

"I trust it is false," answered Wolfstrom calmly; "and will not take up the hard word you have used just now, Monsieur D'Aubin, till the battle is over, and our personal affairs are in a little better order. After that, however, I shall have to inquire how far the word lie was applied to my share in the story. At present, let me say, that my repeating unpalatable rumours to you was but an act of kindness, intended to direct your mind towards a particular point. Even supposing that nothing like love exists between your cousin and this fair fugitive, every one knows that he used to regard her as a brother might a sister; and it is a common supposition that she has fled to his protection, and is concealed by his assistance."

"Nonsense, nonsense, Wolfstrom!" replied D'Aubin, musing a little while he spoke. "It is all nonsense, depend upon it; and as to the word lie, I applied it alone, of course, to those

who spread such reports maliciously—not to you. Eugenie, wherever she has fled, has too deep a sense of female modesty to put herself under the protection of any idle boy, like my cousin of St. Réal."

"Pardie! call him not an idle boy!" cried Wolfstrom. "Call him rather a stout soldier, and skilful commander; for such has he proved himself in all these last affairs; and the very best in either camp may now and then take a lesson from him."

"Pshaw!" said D'Aubin. "You are credulous, Wolfstrom! The followers of the Bearnois take care to vaunt their great officers and skilful soldiers, in order to make up, by the fears of their adversaries, for their own want of strength. Do not let us be such gulls as to believe them; and only let us so far reckon on their power, as to take every means of employing our own to the best advantage. Do not you spare your men, Wolfstrom; for one of these great battles lost might place the whole of France in the power of the Bearnois."

"I shall neither spare my men nor my person, as I am bound in honour," answered Wolfstrom; "but it matters little to me whether France falls under the power of the Bearnois or not. The term for which I took arms will soon be expired; and I can always find employment for my sword, thanks to the Protestants and Catholics here and in other lands."

"True," replied D'Aubin; "but you may find my lands confiscated to the crown for treason and rebellion some fine day, if the Bearnois wins the day of us ultimately; and then what becomes of your *hypothèque*?"

"That consideration shall make me give a good stroke or two more, my dear friend," replied the German, coolly: "but I seldom find means wanting to repay myself; and, methinks, if the Bearnois does beat us completely, and declares himself your heir, I shall still contrive to skin his inheritance before I go."

D'Aubin made no reply, and for some time the two commanders rode on in silence; the German leader probably calculating upon the best means of skinning, as he termed it, other men's inheritance, and the Count d'Aubin, on his part, revolving bitterly all that had just passed in a conversation which presented so very few agreeable points for the mind to rest on. What his companion had said in regard to Eugenie and St. Réal, he had repelled only the more angrily, because it was confirmed by suspicions existing previously in his own mind; for such is the nature of the human heart, to combat on the lips of others the self-same feelings that we experience with terror within us. To that point of their conversation, therefore, did he most earnestly turn his thoughts; and bitter and angry were the sensations which he now felt towards a being whom he had once loved, but who had since committed the unforgivable offence of holding firm to virtue and to honour where D'Aubin's own grasp had given way. Gradually as he nourished and pampered the doubts and suspicions within him, the emotions of his mind communicated themselves to his features and to his frame; and suddenly remembering himself, as he was spurring on his horse under the impulse of his irritated feelings, he affected to see some object in the distant plain, and asked his companion whether he did not perceive a light in the eastern part of the landscape.

Wolfstrom answered in the negative; and the conversation between them was renewed, but took a different turn, touching chiefly upon the chances of a battle on the following day, the respective forces of the Royalists and Leaguers, and the probability of success on either part.

"We should soon know how the strife will end, if we were in my country," said Wolfstrom; "at least, we might easily find persons to tell us."

"How so?" demanded D'Aubin. "I hear that our holy Father the Pope, although friendly to our cause, predicts that the day will go against us."

"Ay, but in Germany," replied Wolfstrom, "we should find those who pretend to know as much as his holiness, and do know a great deal more. Have you never heard, that in the Odenwald, when a war is about to begin, the wild huntsman goes out with all his dogs, and that, on the tops of our mountains, on many a stormy night, the spirits of the rivers and the floods hold their meetings, and reveal dark secrets of coming events to those who have the courage to go and consult them?"

"No, indeed, Wolfstrom," answered D'Aubin, "I never did hear all that; and I can but say, that I think these spirits must be very foolish spirits to haunt Germany at all, when there is many a warmer and a fairer land would be very willing to receive them; and still more foolish to go up to the tops of mountains on a stormy night! No, no, Wolfstrom; I am no believer in spirits, or ghosts, or phantasms, or necromancers, or any sort of portents, except the wonders to be effected by strong wits and strong arms."

* In English a mortgage. This sort of encumbrance was but too frequently created in France during the wars of the League, and the epoch of debauchery which preceded, accompanied, and followed them.

"Say many a warmer land, if you will," replied Wolfstrom, angry at D'Aubin's sneer at his native country. "Say many a warmer land, if you will, but not many a fairer; for the whole earth does not contain a fairer than Germany. Why, everything that stream, and mountain, and forest, rich plain, and sweeping upland, can do to make a land lovely, is to be found in Germany: but as you have not seen it, you cannot judge; and as to your disbelief in portents, you, as every other incredulous doubter, will some day be convinced."

"Never!" answered D'Aubin with a laugh: "but now, good Sir Albert, as night is falling, and we shall not reach St. André before midnight, I think we had better fall back to our men, and throw out some scouts. Not that I fear surprise; for as Mayenne is between us and the enemy, it would be strange to meet with a foe before we rejoin our friends. 'Tis as well, however, always to hold one's self prepared."

The leader of the reitres perfectly coincided in this cautious doctrine; and D'Aubin and his companion, slackening their pace, suffered the heads of their corps to come up with them. Arrangements were then made for a night march; and the sun went down ere they had proceeded far, bursting forth for a moment as he touched the edge of the horizon, and dyeing the heavy clouds that rolled around him with a dull and misty red. The clock struck nine as the Count and his forces entered the little village of Grossœuvre; and the leaders riding forward to the old chateau were welcomed with kindness and hospitality by the ancestors of my poor friend, the gallant and chivalrous De Vitiernont, one of the noble and generous hearts of France, who, after having shed his blood, and lost health and comfort in defence of his country, could still hold out the hand of friendship and affection to those who had smitten him so severely, but who were enemies no more.

So good was the wine, so hospitable the hearth at which he sat, that Albert of Wolfstrom, with the true love of a soldier of fortune for comfortable quarters, would fain have delayed the farther march till morning, alleging that the horses and men were both fatigued, and could just as well proceed an hour or two before daylight as at that late hour of the night. D'Aubin, however, would not hear of delay; well knowing of how much importance it is to bring troops fresh into the field, rather than wearied with a long march. Determined, therefore, that whatever rest the soldiers obtained should be as near the expected field of battle as possible, at eleven o'clock he caused the trumpets to sound; and shortly after the troops were once more on their march towards the small town of Ivry, at which place the Duke of Mayenne was now ascertained to be. A circuitous route, however, was necessarily followed through the great plain which lies between Pacy and St. André, as the latter place was understood to be occupied by the forces of the King. Sure guides had been obtained, indeed, at Grossœuvre; and much were they needed, for the night was as dark as the mouth of Acheron; and not a ray found its way through the black covering of clouds to mark the road from the fields amongst which it wound. The air was calm and still; and no sound was to be heard except the occasional howling of the wolves, which were then frequent, and are not now uncommon, in the many woods which diversify that part of the country. Instead of bringing additional chilliness to the atmosphere, however, the night had become warm, and was growing more and more sultry as it advanced; and every now and then the wind, as if struggling to rise against some oppressive burden in the sky, came with a momentary gust of hot breath, which instantly fell again, and all was still.

"It will turn to rain!" said D'Aubin, speaking to Wolfstrom, who rode beside him; "it has grown too hot for snow."

"No, no, noble Sir!" replied the old man who walked beside D'Aubin's bridle-rein, to show him the way; "that which you feel is the hot breath of the battle coming up! They will fight to-morrow, that is certain! When I served with the Great Duke, we never felt a night like this, without being sure that there would be bloody work the next morning, whether we expected it before or not."

"Indeed!" said D'Aubin; but as he spoke, a slight momentary flash played along the verge of the far sky, showing, for the brief instant that it lasted, the plain and the woods around, and then leaving all blank and dark once more.

"Ay! that's always the way," said the old man; "the spirits of the two armies are trying to-night which will have the victory to-morrow. We shall hear more of it soon."

Several minutes, however, elapsed without his prophecy being verified; and D'Aubin began to fancy, that what he had at first supposed to be a flash of lightning had proceeded from the discharge of some distant gun, the report of which had escaped his ear; when again a broad blaze illumined the sky, and a clap of thunder, resembling the discharge of a whole park of

artillery, echoed and re-echoed through the air. Then came another pause; but the moment after appeared a spectacle, which,—if it had not been seen by the unimaginative Sully, and the keen and inquiring eyes of D'Avila the historian, as well as those of every other person then awake in either host,—might well have passed for a superstitious fable. The sky became suddenly in a blaze with flickering lightning, which scarcely left it for a moment in darkness; while in the midst appeared forms of fire, like those of mounted horsemen and charging squadrons. Shifting, advancing, wheeling, now meeting in impetuous shock, now mingled in the confusion of the *mêlée*, now broken and scattered, now fleeing, now rallied, the aerial combatants acted in the clouds the fierce drama of a hard contested field of battle before the eyes of the astonished soldiers. For some minutes an uncommanded halt took place; the soldiers gazed up upon the blazing sky with eyes of wonder and terror; several of the horses started from the ranks, and were only brought back by skill and strength; and then stood with foaming hides and distended nostrils, straining their eyes, with their riders, on the bright but fearful phenomenon above them. Still that strange warfare in the sky seemed to go on, while the thunder rolled around in one incessant peal; and gradually shaking off the first effects of terror, the soldiery began to take an interest in the scene, worked up their imaginations to the belief that the combat was real, called the right hand cloud the blessed League, denominated the other forms Huguenots, and watched the changes with all the interest of a reserve gazing on a field of battle. So complete at length was the illusion, that when the phantom army of the League appeared defeated by their adversaries, and the forms that composed it were driven over the sky in confusion, the trumpeter of the horsemen of Aubin instinctively put his clarion to his lips, and blew a rally. The Count took advantage of the incident to give the word to march; and turning to Albert of Wolfstrom, as he spurred on his horse, exclaimed, "In truth, in truth, this is very strange!"

The troops followed their commander in some disarray; but ere they reached the edge of the upland the pageant had passed away, and all was darkness, except when an occasional flash of lightning broke for an instant across the sky.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE morning of the fourteenth of March broke through a sky filled with scattered clouds, the light fragments of the past-by storm, which, borne away by a quick soft wind, hurried shadowy over the laughing sunshine of the early day, like the momentary woes and cares of infancy. After a night of watchfulness and inquietude, the soldiers of Henry the Fourth rose not the less full of hope and courage. Marching out from the villages in which they had been quartered, they advanced to a position which the King had chosen some time before, and which his army had occupied the greater part of the preceding day, in expectation of being attacked by the forces of Mayenne, whose army had been in sight during the whole afternoon.

Some apprehension had been entertained in the royalist camp during the night, lest the enemy should have retired across the Eure, and avoided a combat which bade fair to decide the fate of France; but the first dawn of morning did away this fear, by showing the outposts of Mayenne, still occupying the edge of the gentle slope which terminated the plain towards Monceaux and La Neuville. The main body of the Leaguers had, indeed, retired a little from the position they had occupied on the preceding day; but this movement had only taken place in order to enable them to pass the inclement night which had followed, in the shelter afforded by the villages towards Ivry; and ere the monarch had been long in position, the heavy masses of cavalry and infantry which supported Mayenne were seen congregating on the upland, considerably increased in number by reinforcements which had arrived during the night, and early morning.

Some small bodies also had joined the forces of the King; and although the League presented a roll of names at least two to one in number, when compared with the list of Henry's followers, yet upon the part of the Royalists there was that undoubting, confident resolution, which so often commands success, joined to that cautious energy which insures it against almost every chance.

Towards ten o'clock, the position of the royal army was taken up, the squadrons of cavalry formed along the whole line, and the infantry disposed in masses between the small bodies

of the horse. On the right appeared the squadron of the Maréchal d'Aumont, with several infantry regiments; towards the centre were the cannon, few in number, but well placed, and directed by officers of skill and activity; and on the left was the squadron of the King himself, with the reserve of the Maréchal de Biron. The appearance of the royal host offered nothing very brilliant; for every leader amongst the royalists had been so long expelled from the gay capital, and so many of them had suffered in fortune by their attachment to the monarch, that steel—cold gray steel—was the only ornament that the ranks of Henry the Fourth presented. The King himself appeared amongst his troops without that surcoat of arms which was borne even by the poorest gentleman on the other side; but in order that he might be known and distinguished in the *melee*, a large white plume of feathers rose above his casque, and a similar mark was placed in the head of his battle charger. It was thus he appeared in the front of the squadron he particularly commanded, when the young Marquis of St. Réal and several other gentlemen rode up, and sought permission to fight near the person of his Majesty.

"No, no, St. Réal," replied the King; "you will be required at the head of your own troops."

"I can perfectly trust my lieutenant, Sire," replied St. Réal. "If you will grant me my request, I will answer for his conducting the troops as well as I could myself."

"No, St. Réal, no!" answered the monarch, again smiling gaily upon him; "I must not have all my best officers in one place. I am vain enough to think that my own hand is here a host, and I must have my gallant friends posted where they may do as much. Besides, I have other work for you. Here is my noble Rosny, who has brought me up James's arquebusers from Pessy: I wish you to join them to your force, and hold yourself as the commander of my own especial reserve. If you see my squadron broken, come to my aid,—but not otherwise, mind. You won glory enough at Arques, St. Réal, and you must let us have our share here: but stay; were you not in the room last night when Schomberg came to ask for his men's pay, and I spoke somewhat harshly to him in reply?"

"I was, Sire," replied St. Réal, bowing his head gravely; for he had thought at the time, that the King had treated the veteran unkindly.

"Well, then, come with me!" said Henry: "you witnessed the fault, you must witness the reparation." Thus saying, he rode along the line, followed by St. Réal and about twenty other horsemen, sometimes pausing to gaze upon the swarming hosts of Mayenne, which, crowning the opposite slope, was making every disposition for immediate battle; sometimes turning towards his own army to address the heads of the squadrons he passed, or the gentlemen who accompanied him. "Ha! there is the white standard and black *fleurs de lis* of the Guises!" he exclaimed, speaking to St. Réal. "Our good cousin of Mayenne must be in person on the field already. 'Tis a wonder he is so soon up! How mild the day is, De Givry! Well! you and your brave fellows, I see, run no risk of overheating yourselves before the battle; for, by my faith, we have none of us much other clothing besides cold steel. Ha! Monsieur de Brigneux, you have a good view of the enemy, and will not lose sight of them till they have tasted the quality of your steel, I'll warrant. They must be two to one, Vignoles! I am sure I hope they are; for I would not have to defeat a less force for one half of Burgundy. They tell me our friends from Picardy are within two miles; but faith, I shall not wait till they come up, lest we should have too many to share our glory. Ha! here we are, St. Réal; do me the favour of putting your foot to the ground with me."

St. Réal instantly flung his rein to a groom, and followed the King on foot to the head of a regiment, where sat a strong elderly man, whose countenance—the features of which were bland and mild—wore a stern and sullen air, and whose cheek, showing here and there the red lines of florid health, was now, nevertheless, pale in its general hue. He dismounted from his horse as the monarch approached, and rendered him a military salute with the same grave sternness which had marked his aspect ere the King came up. Henry, however, instantly laid his hand upon his arm in silence and led him back—for he had advanced a few steps—to the head of his regiment; and then, when every soldier in the ranks could hear, he said,—“Colonel Schomberg, we are now on what will soon be a field of battle, and it is very possible that I may remain upon it. I gave you hard words last night; and it is not fair that I should carry out of the world with me the honour of a brave gentleman like you. I come, therefore, to recall what I said, and publicly to declare, that I hold you for as good a man and as gallant a soldier, as at this time lives.” Thus saying, he took the veteran in his mailed arms, and pressed him to his bosom,

while the warm tears streamed down the rough cheek of the old soldier.

"Ah, Sire!" cried Schomberg; "in restoring me the honour which your words took from me, you now take from me life, for I should be unworthy if I did not cast it away in your service; and if I had a thousand, I should wish to pour them forth at the feet of such a king."

"No, no!" said Henry, again embracing him; "spend your blood, Schomberg, as I will mine, when there is need of it; but still keep it as long as you can, for the service of your master. And now, my friends, we will all do our duty. St. Réal, my friend, to your post! Schomberg, farewell! Monsieur de Vicq, have the kindness to tell the Baron de Biron to advance the squadrons on the right for about two hundred paces; for I see the front of the enemy begin to shake, and the battle must be no longer delayed than sufficient to enable us to get the sun and wind behind us, otherwise we shall be blinded with the smoke and the glare."

Henry now rode back to his squadron; and St. Réal returned to the head of his own forces, which had by this time been reinforced, according to the King's command, by James's horse arquebusers. Here the young leader, now well accustomed to scenes of battle and victory, fixed his eyes upon the squadron of the King; and though anxious with all the fire of a chivalrous heart to take an active share in the coming contest, he yet determined to observe to the letter the orders he had received; well knowing that they had been dictated by experience and skill, such as he had not the vanity to believe he himself possessed. Although the thought of danger or the thrill of fear never crossed his bosom for a moment, yet the countenance of St. Réal was grave and sad. No man felt more for the suffering people of his native country, no one regretted more deeply every fresh act of the great tragedy which day after day deluged France with blood; but at the present moment, it must be owned, St. Réal's feelings were personal. He thought of Eugénie de Menancourt; and his heart sunk, when, contemplating the loss of the present battle, he suffered imagination to dwell on all to which she might be exposed if the League were triumphant. Her real situation he knew not, nor had he more than a vague idea of the circumstances that attended her flight from Paris, for nought but rumours of the event had reached him during his long service with the royal army. But on that very morning he had learned from a trumpet, who had brought him an insulting defiance from his cousin of Aubin, that the vassals of Menancourt were now led by the Count; that Eugénie was still a fugitive from her home; and that it was generally supposed amongst the Leaguers that she had sought refuge with him. These tidings, at least, taught him to believe that she was unprotected in the wide world with which she was so little fitted to cope; and the letter of his cousin showed him that misery and violence waited her, if fortune favoured the arms of those who had already oppressed her.

Such thoughts did call a pang into his bosom, and a cloud upon his brow; but feeling that even his individual exertion might aid in winning a field on which so much was staked, he sternly bent his thoughts to the events immediately before him; and watched, as we have said, the squadron of the king with steadfast and eager attention. Scarcely had the monarch rejoined that squadron, when the army was put in motion; and taking its left as a centre, wheeled a little, so as to gain the advantage of the sun and wind. When this was completed, the troops again halted in a position decidedly better than the former ground; and the next moment, a horseman, riding from the side of the king, galloped at full speed to the artillery.—Only four cannon and two culverines were on the ground upon the side of Henry the Fourth; but they instantly opened against the enemy, and were recharged and fired with such rapidity, that ere Mayenne could bring his guns to bear, those of the royalists had nine times poured death and confusion into the midst of his ranks. The squadrons of the League could be seen to shake and waver under that terrible fire; and horseman after horseman, parting from the spot where Mayenne and his officers were placed, galloped up to the tardy cannoners, as if to hasten them in the execution of their duty. An ill-directed volley at length followed; and at the same moment the light cavalry of the League advanced to charge the left of the Royalists. They were met, however half-way by the impetuous D'Aumont; whose squadron, passing through them like a thunderbolt, turned and charged them again. The battle then became general; squadron after squadron was hurried into the fight; the smoke rolled in heavy masses over the plain; and one of the dense clouds thereof, sweeping between the troops of St. Réal and the squadron of the King, for several minutes prevented the young noble from seeing aught but

indistinct forms of dark whirling masses, now lost, now appearing again in the white wreaths of vapour. Anxious to fulfil his charge exactly, he led his squadron a few yards in advance; and at the same moment the smoke clearing away, allowed him to perceive the principal mass of the enemy, in which appeared the standard or cornet, as it was called, of the Duke of Mayenne, in the very act of charging the small square of cavalry headed by the King. Wheeling the horse arquebusers upon the flank of the advancing column, the English officer who commanded them poured a volley into the ranks of the Leaguers, which shook them severely; but still they came on at a thundering pace, and numbering nearly two thousand men, the handful of gallant gentlemen who surrounded the monarch were soon lost to the sight. The heart of St. Réal beat quick for his King; but the moment after, the dark and struggling mass of Leaguers seemed rent by some mighty power within. It reeled, it wavered; the clash of arms grew louder and louder; the flashing of pistols and the shouts of the combatants were more distinctly heard where St. Réal sat; and the next moment forth burst the unbroken squadron of the King, while the white plume pressed onward against the very front of the repulsed enemy.

At that instant, however, the Count Egmont, the brave but unworthy son of a noble and patriotic father, cast himself in the way of the horsemen of the League, who were in the very act of turning their bridles to fly; rallied them with words of fire and indignation, and brought them back in fury to the charge. Already somewhat disarrayed by the fierceness of the combat, the King's squadron was broken in every part; and though the white plume was still seen towering over the thickest of the strife, St. Réal felt that he had abstained enough, and led on his squadron to the support of the monarch. In the very act of charging, however, he observed a strong body of horse draw out from behind a little wood, called *La Haye des Prés*, on the left of the army of the League, and bear directly down upon him. A moment's glance showed him the arms of Aubin and Menancourt; and the next instant he beheld his cousin giving the order to charge. St. Réal instantly halted, not to expose his flank; and the troops of his cousin galloped furiously towards him, till they were within the distance of a hundred yards, when some hesitation was seen in their ranks.

"Thank God!" thought St. Réal; "his heart is touched, and he will seek some other foe;" but the next moment this hope was done away, and the hesitation was otherwise explained. The forces of Aubin approached still nearer, but at a slower pace; and at length the whole of the horsemen levied on the lands of Menancourt halted short.

"Charge!" cried D'Aubin, with a gesture of furious indignation. "Traitors, do you refuse to charge?" and galloping across the front, he struck the headmost horseman of that troop a blow with his clenched gauntlet that made him reel in the saddle. The man instantly recovered himself, and shouting "For St. Réal! for St. Réal! Vive Henri Quatre!" galloped forward, followed by all the rest of the vassals of Menancourt, who ranged themselves in good order by the troops of the young Marquis.

The forces composed of D'Aubin's own followers, small in proportion, had halted while their leader had crossed them to chastise the refractory trooper; and they now found themselves suddenly opposed to a body of more than double their own number. D'Aubin himself was taken by surprise, although it was evident that the defection of the retainers of De Menancourt was a premeditated act, and although he had long remarked a coolness in their service, and a disposition to quarrel with his own followers. He paused then in doubt, glaring with eyes of rage and hatred over the powerful squadron before him; then whispering a word to his lieutenant, he rode two or three yards forward, and shaking his clenched fist, exclaimed "St. Réal, you are a traitor, and have practised on my troops; but I will meet you yet, and force you to give me reason." Thus saying, he turned his horse and rejoined his troops, who were already slowly, and in good order, withdrawing from the perilous position in which they stood. St. Réal hesitated for a moment whether to overwhelm them, as he felt he could do, by a single charge of his powerful squadron; and duty struggled for a moment with the kindlier feelings of his heart: but turning round his head, a glance towards the King's division saved him from farther hesitation, by showing him the reitres of the League pouring down upon the monarch in support of the force under Mayenne; and he immediately wheeled his troops, and met, in full charge, the superior body thus offered. Although the heavier horses and armour of his own men-at-arms enabled them to break the first rush of the German horse, the superior numbers of the latter for a time prevailed, and the squadron of St. Réal was borne back upon that of the King. The ranks,

however, on all parts, were by this time broken; and, perhaps, never was a more complete exemplification of the word *mêlée* than the centre of the field of Ivry at that moment. Man to man, and hand to hand, the fight was now continued. The useless lance was cast away; the sword, the pistol, and the mace decided all; and so mingled and perplexed were friends and foes, that more than one man-at-arms was struck down by others fighting on the same part. The sounds of the cannon still pealed from other parts of the plain; and, together with the shouts, the pistol shots, the discharges of musketry, and the clash of steel, rendered the words of the loudest voices unintelligible, even when vociferating words of command to any handful of the men that still held together; while from time to time a cloud of smoke rolled in amongst the combatants, hiding every thing else from their eyes, except the little group of horsemen fighting around them. In the midst of the enemy's troopers, and only accompanied by two or three of his most devoted followers, St. Réal's personal strength, skill and valour, wrought over again the deeds of chivalrous times. The reitres fell back before the sweep of his tremendous sword; and plunging his strong battle-horse in amongst them, he dealt death and terror around; while his own soldiers began once more to gather and to form by twos and threes behind him. At the moment when about a third of his squadron had rallied, through the rolling smoke, he caught a glimpse of the white plume dancing still in the midst of a dark group of horsemen, while a hundred weapons, waving round it, seemed aimed at that life on which hung the destinies of France.

Without pausing even to think, St. Réal spurred towards the King: the reitres closed in behind him; and the next moment his path was crossed by the man of all others whom he least desired to encounter—his cousin.

"Out of the way, Philip of Aubin!" he cried, heated with the strife of the moment; "out of the way! By the soul of my father you will urge me too far!" D'Aubin probably heard not what he said; at least his reply was too indistinct to convey any definite meaning to the ear of St. Réal, though the furious gesture by which it was accompanied spoke for itself. The Count spurred on upon his cousin; and St. Réal, with his beaver up, paused to see whether one in whose veins flowed the same blood as in his own would really raise the hand against his life. He himself, however, was, as we have said, heated with the combat; and when he saw D'Aubin gallop on, with the point of his heavy sword aimed directly at his face, he lost patience, and spurred forward to meet him. Dropping his sword, however, by the thong that attached it to his wrist, he seized the mace, which, according to the old customs cherished by his family, he carried at his saddle bow; and, parrying the weapon of his kindred adversary wherever it attempted to strike him, he made the mass of iron play round his head like a willow wand—without, however, returning one blow of all the many that were aimed against him.

"Leave me, D'Aubin!" he exclaimed at length, as they wheeled their horses close together, and he perceived that his cousin was bleeding from several wounds he had previously received: "leave me, I say; you are wounded, and no match for me.—Leave me, or you will provoke me too far!"

D'Aubin felt, however, that his cousin used not either his strength or his skill against him; and his pride was more hurt to be spared than it would have been to be vanquished. He replied nothing but "Traitor!" and snatching a pistol from his saddle, levelled it at St. Réal's head. But the Marquis had marked the movement of his hand towards the holster; and exclaiming, "Take that then, to cure your folly!" he struck him full on the casque a blow that he intended to be slight, but which drove in the steel, and laid him prostrate on the plain.

St. Réal paused for an instant, to see whether the ill-fated D'Aubin would rise; but a cry of "*Au Roi! au Roi!*" struck his ear; and turning, he perceived the Baron de Rosny, covered with wounds, pointing to a spot where the white plume of Henry Quatre was still floating in the midst of the foe. It still floated; but nevertheless there was about it that uncertain wavering, that staggering rise and fall, which showed St. Réal at once that his sovereign was hard pressed by the multitude that surrounded him. Every other thought was instantly cast aside before the feeling of superior duty; and calling to some of his troopers who were near to follow, St. Réal galloped on, and cleft his way like a thunderbolt into the press around the King. Ere he could reach him, however, a loud shout echoed from the midst of the crowd, and the white plume disappeared. Two sweeps of St. Réal's sword dealt death to the reitres that lay in his path; and the next moment he reached the spot where Henry was struggling up from the carcass of his gallant

charger, who had fallen dead beneath him, after receiving a multitude of wounds.

The young cavalier instantly sprang to the ground, exclaiming, "Mount my horse, Sire!" and held the stirrup while the monarch sprang into the saddle. At the same moment a pistol shot struck him on the casque, and made him reel, but it did not penetrate the well-tried steel; and, looking round, he saw that in the brief space of time which had elapsed since he came up, the spot on which they stood had become comparatively clear, with none but one or two of his own and the King's attendants very near, while on the slope of the hill appeared a confused mass of the enemy, with their backs to the field of battle, and their faces towards the Eure.

The next instant his own écuyer led him forward a horse, while the King, exclaiming, "They fly, St. Réal, they fly! mount and follow with what men you can collect!" struck his spurs into the charger's side, and galloped on to gain the horsemen who were in the act of pursuing the fugitives. St. Réal hastened to obey, and springing on the charger's back, in a moment gathered together about fifty of his own troopers, and spurred after the King. As he reached the top of the slope, the whole field of battle lay open before his eyes; and a strange and confused, but not unpicturesque, sight it was. Three dark masses of the Leaguers and their pursuers were seen hurrying over the distant country towards the river; while, as the broken clouds were borne rapidly over the sky by a quick wind, the different groups of Royalists and fugitives struggling on together, were now covered with deep shadow which hid all the several parts, now exposed, with the sunshine picking out in bright relief each individual horseman as he scoured across the upland. On the other side lay the plain where that fierce and bloody fight had taken place, covered with knots of fugitives, prisoners, wounded, and dead, with the artillery playing upon a village in which the Leaguers were making a last effort; and the clouds of smoke still rolling solemnly over the field, after the fierce flash was gone, like heavy remorse following the eager act of angry passion. Small bodies of the Royalists too were seen, dispersing any group of the Leaguers who attempted to reassemble, and taking those prisoners whose horses were incapable of bearing them away; while the reserve under Marshal Biron, dark and heavy, hung upon the opposite slope, advancing slowly like a lurid thundercloud borne along by the slow breath of the summer wind.

Near the same spot whence St. Réal took a hurried glance over the field, the King himself had stopped for the same purpose; and the moment after he turned back. "St. Réal," he said, as he came near the young noble, "the battle might be lost yet! Do you see the Wallons have still possession of the village! and that strong body of Swiss there on the left still holds a good position. Come with me; we must make sure of the victory ere we urge too far the pursuit." Thus saying, he rode back at full speed towards the spot where his own squadron had been originally placed.

Lost sight of in the *mêlée*, his long absence had caused it to be very generally believed that the King was dead; and his approach was greeted by long and reiterated cries of "*Vive le Roy!*" from a number of his chief officers, who were engaged in rallying and re-forming the squadrons which had been broken in the beginning of the battle. "Thanks, gentlemen, thanks!" cried Henry, taking off his casque. "Look to those Swiss, Monsieur de Biron: they may give us some trouble yet."

"Shall I send the infantry of the right wing to break them?" demanded the Baron de Biron.

"No," said Henry thoughtfully; "no! the Swiss have always been good friends to the crown of France: nor would I shed the blood of any fellow creature, could it be helped. Some one take a white flag, and offer them their lives if they lay down their arms and submit quietly. Beseech them to spare more bloodshed,—for they must fall if they resist."

The Swiss, however, were too wise to protract resistance when resistance was vain. The offer of the victorious monarch was gladly accepted; the last of Mayenne's army that kept the field laid down their arms. Henry then gave instant orders for a speedy and vigorous pursuit of the fugitives: and thus ended the battle of Ivry.

On the field where it had been fought, and on the spot where he himself had contended hand to hand with his cousin, St. Réal caused diligent search to be made for Philip of Aubin, superintending the examination himself, and gazing anxiously upon every corpse that was raised, until it became clear that the Count had not remained upon the field of battle. It was late in the evening ere this task was over; but when at length, after much useless labour, taken in order to leave not a painful doubt behind, St. Réal was at length convinced,

he returned to his quarters with a lightened heart and a thankful spirit.

CHAPTER XL.

WE must now turn to the Count d'Aubin; but ere we inquire what became of him after he fell under his cousin's hand on the field of Ivry, it may be as well to relate some of the events which intervened between his night march from Grossœuvres and his encounter with St. Réal. On reaching the quarters of the Duke of Mayenne, he found that prince, whom he had not seen for some weeks, still up, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour; and he was immediately admitted to his presence. Mayenne was in high spirits, and full of confidence in regard to what would be the result of the approaching battle; and, after some conversation respecting the military arrangements about to be made, the Duke handed d'Aubin a small strip of parchment, asking him if he knew the handwriting which it displayed.

"If the Duke of Mayenne," the writing went to express, "desires to recover a prize which not long ago escaped both his hands and those of the Count d'Aubin, he will detach a small force of cavalry to sweep the valley of the higher Eure between Courville and La Coupe."

"Know it!" cried d'Aubin, "know that hand! I know it well! It is that of my cousin St. Réal's dwarf Bartholo. By the Lord, then, Albert of Wolfstrom was not so wrong in his suspicions, and, with your Highness's leave, after to-morrow's business be over, we will take counsel how this fair fugitive may best be recovered. I know that part of the country well; the St. Réals have a chace in the valley, and it is wild, wooded, and difficult for the movements of troops. But after the battle we shall have the whole country clear before us; and, if I be not sadly disappointed, ere to-morrow be at an end, I will make my fair and simple-seeming cousin pay for his perfidy towards me."

"In that, act as you think best," replied Mayenne; "and after the battle we will find means to recover the runaway, let the ground she has taken for her refuge be as wild as it will; and now, d'Aubin, farewell for the present. I will not bid so good a knight as you do his *devoir* to-morrow."

d'Aubin slept little during the night, and he was up sometimes on the following morning; for a heart full of bitterness and anger chased slumber away. One of the first in the field, he rode over the ground and narrowly observed the position of the King, as the small army of Royalists advanced from Fourcainville and the other villages where they had passed the night; but as he rode along, he perceived that four or five strange horsemen followed him about, as if watching his movements; and, on inquiry, found that they had joined his troop as volunteers since his arrival in the camp of the League. He took no farther notice of them, however; and, full of other thoughts, fierce, bitter, and engrossing, forgot what he had observed, till in the midst of the battle he was abandoned by the troops of Menancourt; and doubting not that they had been seduced by the pretended volunteers, he turned a vengeful and searching glance towards the rear, where they had been stationed; but, to his surprise, the strangers closed up in a line as soon as the others had gone over to the Royalists, without showing the slightest disposition to join them. d'Aubin then, as we have previously related, retreated, intending to unite his diminished force to some of the larger squadrons; when, perceiving that the reitres under Albert of Wolfstrom had followed Mayenne in his charge against the division of the King, and that the gallant chivalry of Henry Quatre were still maintaining an equal field against the more numerous forces of the League, he also poured his troops into the *mêlée*, in the hope of deciding the contest. Scarcely had he done so, however, when he heard the war-cry of the St. Réals, and caught a momentary glance of his cousin's person, as the dark and rolling cloud of battle broke away for a moment from before his eyes.

Maddened by fancied injuries, but still more by a feeling of inferiority and a consciousness of wrong, he strove to cleave his way through the press, in order to try, against one whose powers his pride undervalued, that skill and courage which had been so often successful against others. He succeeded, as we have seen, in at length meeting St. Réal; but not till he had received several slight wounds—without which, indeed, he would have been no match for his more powerful and equally skilful cousin, but which tended to render him still

more unequal to the encounter that he sought. Baffled in the combat by St. Réal's skill, that vanity, which through life had led him forward from evil to evil, urged him on with redoubled force; and when he saw, without the power of parrying it, the descending blow which struck him from his horse, he groaned, in bitterness of spirit, not from the fear of death, but from disappointed hate. That blow, though light when compared with what St. Réal's arm might have dealt, drove down his casque upon his head, split the rivets of the gorget, and laid him without sense or feeling upon the plain.

Scarcely had he fallen, when one of those fell monsters who frequent fields of battle to plunder the dying and the dead, attracted by his splendid surcoat, stooped over him, and, unbuckling the plastron, felt his heart beat, and, to make sure of no interruption from a reviving man, struck him a stroke with his dagger. The wound he inflicted was but slight, and the arm was raised for a more effectual blow, when the sweep of a long sword, taking the human vulture in the back of the neck, severed his head from his body, and stretched him across the prostrate form he had been intent to plunder.

The person who thus interposed to save D'Aubin was no other than one of the five volunteers who had joined his corps, and who, keeping close together through the *mêlée*, without striking a stroke except in self-defence, had followed, as fast as circumstances permitted, wherever the Count had turned his steps. The press round the spot were St. Réal and his cousin had encountered, had delayed them for some moments; but still they came up in time to rescue D'Aubin from the dagger of the assassin. The tide of battle had now somewhat rolled on; the ground around was clear; and springing from their horses, the strangers raised the senseless body of the wounded man in their arms, lifted him on a horse, and taking every precaution in order to bear him safely and easily, turned their steps with all speed from the field. Although confused bodies of the Leaguers and the Royalists were by this time mixed all over the plain, the men who bore D'Aubin with skill and presence of mind would have way amongst the contending squadrons, and soon were behind the woods which skirted the plain to the right. The musketry was no longer heard, the sound of the cannon was faint; and pausing for a moment, they undid and cast away the Count's armour, and bound up his still bleeding wounds. Then, once more bearing him amidst them, they hurried from the field, taking the road towards Chartres.

When Philip of Aubin after a long period of sickness, during which insensibility and delirium had filled up the place of thought and understanding, at length recovered a clear perception of his own condition and of external things, he found himself lying, reduced to a state of infant weakness, on a soft and easy bed, in a chamber which was strange to his eye. Rich arras covered the walls; the hangings of the couch were of velvet and gold; and through the open casement at the end of the room breathed in the air of spring, sweet with the perfume of jasmine and of violets. Mingled with that scent, however, was a faint odour of incense; and on the left of the bed stood a priest in his robes, with two or three of the inferior clergy; at the foot were men in the dress then reserved for the followers of the healing art; while on the right stood two or three women, and a page.

For a moment these things swam indistinctly before the eye of the sick man; but the next instant, one particular object attracted all his attention. It was as lovely a form as ever man beheld, advanced before the rest, and kneeling by his bedside, with her face hidden in the rich coverings of the bed, and her dark black hair broken from the large gold pin that ought to have confined it, and falling in masses of bright dishevelled curls over her neck. The convulsive grasp with which she held the bed-clothes, the deep sobs that shook her frame, the scared and anxious glances of the attendants, the solemn aspect of the priests, the sacred vessels for the communion and extreme unction, the extended cross held up before his eyes—all showed Philip of Aubin that those who surrounded him supposed him to be dying; and that what he beheld was the last solemn ceremonies, and the last bitter tears, which attend the passing of the living to the dead. All eyes but those which were hidden to conceal the burning drops that filled them, were fixed upon his countenance; and as his eyelids were raised, the priest, believing it the last effort of life, lifted his hands, saying, in a solemn tone, "*Accipe, Domine*"—but as the eye wandered round the group, and the light of life and meaning beamed faintly up in the lamp that had seemed extinguished, the old man paused and stooped eagerly forward.

D'Aubin would have given a world to speak, but his tongue refused its office; and all that he could do was to turn a feeble glance of inquiry to the countenance that gazed upon him. The priest, without speaking, beckoned forward the physician,

who laid his hand upon the patient's pulse, and then whispered eagerly a word in the ear of an attendant. A cup was instantly brought forward and held to the sick man's lips; a few drops of wine moistened his tongue. With difficulty and pain he swallowed the draught, and the unwonted effort made his heart flutter like that of a dying bird; but soon the beating became more regular; thick drops of perspiration stood upon his brow; he tried again to speak; his lips moved for a moment without a sound; but the next instant he succeeded better, and the name of "Beatrice!" murmured on his lips.

Hitherto there had not been a sound in the chamber, but the struggling sobs of the beautiful girl who knelt by the bedside, and the stealthy step of the attendant who brought the cup; but that one word "Beatrice," spoken by a voice that had been so long unheard, struck the ear for which it was intended. Loosing her hold of the bedclothes, she lifted her streaming eyes, saw the change that had taken place, gazed for an instant with all the lingering incredulity of apprehension, and then, seeing that it was true—quite true—Beatrice of Ferrara started on her feet, and, ere any one could save her, fell back senseless on the floor. With as little noise and confusion as possible, she was carried from the chamber; and every means that the science of the day suggested, were employed to complete the recovery of the Count d'Aubin. The physician, however, who attended him was a disciple of the great Esculapius, Nature; and therefore slowly, but progressively, the patient regained a degree of strength. All conversation, however, was forbidden, and everything that might agitate him was carefully removed from his sight. No one visited his chamber for several days but the attendants necessary to watch over him, and the physician who directed their movements; and when, at the end of three days, the first returning struggles of Aubin's impatient spirit would not be controlled, and he would speak in spite of all injunctions to the contrary, the physician continued to sit beside him all day, in order to ensure that the subjects permitted contained nothing which would retard his recovery by agitating his mind. Beatrice of Ferrara had never entered his chamber since the day when, believing him to be in the agonies of death, she had cast off all reserve, and given way to that passionate burst of grief, which revealed to all around the secret of her heart's inmost shrine. Feeble as he had been at that moment, D'Aubin had not failed to mark and understand the whole; but in sickness, and with death at our right hand, we feel such things in a manner different from that in which they affect us in the high glow of insolent health, and all the vanity of life and expectation. D'Aubin felt touched and grateful for the love he saw; and when he asked for "The Lady!" it was in a tone of reverence and softness, unmingled with a touch of the vain lightness which characterised the society in which they lived.

"If he meant the Princess," the physician said, "she was well—quite well."

D'Aubin replied, that he meant Mademoiselle de Ferrara, whom he had seen in the room when he first recovered from the long stupor in which he had lain.

"Not many months ago," replied the physician, "Mademoiselle de Ferrara, as you call her, became, by her uncle's and her brother's death, Princess of Legnagno; but, as I said, she is well—quite well."

The Count mused for a moment; but after a while he besought the physician, in earnest terms, to obtain for him once more an interview, however short, with the lady in whose dwelling he lay. The good man, however, who had marked all that passed before, would not hear of it; and it was only on the following day, when he found that Aubin's impatience of contradiction was likely to injure him more than any other agitation he could undergo, that he consented to bear his request to the ear of Beatrice. With her he found more difficulty than he had expected. She hesitated to bestow that care and attention upon the wounded man, now that he was recovering, which she had lavished on him without reserve when he had appeared dying. Her answer to his entreaty was cold and backward; and it was not till the physician brought her word that her reply had so much grieved the Count that his health suffered, that she consented once more to visit his chamber.

With a pale cheek, and with a timid step, Beatrice again approached the couch where D'Aubin, still as feeble as a child, anxiously awaited her coming. Her dark bright eyes stole a momentary glance at his worn countenance, and then fell again to the ground: for the feelings that were within her bosom—the knowledge that her love could no more be concealed, yet the wish to hide it—the compassion for D'Aubin's present state, which prevented her from covering her real sensations with the garb of coldness and disdain—and the

doubt and the fear that even yet the chastening rod of suffering might not have had its due effect on him she loved,—all rendered it impossible for her to play the bold and careless part she had hitherto acted, yet left it difficult to choose another.

Seating herself by his bedside, while the physician stood gazing from the window, she strove to speak; but, for the first time in her life, her ready wit failed her; and ere she could call it back, D'Aubin himself broke the silence, and relieved her. "Beatrice!" he said in a low tone, "how much have I to thank you for! how much deep gratitude do I owe you!"

"Not so, Monsieur D'Aubin," she replied, without looking at him: "I have done but a common act of charity, in tending one so badly hurt as you were."

"Beatrice, dear Beatrice!" he replied, "use not cold words towards me; for believe me, that of all the medicaments which the leeches have applied to bring me back to life and strength, the sight of Beatrice, when I woke from that cold and death-like trance, was the best cordial to my heart."

She looked up, and there was something like tears in her bright eyes; but all she could answer was, "Indeed, D'Aubin! Indeed!"

"Indeed, Beatrice! and in truth?" replied D'Aubin; "and ever since that hour the sight has been present to my eyes. I have remembered it—I have fed upon it; and believe me, that it has not only tended to heal the wounds of this weak frame, but has done much to cure the diseases of my still weaker heart and mind. Beatrice, my beloved, I have done you wrong. Wild, vain, and heedless, I have acted ill, and have cast away my own happiness through idleness and folly. That time is past: forgive me, Beatrice; and believe me, D'Aubin is changed."

"I hope it may be so, Monsieur d'Aubin," replied the fair Italian, more composedly—"I hope it may be so; for though the past has given pain to many of your noblest friends, still Beatrice of Ferrara never yet gave up the hope that all might be amended. But now I leave you for to-day, because such conversation is not fitted to your present feeble state."

"Nay, nay, stay yet a while, Beatrice," he cried, holding her hand, which he had taken, and gazing on her lovely features as if he would have impressed every line on his memory so deeply that remembrance might become a picture rather than that vague shadowy phantasmagoria which at best it is. Beatrice, however, disengaged her hand, and saying, "I will come again to-morrow; I must not be too profuse of my presence, D'Aubin, lest you cease to value it;" she glided away and left him.

Eagerly did Philip of Aubin watch for her coming; and day after day, so long as he continued unable to rise, did Beatrice accompany the physician back to his chamber, after the man of healing had made his morning's report touching his patient's health. Still fearful of yielding to all she felt, and with an intuitive knowledge of that subtle thing—the heart of man—Beatrice would fain have put a strong restraint upon her words and actions, and struggled against each of those little signs of deep and passionate love into which every day's conversation was prone to betray her. But who is there with a heart so obedient, and with a demeanour so completely under the rule and government of the mind, as to avoid every tender word, or smile of affection, or look of love, under a daily intercourse with one so dear as he was unto her? Besides, too, he was recovering from wounds, and had but by a miracle escaped death; and there is something sadly traitorous to all strong resolutions in watching the coming back of health—the reviving colour, the brightening eye, the expanding look; and in hearing the round tone of life's full breath take place of the low trembling voice of sickness. At first, as Beatrice entered his chamber, she would smile with a look of arch gaiety, to see the anxiety with which he turned to ascertain if it were her step he heard; but as day passed by on day, that smile lost all but the signs of gladness, and Beatrice might be seen watching for the hour of the visit, as well as her wounded lover. One day only was that visit not made; and that was the first on which D'Aubin rose from a couch whereon he had passed nearly six weeks in danger and anguish. It was not coquetry that made her refrain; it was not the least abatement of her love; but a feeling which she strove not to explain, even to herself, and which it would be impossible to explain to others. Be it what it may that moved her, she passed that day in prayer.

D'Aubin had been warned of her purpose not to come, and important business was the cause that Beatrice assigned for her absence; but the day having lost its usual occupations, neither the anxiety for her coming, nor the remembrance of her visit, affording matter for reflection, the thoughts of Philip of Aubin turned to other things. Had he been one of those stern moralists who examine with microscopic exactness all

their feelings, try every idea in the fine balance of equity, and search out all the lurking motives of the heart, D'Aubin might have started to discover how much he was recovered, by finding out how much his thoughts were flowing back into old channels. There were fancies crossed his mind,—there were ideas presented themselves to his imagination—at which he did start; and he was still so feeble, his convalescence was still so far unconfirmed, that he blamed himself for the recurrence of thoughts that, still smarting as he was under the lash of suffering and the correction of adversity, he looked upon as base and ungenerous. He hastened, then, to banish all such ideas, and tried to look with horror and disgust upon those past vices and follies which had been once his pride; but the surest sign that our faults still cling to us, is the necessity of an effort to banish them from our thoughts. So long as he had been really ill, D'Aubin had hated his errors without an effort; but he was now convalescent, and they began to play around his imagination as familiar things.

The next morning broke in floods of splendour, bearing in a golden day of May; and as soon as his attendants would permit him, D'Aubin rose, and, supported by the physician, walked feebly forth into the garden of the chateau, where many a flower was opening its young bosom to the sweet breath of the spring air, and the warm beams of the genial sun. Under the spreading branches of an old tree, which, standing by the castle wall, cast its scarce unfolded leaves over the garden, some seats were placed; and there sat Beatrice with several of her women, busily employed at their everlasting embroidery: but ever and anon the eye of the lady turned to the low postern door; and when she at length beheld the expected sight, a smile, bright and beautiful as the morning, beamed upon her lip, accompanied by as warm a blush as ever touched with crimson the timid cheek of love.

Hours went on, and days, working with their usual power to the change of all things; but, oh! how differently does the mighty artist, Time, labour on the world of subjects ever beneath his hands. Who would dream that the same handiwork gave expansion to the bursting bud, and shrivelled up the withering leaf of winter; or at the same moment cast the pale violet dying on the green lap of spring, and called forth the rose to bind the temples of the early year? Yet as different, as strangely different, were the changes which he worked in Beatrice of Ferrara and in Philip of Aubin; and those changes must be told and dwelt on separately.

Beatrice gave herself up to hope, that bright deluder, whose skilful, unseen diplomacy outwits, with scarcely an effort, the whole cabinet of reason. Fondly, idly, she gave herself up to hope; and the triumph of the magician was the more powerful, inasmuch as she had nobler allies than the mere selfishness with which she usually works her ends. Beatrice's hope was, not solely that the period of anxiety and pain for herself was past, that the long-sought, dear-bought, well-earned happiness was before her; that the intense and burning love, which none but a nature passionate and ardent as her own could feel, was returned with full and answering passion; but she hoped, that he whom she loved, taught by severe affliction, had learned to know and value virtue, had become nobler, wiser, better, under the chastisement of sickness. The biting disdain which she had assumed towards him, when, in the insolence of unchecked prosperity and vigorous health, he had dared to speak the same language of love to her that he held towards others—the scorn, the defiance, with which she then treated him—had not survived the sight of a man, whose vices even had not estranged her heart, lying wounded, senseless, and apparently dying, before her eyes: and now, as day after day went by, and she was permitted to trace the bright progress of returning health on the face of him she loved; as a thousand new interests and tender feelings sprang up under the little cares and anxieties of his convalescence; as with the mild and gentle words of yet unconfirmed health, he spoke vaguely, but not the less ardently, of hopes and wishes, and feelings in common, the reserve which she had afterwards assumed, as a light armour against slight perils, was cast away piece by piece; and she loved even to sit alone, and dream of him and happiness.

Such was the work of Time with Beatrice of Ferrara: with Philip of Aubin it was different. He saw Beatrice in all her beauty, and in all her excellence, it is true, and he loved her better than any other upon earth; and yet, as health returned, came back the thoughts that he had known in health—the vanity, the pride, the levity. The heart of man can love as deeply and as fondly as that of woman: and who denies it such capability, libels it most foully; but the heart of man or woman either, worn by the touch of follies and of vices, soon loses its power to love; the temple is profaned, and the god

will no longer dwell therein. Women, less called upon to pass amidst the foul and polluting things of earth, keep the heart's bright garment longer in its lustre—that lustre which, like the bloom upon the unplucked fruit, is lost at every touch: and this is why so few men are found to love with woman's intensity; because they have staked the fortune of the heart upon petty throws, and lost it piece by piece. So was it with Philip of Aubin: he could not love as Beatrice of Ferrara loved; he could not feel as she could feel; and yet he loved her as much as he loved anything: but other thoughts shared that love; and when he remembered Eugénie de Menancourt, his unstable mind wavered under contending doubts and purposes. The tie between himself and her could easily be broken, he well knew, if both parties sought its dissolution; but he knew, too, that she would seek its dissolution with an eagerness that roused every evil spirit in his heart in the cause of mortified vanity. He fancied to himself her triumph; he fancied the scoffs, and the sneers, and the jests of all that knew him; he pictured the smiles that would hang upon the lip of many whom he had scorned in his day of pride and success; and he crowned the whole by representing to the eye of imagination, her who had disdained his vows and rejected his hand, united to him who had supplanted him in love, and overthrown him in battle. And yet he loved Beatrice of Ferrara deeply, passionately; and while, at times, he revolved the means of triumphing over Eugénie, and casting back the pre-imagined scoff in the teeth of the world, whose slave he had made himself, at others he longed to fly with the fair Italian girl, whose love and devotion were of so firm a quality; and, dying to his follies, his vices, and his native land, to live in some far country in peace, and love, and forgetfulness.

Such were often his meditations as health and strength slowly returned; and the increasing success attending the arms of Henry the Fourth, which reached his ear in vague rumours, rendered the better course even the more immediately politic. It was thus one evening he had sat listening to the lute and voice of Beatrice, and thinking that ever to have that voice and lute to soothe the moments of gloom, and that lovely being to be the star of a domestic home, were, in truth, a lot that princes might envy, when the careful physician warned him away from the garden where they had been sitting, and through which the evening air was beginning to blow somewhat cool and sharp. D'Aubin lingered a moment; but Beatrice, with gentle urgency, enforced the old man's authority; and retiring to his chamber, the Count continued to gaze out, in solitude, on the spot where his fair companion and her women still sat. He heard the door of his apartments open, but he heeded not; so fixed was his attention upon the beautiful line of Beatrice's reclining figure, as, leaning back till the flowers of the jasmine behind her mingled with her jetty hair, and with her hand resting still upon the lute, she gazed upon a bright passing cloud, high up in the purple sky, that, tinted with the hope-like hues of the setting sun, was floating fast overhead.

"My Lord Count!" said a low voice near him, "I have risked all to come to you for a moment, and to glad my eyes with the sight of your restored health."

D'Aubin turned in some surprise, and beheld the small form of Bartholo, his cousin's dwarf page. That form, indeed, seemed even more shrunk and small than ever; and on the usually sallow cheek of the dwarf there was a red and fiery glow that was not that of health; but nevertheless his voice was calm and strong, and his bright large eyes full of meaning and intelligence.

"Ha, Bartholo!" cried D'Aubin, "art thou here? Right glad am I to see thee: but how doest thou risk aught in thus coming to see me? Thou art safe here!"

"You know not, Sir, that I have left your cousin long," replied the dwarf, "and am now with my first mistress; the only one who has ever had a real right to call me servant. But she wills not that I should come hither. It was only because the other page was sick that I was brought here to-day; and I tremble lest the time of departing comes, and she should miss me; for she has the eye of a lynx, and would instantly divine that I was here, against her express command."

"Why, how now, man of mysteries!" cried D'Aubin. "The hour of her departure! Does she not sleep in the castle to-night?"

"Never, Sir! never!" replied the page. "Since three days after you began to mend, she has never passed one night within these walls. But I have not time to explain more mysteries, and only came to see you well, and perhaps, if I had a moment, to give you some counsel that were not ungrateful to your ear."

"Oh, you have time, plenty of time!" cried D'Aubin. "Lo, there she sits, and she is running over the strings of her lute

in another air, though we cannot hear it here; but we can see when she rises,—beautiful creature! One could gaze on her for ever! What is it you would say?"

"I would ask," replied the page, "if his Highness of Mayenne ever showed you some information he received concerning one whom you thought no less fair than the fair thing before you?"

"Yes, yes, he showed it me!" replied D'Aubin. "But know you, Bartholo, that since we met, my mind has undergone a revolution. Like you, my little friend, I have changed my service also; and, as you said, am now with my first mistress, the only one who ever had a real right to call me servant."

The pale cheek of the dwarf turned red, and then pale again; and he replied, "I thought, indeed, that you might be her servant, as we use that word in Italy—her servant *par amours*; and yet might like to wed the other too, if it were but to set your foot for ever upon all the gay jests and ribald laughter that are going on in the capital and the camp at your expense. But if you are set on marrying the fair Princess, Heaven forbid that I should stay you from such a righteous purpose!"

D'Aubin paused in thought for several moments, while the dwarf alternately glanced his eye to the changing countenance of the Count, and to the garden in which Beatrice still sat.—"You speak strange words, Bartholo!" said D'Aubin at length: "I, with all the world, have deemed her as pure as the falling snow, ere it touches earth."

"And so she is," cried the dwarf eagerly; "and so she is, I do believe. But yet, Monsieur d'Aubin, she loves—loves with that passion which makes such steps as we speak of easy. Besides, we in Italy are accustomed to look upon the marriage tie as a form much less binding than that which love twines for itself—a mere form indeed; and she, who worships the spirit of constancy, abhors all idle forms. But I speak too boldly, noble Sir; and yet I seek to serve you. I have heard that Sir Albert of Wolfstrom, too, has betaken himself to your estates of Aubin, and—but I must fly! see, she is rising!"

"Stay, stay a moment!" cried the Count; "she is not yet prepared to go forth, and I have much to ask you. Tell me, where is the Lady of Menancourt, and how may I best find her?"

"I dare not stay, Sir!" replied the dwarf. "As soon as she enters, she will ask for me: but I will find another opportunity soon, of telling you more. In the mean time, fear not, Sir, to press your advantage; for you know not passion's force with those upon whose birth a brighter sun has shone. Remember, I never gave you false information or wrong advice."

"Good faith, no!" replied D'Aubin; "but she is coming in! Farewell, and return if you can to-morrow, my good Bartholo."

Without further reply, the page glided out of the room; and while D'Aubin, gazing upon Beatrice as she advanced towards the house, pondered over all the poisonous words that had just been dropped into his ear, Bartholo glided down the small and narrow staircases that led to a far part of the building, laughing with a bitter laugh as he went, and murmuring something of a goodly scheme well spoiled.

CHAPTER XLI.

D'AUBIN passed a restless and unquiet night; and the next morning his pale countenance and languid look re-awakened in the bosom of Beatrice of Ferrara all those apprehensions and anxieties which are treacherous internal allies of the ambitious tyrant love. From that day, however, the conduct of Philip of Aubin underwent a change, slight, indeed, to appearance, but yet of no small import. His demeanour grew softer, tenderer, more solicitous towards his fair companion; his conversation was all of love. From every bright thing in external nature, from the stores of history, or the pages of imagination, he drew matter for comparing, and illustrating, and typifying the ardent passion of the heart. Beatrice listened, pleased, and joined in, and felt that she was beloved; and spoke her own warm feelings boldly, so long as the words were general: her eyes, and the varying colour of her cheek, told all the rest: and much would they discuss the evil and the good of strong and fiery passion; and to their hearts' content they proved that it was aught but a fault, a capability in a bright spirit, a proof of superior energy of heart and mind. But then Beatrice said it must be ruled and governed by ties and principles as strong and energetic as itself; and D'Aubin, though he did not venture to dissent, went on in the praise of intense and vehement love without restriction, and brought forth a thousand examples in

which that passion, in what he called nobler and more generous times, had been carried to a height unknown in their own age. Still, on every point where he and Beatrice might differ, he touched the subject lightly, and then left it; pointing still, by many an endearing name and soft caress, the object and application of all his bland eloquence. Beatrice hoped and believed, and was happy; and now that her bosom was at rest, that the conflict of hope, and fear, and passion, which had ceaselessly agitated her during the last four years, was at an end, and her heart reposed in peace on the conviction of being loved, and the prospect of future happiness; her demeanour grew milder, softer, tenderer; it lost the wild and eager fire which it had acquired, and fell back into all that was sweet, and womanly, and gentle. The days past on, too, in peace; for D'Aubin asked no questions upon the many matters which might have called up subjects painful to either; and Beatrice, ere she spoke of the past, wished all those things completed, which would put an irrevocable seal upon the happiness of the present. Then she thought, that addressing her husband and her lover both in one, she could tell him that all he had done amiss was forgiven; that he had been ever loved, even in his errors; and that her eye had been ever watchful, her hand ever stretched out, to snatch him from the consequences of his faults, and to lead him away from those faults themselves.

At length, on one bright and sunshiny morning in June, when the clear lustre of health had fully returned into D'Aubin's eye, and his step was as firm as it had been four months before, the lovers sat together in a wood near the chateau, passing away, under the shadow of the old trees, the hot hours of summer noon. She scarcely knew why, but with a lingering touch of timidity, to which she yielded willingly, without trying to scrutinise it, Beatrice had ever, in her interviews with D'Aubin, kept some of her women round her; and although, feeling that there was much to be said between them which were better said without witnesses, she had day after day determined to dispense with their presence; still there they sat at a little distance, plying the busy needle on the object which served to occupy their discreet eyes. Their presence was no great restraint, it is true, but still D'Aubin found it burthensome; and, resolved to hesitate no longer in his purposes, he besought Beatrice to send the women away. With a blushing cheek, and somewhat of an agitated tone, Beatrice complied; and then, turning away her head, played idly with the flowers that gemmed the grass on which they sat.

D'Aubin paused and hesitated, even at that moment, if he should go on; but his determination soon returned, and gliding his arm round her waist, while with his right hand he took hers unresistingly, he said, "Beatrice, dear Beatrice, do we not love one another?"

Beatrice replied nothing; but the trembling of her whole frame was a sufficient answer; and D'Aubin went on. "Hear me, Beatrice, and believe me, when I say that I love you with my whole heart and soul, with the deepest, the truest, the most lasting affection; that I love you better than anything on earth; and that for you I am ready to abandon friends, and country, and station altogether."

He paused, and Beatrice replied in a low voice, "But, thank God! no such sacrifice is necessary, D'Aubin."

"If it be, I am ready to make it," pursued the Count, in a voice to which deep and sincere passion lent all its earnestness; "if it be, I am ready to make it. Oh, Beatrice, you know not how I love you! but I must be loved with the like affection, not with the cold and formal love of fashion and society—idols to which I have only bowed because I found no better godhead. Now I have found a power above,—now I know that, however I have erred, I have loved you ever, and you alone; that without you the earth would be one vast piece of desolation to my eyes. Wherever you are, is henceforth my country; wherever you dwell, is henceforth my home; for you I will sacrifice everything, for you I will regret nothing. Tell me, Beatrice, is your love for me the same?"

"Can you doubt it, Philip?" she replied. "Can you doubt it?"

"Then I am happy," he cried, pressing her to his bosom; "the vain ties, the idle ceremonies, of the world may bind together cold and careless hands, and indifferent and unimpassioned bosoms, but between your heart and mine, Beatrice, there will be a dearer, a nobler, a more lasting tie, and we will have no other!"

Beatrice disengaged herself from his arms. "What do you mean, D'Aubin?" she cried: but then pausing, she added, "but I forgot; you fancy yourself bound to another by one of those bonds of society which cannot be broken: but you are mistaken; your supposed marriage with Engenie de Menancourt is null. The ceremony was vain, the seeming priest was none, and I have papers here to prove that he was but a soldier in the army of the Huguenots."

"Glad am I to hear it," cried D'Aubin, again throwing his arms around her; "yet listen to me, Beatrice; is the same idle ceremony necessary between you and me? Do you doubt my love, Beatrice! will your constancy faint unless upheld by an idle form? Is your love so weak, that, when I am ready to resign all, even to my country, for you, you will not make the sacrifice even of a mere name for me?"

Beatrice turned, as he held her in his arms; and for an instant gazed in his face, with a look of wondrous inquiry, as if—even acquainted with the world and all its ways as she was—the base, ungrateful wickedness of his purpose were too much for her belief. At length, convinced that her ears had not deceived her, and satisfied, from the soft, entreating expression he assumed, that his proposal was the result of calm, deliberate forethought, no idle jest, no capricious trial of her heart, she burst from him like a young eagle from a net which had been spread for larks; and, standing in all the majesty of indignant beauty on the spot where she had lately sat, she gazed upon him with flashing eyes, and a quivering lip, while the fingers of her right hand felt along her girdle for the dagger, which, according to a common custom of the day, usually hung there. But it had been forgotten; and it might be lucky for the Count d'Aubin that it was so.

For a moment, anger, and surprise, and bitter indignation seemed to take away all words; but ere D'Aubin could speak again, she had recovered herself. "Out of my sight, viper!" she cried; "base, ungrateful, perfidious snake! Oh God! Oh God! never let woman, henceforth and for ever, love man again. Let her trample upon that black thing, his heart, and sport with his torture, and deceive his love, and betray his confidence, till he know not where to find faith or truth in all the world; for, the moment that he believes her true, or kind, or gentle, or affectionate, he turns a serpent which would sting her, and poison for her the life, the feelings, the happiness, she is ever too ready to devote to him. Out of my sight, traitor, I say! Why linger you here?"

"Hear me! hear me, Beatrice!" cried D'Aubin, rising and attempting to take her hand. "Hear me! I mean not to offend you! I am no traitor. I mean but—"

"No traitor!" cried Beatrice. "Is he no traitor, that, received with friendship and hospitality into the heart of a fortress in time of war, treated with confidence and love, saved from death, cherished, protected, befriended, strives to corrupt the garrison and betray the leader, to ruin the defences, and destroy the walls? Out on thee, man! Out on thee! I would not be the base, ungenerous, contemptible thing thou art, for all the power of a Caesar!"

D'Aubin saw he had deceived himself; and at the same moment that he perceived that he had risked the love of Beatrice for ever, he felt most strongly what an inestimable jewel that love was. "Hear me—beware, Beatrice!" he said. "Have I not said that I am ready to sacrifice everything for you? I make no exception to that sacrifice; not a pride, not a vanity, not a prejudice do I wish excepted. I will sacrifice all! Be mine on any terms. I did but think that Beatrice was more liberal, more unprejudiced, than our idle crowd of courtly dames, who insist upon a ceremonious vow that they break, one and all, most unceremoniously, rather than that private compact which binds the heart."

"Say no more, Sir—say no more," cried Beatrice. "Those last words are quite enough, if all the rest of your conduct were insufficient. There is hope in every man who can yet believe in purity; but he whose vice is so confirmed, that he does not credit the existence of virtue, is irreclaimable. So you did but think," she continued, while her cheek again glowed, and her eye flashed—"you did but think, that Beatrice of Ferrara was too liberal, too unprejudiced, to hold her honour as a jewel, without which life is darkness and bitterness. You did but think, that, because to save, to reclaim, to elevate a man she fancied not wholly lost, she braved opinion, and, strong in her own righteousness, set the world's maxims at defiance. You did but think that she had forgotten the line between virtue and prejudice, in her mad love for Philip of Aubin, and would soon, for his sake, trample upon the one, as she had spurned the other. But, Sir, you were mistaken; and you will now quit for ever her you have insulted."

D'Aubin had nothing in the shape of reason to reply, but he had much in the shape of love; and with a heart full of passion, and shame, and regret, he failed not to plead for forgiveness with vehemence and eloquence. Forgetting pride and all its train, he cast himself at her feet; he held her hand when she sought to go; and he poured forth, from the deep feelings in his heart, all those ardent and fiery words which well might move and win. At first Beatrice strove to stay him, and to disengage her hand; but when she found that his

vehemence would be heard, she stood and listened, but with that calm and cold demeanour, which ere long brought his eloquence to an end. Then withdrawing her hand and her robe from his grasp, she said, in a low and agitated, but determined tone, which, full of deep feeling but strong resolution, was much more striking than the words of passion which had at first broken from her lips, "Rise, Monsieur D'Aubin! and, as I have heard you, now hear me! When first you talked of love to me, I knew you to be young, and light, and foolish; but I thought that I discovered, underneath the follies of youth and gaiety, deeper feelings, better aspirations, and a nobler soul. I then saw you flutter round many another woman, and I heard of vices into which I did not inquire; for, in your language and your manner towards me, there was much that gave me better hopes, and I strove to reclaim you by gentleness and kindness. Deeper offences succeeded; and it became me, though love loses hope but slowly, to assume a demeanour towards you, which might at once tend to awaken you, and do justice to myself. The weakness of a woman's heart taught me to believe, that, on one occasion, I had carried severity too far, and I reproached myself for having hurried you on in evil. I soon had an opportunity of mending that. In a battle, where I had good assurance that your party would fail, I caused you to be followed by some faithful and skilful men, who had orders to rescue you at any moment of extreme need. They brought you wounded, and apparently dying, to my dwelling, and like a sister I tended you night and day, till all hope was lost; and then I wept for you as no sister could have wept. Against all calculation you recovered; saw how deep, how strong, was my love towards you; taught me to give full scope to that love, by pretending reformation and virtue: and now you have ended all, by proving to me that kindness, like the spring sun upon a torpid snake, but re-awakens your venom with your strength; that you look upon the love of woman but as the means of injuring her; that kind deeds and services but hire you to ingratitude; and that, though you may be capable of passion, you are incapable of love! Thus convinced, Sir, I bid you quit me, and for ever. No time, no circumstances, will change my resolution of banishing you from my thoughts for ever; for Beatrice of Ferrara would sooner die than wed one whom she has at length learned so thoroughly to despise, could he offer a kingly crown."

D'Aubin rose in silent bitterness, and half turned away; but ere he went he again paused, as if to speak, and a few indistinct words trembled on his tongue. Beatrice, however, stopped him, and with an air of calm, stern dignity, exclaimed, "No more, Monsieur D'Aubin, I will hear no more; it is time, Sir, that you should quit one whom you have so basely insulted. Your horse is in the stable, your health is restored; my servants will guide and guard you on your way, should you need protection; but never let your step cross the threshold of Beatrice of Ferrara again, as never again shall your image enter her mind."

"Your command shall be obeyed, Lady," replied D'Aubin, proudly; "and as to protection, I need none. Fare you well, Madam, with thanks for the kindness you showed me at first; and with silence—if so it must be—for the harshness you now show; and yet I could wish to be heard."

"Not a word more!" replied Beatrice. "Sir, I bid you farewell! Laura! Annette! Where are those girls? Annette, I say!" and turning from him, she hastened on in the direction which her maids had taken when she sent them from her. They were at no great distance; and bidding them follow her, Beatrice with a rapid step retraced her way towards the chateau. Firmly, and apparently unshaken by what had passed, but with her dark bright eyes bent upon the ground, the beautiful girl entered the gates of the house; hurried along its many passages to the chamber in which, during the first period of D'Aubin's illness, she had been accustomed to repose; and opening the door, advanced towards a chair. But the energy of her great effort did not last till she reached it; her brain reeled, her steps wavered, and she sunk upon the floor, insensible and silent, ere her attendants could catch her in their arms. That innate faculty which teaches women to divine, as by intuition, the secrets of their fellow women's hearts, held the girls who had followed Beatrice quite silent and noiseless, as they did all in their power to recall her to herself. There was no bustle, no outcry, no running hither and thither for assistance; but with quiet and persevering assiduity, they tended her, till at length she opened her eyes and gazed languidly round the chamber. Then came some broken sobs, and then a flood of tears, and then, wiping away the drops that gemmed her long dark eyelashes, Beatrice of Ferrara once more shook off the bonds of woman's weakness, and was herself again.

"Be silent on what has past, Annette," she said; "Laura, I

know I can trust you. I would fain learn whether the chateau is free of all guests; I long to be alone in my own house again. Fly, Annette, and see."

The girl sped away, and soon returned, saying, "The Count mounted his horse, Lady, and rode away some twenty minutes since."

"Did he?" said Beatrice—"did he?" and she fell into a deep fit of thought.

CHAPTER XLII.

So long as there was a human eye upon her, Beatrice of Ferrara governed the mingled and passionate feelings that struggled with each other in her bosom, and would fain have had the mastery of her also. After a time, however, when she had preserved her apparent calmness long enough to deceive completely those around her; when she had drawn, with a hand full of grace and fancy, the groups of flowers which were to serve as patterns for her maidens' embroidery—had struck the chords of her lute with a careless, but skilful hand, and talked for some ten minutes on a butterfly—she desired to be left alone.

Then, however, when, with the door closed and the arras drawn, there was no eye upon her but that of Heaven, she once more gave way to all she felt. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" she cried, clasping her small hands, "to be thus treated by one whom I have so deeply loved—for whom I have done so much—for whose sake I sacrificed my nights and days, scattered my fortunes, left my state and station, took on the menial offices, put my life in peril, and even my good name to risk—and more, far more, for whom I forgot and pardoned those errors that women forget least easily, and loved him still, even when he sported with my love as a thing of nought! Oh, God! oh, God! that he who, if ever man yet believed the love of woman to be a pure and holy thing, should have held the feelings of my heart most sacred—that he should dare to talk to me the words of shame, the vile sophisms of guilt and infamy; that he should dream that I—I who have stood alone in the midst of a depraved court, the wonder and hatred of them all—that I should become his paramour, his leman, to be held or discarded at his pleasure—to play him sweet airs upon the lute, and sing to him when he was in the mood, and be called the Italian mistress of the gay Count d'Aubin!" and, as she called up all the images of the degradation he had proposed, she strained her hands upon one another till the clear blood vanished from beneath the small finger nails; and she raised her dark eyes to heaven, as if asking, "Is it possible that God can permit such baseness?"

"It is my own fault!" she cried at length; "it is my own fault! I should have known too well what a vile slave man is—how he licks the dust beneath our feet, so long as we tread upon his neck, and turn to smite us as soon as we smile upon him. I should have known it, and with haughty dignity and distant sternness commanded the love that I have stooped to win; it is my own fault, weak girl that I am—it is my own fault! He thought that she who could go masquerading in boy's attire, and make herself the companion of grooms and horse-boys for his sake—that she who could dare the perils of the camp in a strange guise—could come and go, at the risk of question and discovery, through the gates of a beleaguered city—could bind up his wounds with her own hands, and watch for fourteen nights by the side of his sick bed,—would surely refuse him nothing—no, not her honour. Or perhaps even now, in his profligacy of heart, he scoffs and jeers at the thought of my fastidiousness; or deems that, by a cunning device and affectation of virtue, I sought to patch up a ruined reputation by a marriage with him—he may hold me as some light wanton. Out upon him! out upon him! Did he but know the heart he tramples on!" and bursting into tears, she covered her face with her hands, and remained thus for several minutes, in silent bitterness of heart.

The tears again seemed to relieve her; and at length she wiped them from her eyes, and looked out vacantly upon the gay and sunny landscape that lay stretched in bright confusion from the height on which the chateau stood, to some distant hills, that, rising again on the opposite side of a deep valley, towered up, now covered with green woods, now massed in the gray distance. However resolutely the soul may hold itself within the citadel of the heart besieged by grief, the garrison of that sad fortress will be affected by the sight of things that pass beyond its limits. Sweet sounds, though we listen to

them not, will tend to soothe; and pleasant objects, though the eye appears void of all remark, will tranquillize and calm. There were lovelier scenes to be found on earth than that which lay beneath her sight, and Beatrice had seen many fairer far: but over it the sun, now slanting down towards his rest, was casting soft broad shadows; and now and then a slow passing cloud came, like the faint and pleasing shade of melancholy that sometimes steals upon our happiest moments, and touched the bright things below with a blue ethereal hue as it flitted on above them. Nothing was seen to move in the sky or on the earth, but that slow cloud and its soft shadow; but, on a bough before the window, a gray-hearted bird carolled volubly to the evening sun, mingling, however, now and then, with its blyther notes, a tone or two in a sad minor key, which made its song harmonize both with the scene and with the heart of her who listened. I am wrong; the heart of Beatrice did not harmonize with it,—her bosom was full of griefs too deep, too lasting, to assimilate with the glad voice of nature; but still the melancholy tones so far chastened the cheerful song of the bird, that she could hear it and not think it harsh, and the shadows of that cloud was just sufficient to make her feel the brightness not blighting. She sat and gazed; and though neither her eye nor her ear marked anything with precision, she fell into a dreamy fit of musing, and that musing was softer and less bitter than it had been.

True, she thought of the course of her love, and of that love's blight. She knew that for her the joys of life, the dreams, the hopes, the imaginings—all the green things of a happy heart, in short—were withered, and blasted, and shrivelled up, like the leaves of a bough broken off by the lightning. To be calm and passionless, sad and solitary, were the brightest aspirations which her once ardent bosom could harbour now; but still to think over such a state, was peace, to the bitter paroxysm that went before. Did she ever think that hope might revive in regard to him she had loved? Never! For though her love was not over—ah, no! and she would have given her fortune and her life to have blessed him; yet so lost was all her esteem and all her confidence, that could she have thought her heart would ever betray her into one weak fancy in regard to him, she would have torn it out to trample it beneath her feet. She loved him still; she knew, she felt she loved him; for her heart was as a pile of incense which that passion had lighted, and the fire could only be extinguished by the end of her own being; but still the dream, the bright and golden dream, of happiness was over; and not even love—that ardent and undying love, which was now an indivisible part of her being and her soul—could have bribed her, by the brightest promises of hope, to see that man again, or hear his lips pronounce one other word. No! bitterly, but fully, was she convinced at last of his unworthiness; and though she still loved the erring and earthly being whom her own imagination had purified and adorned, the dream of hope was at an end—the voice of the syren was mute: and yet a consolation gradually stole upon her heart, soothed the anguish and disappointment, and did away the indignation and disdain. On it, too, she framed the scheme of her future life, as she paused and thought of the coming years. That consolation was the conviction, the certainty, the indubitable assurance, that she was beloved; that he who had insulted and injured her—who had repaid her tenderness with ingratitude, and her confidence by baseness—still loved her deeply, passionately, and alone. What, then was her resolution? Not to watch him farther, even through the eyes of others—not to seek for tidings of his actions, or to dream that he would amend; but, on the contrary, to fly him far and for ever; to shut her ears against every rumour from the land in which he lived; and, dead as he was to her, to consider him no more amongst the living; but still, as the balm and the comfort of long after-years, to remember that she had been beloved—that, impure, and dark as was the flame that had been lighted upon the altar of his heart, still it had been kindled, and had burned for her. 'This was to be the theme of memory—the occupation of her long, lonely hours—the matter for the immortal working of thought—the balsam for her wounded heart—the light of her long night of maiden widowhood,—that she had been loved by him she loved!

As she thus thought, and as she thus determined, the bitterness of her grief diminished. Dark and melancholy, indeed, was the fate that she pictured for herself: but yet it was relief, for it offered her tranquillity at least; and she had learned, amidst the strife of hope, and fear, and passion, to value God's best blessing—peace. Her meditations had been long, and had not exactly followed the even course in which they have been here detailed; for tears were not wanting to chequer them, nor many an angry and a bitter thought to struggle hard against the not unsound philosophy with which she sought to preserve,

for future years, all, out of the bright harvest of her hopes now blighted, that had escaped the storm. But the tears grew less frequent, and the bitterer pangs of disappointment waxed fainter, as the minutes flew; and at length, when she had determined how to shape her course through the rest of life's long and dangerous voyage, she raised her eyes once more to the heaven above and the landscape below; and the objects which met her gaze were more marked and noted now, than they had been not long before.

The change upon the scene, however, was but slight—the same bird was still tuning its unwearied throat in the tree hard by—the same unmoving stillness dwelt over the whole view—and not a living object was to be seen upon the solitary road that wound away through a thinly peopled part of the much depopulated realm of France. But the shadows had grown longer, and the little stream which had lately glistened in the sunshine, now rested scarcely visible in the brown shade of the hills; and those changes, slight as they were, to a quick and imaginative mind like that of Beatrice might well speak of time's rapid pace, and man's slow resolves. Stretching forth her hand to a small silver bell, she rung it sharply; and when the girl Annette appeared, bade her call Bartholo instantly.

It was not long before the dwarf obeyed the summons; and though he entered with that air of deference and respect, which was habitual to him in the presence of Beatrice, yet there was a gleam of satisfaction in his eye which he could not quell: and which, had she been in her usual keen and observing state of mind, would not have escaped the glance of his mistress. But Beatrice scarcely saw him as he stood before her; but sat with her eyes bent upon the ground, and her busy thoughts straying sorrowfully over the past.

"You sent for me, Madam," said the dwarf at length; "and I come joyfully, because I have not been thus honoured of late so often as I used formerly to be, when Bartholo's scheme, or Bartholo's advice, was well nigh his lady's oracle."

"I have somewhat distrusted thee, Bartholo!" said Beatrice gravely. "Many of my plans have failed in thy hands—"

"But by no fault of mine, Lady!" cried the dwarf eagerly. "What have I done to be distrusted? How have I deserved to lose your confidence? What secret have I betrayed? How have I acted to frustrate anything that you proposed?"

"Those, Bartholo," replied the Lady, "those who suffer themselves to be discovered in their art, by open acts or heedless words, are politicians of a different stuff from that of which thou art made. But there are such things as looks, and smiles, and frowns, and curlings of the slight upper lip, which, to the eye of Beatrice of Ferrara, are often as legible as a book fairly printed in the language of her native land. I have somewhat doubted thee; but I may have been deceived—and God send it may be so! for I would not willingly believe that any one whom I have nourished with my bread, and have rewarded not only with dull gold, but also with inestimable favour and affection, would deceive or betray me; far less could I wish to think, that one who has known me from infancy, and on whom my parents, as well as myself, have rained benefits, would wrong my confidence."

"Lady!" replied the dwarf vehemently, "so help me Heaven, as I would sooner die than do ought that you do not wish, except for your own good."

"Ay, there may we bitterly fall out, good Bartholo, if we speak farther!" replied Beatrice. "What I require is service, and not judgment of my actions; and henceforth let me but see that you even waver in obeying, or fulfil not my behest, whatever it may be, to the very letter, and I will send you from me never to return again. However, I somewhat doubted thee, and therefore have not trusted thee in matters where I required uninquiring promptitude and exact obedience. Those matters now are over, and a smoother trodden path lies out before me."

Bartholo started, for he had heard and marked much that had passed; and yet she spoke so calmly, that he deemed it impossible one of her passionate nature could bear the blight of all her hopes so meekly. "It has wrung my heart, lady," he said, in a tone of deep despondency, that touched Beatrice more at this moment than it might have done at any other, because grief is credulous of grief. "It has wrung my heart, lady, to have been distrusted by you for an hour, though the wound would have gone deeper had I deserved it. But you know not, lady, what it is, when one has been brought up from boyhood near so bright and good a person as yourself; has been habituated to watch your every word, to obey you, and to hasten before your wishes to please you; has become keen of wit and daring of execution for the sole service of your behests; and has watched you expand from loveliness to loveliness, like a flower in the spring tide—you know not what it is

to be looked coldly on, even for a moment; to be distrusted by her whom one would give the inmost heart's best blood to serve."

The tone touched Beatrice, for it was unlike the dwarf's ordinary cynicism: but there was something in the words, though they were respectfully spoken, which did not please her; and she might have replied more coldly than the kindness of her heart approved, had not the dwarf gone on rapidly:—"At your birth, lady, I was little more than twelve years old; and from that hour to this, I have followed your fortunes and obeyed you in every word, even to quitting you when you bade me quit you, and taking apparent service, once with a man I hated, and once with a man I despised; and now I find that you have distrusted me, you have looked cold upon me, you have kept me from your presence! Lady, I beseech you, do not so again; rather as you say, send me from you for ever. Call me to you, and say, 'Bartholo, thou pleasest me no longer, get thee gone, and take thy stunted and misshapen form from before my eyes; let me see no more thy apish countenance! Despised of all the world, thou art despised of me also; and though the dwarf has been my sport and mockery, has stood in the place of parrot, or lapdog, or marmoset, I am now tired of the goblin; so get thee hence!' Say this! say a thousand things more biting and bitter still, but never, oh never, lady, distrust me again."

"Nay, Bartholo! nay!" replied Beatrice, better pleased with his last words than those that preceded them. "Thou goest too far, in the bitterness of thine anger. I have never contemned, I have never despised thee! and have felt pity for thy fate, less because it truly deserved pity, than because it grieved thee. As to the past, thou ownest thyself, that if thou hadst deemed my interest required it, thou wouldst have betrayed my confidence; I was just, therefore, in mistrusting thee; but it was thy vanity I doubted—vanity that must judge of my happiness better than I can myself—and not thy love, Bartholo, which I do verily believe would seek that happiness for me at the risk of life."

"Oh! never, never doubt that, lady!" cried the dwarf, casting himself at her feet, and kissing her hand; "never, never doubt that; for your utmost trust therein can only do me scanty justice."

Beatrice withdrew her hand. "Enough, enough!" she said. "We understand each other for the future. You always remember, that I am the best judge of my own happiness; and I —" He shook his head with a mournful look, and clasping his hands together, cast his eyes upon the ground. "What mean you, knave!" cried Beatrice, for his action interrupted her more than words could have done. "What would you by that gesture?"

"I would ask, lady," said the dwarf, in a firm but melancholy tone,—"I would ask, if you have lately proved yourself so good a judge of your own happiness!—Pardon me, my noble lady! Pardon me! but did I not long since predict all that has happened! Did I not tell you, when first you fixed your love on one whose name I will not pronounce, so deeply do I hate him for his conduct towards you?"

"Hate him not, Bartholo!" interrupted Beatrice, fixing her bright dark eyes upon the dwarf as she spoke,—"hate him not, Bartholo: for I love him still! and he loves me!"

A bright flush played over the pale cheek of the dwarf like a gleam of summer lightning upon the twilight sky, and his nether lip quivered; but for some moments he made no reply, except by again clasping his hands together, and gazing down upon the ground, as if in deep meditation. "Lady!" he said at length, "you love him still! I doubt it not; for yours is one of those firm hearts, on which a line once engraved can never be effaced. But alas! he loves not you; and all your sad experience will not convince you, solely because you still love him."

"Not so, Bartholo," replied Beatrice. "All my experience convinces me that he does love me; and I thank God for it, though most likely I shall never see his face again. Do not interrupt me! For once I condescend to speak to you of my past and future actions; but after this, we mention such things no more. I am not the weak being you believe me. I placed you in the service of Philip of Aubin, now years ago, not that you might act as a spy for me upon each pitiful and insignificant occurrence of his life, or note every failing or every falsehood he committed against the vows he had plighted to me; but, on the contrary, to satisfy myself on two great points, whereon my future happiness depended, first, whether he loved me, and next, whether he might not become worthy of my love. When he left Paris and retired into Maine, shaken by still greater doubts, I determined to watch him myself more nearly, and made you prepare me an entrance into the family

of his uncle; but it was still for those two great objects that I risked so much. Circumstances rendered this scheme nearly fruitless: the death of his uncle, his return towards Paris, his separation from his cousin, all thwarted me; but still, step by step, and little by little, his character developed itself before me. At length, hoping and confiding still, I had the man I loved, followed by my emissaries, traced from place to place, withdrawn from the fatal battle which ruined the cause he had espoused, and brought hither as thou knowest. Here I watched him from sickness unto health. Here the last trait of his character displayed itself. All is open—all is clear! My two questions are resolved! I am satisfied. He loves me, Bartholo! He does love me! But he is unworthy of my love!"

She spoke rapidly and eagerly, but she had by this time regained her command over herself; and not a tear rose in her eye, as she briefly touched upon the various efforts which love, deeper, stronger than even she herself believed, had urged her on to make, and upon the sad result of all her endeavours. As she ended, indeed, she raised her eyes to the sky; and led away by memory, forgot the presence of the page and the conclusion of her speech, and, gazing out for many minutes, remained in silent but painful meditation. Still she gave no way to grief; and, after a while, again turned towards the dwarf, saying, "Well, Bartholo, so much for the past! Now for the future. For eleven long years have I sojourned in this fair realm of France, but my stay therein draws towards an end. The last tie that bound me to this place is broken! My soul yearns towards my native land. Bartholo, I am about to tread back my way to Italy."

"Indeed! indeed!" cried the dwarf, his whole face brightening. "Then all is right, indeed. But when, lady—oh tell me when!"

"I knew not that thou wert such a lover of thy native land!" replied Beatrice, as she gazed upon his small features beaming with a sort of triumphant joy. "I have heard thee call thyself a citizen of the world; and vow that nature, when she made thee smaller than the common race of other countries, by unfitting thee for any, had fitted thee for all alike. But I see that, smother our feelings however we may, the love of our own land will not give way so long as memory binds us to it with the thousand ties of sweet associations and early happiness. Well, be thy mind at ease! Eight days, eight short days, and I am on my way hence, unless some unforeseen event delay me. I have but to withdraw my poor girls from Paris, at least those that like to follow me; to place the somewhat wasted wealth which I have here under the protection of the laws, if the laws, indeed, can give protection now-a-days; to make sure of one point more, which will soon be settled, and then to depart."

The face of the dwarf, which, during the whole of his interview with his lady, had been agitated with strong feelings either of mortification or of joy, now at once resumed the look of calm bitter cynicism, which, though perhaps not more natural to his features, was, at all events, more habitual. "Ay, lady!" he said, "so it is ever! There is ever one point more to be made sure of when a lady's love and her judgment lead her different ways; and that one point more will very surely keep your steps from Italy. So I will e'en go and sing."

"Knave, thou art somewhat too bold!" cried Beatrice. "I have pampered thee too much, and made thee insolent; but thou shalt be taught better in future!"

"Not so, lady, not so!" cried the dwarf, in a deprecatory tone. "Forgive the first outbursting of my disappointment. I thought our journey to Italy sure, when suddenly came that 'one point more;' and I know human nature all too well to doubt, that upon one small point love can raise up such mighty prison-walls, that the best climber, ere he could escape, would break his neck in the attempt to scale them."

"Like others who fancy they know human nature well," answered Beatrice, "thou cheatest thyself with thine own imaginations. That one point more will not detain me here; but whether thy curiosity regarding it—and which I clearly see—originate in folly or in policy, it shall not be gratified. Content thyself with what I choose to tell thee, and ask no more! And now listen to my commands. Make every preparation for a journey; and in regard to this house, on which I have wasted so much wealth that might have been better spent, take order that, if possible, it be guarded against the chances of these civil wars till peace be again established. You understand what I would have. When law is once more recognized in France, perchance it and the hôtel in Paris may be sold, and I have nothing more in a land that I no longer love. Now get thee hence and leave me; but let all things be done quickly."

The dwarf replied nothing, but retired at once; and Bea-

trice, after following him with her eyes to the door, sat for several moments in silence, with an air of anxious thought. "I doubt that imp!" she said at length. "I doubt that imp! There has of late been a fire and an eagerness in his words when he speaks to me that I love not; and I have remarked that his eyes, when he thinks that mine are not on him, have a somewhat bold familiarity with my person." And as she thus thought, a slight shudder passed over her:—"I doubt him," she went on; "and he is bold, and cunning, and politic, to a point rarely reached by those whose communion with their fellow-men is more extended than his, and who, consequently, find a thousand things to call their attention from their darling schemes. I doubt him, and will have him watched! I fear he may have betrayed me already, but he shall do so no more. "Annette!" she cried aloud, "Annette!"

The girl appeared, and her mistress bade her send Joachim to her. Some minutes then elapsed; but at length appeared the old man who had so skillfully managed the little comedy which had enabled Beatrice and Eugenie de Menancourt to pass the gates of Paris. "Joachim!" said his mistress, as he entered, "have a strict watch put upon the dwarf Bartholo: I doubt him; I doubt his faith and honesty."

"And so do I, lady," replied the man. "I myself heard you command him not to show himself in the sight of the Count D'Aubin, and to my certain knowledge he visited him alone in his chamber."

"Indeed!" said Beatrice thoughtfully; "indeed! That may mean much! But have him watched, without making it apparent. Quick, Joachim! You, at least, I can trust."

"You may, dear lady!" replied the old man, laying his hand upon his breast; and then, bowing low, he left Beatrice to long, deep, anxious thought.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THERE be many hearts that, in the full fruition and delight of what they have obtained by evil means, know not remorse, and taste such happiness as gratified passion can bestow. There be also those firm and constant hearts which in the midst of trouble and adversity shake off one half of calamity's heavy load by the strength of conscious virtue and integrity; and there be some so dull and so obtuse, as, under any circumstances, not to see and appreciate the worst portion of their fate. But the curse of curses, the deepest earthly retribution that can be poured upon the head of the wicked, is to find their schemes frustrated, and their desires disappointed, by the very evil means which they have taken to accomplish them. Such was the case of Philip of Aubin at the moment he left Beatrice of Ferrara; but passion, and mortified vanity, and angry pride, combined to support him for the time, and to shut his eyes to the stinging certainty that his own vices had produced his own misfortune.

For an instant he gazed after the fair girl he had lost for ever, as she turned from him in beautiful disdain; and he felt tempted to follow her, and casting himself once more at her feet, to acknowledge his errors, and throw away his faults in repentance. But with her anger there had mingled a look of scorn, against which the worst weakness of his nature rose in arms. Her indignation, her reproaches, her wrath, he could have borne, but the contempt that curled her lip roused vanity against repentance; and setting his teeth firm, he muttered "Never! never!" and took another path to the chateau. Passing hastily to the apartments which he had occupied, he bade the servant that he found in waiting, summon the maitre d'hôtel to his presence, and questioned him on his arrival in regard to what part of the baggage with which he had joined the army of the League at Ivry had been brought thither from the field, and where were the soldiers and attendants who accompanied him.

"Neither baggage nor attendants of your own followed you here, sir," replied the man. "You were carried off from the field insensible by four or five of my lady's horsemen, and came hither still in your buff coat and part of your broken armour. The purse which was on your person, sir, and its contents, are in that closet, if you have not taken it. Your horse is well and in the stable; but your troops and your attendants were all dispersed; nor have we heard sought of any of them, except that some found their way to the Chateau d'Aubin; for which, and for your lands in Maine, we learn his Majesty the King, at the request of Monsieur de St. Real, has granted an immunity, lest they should be plundered in the war."

There was a dryness in the man's tone that displeased the Count d'Aubin; and eyeing him with a somewhat frowning brow, he said, "Well, then, I will go forth from your lady's dwelling as I entered it, alone. Order my horse to be saddled: doubtless a countryman can easily be hired to guide me on my way to my own lands. How far is it hence to Vibraye or La Ferté?"

"Some thirty leagues, sir, by the road," replied the maitre d'hôtel; "but if you cross through the woods and by the hills—where the way is not bad—the distance is hardly more than half as much."

"Well, then, well," said D'Aubin, "I will take the shortest; seek me a guide;" and while the man was gone upon that errand, he walked up and down the room with his hands clasped, and his eyes bent upon the floor. Even then his better spirit whispered that it was not yet too late; but the fiend rose against such counsel, and setting his teeth hard, he took his purse from the spot where it had been placed, and descended to the court yard. His horse was already prepared; and one or two of the thousands of retainers that thronged a great mansion in those days were loitering about below. The maitre d'hôtel returned in a few moments with a guide, riding on one of the small horses of the country, and D'Aubin, putting his foot in the stirrup, slowly mounted his charger. As he did so, he ran his eye over the many small windows of the building; but nothing like a female face was to be seen at any of them; and, turning to the attendants who stood around, somewhat marveling to see him thus depart alone and unnoticed, after all that had lately passed, he bestowed upon them half the contents of his purse, and then, with a slow pace and frowning brow, rode through the gates into the country beyond.

There was a well of bitterness in his heart, which kept him silent as he rode on; and more than half an hour passed ere he even asked a question of the guide. Nor was his mind to be soothed or comforted, or rendered better or wiser, by thinking over events in which his own follies had acted so principal a share. Too much a spoilt child of vanity willingly to examine his own conduct with steady and impartial eyes, he felt himself injured, rather than reproved, and only meditated how he might heal the wounds which had been inflicted on his pride. At length, however, the sight of a distant town recalled to his mind the state of the land through which he travelled; and he remembered that it might be absolutely necessary for his own security to ascertain the exact political situation of the different cities in the vicinity. The guide, to whom his questions were of course addressed, was shrewd and intelligent enough; and from his answers D'Aubin found that the track, through which his road lay, thinly peopled, and possessing few places of any importance, had known, as yet, but little of the evils of civil war. A body of troops had, indeed, occasionally crossed it. One or two of the defensible chateaux were held for the King and for the League; now and then, too, a troop of plunderers attached to one of the parties would appear, carry off what pillage they could collect, and then retire; but no regular force was known to be in the neighbourhood, except indeed a company of horse arquebusiers, stationed at the small town of La Loupe, on the part of the King, in order to keep open his communication with Maine and Touraine. The guide, himself, was a strong Royalist; and as the Count d'Aubin soon ascertained that fact, he neither gave him any information in regard to his own party and opinions, nor trusted too much the man's reports of great successes attending the King's arms, and of the return of peace and prosperity, wherever the country heartily resumed the virtues of obedience and submission.

Having now, by the questions necessary to ascertain the state of the country, broken the dull and sullen taciturnity which had bound him for some time, after quitting the chateau of Beatrice of Ferrara, D'Aubin continued the conversation, as a relief from thought; and many was the subject on which he needed information, as during the last few weeks he had given up all his thoughts to happier topics, and to brighter dreams, than either war or policy could supply. Curiosity of every kind had seemed dead within him; but now he learned much from the answers of his guide, and guessed more from many a vague distorted tale, which the man had heard, concerning the late movements of the armies:—tales which, indeed, contained in general less truth than falsehood, but which were easily rectified, by the previous knowledge and better judgment of the narrator's auditor. Much, too, did D'Aubin hear of Beatrice of Ferrara; of her habits of life since she had quitted Paris; of those kindlier virtues and gentler pursuits which a capital suffers not to show themselves; and of the ardent and enthusiastic love which the peasantry around had learned to bear towards her. He listened and mused, and good and evil purposes struggled hard together in his heart; but the evil was still predomi-

nant; and though a lingering inclination to cast himself at her feet, and sue for pardon, would make itself felt, more often still did he ponder upon the means of teaching her, who had so bitterly rebuked him, to repent in agony of spirit the resolution she had formed against him. Ever and anon, too, with a feeling of still unconquered triumph, he thought, "she loves me still! she loves me still! and the man who possesses a woman's love holds her in bonds that it is difficult to break."

Thus past the hours; and towards seven o'clock the guide stopped at the poor auberge, of a small open village, in order, as he said, to give the horses rest and provender. The scene was wild and hilly; and D'Aubin now began to recognise the country around, which was little more than twelve French leagues from his own paternal dwelling. His recollection was vague, however, and not sufficient to justify him in dismissing his guide; and, anxious to proceed, he took no refreshment himself, but urged the man to hasten on, hoping, ere night had completely fallen, to reach some spot, whence he could go forward alone on the following morning. But the people of the auberge were slow, and the guide, who was their acquaintance, still slower; inasmuch as, finding himself in comfortable quarters, he had predetermined to take up his abode there for the night. He looked out towards the west, declared that the sun was lower than he had thought for; looked out towards the south, and predicted a sharp storm. But D'Aubin was neither of a disposition, nor in a mood, to be delayed at any man's will and pleasure; and, in consequence, he urged such cogent arguments in regard to the payment of his guide's services, that the man did at length bestir himself, and the horses were brought to the door.

"How far is it to the little village of Neuville?" demanded D'Aubin, after they had ridden on about a mile.

"Four good leagues, Monseigneur," replied the man; "but before we reach that, we come to the chateau of Armençon, which has ever held out stoutly for the King, and we are sure of a hearty welcome there, should need be;" and as he spoke he looked up to that part of the sky which rested, as it were, upon the edge of the high hilly bank forming the southern boundary of the steep, narrow valley, or rather dell, up which their road led on into the forest. D'Aubin turned his eyes in the same direction, and beheld, what is very common in the valleys of the Seine and the Eure during summer, large leaden masses of cloud, in the shapes of rolling columns and sharp cones, rising up from behind the hill, clear, defined, and harsh upon the sky, like the side scenes of a theatre. These are the invariable precursors of a thunder-storm; but often they roll on for many hours, changing from one fantastic shape to another, ere the fire within them breaks forth, and the strife begins. 'The Count paid them no further attention than was evinced by slightly hurrying his pace. The track upon which he was now entering was broken ground, forest, and hill; but still the road lay on through the same dell, skirting the banks of a small stream which fell at no great distance into the higher Eure. The uplands on either side hid the sun, and afforded a shade which would have been pleasant in that hot season, had not the closeness of the atmosphere, and the want of the slightest wind, rendered the whole air equally oppressive. The day rapidly declined as the travellers rode on, and the clouds stretched wider overhead, while every now and then a faint shifting, electric light played between the detached masses, and showed that the warfare of the elements was about to commence. D'Aubin was not a little anxious now to hurry on; but ere he had accomplished more than two leagues of the appointed way, night had fallen, and the storm had begun. The lightning D'Aubin heeded but little, though his horse would every now and then start and rear, as the bright glare gleamed across the narrow road; but he knew the violent deluge of rain, in which those storms generally end, would not be long ere it followed; and feeling himself far more fatigued than he expected, he loved not the thought of prolonging his journey under the outpouring of the watery sky. They had now reached the summit of the hill: the trees afforded but little shelter; and a few large drops began to patter upon the leaves. "Ride on, my Lord, ride on," cried the guide, who saw D'Aubin's lately acquired strength beginning to flag; "the chateau of Armençon is not above a league off."

"But I do not intend to stop till I reach Neuville," replied D'Aubin. "Think you if we pause here under the shelter of some of the thickest trees that the storm may not pass off?"

"Not to-night, sir, not to-night," replied the man; "but why not stop at Armençon?" he continued with more eagerness, as the rain rapidly increased: "they will show you all hospitality there; and if you be just recovered from a sickness, as the maitre d'hôtel told me, it will kill you to ride on for two or three hours more in a night like this."

"Two or three hours!" exclaimed D'Aubin. "What! to travel three leagues!"

"Ay, sir," answered the man, "even so: we are not here as if we were coursing a hare over the plains. We shall have to go up and down twenty steep hills ere we reach Neuville; but we shall be at Armençon in three quarters of an hour."

"But I do not choose to stop there," replied D'Aubin hastily; and for a moment or two the man paused without reply. The next instant, however, he said in a respectful tone, "I guess how the matter is, sir: you are one of Mayenne's friends, and if so, good faith! you are right not to go near Armençon. They, shot the captain's brother in cold blood, not long since, in Paris, and, by my soul, it would go hard with any of the Leaguers if they were found within the chateau walls."

"I had nothing to do with the death of his brother," replied D'Aubin; "but still I will not trust to an angry man. Tell me, however, my friend, can I trust to you?"

"On my life you may, sir," replied the guide; "and I would not take you now into Armençon for my right hand. But it is coming on to pour: your cloak will soon be wet through; and hereabouts there should be a hut where the wood-cutters live in the spring and autumn. That will give better shelter than the trees; and most likely you may find a bed of rushes, and some pine-wood to dry your cloak withal."

"That were luck, indeed!" replied D'Aubin: "let us hasten on then, my friend; and if you can meet with this hut, I will pay you for its shelter better than ever aubergiste was paid."

The memory of the guide was exact; and their search was not long. The hut was, indeed, but four walls, thatched with stubble and plastered with mud; and the door, which was made of straw, interwoven with boughs, was lying detached upon the ground; but it was soon replaced; and the frequent flashes of lightning enabled them to discover the bed of moss and rushes which the guide had expected, and a small store of dried fragments of the resinous pine, which, lighted by a flint and steel, soon shed some better light upon the interior than was afforded by the fitful glare without. The interior was too small to admit the horses also; but D'Aubin satisfied himself with placing his own beast under a tree, and mentally saying, "He will do well enough," returned to the shelter of the hut, cast off his dripping cloak, and seated himself upon the pile of dried herbs. Still the storm continued, and still the incessant pattering of the heavy rain bade the travellers be contented with the refuge they had found. For a while D'Aubin endeavoured to occupy his thoughts by asking a number of questions of his guide, and listening to the long-winded stories which the other, feeling the moments of inactivity as tedious to his own restless and wandering nature as they were to the Count, willingly poured forth for the sake of doing something. At length, however, his stock exhausted itself; and an hour more past in silence and expectation; but the storm still went on.

The guide's patience now gave way. "My Lord," he said, "you will be starved here, if I can find you nothing to eat. You took neither bit nor sup at the auberge, though you had ridden many a league; but amongst the houses that lie under the chateau of Armençon, I have a cousin, and can, I doubt not, procure a piece of meat and a flask of wine. I will say that it is for an old lady, whom I am guiding through the wood, and who cannot come on for the storm."

D'Aubin did indeed feel exhausted, and in need of food; still he hesitated to let the man depart, for in those days acts of treachery were not uncommon; and his life might depend upon his passing the castle of Armençon unobserved. The guide, however, insisted; and as there was no means of staying him without showing suspicions, which often produce the very evils they point at, the Count at length suffered him to depart, and remained alone, determined to try whether he could not sleep away the time while the peasant was absent.

The attempt was vain; and, stretched upon the bed of moss where the hard limbs of honest industry had enjoyed many a night of comfortable repose, the gay and glittering Count d'Aubin strove in vain to banish from his bosom the torment of thought. Memory rested on the past, and conscience knew her hour, and seized it with relentless power. His gone existence was spread out before him like a map; and the upbraiding voice within proclaimed each stage of folly and of vice through which he had proceeded, and still read its sad comment upon every act, showing his gradual downfall from honour, wealth, splendour, reputation, happiness, and love, by his own errors and vanities. The long procrastinated examination was forced upon his heart at length! and oh! with what minute agony the moral torturer wracked forth the inmost secrets of his bosom, and then broke him upon the wheel of despair. His fortune irreparably injured; he himself bound by large debts to an unfeeling mercenary; the party which

he had joined against his conscience ruined and falling; his baffled schemes holding him up to the laughter of his light companions; the woman whose wealth was to have repaired the consequences of his own extravagance flying him with horror, and avoiding him with success; and the only woman whom he had ever really loved now regarding him with what had once been affection, changed by his own infamy, into hatred and contempt. Such were the terrible matters on which reason, and conscience, and remorse had to comment during his hours of solitude; and, from the first moment that those thoughts arose, he felt that he would be a madman to deem that he could sleep. The agony of his mind affected his body too much even to suffer him to lie still; and starting up, he sometimes paced the narrow limits of the hut like a tiger in its cage, sometimes cast himself down in his fury, and cursed the hour that he was born. He reproached, he reviled himself for everything; and, in the torture he felt when alone, exclaimed, "Fool that I was to let the boar leave me! even he were better than no one, in this gloomy accursed place, with the lightning flashing eternally in my eyes, and the melancholy rain pattering over head."

As he thus thought, the sound of horses' feet splashing through the wet ground made itself heard in the intervals of the thunder, and the moment after, D'Aubin could distinguish that there was more than one traveller upon the road. A suspicion of his guide instantly crossed his mind, and was immediately confirmed by hearing his voice exclaim, "There, in that hut! You will find him there!"

The Count loosened his dagger in the sheath; and partly drew his sword, while, stepping back to the farther side of the hut, he watched for the opening of the disjoined door. A moment or two elapsed, during which D'Aubin could hear the stranger on the outside speaking as if to his horse, while he tied him under a tree; and then the matted screen was pushed back, and the diminutive figure of Bartholo, the dwarf, stood before him. Without uttering a word, Bartholo advanced towards the Count, and cast himself at his feet with a look of imploring deprecation that D'Aubin did not understand. It was explained in a moment, however. "My Lord," said the dwarf earnestly, "my Lord, I find that when last I saw you I deceived you; and, by the counsel that I gave you, I have brought insult and disappointment upon your head. My fault was involuntary; but I deserve to be punished; and I have sought you myself, that you may wreak that vengeance upon me you like."

D'Aubin too well knew that to the counsels of his own perverse and pampered heart he had listened more than to those of the dwarf; but he was glad, nevertheless, to find any one on whom he could heap a part of the blame; and while he snatched eagerly at the opportunity of accusing another, he felt a degree of gratitude for the relief which mitigated the bitterness of self-reproach.

"Alas! alas! my poor Bartholo!" he said, "you did deceive me, indeed! But I am willing to believe that you deceived me unwittingly; and I seek not to punish one who wished to serve me, though he failed."

"You are noble and generous ever, sir," replied the dwarf; "and though she does not know the value of the heart she tramples on, others do, and I will conceal it no longer. You little know, sir, how much art, intrigue, and exertion were made use of to estrange from you a heart that loved you, and rob you not only of your promised bride, but of her affection."

"How say you?" cried D'Aubin eagerly. "Speak more clearly, good Bartholo; I do not understand."

"I know not whether I ought to speak more clearly or not," replied the dwarf; "for although it is her pleasure and her pride to sport with your love, and trample on you, yet it would wring her heart to hear that, notwithstanding all her wiles, you had been successful with her rival; and though to you she may appear but as a cold coquette, to me, who have known her from her childhood, she has ever been a good lady and a kind."

"Bartholo!" cried D'Aubin sternly, "you have in one thing miscounselled me, and rendered me miserable. You but now professed a wish to atone for that error; and I call upon you, if you have one good feeling in your heart, to clear away the obscurity which hangs over all these transactions in which I have been engaged, and to let me see how I really stand between Beatrice of Ferrara and Eugenie de Menancourt."

"I will, sir! I will!" cried the dwarf, "let it cost me what it may. But I must be quick, for the tale is intricate, and your guide, who directed me hither, as I was following you to Armençon, will soon be back. Listen, then," he continued, while his face resumed all its bitter cynicism. "Think you, my lord, that a girl, all gentleness and sweetness, like Made-

moiselle de Menancourt, could in a moment be converted into a being as stern and resolute as an old warrior, without some very potent magic! Think you that she who once loved you to all appearance as much as a young maiden ever ventures to show, would all at once affect hate and detestation towards you without some very mighty cause! Think you that a girl who knows nothing of the world, and is as timid as a young deer, could alone find means to cheat hard-judging Mayenne and keen Madame Montpensier, and pass a blaspheming Huguenot soldier off for a Catholic priest, frustrate you and all of them by a false marriage, and then effect her escape from a beleaguered city, where a thousand eyes were upon her; and all this by the simple exertion of her own courage, ingenuity, and daring! Pshaw! One would think to hear it, and to hear that you and Mayenne believed it, that the warriors and politicians of this world were changed into old women. My lord! my lord! Eugenie Menancourt loved you, loves you, will love you still; and only now weeps the perfidy which my noble lady—thinking, as all women do, that everything is fair in love—taught her to believe that you had committed against her. Had not Mademoiselle de Menancourt learned to think, from the first moment that she set her foot in Paris, that your whole heart and soul were given to the Lady Beatrice, and that you sought her hand only on account of her wealth, she would at once on her father's death have flown to your arms for protection. But, day by day, and hour by hour, that idea has been strengthened and confirmed in her mind by a voice whose eloquence no one knows better than you and I. Another time I will point out how; but at present you will believe me at once—for your wits are not darkened enough to doubt so apparent a fact—when I tell you, that the carrying off the priest, the false marriage, and the escape from Paris, are all owing to the fertile brain and daring courage of Beatrice of Ferrara. She it was who robbed you of your bride; and she it is who now conceals her within three leagues of this place, weeping that Philip of Aubin is false, and resolving to enter a monastery as soon as she hears of his marriage to another."

"But St. Réal!" exclaimed D'Aubin, "St. Réal!—I have more than suspicions there."

"Pshaw!" cried the dwarf; "she thinks not of him. He may love her, perhaps, but she thinks not of him, but as a brave, good-humoured lad, with wit enough to lead a score or two of iron-pated soldiers. But, once convince her that you love her, and that those who have told her you loved another were interested deceivers, and you will soon find the ice will melt, and all the coldness pass away. And now, my Lord, I have told you all. I have given you the key to the mystery; and though, God knows, there are few men in this world that can comprehend clearly anything beyond a schoolboy's sum, done upon a broken slate, yet the matter here is so simple you cannot well mistake. Now I must leave you; for if I be not back ere morning dawn, and my lady discovers my errand, I may chance to die by an earlier death than I have calculated on."

"But stay, stay yet a moment, good Bartholo," cried the Count; "you have not told me yet where I may find this fair lady. Think you my marriage with her will touch your mistress so deeply then?"

"That is what I fear, my Lord," replied the dwarf, assuming a look of sorrow, "that is what I fear. I owed you atonement, sir; and I have made it at the risk of mortifying all the proud feelings of a lady and mistress that I love; for I know that she calculates upon seeing you again at her feet, and pouring forth upon you more of her scorn and indignation, before she leaves you for ever, and returns to Italy. She was laughing over the scene with Annette just now."

"It is a scene she shall never see!" said D'Aubin, biting his lip. "But tell me where dwells this fair fugitive—this Mademoiselle de Menancourt! she is indeed as beautiful a creature as the eye of man ever yet beheld! one not difficult to love."

"Oh no!" cried the dwarf; "where is the heart that would not be envious of the man who wears a jewel such as that upon his hand. Her dwelling, I have said, is not far off. You know the little stream that separates the lands of Aubin from those of Menancourt. Trace it up to its source, amongst these hills, and not half a league from the spot where it bubbles from its green fountain you will find two cottages, in one of which is the object of your search. It is not like the ordinary dwelling of a French peasant; for the Lady Beatrice has taken a pleasure in decking forth her friend's home after the fashion of our own land, where taste, and the love of all that is beautiful, descends even to the lowest tillers of the soil."

"I shall easily find it," replied D'Aubin; "and yon fair scornful dame shall find that D'Aubin can seek him a mate as beautiful as herself. Bartholo, I trust you—once more I trust you! but oh! if you deceive in this also, look to your heart's blood; for I will find means to punish you, should you hide in the farthest corner of the globe."

"My Lord, I deceive you not," replied the dwarf, "nor in this am I myself deceived. But, I entreat, undertake no enterprise upon my showing, without resolving to carry it through at all hazards. If you would have the love of that fair creature you seek, spare no vows and persuasions to efface from her mind the evil impression that others have given of your conduct. Nor trust to that alone. Forget that the marriage was null. Act upon it as if she were your wife, till you have her safe in your own château; and then let the ceremony be performed again. Neither must you seek her alone, and unattended by a sufficient force to assert your right, should it be opposed. I know that five or six of my lady's bravest followers are always watching near that spot; and there may be more. Stir not a step, without fifty horsemen at your back. At all events, remember, my noble lord, that if you undertake this enterprise without sufficient strength and resolution, the failure must not be laid to me. As I hope for life and happiness, I believe that you may be fully successful."

"I am not apt to want in resolution, Bartholo," replied D'Aubin. "Hence I shall speed to my own dwelling without a moment's loss of time; but it may take long in the present state of affairs to collect such a troop as fifty men."

"Yet time is everything!" replied the dwarf. "'Tis more than likely that changes may take place, of which I cannot inform you; and if the lady be removed from her present refuge, our scheme is ruined. To be bold and rapid is the best road to success, after all. Who can tell what even to-morrow may bring forth!"

"True!" answered D'Aubin; "and, if possible, to-morrow's sun shall not set ere Eugénie de Menancourt be mine. Then let your mistress and her maids laugh over the scene of my supplications if they will! But I must be guided by circumstances. At present my purse is but lean, my good friend. Nevertheless—"

"Speak not of it, sir! speak not of it!" replied the dwarf. "I came to do what I have done, in order to make atonement for an involuntary error towards one who had been to me the most generous of masters; and who never could accuse me of giving him false information before. I sought not gold, and will not take it. But if you succeed, and if you be happy, sometimes remember the poor dwarf when he is far away." Thus saying, he kissed the hand of his former lord, and departed, drawing the matted door after him. The next moment D'Aubin heard horses' feet; and, again left alone, he once more cast himself upon the bed of moss, and gave himself up to thought. His feelings, however, were now very different from what they had been an hour before. Although, as we have before shown, the idea of wedding Eugénie de Menancourt, repairing his wasted fortune by her wealth, and triumphing proudly over her who had scorned and rejected him, and made him the common jest of Paris, had never quitted his mind, even while yielding willingly to his passionate love for Beatrice of Ferrara; yet the repulse he had met with, from a being on whose love and compliance he had counted with full confidence, the bitter scorn that she had displayed towards him, and the keen disappointment that her rejection inflicted, had, in spite of all the Titan-like struggles of pride, so abased and overwhelmed him, that he had lost courage, and looked with hopeless eyes upon all the daring schemes on which, at other times, he would have entered so boldly. The words of the dwarf, however, had revived him, not alone by showing him the easy means of accomplishing one part of his purpose, but by pointing out a new end to be obtained, a new object of desire, and that, too, of a nature to give the only alleviation which his heart was capable of receiving in the pain he suffered—the alleviation of revenge. He felt that Beatrice was already unhappy; that his conduct was—must be—a source of misery to her; but that feeling, far from making him pity her, roused up his suffering vanity to strive for means of avenging upon her the insult which her purity had offered to his baseness. The dwarf had pointed out the way; and to dream of wringing her heart by his marriage with Eugénie, at the same moment that he silenced for ever the stinging laughter of his former companions, was a relief—perhaps a pleasure. At the same time, a thought crossed his mind that the tale of his having dwelt, many weeks concealed, in the dwelling of Beatrice of Ferrara, joined to his reputation for gallantry, might, perchance, leave her

proud reputation for virtue somewhat sullied; and, as he thought thus, a smile, mingling vanity and pride and vengeance altogether, passed over his lip, and gave his fine features the expression of a demon; and yet this was the bright and fascinating Count d'Aubin: whom we have seen so full of light and harmless gaiety in the beginning of these volumes, and such was the creature he had, step by step, become.

Before the visit of the dwarf he had tried to sleep in vain; but now he felt the gnawing pain at his heart relieved by a new purpose; and, after the return of his guide with wine and meat, he ate and drank, though sparingly, and then, casting himself down once more, slept undisturbed till morning dawned.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LEAVING the Count d'Aubin to pursue his schemes to their conclusion, we must now follow Bartholo home to the château of Guery. Few were the friends which the page possessed amongst the servants of his mistress; but in that number was the old warder at the gate, who, warned beforehand of the dwarf's absence, hastened to give him admittance without noise on his return. Bartholo stabled his horse and rubbed him down with his own small hands, and then, entering by a side-door, passed through the great hall which was lighted by one of the large paper globes of the time—not at all unlike a Chinese lantern—and picking his steps through the midst of the straw mattresses upon which, as was then customary, all the inferior servants were sleeping in the hall, he made his way towards a staircase leading to the room which had been appropriated to himself during the illness of the Count d'Aubin, and which he had now resumed. Opening the door, he entered, congratulating himself upon not having been seen, when suddenly he was seized on either side, and held fast to prevent him from using his dagger, while some one at the farther end of the chamber drew a screen from before a concealed lamp, and Bartholo found himself in the hands of the major-domo and two stout grooms, who, with little compassion and less ceremony, proceeded to bind him tightly hand and foot.

The dwarf asked not a question, and said not a word; and the old maître d'hôtel, though loving him but a little, refrained from any expression of triumph, merely directing the grooms to watch him well and not molest him, and then left him for the night. Early the next morning the cords were slackened upon his ankles, and he was brought into the presence of his mistress, whose quivering lip and flashing eye told how much her anger was roused against him.

"Bartholo, you have deceived me!" she said; "you have basely deceived me!"

"Those who suspect without cause," answered the dwarf doggedly, "will always be deceived in the end, and will deserve it."

"And do you think me so weak a being," asked Beatrice sternly, "as to believe that he who could practise the piece of knavery which you executed last night is innocent of foregone deceits! No, poor fool, no! and even were it not that—as is ever the case with favourites in disgrace—the whole household is pouring forth tales of thy former treason now that it no longer avails me to know it, I should still feel as certain of your guilt as I am of living and breathing, and should only daily look for the instances of your knavery. I seek not, man, to make you own either your former or your present baseness; all I seek to know is your motive. Tell me, were you bribed to divulge my secrets and thwart my plans! Were you hired to betray the mistress that trusted and befriended you!"

"No man does anything without the hope of recompense," replied the dwarf, "nor woman either."

"I should have thought," answered Beatrice, in a tone of bitter but sorrowful reproach, "that no recompense would have been sufficient to bribe you to sting the hand which cherished you when all the rest of the world either scorned or forgot you."

"You mistake me, noble lady," said the dwarf, "I see you mistake me. There are men and women both that sell their honour for gold; but I am not of them. There are still more, both of men and women, that pawn their virtue for less solid payment, ay, and sell even their souls for vanity; but still no bauble was my bribe. It was neither title given by some pro-

fligate king, nor words of flattery spoken by some vicious lover. I had—I own it—a motive before my eyes, a recompense to look forward to; but I choose not to speak before these gaping fools. Should I ever again have your ear alone, to it I may tell the cause of all that is strange in my behaviour—if aught be strange in the actions of man. But till then I am silent."

"Leave me!" said Beatrice, looking towards her attendants, "retire to the ante-room—no farther!" Her commands were instantly obeyed; but still there was many an ear eager for the sounds of what passed farther; and those who dared, advanced close to the door, which was not entirely closed. The dwarf's voice was heard speaking quick and long, but in tones so low, that the eavesdroppers were all at fault. At length, however, the voice of Beatrice exclaimed, "Madman! dared you to entertain such a hope?"

"I entertained no hope," replied the dwarf aloud,—"I entertained no hope, but that I might never behold you in the arms of another!"

"Here, Joachim, Annette!" cried the voice of Beatrice, and in a moment the room where she sat was again crowded with her attendants. They found her with the eloquent blood glowing in a deep crimson through her clear fine skin, and dying her brow and temples and neck with a blush almost painful to behold. "Take him hence!" she cried, pointing to the dwarf with a look of irrepressible disgust, which, as his eye marked it, turned him deadly pale. "Take him hence!—and yet stay," she added, addressing him,—"I suppose it is vain to question you as to what you told to him whom you went last night to visit."

A change had come over the appearance of the dwarf, which it were difficult to describe. The paleness that had followed Beatrice's last words remained—even his lips were blanched; and though with his white upper teeth he bit the under lip unconsciously, no mark appeared after, so bloodless was his whole countenance. He replied, however, with a voice of unnatural calmness, "It is not in vain, Madame, to ask me anything you seek to know. Life is over with me,—at least, life's hopes and fears; and I may as well tell you all, as conceal anything. The moment that what I have dared to do was discovered, that moment I knew that the game was lost; and it is in vain now to play a few moves more or less."

He then, as shortly as possible, repeated the substance of what had passed between D'Aubin and himself, in regard to Eugénie de Menancourt's abode, and the means of securing her person; and, that concluded, calmly suffered himself to be led back to the room where he had passed the night, and where he was now left alone.

In the mean time Beatrice, with a hasty hand, wrote a few words on several sheets of paper, and ordering horses to be saddled instantly, gave the letters to the servants who were first prepared. "This to La Loupe," she said, giving one, "for the captain of the arquebusers; and bid him mark with in the King's own hand to the command. This to the chate-lain of Armenton. Tell him, if he cannot spare many, to send, if it be but twenty men, well armed and mounted. This to the lady Eugénie, with all speed! Away, away! This purse to him who does his errand soonest. Now, Joachim, now! you gather together all the men that we have here, and all that are in the neighbouring town; arm them to the teeth, and make speed! Tell me when all is ready, and lose no time!—Away! for we must endeavour to be first on the spot, and carry off that poor timid dove from her dovecot, ere the kite pounces upon her. If we are too late to save her from danger, we must do our best to rescue her, whatever befall."

Beatrice's orders were as rapidly obeyed as given; but we must deviate a little from our general plan, and quitting the persons with whom we have begun this chapter, turn once more to the efforts of the Count d'Aubin; efforts which were unfortunately but too successful. The sun had not risen half an hour ere D'Aubin was again in the saddle; and though his horse was somewhat stiff from having passed a night in the open air, in the midst of storm and tempest, the Count urged him on at full speed, and never drew a rein till he was within sight of his own paternal home.

There are feelings touched by the view of such a place, so interwoven with all the texture of our being, that even the coarse hand of vice, or the more cunning touch of worldly-mindedness, can hardly tear them out; but it was not the emotion of any such, that caused D'Aubin to stop and gaze round him as he approached the dwelling of his fathers. It was that, in a field close to the chateau, he beheld a man, dressed in the costume of a German soldier, sauntering idly about, and talking to some women who were weeding the ground. An undefined apprehension of danger made him

pause; but the next moment, he spurred his horse furiously on, and rode into the court-yard. It was filled with reitres, who were sitting round in a thousand varied attitudes, eating their morning meal in the early sunshine. The apparition of a single horseman, for the guide was some furlongs behind, did not seem to disturb in the slightest degree the German phlegm; and D'Aubin was suffered to cast his rein over a hook, and push open the great door of the hall without one of the troopers ceasing from his pleasant occupation, to ask the business of the intruder. The first object the Count beheld in the hall was one of his own servants; but the next, which rendered all question unnecessary, was a large breakfast table, covered with loads of meat and flagons of wine, at which sat Albert of Wolfstrom, and one or two of the officers of his troop. The apparition of D'Aubin was certainly unexpected, for the party of the League believed him dead; but it required few words to explain to him, that his friend, the captain of the reitres, had hastened with as many of his men as had escaped the bloody fight of Ivry to take possession of the lands and chateau of Aubin, in order to pay himself some certain thousands of crowns, won by him at play, ere the next heir of the supposed dead count put in his claim, either by the sword or otherwise.

As he was well aware that no party would permit of his holding long possession of the lands, the mercenary leader had employed means to raise the sum he claimed, which now caused some sharp and angry words to pass between him and the Count,—words which might not have ended bloodless had D'Aubin at the moment been prepared to expel the Germans from his dwelling: but all his own retainers and domestics were dispersed; and not above two or three of his old attendants were to be found within the walls of the chateau. The thought of his fine old trees felled to supply the greedy craving of the mercenary, his crops and cattle swept away, his peasantry half ruined, did enrage him almost to striking Wolfstrom where he stood; but in the midst of his anger he remembered that there was but one way to clear off this and many another similar claim upon him, and to emerge into greater splendour and power than ever; and in that dim and misty dream of splendour and power he fancied that the voice of conscience, and remorse, and disappointed love, would never be heard.

"Well, well, Wolfstrom," he added, abruptly breaking off the angry vituperation he was heaping upon the chief of the reitres, "you might have waited a little longer; you might have proceeded a little more moderately; but now send out and order all to be stopped instantly, then lend me your full and active aid for this one day, and you shall receive every farthing in gold before a week be over."

"Ay, indeed! how so?" demanded the other somewhat doubtfully; for Albert of Wolfstrom had nothing very confiding in his disposition. "As to waiting, you know, sir Count, that was out of the question entirely, for we thought you dead; and as to proceeding more moderately, you know I was obliged to make haste, for on the one hand Mayenne might call me to Paris in a day, at any time; and on the other, the Bearnois and your cousin might come down and turn me out; so that I was obliged to make good use of my time. But how can I serve you?"

"How many men have you here?" demanded D'Aubin. "Why not many, on my life," answered Wolfstrom; "only a hundred and fifty. All the rest were killed or taken at that cursed Ivry. But what do you want us to do?"

"Listen!" said D'Aubin. "I last night learned, Wolfstrom, that by a foul scheme my promised bride had been persuaded that I did not love her, and thus had been induced to fly immediately after our marriage."

"But do you know, Monsieur d'Aubin," interrupted Wolfstrom, "that the good folks in Paris vow that that marriage of yours was no marriage at all; that the priest was a mad Huguenot soldier, and that—"

"Never mind all that," replied Aubin, "I have here a priest in the neighbouring village who has done me some services already, and he will bind me in half an hour to Eugénie de Menancourt by a knot that can never be untied, without asking any questions or listening to any objections. Only let me once have her safe within these walls."

"Ay, but how is that to be done?" demanded Albert of Wolfstrom.

"That is what I was about to tell you," answered the Count. "The same person who informed me of the means which had been used to estrange her affection from me informed me also of the place of her present dwelling. It is within six leagues of this castle, and all that is necessary in the present case is—"

"To carry her off by a *coup de main*!" cried Wolfstrom,

clapping his hands at the sound of a project which combined, in a degree peculiarly adapted to his palate, villany and adventure. "Bravo, Sir Count! bravo! Let us about it immediately."

"Thanks, thanks, Wolfstrom, for your ready aid," replied D'Aubin. "All that we have to do is to mount fifty men, and to lose no time; the first, because the girl has some guards stationed round about her, and more may be sent; the second, because the keenest eye in France is upon her and me, and she may be removed."

"Well, well, to it at once," cried Wolfstrom, moving towards the door; but ere he reached it he stopped, and, turning to the Count, said in a low tone, "Of course you will give my men a day's pay."

"And you a thousand crowns to boot if we succeed," answered the Count, who knew that there was nothing comparable to gold for quickening his comrade's energies.

"We had better take a hundred men at once," said Wolfstrom, when he heard that they were to be paid; "they are as soon mounted as fifty, and we are then more sure. Fifty can stay to guard the château."

D'Aubin made no objection, and Wolfstrom proceeded to give his orders, which were rapidly obeyed by the well-trained veterans still under his command. A fresh horse was provided for D'Aubin, and another for the guide, who, without his consent being asked, was ordered to lead the way, with a trooper on either side, to the spot which D'Aubin described. Two old but nimble jennets from the stable of the Count were led in the rear; and thus the cavalcade issued from the gates of the château of Aubin, and took their way towards the dwelling of the unfortunate Eugénie de Menancourt. Scarcely had they proceeded a league, however, when, from the edge of a gentle slope, they perceived three horsemen galloping quickly on a road in the plain below, as if towards the castle they had just left.

The keen eyes of Wolfstrom instantly marked them; but, after gazing at them for a moment, he said, "They are two of my reîtres that I sent yesterday to keep a watch on Armençon; but they have a third man with them, and must bring news. We must take care that our retreat is not cut off." Thus saying, he detached a trooper to intercept the horsemen by a cross road, and bring them to him, and then halted till they arrived. Two proved, as had been supposed, ordinary reîtres of Wolfstrom's band, but the third horseman was an armed servant; and D'Aubin instantly recognized one of the attendants of Beatrice of Ferrara. He was tied upon his horse, and the troopers brought him up pistol in hand. Their report was soon made; they had found him galloping, they said, with such speed towards the castle of Armençon that they thought it right to stop him. He fled like the wind, and they pursued; but at length he was overtaken, and they found upon him a letter, which, not being able to read themselves, they were now in the act of conveying to their leader. The paper, as may be already seen, was the letter of Beatrice of Ferrara to the chatelain of Armençon, and it served to show D'Aubin that his movements were suspected, if not discovered. The servant, however, was now in such bodily fear, that he at once informed the Count and his companion, that another messenger had been sent for troops to La Loupe.

"What force have they there, Wolfstrom?" demanded D'Aubin. "Do you know?"

"Certainly not two hundred men!" replied the leader of the reîtres.

"Then there is, first, the probability that the commander will not listen to the request of this wild girl," said the Count; "next, he will certainly not dare to detach more than fifty men, and we are here a hundred. Even if she send her own armed people too, they cannot amount to more than thirty, so that we shall still have great odds. But let me see," he continued, as if a sudden thought struck him, and turning to the servant, he asked, "When did the messenger leave Guery for La Loupe?"

"At the same moment that I left for Armençon," replied the man.

"Then," said D'Aubin, "we shall be there full four good hours before a soldier from La Loupe can be within a league. Let that fellow go, Wolfstrom. You, my good man, ride back with all speed to your mistress, present the Count d'Aubin's humble duty to her, and tell her that he is her most devoted slave! Do you hear? There is a piece of gold for you: away!"

The man seemed doubtful if his ears heard true; but at length convinced, he took the gold, cap in hand, and rode slowly away. In the mean time D'Aubin and Wolfstrom again put the troop in motion; and riding briskly on, calcu-

lated once more between them the distance from Guery to La Loupe, and from La Loupe to the spot whither their steps were now directed. D'Aubin was found not to have judged amiss; for even supposing the troops mounted and the captain willing, it appeared that the reîtres must arrive at least four hours before them. "When we come up," said D'Aubin, as they concluded, "let your men surround the house, at such a distance as not to be seen; yourself and five or six others come nearer, so as to be within call; and, after ascertaining that there is no force actually present to oppose us, I will go on and plead my cause myself. It were better to persuade her gently, and without frightening her, if possible; but if I find her still obstinate, we must use a little gentle compulsion: for I am resolved," he added, with a smile of triumph, "that by the time the troops from La Loupe reach her late refuge, Eugénie de Menancourt shall be in the château of Aubin; ay, and irretrievably the wife of its lord!"

CHAPTER XLV.

WHAT WAS once a poor farm-house, in a woody and remote part of the hills in which the Eure and Loire take their rise, had, under the touch of taste and affluence, been transformed into a beautiful little habitation, half rustic cottage, half Italian villa; and all this had been done as easily as the genii built the palace of Aladdin. The wood-work had been painted green, so that the heavy planks which, when shut, closed the windows looked light; the thatch had been nicely clipped and trimmed; the inside had been hung with arras, and decorated paintings in the fashion of the day; and along the front had been carried a portico, consisting of unpolished trunks of trees for columns, and a light trellis-work of boughs to soften the strong sunshine. The face of the house was turned towards the south; and it might have commanded, from its elevated situation, a beautiful view over the greater part of Maine, had the tall old trees which screened it in front been partially cut away: but those in whose possession it now was had carefully abstained from the axe; not alone from reverence for the ancient trees, but because quiet concealment was with them a great object of desire. No place, in truth, could have been better chosen for that purpose. There was, indeed, one horse road, which came within a few hundred yards of the house, but it went no farther than to a small isolated village not more than a league distant, and there ended. Another, passing a little farther off, led away to the château of Guery, at the distance of three leagues on one side, and to the small town of — on the other; but even this was merely a bridle path, upon which there was scarcely any traffic in the best of times, and much less now that civil war had stilled all commercial spirit in the land.

It was in the little portico, then, which we have noticed, that on the evening of a warm clear day in June, occasionally shaded by the masses of a broken thunder-cloud, which, during the night, had poured forth a tempest on the earth, sat the fair Eugénie de Menancourt, into whose cheek the warm glow of health and youth had returned, during a long interval of peace and tranquillity. Hither, after many wanderings, had she been brought by Beatrice of Ferrara, as soon as it was known that the Count d'Aubin was no longer in the neighbourhood; and in order to be sufficiently near her, to give her every sort of aid and protection, without calling further attention upon her retreat by living with her, the fair Italian had retired to the château of Guery which she possessed in the neighbourhood. The time had, as we have seen, passed without bringing molestation to Eugénie; and she now sat with an open letter in her hand, gazing out upon the woodland scene before her eyes, and seeing those mixed visions of romance, and tenderness, and melancholy which are so often present to a woman's eyes, and are the more dear, because she is taught to hide them. Before her were those dark old trees; on her right a thicket of shrubs of many a varied kind; behind her the room in which she was wont to sit—then called her bower; and on the left, some fields screened again from the road by other trees. It was a calm sweet scene; and Eugénie felt not unhappy, though there might be other things she would have fain brought in, to form her picture of perfect felicity, and although the letter which she held in her hand from Beatrice of Ferrara, by telling her not to be alarmed at anything that might happen, for that friends were near, had, in some degree, created the apprehensions it was intended to relieve.

As she sat thus and gazed, she thought she heard the tramp of horses; but the sound, if sound there were, ceased, and she believed that her ears had deceived her. A moment or two after, a long ray of sunshine that found its way between the bolls of the trees, and spread a pencil of light upon the green turf at her feet, was for an instant obscured, as if either a cloud had come over the sun, or some dark object had passed amongst the trees. Eugénie's heart began to beat quick, and the next minute a rustling sound in the thicket to her right made her start up; but ere she could retreat into her own chamber, the boughs were pushed back, and Philip of Aubin was at her feet. With a face as pale as death, Eugénie sank into the seat that she had before occupied, and gazed with eyes expressive, certainly, of anything but love, upon the Count as he knelt before her, and pressed her hand to his lips.

"Eugénie!" said D'Aubin, "Eugénie! I have at length found you, then. My Eugénie! my wife!"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Eugénie, struggling to overcome her terror:—"oh, no, no! not your wife! No, sir, I am not; I never have been; I never will be your wife! Death were preferable—ay, the most terrible death were preferable to that!"

"Hear me, Eugénie!" said D'Aubin. "Eugénie, you must hear me! for this house is surrounded by my soldiers; you are utterly and perfectly in my power; and if I have recourse to reason and persuasion with you, it is alone from tenderness and affection towards you, and because I would rather induce my bride to accompany me willingly and tranquilly, than use towards her those means of compulsion which I have a right to exercise in regard to a disobedient wife. Eugénie, will you hear me?"

"I have no resource, Sir," replied the unhappy girl; "but still I repeat that I am not your wife. In the first place, I have at the altar refused to pledge a vow towards you; and by this time you must well know that the man who read the vain and empty ceremony which you are pleased to call a marriage was not one invested with that sacred function which is requisite to render a marriage legal, even with the willing consent of both parties."

"All I know is, that the marriage ceremony was performed between us," replied D'Aubin, "and that it is registered in the archives of Paris. That you are my wife, therefore, there is no doubt; and that I have the right, as well as the power and the will, to take you home and regard you as my wife, is equally indubitable. Still if you require it, the ceremony shall be performed again; but hope not any longer to avoid taking upon you the duties of the position you hold in regard to me, for, as I told you, I have a hundred men within call ready to obey my lightest word! Shall I make them appear?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" exclaimed Eugénie, wringing her hands.

"What, what shall I do?"

"Merely listen to me, Eugénie, my beloved!" cried D'Aubin. "With the power to compel, a thousand times rather would I succeed by entreaty; and instead of seeking to command you, let me at your feet seek to persuade you. Hear me plead my cause, Eugénie, in language that you have never heard me use before, because I was ignorant of the motives which actuated you, and attributed your conduct towards me to mere caprice, whereas I now know it to have been just, excellent, and wise, and like yourself. The same ignorance has made me harsh to you, and unjust towards my cousin St. Réal; and I will not rise from my knee till you have heard my exculpation, and fully know how much we have all been deceived."

"Indeed!" said Eugénie, "indeed! yet I am at a loss to guess what you can mean."

"Well may you be so, Eugénie!" replied D'Aubin; "well may you be so! For it was only yesterday that I learned the elucidation of the mystery myself. You have been cheated, Eugénie; you have been deceived; you have been taught to believe a man who loved you, and you alone, a heartless profligate. But first hear me, Eugénie, when I declare that I have never loved any one but you; that from the first moment your hand was promised me by your father the idea of your young charms has ever been present to my mind, and the hope of soon possessing them been the consolation of my whole existence."

Eugénie coloured deeply: "I am grieved, Sir," she replied; but D'Aubin interrupted, saying—

"Hear me, Eugénie, to the end: I have but given you a picture of my own feelings towards you. Now let me display all the base and crooked means that have been taken to alienate your affection from me, and then tell me if it be right and just to let those means still have effect, when you are con-

vinced of their falsehood and iniquity. Only yesterday did I discover that at Paris you had become acquainted with one of the late Queen Catherine's train of ladies—a train which, I need not tell you, was and will remain marked with infamy to the eyes of all posterity!"

"Perhaps so!" cried Eugénie eagerly; "but the name of Beatrice of Ferrara will always be excepted. The daughter of a sovereign prince, she was always as distinguished by her virtues as by her rank; and my father, on his death-bed, told me that I might always confide in her, for that, in the midst of the terrible trial of universal bad example, no one had ever been able to cast a reproach upon her fame."

"It may be so!" replied D'Aubin; "it may be so! but doubt not, Eugénie, that she has passions and weaknesses too; and the confidence you gave her was misplaced. All has been revealed to me. I know everything that has passed, and therefore I am justified in saying that she has made us both her tools. Did she not tell you that I loved her—that I had vowed vows and made protestations at her feet? I know she did. I know that both by open words, and slight insinuations, she poisoned your mind against me; that she taught you to believe me profligate and base—"

"Never! never!" cried Eugénie, "never, upon my word."

"No matter," cried D'Aubin, "she made you credit that I loved her, not you; that by vows and promises I was bound to her. She it was that always crossed me in your esteem; she frustrated the arrangements for our marriage; she laid the scheme, and executed the whole of your flight from Paris. Is not this true? and do you think she had not a motive? Eugénie, I tell you she had. It may make me appear vain in your eyes; but, to exculpate myself, I must reveal that motive. Eugénie, she has loved me from our first meeting; she has loved me with all the ardour and all the fire of which an Italian is capable; but so to love unsought, is never to win love. She has teased me; she has persecuted me with her affection. But do not mistake me, Eugénie; I have never loved but you—you alone have I sought, you alone have I sighed for. To her I have turned a deaf ear and a cold heart. I care not for her, I love her not, I have never loved—ay! and though I scruple not to say that, no later than yesterday, I might have made her mine on any terms I chose—"

There was a slight rustle in the room behind—a quick step; and Beatrice of Ferrara stood by the side of Eugénie de Menancourt. D'Aubin started up from his knee. "Liar! traitor! villain!" cried the beautiful girl, with eyes from which mighty indignation lightened forth like fire bursting from a volcano;—"Liar! traitor! villain!" and as he rose, she struck him one slight stroke upon the bosom with the quickness of light. D'Aubin grasped his sword, then let it go, and raised his hand to his eyes; a stream of dark gore spouted out from his breast; he reeled, and murmuring "Jesu, Jesu!" fell at the feet of her he had so basely injured.

Still holding the dagger tight in her grasp, Beatrice stood and gazed upon him; and Eugénie too, with her hands clasped, and turned as it were into stone by fear and horror, remained straining her eyes upon the fearful sight before her.

At that moment, the furious galloping of horse was heard along the nearest road, then came the clashing of steel and pistol shots. Joachim, the servant of Beatrice, glided at the same moment from the room whence his mistress had issued, and drawing her by the sleeve exclaimed, "There seems a large force coming up, madam! save yourself ere this be inquired into. The horses are still where we left them, at the end of the lane."

But Beatrice, without reply, continued to gaze upon the dead body of him she once so passionately loved. The next moment, the voices of several persons approaching were heard; and through the trees appeared two gentlemen on foot, followed by half a dozen soldiers dragging along Albert of Wolfstrom, with his hands tied.

"We are in time, fair lady, to do your behest," cried Henry the Fourth, who was at the head of the party, speaking in a joyous tone, as at the distance of the trees he caught a sight of Beatrice without seeing the object at which she gazed. "Your letter reached me as I marched along, and though addressed to my *locum tenens* at La Loupe, I made bold to break the seal. But where is this perverse and rebellious Count d'Aubin?"

"There!" cried Beatrice in a voice which had lost all its music. "There he lies! never to be perverse or rebellious again! Oh, Philip, Philip! thou hast trod upon a heart that loved thee—cast happiness from thee—sought destruction—and found it from a woman's hand!"

"Indeed!" cried the King, hastening forward with St. Real, who was his companion. "In God's name what is all

this! Pardie, 'tis too true! There he lies, indeed!" The King's eye then glanced to Beatrice, while St. Real gently led Eugénie away from the scene of blood and horror in which she had been made an unwilling sharer. The dagger was still in the hand of the fair Italian, though that hand now hung by her side as if it had never possessed power to strike the blow which had laid such strength and courage low; but her sleeve was dyed with blood; and a slow red drop still trickled down the shining blade of the poniard, and fell from the point to the ground.

"From your own speech, lady!" said the King after a momentary pause, "I learn that you have just committed an awful act, especially for a woman's hand. Nevertheless, I cannot but believe, from all that I have heard, that this was an act of justice! He was a rebel, too, at the moment of his death, in arms against his king; and, therefore, this deed is not to be too strictly inquired into; otherwise—although as the head of a sovereign house you are armoured with immunities—it would become me to refer the inquiry into these matters to my council. As it is, Philip Count of Aubin having been slain in arms against his monarch, in the commission of an illegal act, and by your hand, of course justice withholds her sword from avenging his death, yet I think that it is expedient for you, lady, to quit this realm with all convenient speed; and to insure your safety, a party of my own guard shall accompany you to the frontier. My words seem to fall upon an inattentive ear! May I ask if you have heard me?"

"Yes, yes," replied Beatrice—"I have heard my lord—your Majesty is lenient! My crime is great; but be it as you will, I am ready to go! My thoughts, to speak the truth, are not so clear as they might have been some half hour since—I thank your Majesty!—All I ask is a prisoner's diet, bread and a glass of water,—for I am thirsty, exceeding thirsty!—Then I am ready to set out.—Philip, farewell!" she added, gazing again upon the corpse: "we shall meet again! Our deeds unite us for ever!—alas! alas! Where shall I go, my lord!"

"Her brain is troubled," said the King in a low tone, turning to one of the officers who followed; "go in with her, call her own people about her; but treat her with all reverence. She must be sent forth from the kingdom as speedily as possible. Madam, this officer will conduct you. Set a sentinel at the door," he added in a low tone, "as if for honour; but let her people be with her, and lay no restraint upon her, except in watching whether she goes."

"Will no one give me a glass of water?" said Beatrice, moving towards the house.

"It shall be brought in a moment, lady," replied the officer, following. "Where are this lady's attendants?"

"Well, St. Real," said the King, turning to the young cavalier as he issued forth again from the house just as Beatrice entered. "Pardie, we are too late in one sense, after all, though not too late to prevent the mischief these fellows meditated. *Ventre saint gris!* but this cousin of yours was an ungenerous villain; and I am sorry for that poor girl, who, to my thinking, has driven the dagger deeper into her own heart than into his. Well, there he lies, and one of the conspirators against our fair heiress of Menancourt is disposed of; now to despatch the other. Martin, bring forward the prisoner."

"Sir Albert of Wolfstrom," continued the King, "it seems to me that your name was once enrolled amongst the troops of my late cousin, Henry the Third, and that you chose the chance of a halter and better pay on the part of the League. Traitors against myself, God help me, I am fain to forgive, leaving them to God and their consciences for punishment; but traitors to the late king I forgive not, and, therefore, I shall turn over your case to my good friend De Biron, who is not merciful but just. Your own heart, therefore, will tell your fate: if it condemn you, be sure that ere to-morrow's noon you will be lying like him you stare at with such open eyes."

"Cannot I take service with my troop?" demanded Wolfstrom, with undaunted effrontery. "Your Majesty suffered the Swiss at Ivry to come over to you."

"They were only enemies, not traitors," replied the King; "I can have traitors enow without paying them, sirrah!—What is that outcry within, St. Real? No more tragedies, I trust!—What I have said, Sir, is decided," continued Henry, again turning to Wolfstrom, while St. Real entered the house to ascertain the cause of the sounds of lamentation that they heard. "If your conscience tell you that you deserted the late king, bid good-by to the world!—By my faith there must be something the matter there!" he added, as the tones of grief came again from within; and turning hastily, he himself entered the house, and advanced to a room from the open door of which the sound proceeded. The sight that presented

itself needed little explanation. In a large chair, near the centre of the room, sat Beatrice of Ferrara, with her head supported upon the breast of her faithful old servant Joachim, while kneeling at her feet, and weeping bitterly as she clasped her friend's knees, was the beautiful form of Eugénie de Menancourt. Around were a number of female attendants, filling the air with lamentations; and on one side stood St. Real, gazing eagerly in the face of the fair Italian. But that lovely face had now lost the loveliness of life, the bright dark eyes were closed, the colour of the warm rose no longer blushed through the clear white skin, the lips themselves were pale, and the dazzling teeth showed like a row of pearls, as the mouth hung partly open. Her right hand was still clasped upon a glass from which she had been drinking; and rolled away upon the floor was a rich carved *bon-bonnière*, from which a small quantity of white powder had been spilt as it fell. Throughout the whole room there was a faint odour, as if of bitter almonds; and Henry, who well remembered that same perfume, when some of the noblest in France had died somewhat suddenly, exclaimed at once as he entered, "She has poisoned herself!"

"Too true, I fear, my Lord!" replied St. Real; "but a leech has been sent for."

"In vain! in vain!" said the King. "She is dead already, St. Real! That is no fainting fit; and even were she not dead already, no skill on earth could save her from the tomb. I know that hateful drug too well. Come away, St. Real! Mademoiselle de Menancourt, come away! Nay, I command! You do no good here!"

Thus saying, Henry took the fair girl's hand and led her to another room, where, after speaking a few words of comfort, he added, "But I must to horse again and forward towards Le Mans. You, St. Real, I shall leave behind with your regiment, all for the protection of this one fair lady, though those that persecuted her are no more. His body shall be carried to his own dwelling, and lie beside his father's. That I will see to. And now, though this is a solemn moment, and the scene a sad one, yet, Mademoiselle de Menancourt, I must put it out of fortune's power to persecute you farther, for the treasure of this fair hand—nay, nay, I must have my will!—Take it St. Real," he added, placing it in his. "If I judge right, you value it highly; and, as you well deserve it, I give it to you now, lest any of my many friends should crave me for the gift hereafter. I would rather say to those who ask it that it is given, than that I will not give it. To your love and sorrow, lady, I leave the last rites of yon beautiful and hapless girl. Hers was a hard fate, and a noble mind; for, cast by fortune into the midst of corruption, with a heart all warmth and a fancy all brightness, she came out still, pure as gold refined in the fire, which, Heaven forgive us, is what few of us can say for himself. Amidst all the falsehoods and follies of the late court, never did I know the breath of scandal sully her fair name! She was indeed *one in a thousand!* Conceal the manner of her death, if possible; and let such honours as the church permits convey her to her last long home! Now farewell!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

Or all the many personages which have figured in this tale, there are but few of whom it behoves us to give any farther account. The lives of some stand written on the bright and glorious page of history, never to be effaced till the waters of time have rolled long over this portion of the globe, have levelled our dwellings and our monuments with the sands, have washed away our learning and our records, and blotted out not alone the sweet domestic memories—on which each succeeding generation sets its foot, trampling with all the insolence of youth the withered flower just dead—but have also rased, from the hard tablet of glory, the few names that are really worthy of eternal consecration. When such a change has taken place,—and who shall say that it will not?—when Europe shall be called the land of forests and of barbarism, and some prying strangers alone shall come from their happier lands, and try to trace upon the desert shores the mouldering remnants of arts and sciences and nations long gone by, perhaps the name of Henry the Fourth of France, and those who resemble him, may be forgotten, but till then they have a glorious existence separate from the rest of men. The Duke of Mayenne, too, ambitious and intriguing, but generous and often wise, has a share of the page of history; and all those

who continued to play a conspicuous part in the days of Henry Quatre, either for good or for evil, have their record in the annals of the time. This tale can alone take farther note of those whose fate it has depicted in the preceding pages, and who at this point separate themselves from the general course of history, either to fall into the calm repose of sweet domestic life, or to seek a refuge from unhappy fortunes in the tomb.

The body of Beatrice of Ferrara being removed from the cottage where Eugénie de Menancourt had dwelt so long, was borne to the château in which she herself had spent the last hours of her own existence; and with curses and imprecations upon his head, the tale of what his machinations had wrought was told to the dwarf Bartholo by the more faithful yet less attached servants of his late mistress.

He listened to the whole in sullen composure, and even a smile played upon his lip as he heard of the death of the Count d'Aubin; but when the last sad event was mentioned by the narrator, and he learned that Beatrice herself was dead, he struggled with the bonds that tied him, and then cast himself grovelling on the ground, which he dewed with his bitter agonizing tears. He strove to tear his flesh with his teeth; and when they took him up, more to gaze upon his torture, than with any feeling of compassion—for no one loved, and no one compassionated him—he raved upon them with frantic and incoherent words, and again cast himself down in raving despair. For several days he refused all food; but at length pity touched some one, and a leech was sent for, who bled him largely, which produced a change. He no longer raved, he no longer refused food, he took what was offered him, did what was bid him; but it was with the slow and sullen stupidity of an idiot. The fire too, had left his eye; his activity was gone; his witty sauciness at an end; and he would sit for days gazing vacantly upon the floor, without hearing what was said to him, and without addressing a word to any one. At length the body of Beatrice of Ferrara was conveyed to Italy for the purpose of being interred amongst her princely ancestors; and then, though none knew how he escaped, it was perceived that the dwarf was gone also. It was not indeed extraordinary that he had disappeared without notice; for after his frenzy had terminated in idiocy, no one had paid him much attention. How he travelled so great a distance, and how he supported himself by the way, are equally unknown; but some three months after, the wretched being was seen wandering about in the long vacant streets of Ferrara, enduring the scoff of the schoolboy and the peasant. He remained in that part of the country for several years; and those who had known him when first he had entered the household of the princes of Legnano often gave food and money out of charity to the poor dwarf, whom they now despised and had formerly hated. At length, one morning, when the sacristan took his early round through the chapel in which the dead of that noble house slept in the cold marble which was their place of last repose, he was startled by seeing something curled up at the end of the new monument erected to the Princess Beatrice. He touched it, but it stirred not; and, familiar with the dead, he carelessly raised up the head, and beheld the lifeless features of the dwarf Bartholo.

The Count d'Aubin lay with his ancestors; and the noble estates of which he had been once the improvident possessor passed to his next male heir, the Marquis of St. Réal. To St. Réal it was pointed out by skilful and honest lawyers that, as the creditors who had claims upon the late Count could not easily prove their right, his estates might be rendered clear by a very simple process of law. But St. Réal preferred a simpler process still; and from the funds accruing from large and well-managed lands discharged the debts, and freed the inheritance. The claims which were the most difficult to arrange were those of the heirs and successors of one Albert of Wolfstrom, who having been executed, under a judicial sentence regularly pronounced by a competent tribunal, for various transactions which did not even permit the harlot compassion of public excitement to attend his end, it was more than doubtful whether any of the demands which were made upon St. Réal in his name were really to be sustained. There were some through which the young Marquis at once struck his indignant pen, and others which, though equally illegal, he paid at once; but in the end, as so often happens, the debts which

had seemed overwhelming to him whose bad management had incurred them were easily liquidated by a more provident though not a less liberal lord; and the estates of Aubin made a splendid addition to those of the Marquis of St. Réal.

The young lord himself saw Eugénie de Menancourt reinstated in her ancestral halls, and wandered with her a few days through the scenes they had both loved in childhood—scenes where the memories of the past, both dark and bright, blended into a solemn, but a sweet and soothing, light, which, shining mellow and calm upon the happy present, gradually brightened into hope as the eye turned towards the future. It was like the twilight of the summer sky in a far northern land, where the night and the day mingle together in the west; and the soft and shaded yet radiant sunset, continues till the dawning of the morning appears on the opposite horizon, so that the beams of the past and the future day meet in the zenith of the present.

It might be said that the experience which Eugénie de Menancourt and Huon St. Real had already had of the past was sufficient to have justified their immediate marriage. But Eugénie had her scruples, and St. Real had a confidence derived from higher sources than either the usual happy fortunes of his house, or the promising turn which the war had taken. An old female relation was sought to bear the young heiress company for the next six months. To her Eugénie's education had been principally confided during her youth; her instructions had greatly tended to render her what she was, and St. Real thought that the society of no one could be better for her he loved till the day of their marriage at length arrived. In the mean time he rejoined the King's army, and took part in the various events of the war which ultimately placed Henry the Fourth in possession of the capital of his kingdom, and put an end to the troublous times by which his reign began; but it will be remembered by all persons well versed in that portion of the history of France, that the part of the country in which the estates of Eugénie de Menancourt were situated never fell again into the hands of the League. Various detached towns in Normandy and Maine that faction did indeed continue to hold for some time, but the progress of the King after the battle of Ivry was uninterrupted, though gradual, till peace crowned his efforts; and his people learned to love, nay, almost to adore, the monarch against whom many of them had drawn their swords.

At length, six months after the death of Beatrice of Ferrara, Eugénie de Menancourt gave her hand to him whom she was not now ashamed to own she had loved from her earliest youth. Henry signed the marriage contract; and when the young Marquis, having seen him firmly seated on the throne of his ancestors, took leave of the monarch and his court, resolved to spend the rest of his life, as his fathers had done before him, in the calm tranquillity of his paternal domains, Henry placed round his neck the order of the *St. Esprit*, saying, that as he well knew he should but seldom see his face again, he was resolved to give him something whereby to remember the days he had passed with Henry Quatre.

Do we need to inquire how St. Réal and Eugénie spent their after life? It sometimes happens, indeed, that two people who have loved well and truly in the first burst of youthful passion, crossed, disappointed, and soured, persevere against all opposition through long years of withering anxiety, till they meet together at length, with tempers irritated, and hearts no longer the same; and find nothing but misery in that union, from which they had anticipated nothing but happiness. Not so, however, St. Real and Eugénie de Menancourt. They had long loved without knowing it; and had chiefly had to struggle with the opposition of their own principles to their own wishes. They had been thwarted, but not disappointed; they had been grieved, but not irritated. Their sorrows had served like the black leaf on which the diamond is set, to increase, not tarnish, the lustre of the happiness they now enjoyed. But happiness will not bear description. It is the calm stream that neither foams nor murmurs; and theirs continued flowing on like a mighty river, which, troubled and obstructed at its source, soon overbears all obstacles, and then, having once reached the calm level of the open country, flows on increasing in volume, though it loses in brightness, till the full completed stream falls into the bosom of the eternal ocean.

RIENZI, THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"EUGENE ARAM," "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII," &c. &c.

Then turn we to her latest Tribune's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy,
Rienzi, last of Romans! While the tree
Of Freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The Forum's champion and the People's chief—
Her new-born Numa thou!

CHILDE HAROLD, cant. iv. stanza 114.

Amidst the indulgence of enthusiasm and eloquence, Petrarch, Italy, and Europe, were astonished by a revolution, which realized for a moment his most splendid visions.—Gibbon, chap. lxx.

PREFACE.

I BEGAN this tale two years ago at Rome. On removing to Naples, I threw it aside for "The Last Days of Pompeii," which required more than "Rienzi" the advantage of residence within reach of the scenes described. The fate of the Roman Tribune continued, however, to haunt and impress me, and, sometime after "Pompeii" was published, I renewed my earlier undertaking. I regarded the completion of these volumes, indeed, as a kind of duty;—for having had occasion to read the original authorities from which modern historians have drawn their accounts of the life of Rienzi, I was led to believe that a very remarkable man had been superficially judged, and a very important period crudely examined. And this belief was sufficiently strong to induce me at first to meditate a more serious work upon the life and times of Rienzi. Various reasons concurred against this project—and I renounced the Biography to commence the Fiction. I have still, however, adhered with a greater fidelity than is customary in Romance, to all the leading events of the public life of the Roman Tribune; and the Reader will perhaps find in these pages a more full and detailed account of the rise and fall of Rienzi, than in any English work of which I am aware. I have, it is true, taken a view of his character different in some respects from that of Gibbon or Sismondi. Such is the indisputable prerogative of Romance. But it is a view, in all its main features, which I believe, (and think I could prove,) myself to be warranted in taking, not less by the facts of History than the laws of Fiction. In the meanwhile, as I have given the acts from which I have drawn my interpretation of the principal agent, the reader has sufficient data for his own judgment.

Preserving generally the real chronology of Rienzi's life, the Plot of this work extends over a space of some years, and embraces the variety of characters necessary to a true delineation of events. The story, therefore, cannot have precisely that order of interest found in fictions strictly and genuinely dramatic, in which (to my judgment at least) the time ought to be as limited as possible, and the characters as few;—no new character of importance to the *dénouement* being admissible towards the end of the work. If I may use the word Epic in its most modest and unassuming acceptation, this Fiction, in short, though indulging in dramatic situations, belongs, as a whole, rather to the Epic than the Dramatic school. A work which takes for its subject the crimes and errors of a nation, which ventures, however unsuccessfully, to seek the Actual and the Real in the highest stage of passion or action, can, I think, rarely adopt with advantage the melo-dramatic effects produced by a vulgar mystery, or that stage-effect humour, which, arising from small peculiarities of character, draws the attention of the reader from greatness or from crime, to a weakness or a folly. Nor does a Fiction, dealing in such subjects, admit very frequently, or with minute detail, superfluous descriptions of Costume and Manners.—Of costume and manners I have had indeed a less ambitious and less disputable motive for brevity in delineation; (though what there be, is, I trust, sufficiently faithful.)—I write of a feudal century, and I have no desire to write more than is necessary of feudal manners, after the inimitable and everlasting portraiture of Sir Walter Scott. I say thus much in order to prepare the mind of the reader as to what he is to expect in the following volumes—a duty I think incumbent upon every Author of discretion and benevolence, and a precaution which, if sometimes preventing mortification to himself—prevents, no less fre-

quently, disappointment to the reader.—I must allow this prelude seems somewhat ominous!—little of Costume, less of Mystery,* nothing of Humour! What is there then left to interest or amuse? Alas! in Passion, Character, and Action, there remain enough materials, if the poor workman can but weave them properly!

In the picture of the Roman Populace, as in that of the Roman Nobles of the fourteenth century, I follow literally the descriptions left to us; they are not flattering, but they are faithful, likenesses. In much of my work those who think that the Many—no matter in what age, no matter in what land, are always right, will possibly detect (what indeed I could scarcely be suspected of by others) a *conservative* moral. But it must be by very ingenious minds indeed that these volumes can be perverted to the party purposes of the day,—nothing at least is farther from my own wish,—my own intention. The fiction composed from history, like history itself, may deal with the calm and acknowledged lessons of the Past, but it deserts its dignity if it warp inappropriate analogies to the heated and equivocal contests of the present.

I cannot conclude without rendering the tribute of my humble praise and homage, to the versatile and gifted Author of the beautiful Tragedy of Rienzi. Considering that our hero be the same—considering that we had the same materials from which to choose our several stories—I trust I shall be found to have little, if at all, trespassed upon ground previously occupied. With the single exception of a love-intrigue between a relative of Rienzi, and one of the antagonist party, which makes the plot of Miss Mitford's Tragedy, and is little more than an episode in my Romance, having slight effect on the conduct and none on the fate of the hero, I am not aware of any resemblance between the two works; and even *this* coincidence I could easily have removed, had I deemed it the least advisable;—but it would be almost discreditable if I had *nothing* that resembled a performance possessing so much it were an honour to imitate.

In fact, the prodigal materials of the story—the rich and exuberant complexities of Rienzi's character—joined to the advantage possessed by the Novelist of embracing all that the Dramatist must reject—are sufficient to prevent Dramatist and Novelist from interfering with each other. If I differ from Gibbon in his view of Rienzi's character, I differ also in many respects from Miss Mitford,—I differ yet more from her in the moral to be drawn from his fate; but of the two, I own that I think Miss Mitford is more just than Gibbon. Of men who become great by enthusiasm, (which is a poetry of temperament,) poets are often the most profound historians.

London, December 1, 1835.

BOOK I.

THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND THE MEN.

"Fu da sua gioventudine nutricato di latte di eloquenza; buono grammatico migliore rettorico, autorista buono... Oh, come spesso diceva, 'Dove sono questi buoni Romani? Dov'è loro summa giustizia? Poterommi trovare in tempo che questi fioriscano?' Era bell'omo... Accadde che uno suo frate fu ucciso, e non ne fu fatta vendetta di sua morte: non lo poteo aiutare; pensa lungo mano vendicare 'l sangue di suo frate; pensa lunga mano dirizzare le cittade di Roma male guidata."—(*Vita di Cola di Rienzi*. Ed. 1828. Forli.)

CHAPTER I.

THE BROTHERS.

THE name which these volumes bear will sufficiently apprise the reader that it is in the earlier half of the fourteenth century that my story opens.

It was on a summer evening that two youths might be seen walking beside the banks of the Tiber, not far from that part

* What mystery there be, is intentionally left under a very thin veil. Terror is sometimes made the greater when traced afar off.

† Thus the slender space permitted to the Dramatist does not allow Miss Mitford to be very faithful to facts—to distinguish between Rienzi's earlier and his later period of power; or to detail the true, but somewhat intricate causes of his rise, his splendour, and his fall.

of its winding course which sweeps by the base of mount Aventine. The path they had selected was remote and tranquil. It was only at a distance that were seen the scattered and squalid houses that bordered the river, from amidst which rose, dark and frequent, the high roof and enormous towers which marked the fortified mansion of some Roman baron. On the one side the river, behind the cottages of the fishermen, rose Mount Janiculum, dark with massive foliage, from which gleamed, at frequent intervals, the grey walls of many a castellated palace, and the spires and columns of a hundred churches; on the other side, the deserted Aventine rose abrupt and steep, covered with thick brushwood; while, on the height, from concealed but numerous convents, rolled, not unmusically, along the quiet landscape and the rippling waves, the sound of the holy bell.

Of the young men introduced in this scene, the elder, who might have somewhat passed his twentieth year, was of a tall and even commanding stature, and there was that in his presence remarkable and almost noble, despite the homeliness of his garb, which consisted of the long, loose gown and the plain tunic, both of dark-gray serge, which distinguished, at that time, the dress of the humbler scholars who frequented the monasteries for such rude knowledge as then yielded a scanty return for intense toil. His countenance was handsome, and would have been rather gray than thoughtful in its expression, but for that vague and abstracted dreaminess of eye which so usually denotes a propensity to reverie and contemplation, and betrays that the past or future is more congenial to the mind within than the enjoyment and action of the present hour.

The younger who was yet a boy, had nothing striking in his appearance or countenance, unless an expression of great sweetness and gentleness could be so called; and there was something almost feminine in the tender deference with which he appeared to listen to his companion. His dress was that usually worn by the humbler classes, though somewhat neater, perhaps newer; and the fond vanity of a mother might be detected in the care with which the long and silky ringlets had been smoothed and parted as they escaped from his cap and flowed midway down his shoulders.

As they thus sauntered on, beside the whispering reeds of the river, each with his arm round the form of his comrade, not only in their manner and gait, but in their youth and evident affection, there was a grace and sentiment about the brothers—for such their connection—which elevated the lowliness of their apparent condition.

"Dear brother," said the elder, "I cannot express to thee how I enjoy these evening hours. To you alone I feel as if I were not a mere visionary and idler when I talk of the uncertain future, and build up my palaces of the air. Our parents listen to me as if I were uttering fine things out of a book; and my dear mother, Heaven bless her, wipes her eyes, and says, 'Hark, what a scholar he is!' As for the monks, if I ever dare look from my Livy, and cry, 'Thus should Rome be again!' they stare, and gape, and frown, as though I had broached an heresy. But you, sweet brother, though you share not my studies, sympathize so kindly with all their results—you seem so to approve my wild schemes, and to encourage my ambitious hopes—that sometimes I forget our birth, our fortunes, and think and dare as if no blood, save that of the Teuton Emperor, flowed through our veins."

"Methinks, dear Cola," said the younger brother, "that Nature played us an unfair trick—to you she transmitted the royal soul, derived, though obscurely, from our father's parentage; and to me only the quiet and lowly spirit of my mother's humble lineage."

"Nay," answered Cola, quickly, "you would then have the brighter share,—for I should have but the Barbarian origin, and you the Roman. Time was, when to be a simple Roman was to be nobler than a northern king.—Well, well, we may live to see great changes!"

"I shall live to see thee a great man, and that will content me," said the younger, smiling affectionately; "a great scholar all confess you to be already: our mother predicts your fortunes every time she hears of your welcome visits to the Colonna."

"The Colonna!" said Cola, with a bitter smile; "the Colonna—the pedants!—They affect, dull souls, the knowledge of the past, play the patron, and misquote Latin over their cups! They are pleased to welcome me at their board, because the Roman doctors call me learned, and because nature gave me a wild wit, which to them is pleasanter than the stale jests of a hired buffoon. Yes, they would advance my fortunes—but how! by some place in the public offices, which would fill a dishonoured coffer, by wringing, yet more sternly,

the hard-earned coins from our famishing citizens! If there be a vile thing in the world, it is a plebeian, advanced by patricians, not for the purpose of righting his own order, but for playing the pander to the worst interests of theirs. He who is of the people but makes himself a traitor to his birth, if he becomes a puppet for these tyrant hypocrites to lift up their hands and cry,—'See what liberty exists in Rome, when *we*, the patricians, thus elevate a plebeian!' Did they ever elevate a plebeian if he sympathized with plebeians? No, brother; should I be lifted above our condition, I will be raised by the arms of my countrymen, and not upon their necks."

"All I hope, is, Cola, that you will not, in your zeal for your fellow-citizens, forget how dear you are to us. No greatness could ever reconcile me to the thought that it brought you danger."

"And I could laugh at all danger, if it led to greatness. But greatness—greatness! Vain dream! Let us keep it for our *night* sleep. Enough of my plans; now, dearest brother, of yours."

And, with the sanguine and cheerful elasticity which belonged to him, the young Cola, dismissing all wilder thoughts, bent his mind to listen, and to enter into, the humbler projects of his brother. The new boat, and the holiday-dress, and the cot removed to a quarter more secure from the oppression of the barons, and such distant pictures of love as a dark eye and a merry lip conjure up to the vague sentiment of a boy. To schemes and aspirations of which such objects made the limit, did the scholar listen, with a relaxed brow and a tender smile; and often, in later life, did that conversation recur to him, when he shrank from asking his own heart which ambition was the wiser.

"And then," continued the younger brother, "by degrees I might save enough to purchase such a vessel as that which we now see, laden, doubtless, with corn and merchandise, bringing—oh, such a good return,—that I could fill your room with books, and never hear you complain that you were not rich enough to purchase some crumbling old monkish manuscript. Ah, that would make me so happy!" Cola smiled as he pressed his brother closer to his breast.

"Dear boy," said he, "may it rather be mine to provide for your wishes!—yet methinks the masters of yon vessel have no enviable possession; see how anxiously the men look round, and behind, and before; peaceful traders though they be, they fear, it seems, even in this city, (once the emporium of the civilized world,) some pirate in pursuit; and ere the voyage be over, they may find that pirate in a Roman noble. Alas, to what are we reduced!"

The vessel thus referred to, was speeding rapidly down the river, and some three or four armed men on deck were indeed intently surveying the quiet banks on either side, as if anticipative of a foe. The bark soon, however, glided out of sight, and the brothers fell back upon those themes, which require only the Future for a text, to be so attractive to the young.

At length, as the evening darkened, they remembered that it was past the usual hour in which they returned home, and they began to retrace their steps.

"Stay," said Cola, abruptly, "how our talk has beguiled me! Father Uberto promised me a rare manuscript, which the good friar confesses hath puzzled the whole convent. I was to seek his cell for it this evening. Tarry here a few minutes, it is but half-way up the Aventine. I shall soon return."

"Can I not accompany you?"

"Nay," returned Cola, with considerate kindness, "you have borne toil all the day, and must be wearied; my labours, of the body, at least, have been light enough. You are delicate too, and seem fatigued already; the rest will refresh you. I shall not be long."

The boy acquiesced, though he rather wished to accompany his brother; but he was of a meek and yielding temper, and seldom resisted the lightest command of those he loved. He sat him down on a little bank by the river side, and the firm step and towering form of his brother were soon hid from his gaze by the thick and melancholy foliage.

At first he sat very quietly, enjoying the cool air, and thinking over all the stories of ancient Rome that his brother had told him in their walk. At length he recollected that his little sister, Irene, had begged him to bring her home some flowers; and, gathering such as he could find at hand, (and wild and clustering grew many a flower over that desolate spot,) he again seated himself, and began weaving them into one of those garlands for which the southern peasantry still retain their ancient affection, and something of their classic skill.

While the boy was thus engaged, the tramp of horses and the loud shouting of men were heard at a distance. They came near, and nearer.

"Some baron's procession, perhaps, returning from a feast," thought the boy; "it will be a pretty sight—their white plumes and scarlet mantles—I love to see such sights, but I will just move out of their way."

So, still mechanically plating his garland, but with eyes turned towards the quarter of the expected procession, the young Roman moved yet nearer towards the river.

Presently the train came in view,—a gallant company, in truth;—horsemen in front, riding two abreast, where the path permitted, their steeds caparisoned superbly—their plumes waving gaily, and the gleam of their corselets glittering through the shades of the dusky twilight. A large and miscellaneous crowd, all armed—some with pikes and mail, others with less warlike or worse fashioned weapons, followed the cavaliers, and high above plume and pike, floated the blood-red banner of the Orsini, with the motto and device (in which was ostentatiously displayed the Guelphic badge of the keys of St. Peter,) wrought in burnished gold. A momentary fear crossed the boy's mind, for at that time, and in that city, a nobleman begirt with his swordmen was more dreaded than a wild beast by the plebeians, but it was already too late to fly—the train were upon him.

"Ho, boy!" cried the leader of the horsemen, Martino di Porto, one of the great house of the Orsini; "hast thou seen a boat pass up the river—but thou must have seen it—how long since?"

"I saw a large boat, about half an hour ago," answered the boy, terrified by the rough voice and imperious bearing of the cavalier.

"Sailing right a-head, with a green flag at the stern?"

"The same, noble Sir."

"On then! we will stop her course ere the moon rise," said the Baron, "On!—let the boy go with us, lest he prove traitor, and alarm the Colonna."

"An Orsini, an Orsini!" shouted the multitude, "on, on!" and, despite the prayers and remonstrances of the boy, he was placed in the thickest of the crowd, and borne, or rather dragged along with the rest—frightened, breathless, almost weeping, with his poor little garland still hanging on his arm, while a sling was thrust into his unwilling hand. Still he felt, through all his alarm, a kind of childish curiosity to see the result of the pursuit.

By the loud and eager conversation of those about him, he learnt that the vessel he had seen contained a supply of corn destined to a fortress up the river held by the Colonna, then at deadly feud with the Orsini; and it was the object of the expedition in which the boy had been thus lucklessly entrained, to intercept the provisions, and divert it to the garrison of Martino di Porto. This news somewhat increased his consternation, for the boy belonged to a family that claimed the patronage of the Colonna.

Anxiously and tearfully he looked with every moment up the steep ascent of the Aventine; but his guardian, his protector, still delayed his appearance.

They had now proceeded some way, when a winding in the road brought suddenly before them the object of their pursuit, as, seen by the light of the earliest stars, it scudded rapidly down the stream.

"Now, the Saints be blest," quoth the chief, "she is ours!"

"Hold!" said a captain, (a German,) riding next to Martino, in a half whisper; "I hear sounds which I like not, by yonder trees—hark! the neigh of a horse!—by my faith, too, there is the gleam of a corselet."

"Push on, my masters," cried Martino, "the heron shall not balk the eagle—push on!"

With renewed shouts those on foot pushed forward, till, as they had nearly gained the copse referred to by the German, a small compact body of horsemen, armed cap-a-pie, dashed from amidst the trees, and, with spears in their rests, charged into the ranks of the pursuers.

"A Colonna! a Colonna!" "An Orsini! an Orsini!" were shouts loudly and fiercely interchanged. Martino di Porto, a man of great bulk and ferocity, and his cavaliers, who were chiefly German mercenaries, met the encounter unshaken. "Beware the bear's hug," cried the Orsini, as down went his antagonist, rider and steed, before his lance.

The contest was short and fierce; the complete armour of the horsemen protected them on either side from wounds,—not so unscathed fared the half-armed foot followers of the Orsini, as they pressed, each pushed on by the other, against the Colonna. After a shower of stones and darts, which fell

but as hailstones against the thick mail of the horsemen, they closed in, and by their number, obstructed the movements of the steeds, while the spear, sword, and battle-axe of their opponents made ruthless havoc amongst their undisciplined ranks. And Martino, who cared little how many of his mere mob were butchered, seeing that his foe were for the moment embarrassed by the wild rush and gathering circle of his foot train, (for the place of conflict, though wider than the previous road, was confined and narrow,) made a sign to some of his horsemen, and was about to ride forward towards the boat now nearly out of sight, when a bugle at some distance was answered by one of his enemy at hand; and the shout of "Colonna to the rescue!" was echoed afar off. A few moments brought in view a numerous train of horse at full speed, with the banners of the Colonna waving gallantly in the front.

"A plague on the wizards! who would have imagined they had divined us so craftily!" muttered Martino, "we must not abide these odds;" and the hand he had first raised for advance, now gave the signal of retreat.

Serried breast to breast and in complete order, the horsemen of Martino turned to fly; the foot rabble who had come for spoil remained but for slaughter. They endeavoured to imitate their leaders, but how could they all hope to elude the rushing charger and sharp lance of their antagonists, whose blood was heated by the affray, and who regarded the lives at their mercy as a boy regards the wasps' nest he destroys. The crowd dispersing in all directions;—some, indeed, escaped up the hills, where the footing was impracticable to the horses—some plunged into the river and swam across to the opposite bank—those less cool or experienced, who fled right onwards, served, by clogging the way of their enemy, to facilitate the flight of their leaders, but fell themselves, corpse upon corpse, butchered in the unrelenting and unresisted pursuit.

"No quarter to the ruffians—every Orsini slain is a robber the less—strike for God, the Emperor, and the Colonna!" such were the shouts which rung the knell of the dismayed and falling fugitives. Among those who fled onward, in the very path most accessible to the cavalry, was the young brother of Cola, so innocently mixed with the affray. Fast he fled, dizzy with terror—poor boy, scarce before ever parted from his parents' or his brother's side!—the trees glided past him—the banks receded:—on he sped, and fast behind came the tramp of the hoofs—the shouts—the curses—the fierce laughter of the foe as they bounded over the dead and the dying in their path. He was now at the spot in which his brother had left him; hastily he looked behind, and saw the couched lance and horrent crest of the horseman close at his rear; despairingly he looked up, and behold! his brother bursting through the tangled brakes that clothed the mountain, and bounding to his succour.

"Save me! save me, brother!" he shrieked aloud, and the shriek reached Cola's ears;—the snort of the fiery charger breathed hot upon him;—a moment more, and with one wild shrill cry of "Mercy, mercy!" he fell to the ground—a corpse: the lance of the pursuer passing through and through him, from back to breast, and nailing him on the very sod where he had sate, full of young life and careless hope, not an hour ago.

The horseman plucked forth his spear, and passed on in pursuit of new victims; his comrades following. Cola had descended,—was on the spot,—kneeling by his murdered brother. Presently, to the sound of horn and trumpet, came by a nobler company than most of those hitherto engaged; who had been, indeed, but the advanced-guard of the Colonna. At their head rode a man in years, whose long white hair escaped from his plumed cap and mingled with his venerable beard. "How is this?" said the chief, reining in his steed, "young Rienzi!"

The youth looked up, as he heard that voice, and then flung himself before the steed of the old noble, and, clasping his hands, cried out in a scarce articulate tone, "It is my brother, noble Stephen, a boy, a mere child!—the best—the mildest! See how his blood dabbles the grass;—back, back—your horse's hoofs are in the stream! Justice, my Lord, justice!—you are a great man."

"Who slew him? an Orsini, doubtless; you shall have justice."

"Thanks, thanks," murmured Rienzi, as he tottered once more to his brother's side, turned the boy's face from the grass, and strove wildly to feel the pulse of his heart; he drew back his hand hastily, for it was crimsoned with blood, and lifting that hand on high, shrieked out again, "Justice! justice!"

The group round the old Stephen Colonna, hardened as they were in such scenes, were affected by the sight. A handsome boy, whose tears ran fast down his cheeks, and who rode his palfrey close by the side of the Colonna, drew forth his sword. "My Lord," said he, half sobbing, "an Orsini only could have butchered a harmless lad like this; let us lose not a moment,—let us on after the ruffians."

"No, Adrian, no!" cried Stephen, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder; your zeal is to be lauded, but we must beware an ambush. Our men have ventured too far—what ho, there!—sound a return."

The bugles, in a few minutes, brought back the pursuers,—among them, the horseman whose spear had been so fatally misused. He was the leader of those engaged in the conflict with Martino di Porto, and the gold wrought into his armour, with the gorgeous trappings of his charger, betokened his rank.

"Thanks, my son, thanks," said the old Colonna to this cavalier, "you have done well and bravely. But tell me, knowest thou, for thou hast an eagle eye, which of the Orsini slew this poor boy?—a foul deed; his family, too, our clients!"

"Who? yon lad?" replied the horseman, lifting the helmet from his head, and wiping his heated brow; "say you so! how came he, then, with Martino's rascals? I fear me the mistake hath cost him dear. I could but suppose him of the Orsini rabble, and so—and so—"

"You slew him!" cried Rienzi, in a voice of thunder, starting from the ground. "Justice! then, my Lord Stephen, justice! you promised me justice, and I will have it!"

"My poor youth," said the old man, compassionately, "you should have had justice against the Orsini, but see you not this has been an error? I do not wonder you are too grieved to listen to reason now. We must make this up to you."

"And let this pay for masses for the boy's soul; I grieve me much for the accident," said the younger Colonna, flinging down a purse of gold. "Ay, see us at the palace next week, young Cola—next week. My father, we had best return towards the boat; its safeguard may require us yet."

"Right, Gianni; stay, some two of you, and see to the poor lad's corpse;—a grievous accident! how could it chance?"

The company passed back the way they came, two of the common soldiers alone remaining, except the boy Adrian, who lingered behind a few moments, striving to console Rienzi, who, as one bereft of sense, remained motionless, gazing on the proud array as it swept along, and muttering to himself, "Justice, justice! I will have it yet."

The loud voice of the elder Colonna summoned Adrian, reluctantly, and weeping, away. "Let me be your brother," said the gallant boy, affectionately pressing the scholar's hand to his heart, "I want a brother like you."

Rienzi made no reply; he did not heed or hear him—dark and stern thoughts, thoughts in which were the germ of a mighty revolution, were at his heart. He woke from them with a start, as the soldiers were now arranging their bucklers so as to make a kind of bier for the corpse, and then burst into tears as he fiercely motioned them away, and clasped the clay to his breast till he was literally soaked with the oozing blood.

The poor child's garland had not dropped from his arm even when he fell, and, entangled by his dress, it still clung around him. It was a sight that recalled to Cola all the gentleness, the kind heart, and winning graces of his only brother—his only friend! It was a sight that seemed to make yet more inhuman the untimely and unmerited fate of that innocent boy. "My brother! my brother!" groaned the survivor; "how shall I meet our mother?—how shall I meet even night and solitude again!—so young, so harmless! See ye, sirs, he was but too gentle. And they will not give us justice, because his murderer was a noble and a Colonna. And this gold, too—gold for a brother's blood! Will they not?"—and the young man's eyes glared like fire—"will they not give us justice! Time shall show!" So saying, he bent his head over the corpse; his lips muttered, as with some prayer or invocation, and then rising, his face was as pale as the dead beside him,—but it was no longer pale with grief!

From that bloody clay, and that inward prayer, Cola di Rienzi rose a new being. With his young brother died his own youth. But for that event, the future liberator of Rome might have been but a dreamer, a scholar, a poet,—the peaceful rival of Petrarch, a man of thoughts, not deeds. But from that time, all his faculties, energies, fancies, genius, became concentrated to a single point: And patriotism, before a vision, leapt into the life and vigour of a passion, lastingly kindled, stubbornly hardened, and awfully concentrated,—by revenge!

CHAPTER II.

AN HISTORICAL SURVEY—NOT TO BE SKIPPED, EXCEPT BY THOSE WHO DISLIKE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY READ.

YEARS had passed away, and the death of the Roman boy, amidst more noble and less excusable slaughter, was soon forgotten,—forgotten almost by the parents of the slain, in the growing fame and fortunes of their elder son,—forgotten and forgiven never by that son himself. But, between that prologue of blood, and the political drama which ensues,—between the fading interest (as it were) of a dream, and the more busy, actual, and continuous excitements of sterner life,—this may be the most fitting time to place before the reader a short and rapid outline of the state and circumstances of that City in which the principal scenes of this story are laid:—an outline necessary, perhaps, to many, for a full comprehension of the motives of the actors, and the vicissitudes of the plot.

Despite the miscellaneous and mongrel tribes which had forced their settlements in the City of the Cæsars, the Roman population retained an inordinate notion of their own supremacy over the rest of the world, and, degenerated from the iron virtues of the Republic, possessed all the insolent and unruly turbulence which characterized the *Plebs* of the ancient Forum. Amongst a ferocious, yet not a brave populace, the nobles supported themselves less as sagacious tyrants than as relentless banditti. The popes had struggled in vain against these stubborn and stern patricians. Their state derided, their command defied, their persons publicly outraged, the pontiff-sovereigns of the rest of Europe resided at the Vatican, as prisoners under terror of execution. When, thirty-eight years before the date of the events we are about to witness, a Frenchman, under the name of Clement V., had ascended the chair of St. Peter, the new pope had, with more prudence than valour, deserted Rome for the tranquil retreat of Avignon; and the luxurious town of a foreign province became the court of the Roman pontiff, and the throne of the Christian Church.

Thus deprived of even the nominal check of the papal presence, the power of the nobles might be said to have no limits, save their own caprice, or their mutual jealousies and feuds. Though arrogating through fabulous genealogies their descent from the ancient Romans, they were, in reality, for the most part, the sons of the bolder barbarians of the north; and contaminated by the craft of Italy, rather than imbued with its national affections, they retained the disdain of their foreign ancestors for a conquered soil and a degenerate people. While the rest of Italy, especially in Florence, in Venice, and in Milan, was fast and far advancing beyond the other states of Europe in civilization and in art, the Romans appeared rather to recede than to progress;—unblest by laws, unvisited by art, strangers at once to the chivalry of a warlike, to the graces of a peaceful, people. But they still possessed the sense and desire of liberty, and, by ferocious paroxysms and desperate struggles, sought to vindicate for their city the title it still assumed of "the Metropolis of the World." For the last two centuries they had known various revolutions,—brief, often bloody, and always unsuccessful. Still, there was the empty pageant of a popular form of government. The thirteen quarters of the city named each a chief; and the assembly of these magistrates, called *Capitoni*, by theory possessed an authority they had neither the power nor the courage to exert. Still there was the proud name of Senator; but, at the present time, the office was confined to one or two persons, sometimes elected by the pope, sometimes by the nobles. The authority attached to the name seems to have had no definite limit; it was that of a stern dictator, or an impotent puppet, according as he who held it had the power to enforce the dignity he assumed. It was never conceded but to nobles, and it was by the nobles that all the outrages were committed. Private enmity alone was gratified whenever public justice was invoked: and the vindication of order was but the execution of revenge.

Holding their palaces as the castles and fortresses of princes, each asserting his own independency of all authority and law, and planting fortifications, and claiming principalities in the patrimonial territories of the Church, the barons of Rome made their state still more secure and still more odious, by the maintenance of troops of foreign (chiefly of German) mercenaries, at once braver in disposition, more disciplined in service, and more skilful in arms, than even the freest Italians of that time. Thus, they united the judicial and the military force, not for the protection, but for the ruin of Rome. Of these barons, the most powerful were the Or-

sini and the Colonna; their feuds were hereditary and incessant, and every day witnessed the fruits of their lawless warfare, in bloodshed, in rape, and in conflagration. The flattery or the friendship of Petrarch, too credulously believed by modern historians, has invested the Colonna, especially of the date now entered upon, with an elegance and a dignity not their own. Outrage, fraud, and assassination,—a sordid avarice in securing lucrative offices to themselves,—an insolent oppression of their citizens, and the most dastardly cringing to power superior to their own, (with but few exceptions) mark the character of the first family of Rome. But, wealthier than the rest of the barons, they were, therefore more luxurious, and, perhaps, more intellectual; and their pride was flattered in being patrons of the arts, of which they could but clumsily become the professors. From these multiplied oppressors the Roman citizens turned with fond and impatient regret to their ignorant and dark notions of departed liberty and greatness. They confounded together the times of the Empire with those of the Republic, and often looked to the Teutonic king, who obtained his election from beyond the Alps, but his *title* of emperor from the Romans, as the deserter of his legitimate trust and proper home; vainly imagining that, if both the Emperor and the Pontiff fixed their residence in Rome, liberty and law would again seek their natural shelter beneath the resuscitated majesty of the Roman people.

The absence of the pope and the papal court served greatly to impoverish the citizens; and they had suffered yet more visibly by the depredations of hordes of robbers, numerous and unsparing, who infested Romagna, obstructing all the public ways, and were, sometimes secretly, sometimes openly, protected by the barons, who often recruited their banditti garrisons by banditti soldiers.

But besides the lesser and ignobler robbers, there had arisen, in Italy, a far more formidable description of freebooters. A German, who assumed the lofty title of the Duke Werner, had, a few years prior to the period we approach, enlisted and organized a considerable force, styled "The Great Company," with which he besieged cities and invaded states, without any object less shameless than that of pillage. His example was soon imitated: numerous "Companies," similarly constituted, devastated the distracted and divided land. They appeared, suddenly raised, as if by magic, before the walls of a city, and demanded immense sums as the purchase of peace. Neither tyrant nor commonwealth maintained a force sufficient to resist them; and if other northern mercenaries were engaged to oppose them, it was only to recruit the standards of the freebooters with deserters. Mercenary fought not mercenary—nor German, German: and greater pay, and more unbridled rapine, made the tents of the "Companies" far more attractive than the regulated stipends of a city, or the dull fortress and impoverished coffers of a chief. Werner, the most implacable and ferocious of all these adventurers, and who had so openly gloried in his enormities as to wear upon his breast a silver plate, engraved with the words "Enemy to God, to Pity, and to Mercy," had not long since ravaged Romagna with fire and sword. But, ultimately, induced by money, or unable to control the fierce spirits he had raised, he afterwards led the bulk of his company back to Germany. Small detachments, however, remained, scattered throughout the land, waiting only an able leader once more to re-unite them: amongst those who appeared most fitted for that destiny was Walter de Montreal, a Knight of St. John, and gentleman of Provence, whose valour and military genius had already, though yet young, raised his name into dreaded celebrity; and whose ambition, experience, and sagacity, relieved by certain chivalric and noble qualities, were fitted to enterprises far greater and more important than the violent depredations of the atrocious Werner. From these scourges, no state had suffered more grievously than Rome. The patrimonial territories of the pope,—in part wrested from him by petty tyrants, in part laid waste by these foreign robbers,—yielded but a scanty supply to the necessities of Clement VI., the most accomplished gentleman, and the most graceful voluptuary of his time: and the good father had devised a plan, whereby to enrich at once the Romans and their pontiff.

Nearly fifty years before the time we enter upon, in order both to replenish the papal coffers and pacify the starving Romans, Boniface VIII. had instituted the Festival of the Jubilee, or Holy Year; in fact, a revival of a Pagan ceremonial. A plenary indulgence was promised to every Catholic who, in that year, and in the first year of every succeeding century, should visit the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul. An immense concourse of pilgrims, from every part of Christendom, had attested the wisdom of the invention, "and two priests

stood night and day, with rakes in their hands, to collect without counting, the heaps of gold and silver that were poured on the altar of St. Paul."*

It is not to be wondered at that this most lucrative festival should, ere the next century was half expired, appear to a discreet pontiff to be too long postponed. And both pope and city agreed in thinking it might well bear a less distant renewal. Accordingly, Clement VI., had proclaimed, under the name of the *Mosaic Jubilee*, a second Holy Year for 1350, viz., three years distant from the present date. This circumstance had a great effect in whetting the popular indignation against the barons, and preparing the events I shall narrate; for the roads were, as I before said, infested by the banditti,—the creatures and allies of the barons. And if the roads were not cleared, the pilgrims might not attend. It was the object of the pope's vicar, Raymond, Bishop of Orvieto, (bad politician and good canonist,) to seek, by every means, to remove all impediment between the offerings of devotion and the treasury of St. Peter.

Such, in brief, was the state of Rome at the period of the events I am about to relate. Her ancient mantle of renown, still, in the eyes of Italy and of Europe, cloaked her ruins. In name, at least, she was still the queen of the earth, and from her hands came the crown of the emperor of the north, and the keys of the father of the church. Her situation was precisely that which presented a vast and glittering triumph to bold ambition,—an inspiring, if mournful, spectacle to determined patriotism,—and a fitting stage for that more august tragedy which seeks its incidents, selects its actors, and shapes its moral, amidst the vicissitudes and crimes of nations.

CHAPTER III.

THE BRAWL.

On an evening in April, 1347, and in one of those wide spaces in which modern and ancient Rome seemed blent together—equally desolate and equally in ruins—a miscellaneous and indignant populace were assembled. That morning the house of a Roman jeweller had been forcibly entered and pillaged by the soldiers of Martino di Porto, with a daring effrontery which surpassed even the ordinary license of the barons. The sympathy and sensation throughout the city were deep and ominous.

"Never will I submit to this tyranny!"

"Nor I!"

"Nor I!"

"Nor, by the bones of St. Peter, will I!"

"And what, my friends, is this tyranny, to which you will not submit," said a young nobleman, addressing himself to the crowd of citizens who, heated, angry, half-armed, and with the vehement gestures of Italian passion, were now sweeping down the long and narrow street that led to the gloomy quarter occupied by the Orsini.

"Ah, my Lord!" cried two or three of the citizens in a breath, "you will right us—you will see justified one to us—you are a Colonna."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed, scornfully, one man, of gigantic frame, and wielding on high a huge hammer, indicative of his trade. "Justice and Colonna! body of God! those names are not often found together."

"Down with him! down with him! he is an Orsiniist,—down with him!" cried at least ten of the throng—but no hand was raised against the giant.

"He speaks the truth," said a second voice, firmly.

"Ay, that doth he," said a third, knitting his brows, and unsheathing his knife, "and we will abide by it. The Orsini are tyrants—and the Colonnas are, at the best, as bad."

"Thou liest in thy teeth, ruffian!" cried the young noble, advancing into the press and confronting the last asperser of the Colonna.

Before the flashing eye and menacing gesture of the cavalier, the worthy brawler retreated some steps, so as to leave an open space between the towering form of the smith and the small, slender, but vigorous frame of the young noble.

Taught from their birth to despise the courage of the plebeians, even while careless of much reputation as to their own,

* Gibbon, vol. xii. c. 50.

the patricians of Rome were not unaccustomed to the rude fellowship of these brawls; nor was it unoften that the mere presence of a noble sufficed to scatter whole crowds, that had, the moment before, been breathing vengeance against his order and his house.

Waving his hand, therefore, to the smith, and utterly unheeding either his brandished weapon or his vast stature, the young Adrian di Castello, a distant kinsman of the Colonna, bade him, imperiously, give way.

"To your homes, friends! and know," said he, with some dignity, "that ye wrong us much, if ye imagine we share the evil-doings of the Orsini, or are pandering solely to our own passions in the feud between their house and ours. May the Holy Mother so judge me," added he, devoutly lifting up his eyes, "as I now with truth declare, that it is for your wrongs, and for the wrongs of Rome, that I have drawn this sword against the Orsini."

"So say all the tyrants," rejoined the smith, hardily, as he leant his hammer against a fragment of stone—some remnant of ancient Rome—"they never fight against each other, but it is for our good. One Colonna cuts me the throat of Orsini's baker—it is for our good! another Colonna seizes on the daughter of Orsini's tailor—it is for our good! our good—yes, for the good of the people!—the good of the bakers and tailors, eh?"

"Fellow," said the young nobleman, gravely, "if a Colonna did thus, he did wrong; but the holiest cause may have bad supporters."

"Yes, the holy Church itself is propped on very indifferent columns," answered the smith, in a rude witticism on the affection of the pope for the Colonna.

"He blasphemes! the smith blasphemes!" cried the partisans of that powerful house. "A Colonna, a Colonna!"

"An Orsini, an Orsini!" was no less promptly the counter cry.

"THE PEOPLE!" shouted the smith, waving his formidable weapon far above the heads of the group.

In an instant, the whole throng, who had at first united against the aggression of one man, were divided by the hereditary wrath of faction. At the cry of Orsini, several new partisans hurried to the spot; the friends of the Colonna drew themselves on one side—the defenders of the Orsini on the other—and the few who agreed with the smith that both factions were equally odious, and the people was the sole legitimate cry in a popular commotion, would have withdrawn themselves from the approaching *mêlée*, if the smith himself, who was looked upon by them as an authority of great influence, had not—whether from resentment at the haughty bearing of the young Colonna, or from that appetite of contest not uncommon in men of a bulk and force which assures them in all personal affrays the lofty pleasure of superiority—if, I say, the smith himself had not, after a pause of indecision, retired among the Orsini, and entrained, by his example, the alliance of his friends with the favourers of that faction.

In popular commotions, each man is whirled along with the herd, often half against his own approbation or assent. The few words of peace by which Adrian di Castello commenced an address to his friends were drowned amidst their shouts. Proud to find in their ranks one of the most beloved, and one of the noblest of that name, the partisans of the Colonna placed him in their front, and charged impetuously on their foes. Adrian, however, who had acquired from circumstances something of that chivalrous code which he certainly could not have owed to his Roman birth, disdained at first to assault men, among whom he recognized no equal, either in rank or the practice of arms. He contented himself with putting aside the few strokes that were aimed at him in the gathering confusion of the conflict; few—for those who recognized him, even amidst the bitterest partisans of the Orsini, were not willing to expose themselves to the danger and odium of spilling the blood of a man who, in addition to his great birth and the terrible power of his connexions, added the sanction of a personal popularity, which he owed rather to a comparison with the vices of his relatives than to any remarkable virtues hitherto displayed by himself. The smith alone, who had as yet taken no active part in the fray, seemed to gather himself up in determined opposition as the cavalier now advanced within a few steps of him.

"Did we not tell thee," quoth the giant, frowning, "that the Colonna were equally foes to the people as the Orsini? Look at thy followers and clients: are they not cutting the throats of humble men by way of vengeance for the crime of a great one? But that is the way one patrician always scourges the insolence of another. He lays the rod on the backs of the people, and then cries, 'See how just I am!'"

"I do not answer thee now," answered Adrian; "but if thou regrettest with me this waste of blood, join with me in attempting to prevent it."

"I—not I! let the blood of the slaves flow to-day; the time is fast coming when it shall be washed away by the blood of the lords."

"Away, ruffian!" said Adrian, seeking no further parley, and touching the smith with the flat side of his sword. In an instant the hammer of the smith swung in the air, and, but for the active spring of the young noble, would infallibly have crushed him to the earth. Ere the smith could gain time for a second blow, Adrian's sword passed twice through his right arm, and the weapon fell heavily to the ground.

"Slay him, slay him!" cried several of the clients of the Colonna, now pressing, dastard-like, round the disarmed and disabled smith.

"Ay, slay him!" said, in tolerable Italian, but with a barbarous accent, one man, half-clad in armour, who had but just joined the group, and who was one of those wild German bandits whom the Colonna held in their pay; "he belongs to a horrible gang of miscreants, sworn against all order and peace. He is one of Rienzi's followers, and, bless the Three Kings! raves about the people."

"Thou sayest right, barbarian," said the sturdy smith, in a loud voice, and tearing aside the vest from his breast with his left hand; "come all—Colonna and Orsini—dig to this heart with your sharp blades, and when you have reached the centre, you will find there the object of your common hatred—Rienzi and the People!"

As he uttered these words, in language that would have seemed above his station, (if a certain glow and exaggeration of phrase and sentiment were not common when excited to all the Romans,) the loudness of his voice rose above the noise immediately round him, and stilled, for an instant, the general din; and when, at last, the words "Rienzi and the People" rang forth, they penetrated midway through the increasing crowd, and were answered as by an echo, with a hundred voices—"Rienzi and the People!"

But whatever impression the words of the mechanic made on others, it was equally visible in the young Colonna. At the name of Rienzi the glow of excitement vanished from his cheek; he started back, muttered to himself, and for a moment seemed, even in the midst of that stirring commotion, to be lost in an abstract and distant reverie. He recovered, as the shout died away; and, saying to the smith, in a low tone, "Friend, I am sorry for thy wound; but seek me on the morrow, and thou shalt find thou hast wronged me;" he beckoned to the German to follow him; and threaded his way through the crowd, which generally gave back as he advanced. For the bitterest hatred to the order of the nobles was at that time in Rome mingled with a servile respect for their persons, and a mysterious awe of their uncontrollable power.

As Adrian passed through that part of the crowd in which the fray had not yet commenced, the murmurs that followed him were not those which many of his race could have heard.

"A Colonna," said one.

"Yet no ravisher," said another, laughing wildly.

"Nor murderer," muttered a third, pressing his hand to his breast. "'Tis not against *him* that my father's blood cries aloud."

"Bless him," said a fourth, "for as yet no man curses him!"

"Ah, God help us!" said an old man, with a long gray beard, leaning on his staff; "the serpent's young yet; the teeth will show by and by."

"For shame father! he is a comely youth, and not proud in the least. What a smile he hath!" quoth a fair matron, who kept on the outskirts of the *mêlée*.

"Farewell to a man's honour when a noble smiles on his wife!" was the answer.

"Nay," said Luigi, a jolly butcher, with a roguish eye, "what a man can win fairly from maid or wife, that let him do, whether plebeian or noble—that's my morality; but when an ugly old patrician finds fair words will not win fair looks, and carries me off a dame on the back of a German boar, with a stab in the side for comfort to the spouse,—then, I say, he is a wicked man, and an adulterer."

While such were the comments and the murmurs that followed the noble, very different were the looks and words that attended the German soldier.

Equally, nay, with even greater promptitude, did the crowd make way at his armed and heavy tread; but not with looks of reverence;—the eye glared as he approached; but the cheek paled—the head bowed—the lip quivered—each man

felt a shudder of hate and fear, as recognizing a dread and mortal foe. And well and wrathfully did the fierce mercenary note the signs of the general aversion. He pushed rudely on—half-smiling in contempt, half-frowning in revenge, as he looked from side to side—and his long, matted, light hair, tawny-coloured moustache, and brawny front, contrasted strongly with the dark eyes, raven locks, and slender frames of the Italians.

"May Lucifer double damn those German cut-throats!" muttered, between his grinded teeth, one of the citizens.

"Amen!" answered heartily, another.

"Hush!" said a third, timorously looking round, "if one of them hear thee, thou art a lost man."

"Oh, Rome! Rome! to what art thou fallen!" said, bitterly, one citizen, clothed in black, and of a higher seeming than the rest, "when thou shudderest in thy streets at the tread of a hired barbarian!"

"Hark to one of our learned men, and rich citizens!" said the butcher, reverently.

"'Tis a friend of Rienzi's," quoth another of the group, lifting his cap.

With downcast eyes, and a face in which grief, shame, and wrath, were visibly expressed, Pandolfo di Guido, a citizen of birth and repute, swept slowly through the crowd, and disappeared.

Meanwhile, Adrian, having gained a street which, though in the neighbourhood of the crowd, was empty and desolate, turned to his fierce comrade. "Rodolf," said he, "mark!—no violence to the citizens. Return to the crowd, collect the friends of our house, withdraw them from the scene; let not the Colonna be blamed for this day's violence; and assure our followers in my name, that I swear, by the knighthood I received at the Emperor's hands, that by my sword shall Martino di Porto be punished for his outrage. Fain would I, in person, allay the tumult, but my presence only seems to sanction it. Go—thou hast weight with them all."

"Ay, Signor, the weight of blows!" answered the grim soldier. "But the command is hard; I would fain let their puddle-blood flow an hour or two longer. Yet, pardon me, in obeying thy orders, do I obey those of my master, thy kinsman! It is old Stephen Colonna,—who seldom spares blood or treasure, God bless him—(save his own!) whose money I hold, and to whose hests I am sworn."

"Diavolo!" muttered the cavalier, and the angry spot was on his cheek; but, with the habitual self-control of the Italian nobles, he smothered his rising choler, and said, aloud, with calmness, but with dignity,—

"Do as I bid thee; check this tumult,—make us the forbearing party. Let all be still within one hour hence, and call on me to-morrow for thy reward; be this purse thy present earnest of my future thanks. As for my kinsman, whom I command thee to name more reverently, 'tis in his name I speak. Hark! the din increases—the contest swells—go—lose not another moment."

Somewhat awed by the quiet firmness of the patrician, Rodolf nodded, without answer, slid the money into his bosom, and strode rapidly away into the thickest of the throng. But, even ere he arrived, a sudden re-action had taken place.

The young cavalier, left alone in that spot, followed with his eyes the receding form of the mercenary, as the sun, now setting, shone slant upon his glittering casque, and said bitterly to himself—"Unfortunate city, fountain of all mighty memories—fallen queen of a thousand nations—how art thou decrowned and spoiled by thy recreant and apostate children. Thy nobles divided against themselves—thy people cursing thy nobles—thy priests, who should sow peace, planting discord—the father of thy church deserting thy stately walls, his home a refuge, his mitre a fief, his court a Gallic village—and we! we, of the haughtiest blood of Rome—we, the sons of Cæsars, and of the lineage of demigods, guarding an insolent and abhorred state by the swords of hirelings, who mock our cowardice while they receive our pay,—who keep our citizens slaves, and lord it over their masters in return. Oh! that we, the hereditary chiefs of Rome, could but feel—oh, that we could but find, our only legitimate safeguard in the grateful hearts of our countrymen!"

So deeply did the young Adrian feel the galling truth of all he uttered, that the indignant tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke. He felt no shame as he dashed them away, for that weakness which weeps for a fallen race is the tenderness not of women but of angels.

As he turned slowly to quit the spot, his steps were suddenly arrested by a loud shout, "Rienzi! Rienzi!" smote the air. From the walls of the Capitol, to the bed of the glittering Tiber, that name echoed far and wide; and, as the

shout died away, it was swallowed up in silence so profound, so universal, so breathless, that you might have imagined that death itself had fallen over the city. And now, at the extreme end of the crowd, and elevated above their level, on vast fragments of stone which had been dragged from the ruins of Rome in one of the late frequent tumults between contending factions, to serve as a barricade for citizens against citizens,—on these silent memorials of the past grandeur, the present misery, of Rome, stood that extraordinary man, who, above all his race, was the most penetrated with the glories of the one time, with the degradations of the other.

From the distance at which he stood from the scene, Adrian could only distinguish the dark outline of his form; he could only hear the faint sound of his mighty voice; he could only perceive in the subdued, yet waving sea of human beings that spread around, their heads bared in the last rays of the sun, the unutterable effect which an eloquence, described by cotemporaries almost as miraculous,—but in reality less so from the genius of the man than the sympathy of the audience,—created upon all, who drank into their hearts and souls the stream of its burning thoughts.

It was but for a short time that that form was visible to the earnest eye, that that voice at intervals reached the straining ear, of Adrian di Castello; but that time sufficed to produce all the effect which Adrian himself had desired.

Another shout, more earnest—more prolonged than the first—a shout, in which spoke the release of swelling thoughts—of intense excitement—betokened the close of the harangue; and then you might see, after a minute's pause, the crowd breaking in all directions, and pouring down the avenues in various knots and groups, each testifying the strong and lasting impression made upon the multitude by that address. Every cheek was flushed—every tongue spoke: the animation of the orator had passed, like a living spirit, into the breasts of the audience. He had thundered against the disorders of the patricians, yet, by a word, he had disarmed the anger of the plebeians—he had preached freedom, yet he had opposed license. He had calmed the present, by a promise of the future. He had chid their quarrels, yet had supported their cause. He had mastered the revenge of to-day, by a solemn assurance that there should come justice for the morrow. So great may be the power, so mighty the eloquence, so formidable the genius of one man,—without arms, without rank, without swords or ermine, who addresses himself to a people that is oppressed!

CHAPTER IV.

AN ADVENTURE.

AVOIDING the broken streams of the dispersed crowd, Adrian Colonna strode rapidly down one of the narrow streets leading to his palace, which was situated at no inconsiderable distance from the place in which the late contest had occurred. The education of his life made him feel a profound interest, not only in the divisions and disputes of his country, but also in the scene he had just witnessed, and the authority exercised by Rienzi.

An orphan of a younger, but opulent branch of the Colonna, Adrian had been brought up under the care and guardianship of his kinsman, that astute, yet valiant, Stephen Colonna, who, of all the nobles of Rome, was the most powerful, alike from the favour of the pope, and the number of armed hirelings whom his wealth enabled him to maintain. Adrian had early manifested what in that age was considered an extraordinary disposition towards intellectual pursuits, and had acquired much of the little that was then known of the ancient language and the ancient history of his country.

Though Adrian was but a boy at the time in which first, presented to the reader, he witnessed the emotions of Rienzi at the death of his brother, his kind heart had been penetrated with sympathy for Cola's affliction, and shame for the apathy of his kinsmen at the result of their own feuds. He had earnestly sought the friendship of Rienzi, and, despite his years, became aware of the power and energy of his character. But though Rienzi, after a short time, had appeared to think no more of his brother's death—though he again entered the halls of the Colonna, and mixed at their feasts, he preserved a certain distance and reserve of manner, which even Adrian could only partially overcome. He rejected every offer of service, favour, or promotion; and any

unwonted proof of kindness from Adrian seemed, instead of making him more familiar, to offend him into colder distance. The easy humour and conversational vivacity which had first rendered him a welcome guest with those who passed their lives between fighting and ennui, had changed into a vein ironical, cynical, and severe. But the dull barons were equally amused at his wit, and Adrian was almost the only one who detected the serpent couched beneath the smile.

Often Rienzi sat at the feast, silent, but observing, as if watching every look, weighing every word, taking gauge and measurement of the intellect, policy, temperament of every guest; and when he had seemed to satisfy himself, his spirits would rise, his words flow, and while his dazzling, but bitter, wit lit up the revel, none saw that the unmirthful flash was the token of the coming storm. But all the while, he neglected no occasion to mix with the humbler citizens, to stir up their minds, to inflame their imaginations, to kindle their emulation with pictures of the present, and with legends of the past. He grew in popularity and repute, and was yet more in power with the herd, because in honour with the nobles. Perhaps it was for that reason that he had continued the guest of the Colonna.

When, six years before the present date, the Capitol of the Cæsars witnessed the triumph of Petrarch, the scholastic fame of the young Rienzi had attracted the friendship of the poet,—a friendship that continued, with slight interruption, to the last, through careers so widely different; and afterwards, one among the Roman Deputies to Avignon, he had been conjoined with Petrarch* to supplicate Clement VI. to remove the Holy See from Avignon to Rome. It was in this mission that, for the first time, he evinced his extraordinary powers of eloquence and persuasion. The pontiff, indeed, more desirous of ease than glory, was not convinced by the arguments, but he was enchanted with the pleader; and Rienzi returned to Rome, loaded with honours, and clothed with the dignity of high and responsible office. No longer the inactive scholar, the gay companion, he rose at once to pre-eminence above all his fellow-citizens. Never before had authority been borne with so austere an integrity, so uncorrupt a zeal. He had sought to impregnate his colleagues with the same loftiness of principle—he had failed. Now secure in his footing, he had begun openly to appeal to the people; and already a new spirit seemed to animate the populace of Rome.

While these were the fortunes of Rienzi, Adrian had been long separated from him, and absent from Rome.

The Colonna were staunch supporters of the imperial party, and Adrian di Castello had received, and obeyed, an invitation to the Emperor's court. Under that monarch, he had initiated himself in arms, and, among the knights of Germany, he had learned to temper the natural Italian shrewdness with the chivalry of northern valour.

In leaving Bavaria, he had sojourned a short time in the solitude of one of his estates by the fairest lake of northern Italy; and thence, with a mind improved alike by action and study, had visited many of the free Italian states, imbibed sentiments less prejudiced than those of his order, and acquired an early reputation for himself while inly marking the characters and deeds of others. In him, the best qualities of the Italian noble were united. Passionately addicted to the cultivation of letters, subtle and profound in policy, gentle and bland of manner, dignifying a love of pleasure with a certain elevation of taste, he yet possessed a gallantry of conduct, a purity of honour, and an aversion from cruelty, which were then very rarely found in the Italian temperament, and which even the Chivalry of the North, maintaining among themselves, usually abandoned the moment they came into contact with the systematic craft and disdain of honesty, which made the character of the ferocious, yet wily, South. With these qualities he combined, indeed, the softer passions of his countrymen,—he adored Beauty, and he made a deity of Love.

He had but a few weeks returned to his native city, whither his reputation had already preceded him, and where his early affection for letters and gentleness of bearing were still remembered. He returned to find the position of Rienzi far more altered than his own. Adrian had not yet sought the scholar. He wished first to judge with his own eyes,

and at a distance, of the motives and object of his conduct; for partly he caught the suspicions which his own order entertained of Rienzi, and partly he shared in the trustful enthusiasm of the people.

"Certainly," said he now to himself, as he walked musingly onward, "certainly no man has it more in his power to reform our diseased state, to heal our divisions, to awaken our cities to the recollections of ancestral virtue. But that very power, how dangerous is it! Have I not seen, in the free states of Italy, men, called into authority for the sake of preserving the people, honest themselves at first, and then drunk with the sudden rank, betraying the very cause which had exalted them. True, those men were chiefs and nobles, but are plebeians less human? Howbeit, I have heard and seen enough from afar,—I will now approach, and examine the man himself."

While thus soliloquizing, Adrian but little noted the various passengers who, more and more rarely as the evening waned, hastened homeward. Among these were two females, who now alone shared with Adrian the long and gloomy street into which he had entered. The moon was already bright in the heavens, and, as the women passed the cavalier with a light and quick step, the younger one turned back and regarded him by the clear light with an eager, yet timid, glance.

"Why dost thou tremble, my pretty one?" said her companion, who might have told some five-and-forty years, and whose garb and voice bespoke her of inferior rank to the younger female. "The streets seem quiet enough now, and, the Virgin be praised! we are not so far from home either."

"Oh! Benedetta, it is *he*! it is the young signor—it is Adrian!"

"That is fortunate," said the nurse, for such was her condition, "since they say he is as bold as a Northman; and, as the Palazzo Colonna is not very far from hence, we shall be within reach of his aid should we want it; that is to say, sweet one, if you will walk a little slower than you have yet done."

The young lady slackened her pace, and sighed.

"He is certainly very handsome," quoth the nurse; "but thou must not think more of him; he is too far above thee for marriage, and, for aught else, thou art too honest, and thy brother too proud—"

"And thou, Benedetta, art too quick with thy tongue. How canst thou talk thus, when thou knowest he hath never, since, at least, I was a mere child, even addressed me; nay, he scarce knows of my very existence. He, the Lord Adrian di Castello, dream of the poor Irene! the mere thought is madness!"

"Then why," said the nurse, briskly, "dost thou dream of him?"

Her companion sighed again, more deeply than at first.

"Holy St. Catharine!" continued Benedetta, "if there were but one man in the world, I would die single ere I would think of him, until, at least, he had kissed my hand twice, and left it my own fault if it were not my lips instead."

The young lady still replied not.

"But how didst thou contrive to love him?" asked the nurse. "Thou canst not have seen him very often: it is but some four or five weeks since his return to Rome."

"Oh, how dull art thou!" answered the fair Irene. "Have I not told thee, again and again, that I loved him six years ago?"

"When thou hadst told but thy tenth year, and a doll would have been thy most suitable lover! As I am a Christian, Signora, thou hadst made good use of thy time."

"And during his absence," continued the girl, fondly, yet sadly, "did I not hear him spoken of, and was not the mere sound of his name like a love-gift that bade me remember? and when they praised him, have I not rejoiced? and when they blamed him, have I not resented? and when they said that his lance was victorious in the tourney, did I not weep with pride? and when they whispered that his vows were welcome in the bower, wept I not as fervently with grief? Have not the six years of his absence been a dream, and was not his return a waking into light—a morning of glory and the sun? And I see him now in the church, when he wots not of me; and on his happy steed, as he passes by my lattice: and is not that enough of happiness for love?"

"But if he loves not thee?"

"Fool! I ask not that;—nay, I know not if I wish it. Perhaps I would rather dream of him, such as I would have him, than know him for what he is. He might be unkind, or ungenerous, or love me but little; rather would I not be loved at all, than be loved coldly, and eat away my heart by com-

* According to the modern historians; but it seems more probable that Rienzi's mission to Avignon was posterior to that of Petrarch. However this be, it was at Avignon that Petrarch and Rienzi became most intimate, as Petrarch himself observes in one of his letters.

paring it with his. I can love him now, as something abstract, unreal, and divine: but what would be my shame, my grief, if I were to find him less than I have imagined! Then, indeed, my life would have been wasted; then, indeed, the beauty of the earth would be gone!"

The good nurse was not very capable of sympathizing with sentiments like these. Even had their characters been more alike, their age would have rendered such sympathy impossible. What but youth can echo back the soul of youth—all the music of its wild vanities and romantic follies? The good nurse did not sympathize with the sentiments of her young lady, but she sympathized with the deep earnestness with which they were expressed. She thought it wondrous silly, but wondrous moving; she wiped her eyes with the corner of her veil, and hoped in her secret heart that her young charge would soon get a real husband to put such unsubstantial phantasies out of her head. There was a short pause in their conversation, when, just where two streets crossed one another, there was heard a loud noise of laughing voices and trampling feet. Torches were seen on high, affronting the pale light of the moon; and, at a very short distance from the two females, in the cross street, advanced a company of seven or eight men, bearing, as seen by the red light of the torches, the formidable badge of the Orsini.

Amidst the other disorders of the time, it was no unfrequent custom for the younger or more dissolute of the nobles, in small and armed companies, to parade the streets at night, seeking occasion for licentious gallantry among the cowering citizens, or a skirmish at arms with some rival stragglers of their own order. Such a band had Irene and her companion now chanced to encounter.

"Holy Mother!" cried Benedetta, turning pale, and half running. "What curse has befallen us? How could we have been so foolish as to tarry so late at the lady Nina's! Run, Signora; run, or we shall fall into their hands!"

But the advice of Benedetta came too late,—the fluttering garments of the women had been already desecrated: in a moment more they were surrounded by the marauders. A rude hand tore aside Benedetta's veil, and, at sight of features which, if time had not spared could never materially injure, the rough aggressor cast the poor nurse against the wall with a curse, which was echoed by a loud laugh from his comrades. "Thou hast a fine fortune in faces, Giuseppe!"

"Yes; it was but the other day that he seized on a girl of sixty."

"And then, by way of improving her beauty, cut her across the face with his dagger, because she was not sixteen!"

"Hush, fellows! whom have we here?" said the chief of the party, a man richly dressed, and who, though bordering upon middle age, had only the more accustomed himself to the excesses of youth; as he spoke, he snatched the trembling Irene from the grasp of his followers. "Ho, there! the torches! *Oh, che bella carnagione!* what blushes—what eyes—nay, look not down, pretty one; thou needst not be ashamed to win the love of an Orsini—yes; know the triumph thou hast achieved, it is Martino di Porto who bids thee smile upon him!"

"For the blest Mother's sake, release me! nay, Sir, this must not be—I am not unfriended—this insult shall not pass!"

"Hark to her silver chiding,—it is better than my best hound's bay! This adventure is worth a month's watching. What! will you not come?—restive—shrieks, too!—Francesco, Pietro, ye are the gentlest of the band. Wrap her veil around her—muffle this music;—so! bear her before me to the palace, and to-morrow, sweet one, thou shalt go home with a basket of florins, which thou may say thou hast bought at market."

But Irene's shrieks, Irene's struggles had already brought succour to her side, and, as Adrian approached the spot, the nurse flung herself on her knees before him.

"Oh, sweet Signor, for Christ's grace save us! deliver my young mistress—her friends love you well!—We are all for the Colonna, my Lord; yes, indeed, all for the Colonna! Save the kin of your own clients, gracious Signor!"

"It is enough that she is a woman," answered Adrian, and adding, between his teeth, "that an Orsini is her assailant." He strode haughtily into the thickest of the group; the servitors laid hands on their swords, but gave way before him as they recognized his person; he reached the two men who had already seized Irene, in one moment he struck the foremost to the ground; in another he had passed his left arm round the light and slender form of the maiden, and stood confronting the Orsini with his drawn blade, which, however, he pointed to the ground.

"For shame! my Lord, for shame!" said he indignantly.

"Will you force Rome to rise, to a man, against our order! Vex not too far the lion, chained though he be; war against us, if ye will! draw your blades upon *men*, though they be of your own race and speak your own tongue: but if ye would sleep at nights, and not dread the Avenger's gripe,—if ye would walk the market-place secure—wrong not a Roman woman! Yes, the very walls around us preach to you the punishment of such a deed: for that offence fell the Tarquins,—for that offence were swept away the Decemvirs,—for that offence, if ye rush upon it, the blood of your whole house may flow like water. Cease, then, my Lord, from this mad attempt so unworthy your great name; cease, and thank even a Colonna, that he has come between you and a moment's frenzy!"

So noble, so lofty were the air and gesture of Adrian, as he thus spoke, that even the rude servitors felt a thrill of approbation and remorse—not so Martino di Porto. He had been struck with the beauty of the prey thus suddenly snatched from him; he had been accustomed to long outrage and to long impunity; the very sight, the very voice of a Colonna, was a blight to his eye and a discord to his ear; what, then, when a Colonna interfered with his lusts, and rebuked his vices?

"Pedant!" he cried with quivering lips, "prate not to me of thy vain legends and gossip's tales! think not to snatch from me my possession in another, when thine own life is in my hands. Unhand the maiden! throw down thy sword! return home without further parley, or by my faith, and the blades of my followers—(look at them well!)—thou diest!"

"Signor," said Adrian, calmly, yet while he spoke he retreated gradually with his fair burthen towards the neighbouring wall, so as at least to leave only his front exposed to those fearful odds—"Thou wilt not so misuse the present chances, and wrong thyself in men's mouths, as to attack, with eight swords, even thy hereditary foe, thus cumbered, too, as he is. But,—nay, hold!—if thou art so purposed, bethink thee well, one cry of my voice would soon turn the odds against thee. Thou art now in the quarter of my tribe; thou art surrounded by the habitations of the Colonna; yon palace swarms with men who sleep not, save with harness on their backs—men whom my voice can reach even now, but from whom, if they once taste of blood, it could not save thee!"

"He speaks true, noble Lord," said one of the band; "we have wandered too far out of our beat; we are in their very den; the palace of old Stephen Colonna is within call, and, to my knowledge," added he, in a whisper, "eighteen fresh men-of-arms—aye, and Northmen too—marched through its gates this day."

"Were there eight hundred men at arm's length," answered Martino, furiously, "I would not thus be beard by a solitary foe, amidst mine own train. Away with yon woman! To the attack! to the attack!"

Thus saying, he made a desperate lunge at Adrian, who, having kept his eye cautiously on the movements of his enemy, was not unprepared for the assault. As he put aside the blade with his own, he shouted, with a loud voice—"Colonna! to the rescue, Colonna!"

Nor had it been without an ulterior object that the deep and self-controlling mind of Adrian had hitherto sought to prolong the parley. Even as he first addressed Orsini, he had perceived, by the moonlight, the glitter of armour upon two men advancing from the far end of the street, and judged at once, by the neighbourhood, that they must be among the mercenaries of the Colonna.

Gently he suffered the form of Irene, which now, for she had swooned with the terror, pressed too heavily upon him, to slide from his left arm, and standing over her form, while sheltered from behind by the wall which he had so warily gained, he contented himself with parrying the blows hastily aimed at him, without attempting to retaliate. Few of the Romans, however used to such desultory warfare, were then well and dexterously practised in the use of arms, and the science Adrian had acquired among the chivalry of the north, befriended him now even against such odds. It is true, indeed, that the followers of Orsini did not share the fury of their lord; partly afraid of the consequence to themselves should the blood of so high-born a signor be spilt at their hands, partly embarrassed with the apprehension that they should see themselves suddenly beset with the ruthless hirelings so close within hearing, they struck but aimless and random blows, looking every moment behind and aside, and rather prepared for flight than slaughter. Echoing the cry of "Colonna," poor Benedetta fled at the first clash of swords. She ran down the dreary street, still shrieking that cry, and passed the very portals of Stephen's palace, (where some

grim forms yet loitered,) without arresting her steps there, so great was her confusion and terror.

Meanwhile, the two armed men, whom Adrian had desecrated, proceeded leisurely up the street. The one was of a rude and common mould, his arms and his complexion testified his calling and race; and by the great respect he paid to his companion, you might be sure that the companion was no native of Italy. For the brigands of the north, while they served the vices of the southern, scarce affected to disguise their contempt for his cowardice.

The companion of the brigand was a man of a martial, yet easy air. He wore no helmet, but a cap of crimson velvet, from which a snow-white plume waved over his brow; on his mantle, or surcoat, which was of scarlet, was wrought a broad white cross, both at back and breast; and so brilliant was the polish of his corselet, that, as from time to time the mantle waved aside and exposed it to the moonbeams, it glittered like light itself.

"Nay, Rodolf," said he, "if thou hast so good a lot of it here with that hoary schemer, Heaven forbid that I should wish to draw thee back again to our merry band. But tell me—this Rienzi—thinkest thou he has any solid and formidable power?"

"Pshaw! noble chieftain, not a whit of it. He pleases the mob, but as for the nobles, they laugh at him; and as for the soldiers, he has no money!"

"He pleases the mob, then?"

"Ay, that doth he; and when he speaks aloud to them, all the roar of Rome is hushed."

"Humph!—when nobles are hated, and soldiers are bought, a mob may, in any hour, become the master. An honest people and a weak mob,—a corrupt people and a strong mob," said the other, rather to himself than to his comrade, and scarce, perhaps, conscious of the eternal truth of his aphorism. "He is no mere brawler, this Rienzi, I suspect—I must see to it. Hark! what noise is that? By the Holy Sepulchre, it is the ring of our own metal!"

"And that cry—"a Colonna!" exclaimed Rodolf. "Pardon me, master,—I must away to the rescue!"

"Ay, it is the duty of thy hire; run!—Yet stay, I will accompany thee gratis, for once, and for pure passion for mischief. By this hand, there is no music like clashing steel!"

Still Adrian continued gallantly and unwounded to defend himself, though his arm now grew tired, his breath well nigh spent, and his eyes began to wink and reel beneath the glare of the tossing torches. Orsini himself, exhausted by his fury, had paused for an instant, fronting his foe with a heaving breast and savage looks, when, suddenly, his followers exclaimed, "Fly! fly!—the bandits approach—we are surrounded!"—and two of the servitors, without further parley, took fairly to their heels. The other five remained irresolute, and waiting but the command of their master, when he of the white plume, whom we have just left, thrust himself into the mêlée.

"What! gentles," said he, "have ye finished already? Nay, let us not mar the sport; begin again, I beseech you. What are the odds? Ho! six to one!—nay, no wonder that ye have waited for fairer play. See, we two will take the weaker side. Now then, let us begin again."

"Insolent!" cried the Orsini—"knowest thou whom thou addressest thus arrogantly!—I am Martino di Porto. Who art thou?"

"Walter de Montreal, gentleman of Provence, and Knight of St. John!" answered the other, carelessly.

And that redoubted name—the name of one of the boldest warriors, and of the most accomplished freebooter of his time—even Martino's cheek grew pale, and his followers uttered a cry of terror.

"And this, my comrade," continued the Knight, "for we may as well complete the introduction, is probably better known to you than I am, gentles of Rome, and you doubtless recognize in him Rodolf, of Saxony, a brave man and a true where he is properly paid for his services."

"Signor," said Adrian to his enemy, who, aghast and dumb, remained staring vacantly at the two new-comers, "you are now in my power. See, our own people, too, are approaching."

And, indeed, from the palace of Stephen Colonna, torches began now to blaze, and armed men were seen rapidly advancing to the spot.

"Go home in peace, and if, to-morrow, or any day more suitable to thee, thou wilt meet me alone, and lance to lance, as is the wont of the knights of the empire; or with band to band, and man for man, as is rather the Roman custom, I will not fail thee—there is my gage."

"Nobly spoken," said Montreal, "and, if ye choose the latter, by your leave, I will be one of the party."

Martino answered not; he took up the glove, thrust it in his bosom, and strode hastily away; only, when he had got some paces down the street, he turned back, and, shaking his clenched hand at Adrian, exclaimed, in a voice trembling with impotent rage—"Faithful to death!"

The words made one of the mottoes of the Orsini, and, whatever its earlier signification, had long passed into a current proverb, to signify their hatred to the Colonna.

Adrian, now engaged in raising, and attempting to revive, Irene, who was still insensible, disdainfully left it to Montreal to reply.

"I should never have thought, Signor," said the latter, coolly, "that thou couldst be faithful to anything, but I knew well, at least, that it was to nothing *living*!"

"Pardon me, gentle Knight," said Adrian, looking up from his charge, "if I do not yet give myself wholly to gratitude. I have learnt enough of knighthood to feel thou wilt acknowledge that my first duty is here—"

"Oh, what! a lady, then, was the cause of the quarrel! and I need not ask who was in the right, when a man brings to the rivalry such odds as yon caitiff."

"Thou mistakest a little, Sir Knight,—it is but a lamb I have rescued from the wolf."

"For thy own table! Be it so!" returned the Knight, gaily.

Adrian smiled gravely, and shook his head in denial. In truth, he was somewhat embarrassed by his situation. Though habitually gallant, he was not willing to expose to misconception the disinterestedness of his late conduct, and (for it was his policy to conciliate popularity) to sully the credit which his bravery would give him among the citizens, by conveying Irene, whose beauty, too, as yet he had scarcely noted, to his own dwelling;—and yet, in her present situation, there was no alternative. She evinced no sign of life. He knew not her home, nor parentage. Benedetta had vanished. He could not leave her in the streets; he could not resign her to the care of another; and, as she lay now upon his breast, he felt her already endeared to him, by that sense of protection which is so grateful to the human heart. He briefly, therefore, explained, to those now gathered round him, his present situation, and the cause of the past conflict, and bade the torch-bearers precede him to his home.

"You, Sir Knight," added he, turning to Montreal, "if not already more pleasantly lodged, will, I trust, deign to be my guest."

"Thanks, Signor," answered Montreal, maliciously, "but I, also, perhaps, have my own affairs to watch over. Adieu! I shall seek you at the earliest occasion. Fair night, and gentle dreams!"

*Robers Bertrams qui estoit tors
Mais a ceval estoit mult fors
Cil avoit o lui grans efforts
Mult i ot 'hommes per lui more."

And, muttering this rugged chant from the old "Roman de Rou," the Provençal, followed by Rodolf, pursued his way.

The vast extent of Rome, and the thinness of its population, left many of the streets entirely deserted. The principal nobles were thus enabled to possess themselves of a wide range of buildings, which they fortified, partly against each other, partly against the people; their numerous relatives and clients lived around them, forming, as it were, petty courts and cities in themselves.

Almost opposite to the principal palace of the Colonna (occupied by his powerful kinsman, Stephen) was the mansion of Adrian. Heavily swung back the massive gates at his approach; he ascended the broad staircase, and bore his charge into an apartment which his tastes had decorated in a fashion not as yet common in that age. Ancient statues and busts were arranged around; the pictured arras of Lombardy decorated the walls and covered the massive seats.

"What ho! Lights here, and wine!" cried the Senechal.

"Leave us alone," said Adrian, gazing passionately on the pale cheek of Irene, as he now, by the clear light, beheld all its beauty; and a sweet yet burning hope crept into his heart.

CHAPTER V.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A CONSPIRATOR, AND THE DAWN OF THE CONSPIRACY.

ALONE, by a table covered with various papers, sat a man in the prime of life. The chamber was low and long; many antique and disfigured bas-reliefs and torsos were placed around the wall, interspersed, here and there, with the short sword and close casque, time-worn relics of the prowess of ancient Rome. Right above the table at which he sat, the moonlight streamed through a high and narrow casement, deep sunk in the massy wall. In a niche to the right of this window, guarded by a sliding door, which was now partially drawn aside—but which, by its solid substance, and the sheet of iron with which it was plated, testified how valuable in the eyes of the owner was the treasure it protected—were ranged some thirty or forty volumes, then deemed no considerable library; and being, for the most part, the laborious copies in manuscript by the hand of the owner, from immortal originals.

Leaning his cheek on his hand, his brow somewhat knit, his lip slightly compressed, that personage indulged in meditations far other than the indolent dreams of scholars. As the high and still moonlight shone upon his countenance, it gave an additional and solemn dignity to features which had only to repose in order to assume a grave and majestic cast. Thick and auburn hair, the colour of which, not common to the Romans, was ascribed to his descent from the Teuton emperor, clustered in large curls above a high and expansive forehead; and even the present thoughtful compression of the brow could not mar the aspect of latent power, which it derived from that great breadth between the eyes, in which the Grecian sculptors of old so admirably conveyed the expression of authority, and the silent energy of command. But his features were not cast in the Grecian, still less in the Teuton mould. The iron jaw, the aquiline nose, the somewhat sunken cheek, strikingly recalled the character of the hard Roman race, and might not inaptly have suggested to a painter a model for the younger Brutus.

The marked outline of the face, and the short firm upper lip, were not concealed by the beard and moustachios usually then worn; and, in the faded and antique portrait of the person now described, and still extant at Rome, may be traced a certain resemblance to the popular pictures of Napoleon, not indeed in the features, which are more stern and prominent in the portrait of the Roman, but in that peculiar expression of concentrated and tranquil power which so nearly realizes the ideal of intellectual majesty. Though still young, the personal advantages most peculiar to youth,—the bloom and glow, the rounded cheek in which care has not yet ploughed its lines, the full unsunken eye, and the slender delicacy of frame;—these were not the characteristics of that solitary student. And, though considered by his contemporaries as eminently handsome, the judgment was probably formed less from the more vulgar claims to such distinction, than from the height of the stature, at that time more highly esteemed than at present, and that nobler order of beauty which cultivated genius and commanding character usually stamp upon even homely features;—the more rare in an age so rugged.

The character of Rienzi (for the youth presented to the reader in the first chapter of this history is now again before him, in maturer years,) had acquired greater hardness and energy with each stepping-stone to power. There was a circumstance attendant on his birth which had, probably, exercised great and early influence on his ambition. Though his parents were in humble circumstances, and of lowly calling, his father was the natural son of the Emperor, Henry VII.; and it was the pride of the parents that probably gave to Rienzi, the unwonted advantages of education. This pride transmitted to himself—the descent from royalty, dinned into his ear, infused into his thoughts, from his cradle,—made him, even in his earliest youth, deem himself the equal of the Roman signors, and dimly aspire to be their superior. But, as the literature of Rome was unfolded to his eager eye and ambitious heart, he became imbued with that pride of country, which is nobler than the pride of birth,—and, save when stung by allusions to his origin, he unaffectedly valued himself more on being a Roman plebeian, than the descendant of a Teuton king. His brother's death, and the vicissitudes he himself had already undergone, deepened the earnest and solemn qualities of his character; and, at length, all the faculties of a very uncommon intellect were concentrated to one object—which borrowed from a mind strongly and mysti-

cally religious, as well as patriotic, a sacred aspect, and grew at once a duty and a passion.

"Yes," said Rienzi, breaking suddenly from his reverie, "yes, the day is at hand when Rome shall rise again from her ashes; Justice shall dethrone Oppression; men shall walk safe in their ancient Forum. We will rouse from his forgotten tomb the indomitable soul of Cato! There shall be a *people* once more in Rome! And I—I shall be the instrument of that triumph—the restorer of my race—mine shall be the first voice to swell the battle cry of freedom—mine the first hand to rear her banner—yes, from the height of my own soul as from a mountain, I see already rising the liberties and the grandeur of the New Rome, and on the cornerstone of the mighty fabric posterity shall read my name."

Uttering these lofty boasts, the whole person of the speaker seemed instinct with his ambition. He strode the gloomy chamber with light and rapid steps, as if on air; his breast heaved—his eyes glowed. He felt that love itself can scarcely bestow a rapture equal to that which is felt, in his first virgin enthusiasm, by a patriot who knows himself *sincere*!

There was a slight knock at the door, and a servitor, in the rich liveries worn by the pope's officials,* presented himself. "Signor," said he, "my Lord, the Bishop of Orvieto, is without."

"Ha! that is fortunate. Lights there!—My Lord, this is an honour which I can estimate better than express."

"Tut, tut! my good friend," said the Bishop, entering, and seating himself familiarly, "no ceremonies between the servants of the Church; and never, I ween well, had she greater need of true friends than now. These unholy tumults, these licentious contentions, in the very shrines and city of St. Peter, are sufficient to scandalize all Christendom."

"And so will it be," said Rienzi, "until his Holiness himself shall be graciously persuaded to fix his residence in the seat of his predecessors, and curb with a strong arm the excesses of the nobles."

"Alas, man!" said the Bishop, "thou knowest that these words are but as wind; for were the pope to fulfil thy wishes, and remove from Avignon to Rome, by the blood of St. Peter! he would not curb the nobles, but the nobles would curb him. Thou knowest well that until his blessed predecessor, of pious memory, conceived the wise design of escaping to Avignon, the Father of the Christian world was but like many other fathers in their old age, controlled and guarded by his rebellious children. Recollectest thou not how the noble Boniface himself, a man of great heart, and nerves of iron, was kept in thralldom by the ancestors of the Orsini—his entrances and exits made but at their will—so that, like a caged eagle, he beat himself against his bars and died? Verily, thou talkest of the memories of Rome—these are not the memories that are very attractive to popes."

"Well," said Rienzi, laughing gently, and drawing his seat nearer to the Bishop's, "my Lord has certainly the best of the argument at present, and I must own, that strong, licentious, and unhallowed as the nobility was then, it is yet more so now."

"Even I," rejoined Raimond, colouring as he spoke, "though Vicar of the Pope, and representative of his spiritual authority, was, but three days ago, subjected to a coarse affront from that very Stephen Colonna, who has ever received such favour and tenderness from the Holy See. His servitors jostled mine in the open streets, and I myself—I, the delegate of the sire of kings—was forced to draw aside to the wall, and wait until the hoary insolent swept by. Nor were blaspheming words wanting to complete the insult. 'Pardon, Lord Bishop,' said he, as he passed me; 'but this world, thou knowest, must necessarily take precedence of the other.'"

"Dared he so high?" said Rienzi, shading his face with his hand, as a very peculiar smile—scarcely itself joyous, though it made others gay, and which completely changed the character of his face, naturally grave even to sternness—played round his lips. "Then is it time for thee, holy father, as for us, to—"

"To what?" interrupted the Bishop, quickly. "Can we effect aught? Dismiss thy enthusiastic dreamings—descend to the real earth—look soberly round us. Against men so powerful, what *can* we do?"

"My Lord," answered Rienzi, gravely, "it is the misfortune of signors of your rank never to know the people, or the accurate signs of the time. As those who pass over the

* Not the present hideous habiliments, which are said to have been the invention of Michael Angelo.

heights of mountains see the clouds sweep below, veiling the plains and valleys from their gaze, while they, only a little above the level, survey the movements and the homes of men; even so from your lofty eminence ye behold but the indistinct and sullen vapours—while from my humbler station I see the preparations of the shepherds to shelter themselves and herds from the storm which those clouds betoken. Despair not, my lord; endurance goes but to a certain limit—to that limit it is already stretched—Rome waits but the occasion, (it will come soon, but not suddenly,) to rise simultaneously against her oppressors.”

The great secret of eloquence is to be in earnest—the great secret of Rienzi's eloquence was in the mightiness of his enthusiasm. He never spoke as one who doubted of success. Perhaps, like most men who undertake high and great actions, he himself was never thoroughly aware of the obstacles in his way. He saw the end, bright and clear, and overleaped, in the vision of his soul, the crosses and the length of the path; thus the deep convictions of his own mind stamped themselves irresistibly upon others. He seemed less to promise than to prophesy.

The Bishop of Orvieto, not over wise, yet a man of cool temperament and much worldly experience, was forcibly impressed by the energy of his companion; perhaps, indeed, the more so, in that his own pride and his own passions were enlisted also against the arrogance and license of the nobles. He paused ere he replied to Rienzi.

“But is it,” he asked, at length, “only the plebeians who will rise? Thou knowest how they are caiff and uncertain.”

“My Lord,” answered Rienzi, “judge by one fact, how strongly I am surrounded by friends of no common class: thou knowest how loudly I speak against the nobles—I cite them by their name—I beard the Savelli, the Orsini, the Colonna in their very hearing. Thinkest thou that they forgive me? I thinkest thou that, were only the plebeians my safeguard and my favourers, they would not seize me by open force,—that I had not long ere this found a gag in their dungeons or been swallowed up in the eternal dumbness of the grave? Observe,” continued he, as, reading the Vicar's countenance, he perceived the impression he had made—“Observe, that, throughout the whole world, a great revolution has begun. The barbaric darkness of centuries has been broken; the KNOWLEDGE which made men as demigods in the past time has been called from her urn; a power, subtler than brute force, and mightier than armed men, is at work; we have begun once more to do homage to the Royalty of Mind. Yes, that same Power which, a few years ago, crowned Petrarch in the Capitol, when it witnessed, after the silence of twelve centuries, the glories of a TRIUMPH,—which heaped upon a man of obscure birth, and unknown in arms, the same honours given of old to emperors and the vanquishers of kings—which united in one act of homage even the rival houses of Colonna and Orsini—which made the haughtiest patricians emulous to bear the train, to touch but the purple robe, of the son of the Florentine Plebeian—which still draws the eyes of Europe to the lowly cottage of Vauluse—which gives to the humble student the all-acknowledged license to admonish tyrants and approach, with haughty prayers, even the Father of the Church; yes, that same Power, which, working silently throughout Italy, murmurs under the solid base of the Venetian oligarchy,* which, beyond the Alps, has woke into visible and sudden life in Spain, in Germany, in Flanders, and which, even in that barbarous Isle, conquered by the Norman sword, ruled by the bravest of living kings,† has roused a spirit Norman cannot break—kings to rule over must rule by—yes, that same Power is everywhere abroad; it speaks, it conquers in the voice even of him who is before you; it unites in his cause all on whom but one glimmering of light has burst, all in whom one generous desire can be awakened! Know, Lord Vicar, that there is not a man in Rome, save our oppressors themselves—not a man who has learnt one syllable of our ancient tongue—whose heart and sword are not with me. The peaceful cul-

tivators of letters,—the proud nobles of the second order,—the rising race, wiser than their slothful sires; above all, my Lord, the humbler ministers of religion, priests and monks, whom luxury hath not blinded, pomp hath not deafened, to the monstrous outrage to Christianity daily and nightly perpetrated in the Christian Capital; these,—all these,—are linked with the merchant and the artisan in one indissoluble bond, waiting but the signal, to fall or to conquer, to live free, or to die immortally, with Rienzi and their country!”

“Sayest thou so in truth?” said the Bishop, startled, and half rising. “Prove but thy words, and thou shalt not find the ministers of God are less eager than their lay brethren for the happiness of men.”

“What I say,” rejoined Rienzi, in a cooler tone, “that can I show; but I may only prove it to those who will be with us.”

“Fear me not,” answered Raimond; “I know well the secret mind of his Holiness, whose delegate and representative I am; and could he see but the legitimate and natural limit set to the power of the patricians who, in their arrogance, have set at naught the authority of the church itself, be sure that he would smile on the hand that drew the line. Nay, so certain of this am I, that if ye succeed, I, his responsible, but unworthy vicar, will myself sanction the success. But, beware of crude attempts; the Church must not be weakened by linking itself to failure.”

“Right, my Lord,” answered Rienzi; “and in this, the policy of religion is that of freedom. Judge of my prudence by my long delay. He who can see all around him impatient—himself not less so—and yet suppress the signal, and bide the hour, is not likely to lose himself by rashness.”

“More, then, of this anon,” said the Bishop, resettling himself in his seat. “As thy plans mature, fear not to communicate with me. Believe that Rome has no firmer friend than he who, ordained to preserve order, finds himself impotent against aggression. Meanwhile, to the object of my present visit, which links itself, in some measure, perhaps, with the topics on which we have conversed. . . . Thou knowest that when his Holiness entrusted thee with thy present office, he bade thee also announce his beneficent intention of granting a general Jubilee at Rome for the year 1350—a most admirable design for two reasons, sufficiently apparent to thyself: first, that every Christian soul that may undertake the pilgrimage to Rome on that occasion, may thus obtain a general remission of sins; and secondly, because, to speak carnally, the concourse of pilgrims so assembled, usually, by the donations and offerings their piety suggests, very materially add to the revenues of the Holy See; at this time, by the way, in no very flourishing condition. This thou knowest, dear Rienzi.”

Rienzi bowed his head in assent, and the prelate continued—

“Well, it is with the greatest grief that his Holiness perceives that his pious intentions are likely to be frustrated, for so fierce and numerous are now the brigands in the public approaches to Rome, that, verily, the boldest pilgrim may tremble a little to undertake the journey; and those who do so venture will, probably, be composed of the poorest of the Christian community, men who, bringing with them neither gold nor silver, nor precious offerings, will have little to fear from the rapacity of the brigands. Hence arise two consequences: on the one hand, the rich—whom, Heaven knows, and the Gospel has, indeed, expressly declared, have the most need of a remission of sins—will be deprived of this glorious occasion for absolution; and on the other hand, the coffers of the See will be impiously defrauded of that wealth which it would otherwise doubtless obtain from the zeal of her children.”

“Nothing can be more logically manifest, my Lord,” said Rienzi.

The Vicar continued,—“Now, in letters received five days since from his Holiness, he bade me expose these fearful consequences to Christianity to the various patricians who are legitimately fiefs of the Church, and command their resolute combination against the marauders of the road. With these have I conferred and vainly.”

“For by the aid, and from the troops, of those very brigands, these patricians have fortified their palaces against each other,” added Rienzi.

“Exactly for that reason,” rejoined the Bishop. “Nay, Stephen Colonna himself had the audacity to confess it. Utterly unmoved by the loss to so many precious souls, and, I may add, to the papal treasury, which ought to be little less dear to right-discerning men, they refuse to advance a step against the bandits. Now, then, hearken the second

* It was about eight years afterwards that the long-smothered hate of the Venetian people to that wisest and most vigilant of all oligarchies, the Sparta of Italy, broke out in the conspiracy under Marino Faliero.

† Edward III., in whose reign opinions far more popular than those of the following century began to work. The civil wars threw back the action into the blood. It was indeed an age throughout the world which put forth abundant blossoms, but crude and unripened fruit;—a singular leap, followed by as singular a pause.

mandate of his Holiness:—"Failing the nobles," said he, in his prophetic sagacity; "confer with Cola di Rienzi. He is a bold man, and a pious, and thou tellest me, of great weight with the people, and say to him, that if his wit can devise the method for extirpating these sons of Belial, and rendering a safe passage along the public way, largely, indeed, will he merit at our hands,—lasting will be the gratitude we shall owe him; and whatever succour thou, and the servants of our See, can render to him, let it not be stinted."

"Said his Holiness thus!" exclaimed Rienzi, "I ask no more—the gratitude is mine that he hath thought thus of his servant, and entrusted me with this charge; at once I accept it—at once I pledge myself to success. Let us, my Lord, let us, then, clearly understand the limits ordained to my discretion. To curb the brigands without the walls, I must have authority over those within. If I undertake, at peril of my life, to clear all the avenues to Rome of the robbers that now infest it, shall I have full license for conduct bold, peremptory, and severe?"

"Such conduct the very nature of the charge demands," replied Raimond.

"Ay—even though it be exercised against the arch offenders—against the supporters of the brigands—against the haughtiest of the nobles themselves?"

The Bishop paused, and looked hard in the face of the speaker. "I repeat," said he at length, sinking his voice, and with a significant tone, "in these bold attempts, success is the sole sanction. Succeed, and we will excuse thee all—even to the—"

"Death of a Colonna or an Orsini, should justice demand it, and provided it be according to the law, and only incurred by the violation of the law!" added Rienzi, firmly.

The Bishop did not reply in words, but a slight motion of his head was sufficient answer to Rienzi.

"My Lord," said he, "from this time, then, all is well; I date the revolution—the restoration of order, of the state, from this hour, this very conference. Till now, knowing that justice must never wink upon great offenders, I had hesitated, through fear, lest thou and his Holiness might deem it severity, and blame him who replaces the law, because he smites the violators of law. Now I judge ye more rightly. Your hand, my Lord."

The Bishop extended his hand; Rienzi grasped it firmly, and then raised it respectfully to his lips. Both felt that the compact was sealed.

This conference, so long in recital, was short in the reality; but its object was already finished, and the Bishop rose to depart. The outer portal of the house was opened, the numerous servants of the Bishop held on high their torches, and he had just turned from Rienzi, who had attended him through the court, when a female passed hastily through the Prelate's train, and starting, as she beheld Rienzi, flung herself at his feet.

"Oh, hasten, Sir! hasten, for the love of God, hasten or the young Signora is lost for ever!"

The Signora!—Heaven and earth, Benedetta, of whom do you speak!—of my sister—of Irene! is she not within?"

"Oh, Sir—the Orsini—the Orsini!"

"What of them?—speak, woman!"

Here, breathlessly, and in many a break, Benedetta recounted to Rienzi, in whom the reader has already recognized the brother of Irene, so far of the adventure with Martino di Porto as she had witnessed: of the termination and result of the contest she knew nought.

Rienzi listened in silence, but the deadly paleness of his countenance, and the writhing of the nether lip, testified the emotions to which he gave no audible vent.

"You hear, my Lord Bishop, you hear," said he, when Benedetta had concluded, and turning to the Bishop, whose departure the narrative had delayed; "you hear to what outrage the citizens of Rome are subjected. My hat and sword! instantly! My Lord, forgive my abruptness."

"Whither art thou bent, then?" asked Raimond.

"Whither—whither!—Ay, I forgot, my Lord, you have no sister. Perhaps, too, you had no brother!—No, no; one victim, at least, I will live to save. Whither, you ask me?—to the palace of Martino di Porto."

"To an Orsini, alone, and for justice!"

"Alone, and for justice!—No!" shouted Rienzi, in a loud voice, as he seized his sword, now brought to him by one of his servants, and rushed from the house; "but one man is sufficient for revenge!"

The Bishop paused for a moment's deliberation. "He must not be lost," muttered he, "as he well may be, if exposed thus solitary to the wolf's rage. What, ho!" he cried,

aloud; "advance the torches!—quick, quick! We ourselves, the Vicar of the Pope—will see to this. Calm yourselves, good people; your young Signora shall be restored. On! to the palace of Martino di Porto!"

CHAPTER VI.

IRENE IN THE PALACE OF ADRIAN DI CASTELLO.

As the Cyprian gazed on the image in which he had embodied a youth of dreams, what time the living hues flushed slowly beneath the marble,—so gazed the young and passionate Adrian upon the form reclined before him, re-awakening gradually to life. And, if the beauty of that face were not of the loftiest, or the most dazzling order, if its soft and quiet character might be outshone by many of loveliness, less really perfect, yet never was there a countenance that, to some eyes, would have seemed more charming, and never one in which more eloquently was wrought that ineffable and virgin expression which Italian art seeks for in its models,—in which the modesty is the outward, and the tenderness the latent, expression; the bloom of youth, both of form and heart, ere the first frail and delicate freshness of either is brushed away: and, when even love itself, the only unquiet visitant that should be known at such an age, is but a sentiment, and not a passion!

"Benedetta!" murmured Irene, at length, opening her eyes, unconsciously, upon him who knelt beside her,—eyes of that uncertain, that most liquid hue, on which you might gaze for years, and never learn the secret of the colour, so changed it with the dilating pupil,—darkening in the shade, and brightening into azure in the light:

"Benedetta," said Irene, "where art thou? Oh, Benedetta! I have had such a dream."

"And I, too, such a vision!" thought Adrian.

"Where am I?" cried Irene, rising from the couch. "This room—these hangings—Holy Virgin! do I dream still!—and you! Heavens! it is the Lord Adrian di Castello!"

"Is that a name thou hast been taught to fear?" said Adrian, "if so, I will forswear it."

If Irene now blushed deeply, it was not in that wild delight with which her romantic heart might have foretold that she would listen to the first words of homage from Adrian di Castello. Bewildered and confused,—terrified at the strangeness of the place, and shrinking even from the thought of finding herself alone with one who, for years, had been present to her fancies,—alarm and distress were the emotions she felt the most, and which most were impressed upon her speaking countenance; and as Adrian now drew nearer to her, despite the gentleness of his voice, and the respect of his looks, her fears, not the less strong that they were vague, increased upon her; she retreated to the farther end of the room, looked wildly round her, and then, covering her face with her hands, burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Moved himself by these tears, and divining her thoughts, Adrian forgot for a moment all the more daring wishes he had formed.

"Fear not, sweet lady," said he, earnestly; "recollect thyself, I beseech thee,—no peril, no evil can reach thee here;—it was this hand that saved thee from the outrage of the Orsini—this roof is but the shelter of a friend! Tell me, then, fair wonder, thy name and residence, and I will summon my servitors, and guard thee to thy home at once."

Perhaps the relief of tears, even more than Adrian's words, restored Irene to herself, and enabled her to comprehend her novel situation; and, as her senses thus cleared, told her what she owed to him whom her dreams had so long imagined as the ideal of all excellence, she recovered her self-possession, and uttered her thanks with a grace not the less winning, if it still partook of embarrassment.

"Thank me not," answered Adrian, passionately; "I have touched thy hand, I am repaid. Repaid!—nay, all gratitude—all homage is for me to render!"

Blushing again, but with far different emotions than before, Irene, after a momentary pause, replied, "Yet, my Lord, I must consider it a debt not the less weighty that you speak of it so lightly. And now complete the obligation;—I see not my companion—suffer her to accompany me home; it is but a short way from hence."

"Blessed, then, is the air that I have breathed so unconsciously!" said Adrian. "But thy companion, dear Lady, is

not here. She fled, I imagine, in the confusion of the conflict; and not knowing thy name, nor being able, in thy then state, to learn it from thy lips, it was my happy necessity to convey thee hither;—but I will be thy companion. Nay, why that timid glance!—my people, also, shall attend us.”

“My thanks, noble Lord, are of little worth; my brother, who is not unknown to thee, will thank thee more fittingly. May I depart?” and Irene, as she spoke, was already at the door.

“Art thou so eager to leave me?” answered Adrian sadly. “Alas! when thou hast departed from my eyes, it will seem as if the moon had left the night!—but it is happiness to obey thy wishes, even though they tear thee from me.”

A slight smile parted Irene’s lips, and Adrian’s heart beat audibly to himself, as he drew from that smile, and those downcast eyes, no unfavourable omen.

Reluctantly and slowly he turned towards the door, and summoned his attendants. “But,” said he, as they now stood on the lofty staircase, “thou sayest, sweet lady, that thy brother’s name is not unknown to me. Heaven grant that he be, indeed, a friend of the Colonna!”

“His boast,” answered Irene, evasively; “the boast of Cola di Rienzi is, to be a friend to the friends of Rome.”

“Holy Virgin of Ara Celi!—is thy brother that extraordinary man?” exclaimed Adrian, as he foresaw, at the mention of that name, a barrier to his sudden passion. “Alas! in a Colonna, in a noble, he will see no merit; even though thy fortunate deliverer, sweet maiden, sought to be his early friend!”

“Thou wrongest him much, my Lord,” returned Irene, warmly; “he is a man above all others to sympathize with thy generous valour, even had it been exerted in defence of the humblest woman in Rome,—how much more, then, when in protection of his sister!”

“The times are, indeed, diseased,” answered Adrian, thoughtfully, as they now found themselves in the open street, “when men who alike mourn for the woes of their country are yet suspicious of each other,—when to be a patrician is to be regarded as an enemy to the people,—when to be termed the friend of the people, is to be considered a foe to the patricians: but come what may, oh! let me hope, dear lady, that no doubts, no divisions, shall banish from *thy* breast one gentle memory of me!”

“Ah! little, little do you know me!” began Irene, and stopped suddenly short.

“Speak! speak again!—of what music has this envious silence deprived my soul! Thou wilt not, then, forget me! And,” continued Adrian, “we shall meet again! It is to Rienzi’s house we are bound now; to-morrow I shall visit my old companion,—to-morrow I shall see thee—will it not be so?”

In Irene’s silence was her answer.

“And as thou hast told me thy brother’s name, make it sweet to my ear, and add to it thine own.”

“They call me Irene.”

“Irene, Irene!—let me repeat it. It is a soft name, and dwells upon the lips as if loath to leave them—a fitting name for one like thee.”

Thus making his welcome court to Irene, in that flowered and glowing language which, if more peculiar to that age and to the gallantry of the south, is also the language in which the poetry of youthful passion would, in all times and lands, utter its rich extravagance, could heart speak to heart, Adrian conveyed homeward his beautiful charge, taking, however, the most circuitous and lengthened route; an artifice which Irene either perceived not, or silently forgave. They were now within sight of the street in which Rienzi dwelt, when a party of men, bearing torches, came unexpectedly upon them. It was the train of the Bishop of Orvietto, returning from the palace of Martino di Porto, and, in their way, (accompanied by Rienzi,) to that of Adrian. They had learnt at the former, without an interview with the Orsini, from the retainers in the court below, the fortune of the conflict, and the name of Irene’s champion; and, despite of Adrian’s general reputation for gallantry, Rienzi knew enough of his character, and the nobleness of his temper, to feel assured that Irene was safe in his protection. Alas! in that very safety to the person is often the most danger to the heart. Women never so dangerously loves, as when he who loves her, for her sake, subdues himself.

Clasped to her brother’s breast, Irene bade him thank her deliverer: and Rienzi, with that fascinating frankness which sits so well on those usually reserved, and which all who would rule the hearts of their fellow men must at times command, advanced to the young Colonna, and poured forth his gratitude and praise.

“We have been severed too long,—we must know each

other again;” replied Adrian, “I shall seek thee, ere long, be assured.”

Turning to take his leave of Irene, he conveyed her hand to his lips, and pressing it, as it dropped from his clasp, was he deceived in thinking that those delicate fingers lightly, involuntarily, returned the pressure!

CHAPTER VII.

UPON LOVE AND LOVERS.

IF, in adopting the legendary love-tale of Romeo and Juliet, Shakspeare had changed the scene in which it is cast, for a more northern clime, I doubt whether the art of Shakspeare himself could have reconciled us at once to the suddenness and the strength of Juliet’s passion. And even as it is, I believe there are few of our rational and sober-minded islanders who would not honestly confess, if fairly questioned, that they deemed the romance and fervour of those ill-starred lovers of Verona, exaggerated and overdrawn. Yet, in Italy, the picture of that affection born of a night—but “strong as death”—is one to which the veriest common-places of life would afford parallels without number. As in different ages, so in different climes—love varies wonderfully in the shapes it takes. And even at this day, beneath Italian skies, many a simple girl would feel as Juliet, and many a homely gallant would rival the extravagance of Romeo. Long suits in that sunny land, wherein, as whereof, I now write, are unknown. In no other land, perhaps, is there found so commonly the love at first sight,—which in France is a jest, and in England a doubt; in no other land too, is love, though so suddenly conceived, more faithfully preserved. That which is ripened in fancy, comes at once to passion—yet is embalmed through all time by sentiment. And this must be my and their excuse—if the love of Adrian seem too prematurely formed, and that of Irene too romantically conceived;—it is the excuse which they take from the air and sun—from the customs of their ancestors—from the soft contagion of example. But while they yielded to the dictates of their hearts, it was with a certain, though secret sadness—a presentiment that had, perhaps, its charm, though it was of cross and evil. Born of so proud a race, Adrian could scarcely dream of marriage with the sister of a plebeian; and Irene, unconscious of the future glory of her brother, could hardly have cherished any hope, save that of being loved. Yet these adverse circumstances, which, in the harder, the more prudent, the more self-denying, perhaps the more virtuous, minds, that are formed beneath the Northern skies, would have been an inducement to wrestle against love so placed,—only contributed to feed and to strengthen *theirs* by an opposition which has ever its attraction for romance. They found frequent, though short, opportunities of meeting—not quite alone, but only in the conniving presence of Benedetta—sometimes in the public gardens—sometimes amidst the vast and deserted ruins by which the house of Rienzi was surrounded. They surrendered themselves without much question of the future, to the excitement—the elysium—of the hour: they lived but from day to day; *their* future was the next time they should meet—beyond that epoch, the very mists of their youthful love closed in obscurity and shadow which they sought not to penetrate: and as yet they had not arrived at that period of affection when there was an immediate danger of their fall,—their love had not passed the golden portal where heaven ceases and earth begins. Everything for them was the poetry, the vagueness, the refinement,—not the power, the concentration, the mortality, of desire!—the look—the whisper—the brief pressure of the hand,—at most the first kisses of love, rare and few—these marked the human limits of that sentiment which filled them with a new life,—which elevated them as with a new soul.

The roving tendencies of Adrian were at once fixed and centered; the dreams of his tender mistress had awakened to a life dreaming still, but “rounded with a truth.” All that earnestness, and energy, and fervour of emotion, which, in her brother, broke forth in the schemes of patriotism and the aspirations of power, were, in Irene, softened down into one object of existence, one concentration of soul,—and that was love. Yet, in this range of thought and action, so apparently limited, there was, in reality, no less boundless a sphere than in the wide space of her brother’s many-pathed ambition. Not the less had she the power and scope for all the loftiest capacities granted to our clay. Equal was her enthusiasm for her idol—

equal, had she been equally tried, would have been her generosity, her devotion;—greater be sure, her courage, more inalienable her worship,—more unsullied by selfish purposes and sordid views. Time, change, misfortune, ingratitude, would have left *her* the same! What state could fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism were as pure as the silent loyalty of a woman's love.

In them, everything *was young*!—the heart unchilled, unblighted,—that fulness and luxuriance of life's life which has in it something of divine. At that age, when it seems as if we could never die, how deathless, how flushed and mighty as with the youngness of a god, are all that our hearts create! Our own youth is like that of the earth itself, when it peopled the woods and waters with divinities,—when life ran riot, and yet only gave birth to beauty,—all its shapes, of poetry,—all its airs, the melodies of Arcady and Olympus,—all earth itself, even in its wildest lairs, another, nay, a happier heaven, prodigal of the same glories, and haunted by the same forms! The Golden Age never leaves the world: it exists still, and shall exist, till love, health, poetry, are no more,—but only for the young!

If I now dwell, though but for a moment, on this interlude in a drama calling forth more masculine passions than that of love, it is because I foresee that the occasion will but rarely recur. If I linger on the description of Irene and her hidden affection, rather than wait for circumstances to pourtray them better than can the author's words, it is because I foresee that that loving and lovely image must continue, to the last, rather a shadow than a portrait,—thrown in the back ground, as is the real destiny of such natures, by bolder figures, and more gorgeous colours—a something whose presence is rather felt than seen, and whose very harmony with the whole consists in its retiring and subdued repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC MAN JUDGED BY THE DISCREET MAN.

"Thou wrongest me," said Rienzi, warmly, to Adrian, as they sat alone, towards the close of a long conference, "I do not play the part of a mere demagogue; I wish not to stir the great deeps in order that my lees of fortune may rise to the surface. So long have I brooded over the past, that it seems to me as if I had become a part of it—as if I had no separate existence. I have coined my whole soul into one master passion, and that is—for the restoration of Rome."

"But by what means?"

"My Lord! my Lord! there is but one way to restore the greatness of a people—it is an appeal to the people themselves. It is not in the power of princes and barons to make a state permanently glorious; they raise themselves, but they raise not the people along with them. All great regenerations are the universal movement of the mass."

"Nay," answered Adrian, "then have we read history differently. To me, all great regenerations seem to have been the work of the few, and tacitly accepted by the multitude. But let us not dispute after the manner of the schools. Thou sayest loudly that a vast crisis is at hand; that the good state (*buono stato*) shall be established. How! where are your arms!—your soldiers? Are the nobles less strong than heretofore!—is the mob more bold—more constant? Heaven knows that I speak not with the prejudices of my order: I weep for the debasement of my country. I am a Roman, and in that name I forget that I am a noble. But I tremble at the storm you would raise so hazily. If your insurrection succeed, it will be violent—it will be purchased by blood—by the blood of all the loftiest names of Rome. You will aim at a second expulsion of the Tarquins; but it will be more like a second proscription of Sylla. Massacres and disorders never pave the way to peace; if, on the other hand, you fail, the chains of Rome are rivetted forever: an ineffectual struggle to escape, is but an excuse for additional tortures to the slave."

"And what, then, would the Lord Adrian have us do?" said Rienzi, with that peculiar and sarcastic smile which I have before noted. "Shall we wait till the Colonna and Orsini quarrel no more! shall we ask the Colonna for liberty, and the Orsini for justice! My Lord, we cannot appeal to the nobles against the nobles. We must not ask them to moderate their power; we must restore to ourselves that power: there may be danger in the attempt—but we attempt it amongst the monuments of the Forum; and if we fall—we shall perish

worthy of our sires! Ye have high descent, and sounding titles, and wide lands, and ye talk of *your* ancestral honours! We, too,—we plebeians of Rome—we have *ours*! Our fathers were freemen! where is our heritage? not sold—not given away—but stolen from us, now by fraud, now by force—filched from us in our sleep; or wrung from us with fierce hands, amidst our cries and struggles. My Lord, we but ask that lawful heritage to be restored to us; to us, nay, to you it is the same—your liberty, alike, is gone. Can you dwell in your father's house, without towers and fortresses, and the bought swords of bravos? can you walk in the streets at dark without arms and followers? True, *you*, a noble, may retaliate—though *we* dare not. You, in your turn may terrify and outrage others; but does license compensate for liberty? they have given you pomp and power—but the safety of equal laws were a better gift. Oh, were I you—were I Stephen Colonna himself, I should pant, ay, thirstily as I do now, for that free air which comes not through bars and bulwarks against my fellow citizens, but in the open space of Heaven—safe, because protected by the silent Providence of Law, and not by the lean fears and hollow-eyed suspicions which are the comrades of a hated power. The tyrant thinks he is free, because he commands slaves—the meanest peasant, in a free state, is more free than he is. Oh, my Lord, that you—the brave, the generous, the enlightened—you, almost alone amidst your order, in the knowledge that we *had* a country,—oh, would that you who can sympathize with our sufferings, would strike with us for their redress!"

"Thou wilt war against Stephen Colonna, my kinsman, and though I have seen him but little, nor, truth to say, esteem him much, yet he is the boast of our house, how can I join thee?"

"His life will be safe—his possessions safe—his rank safe. What do we war against! His power to do wrong to others."

"Should he discover that thou hast force beyond words, he would be less merciful to thee."

"And has he not discovered that? Do not the shouts of the people tell him that I am a man whom he should fear! Does he—the cautious, the wily, the profound—does he build fortresses, and erect towers, and not see from his battlements the mighty fabric that I, too, have erected?"

"You! where, Rienzi?"

"In the hearts of Rome! Does he not see?" continued Rienzi. "No, no; he—all, all his tribe are blind. Is it not so?"

"Of a certainty, my kinsman has no belief in your power, else he would have crushed you long ere this. Nay, it was but three days ago that he said, gravely, he would rather *you* addressed the populace than the best priest in Christendom, for that other orators inflamed the crowd, and no man so stilled and dispersed them as you did."

"And they call him profound! Does not Heaven hush the air most when most it prepares the storm? Ay, my Lord, I understand. Stephen Colonna despises me. I have been"—(here as he continued, a deep blush mantled over his cheek)—"you remember it—at his palace in my younger days, and pleased him with witty tales and light apothegms. Nay, ha! ha!—he would call me, I think, sometimes, in *gay* compliment, his jester—his buffoon! I have brooked his insult; I have even bowed to his applause. I would undergo the same penance, stoop to the same shame, for the same motive, and in the same cause. What did I desire to effect! Can you tell me? No! I will whisper it, then to you: it was—the contempt of Stephen Colonna. Under that contempt I was protected, till protection became no longer necessary. I desired not to be thought formidable by the patricians, in order that, quietly and unsuspected, I might make my way amongst the people. I have done so; I now throw aside the veil. Face to face with Stephen Colonna, I could tell him, this very hour, that I brave his anger—that I laugh at his dungeons and armed men. But if he think me the same Rienzi as of old, let him; I can wait my hour."

"Yet," said Adrian, waiving an answer to the haughty language of his companion, "tell me, what dost thou ask for the people, in order to avoid an appeal to their passions!—ignorant and capricious as they are, thou canst not appeal to their reason."

"I ask full justice and safety for all men. I will be contented with no less a compromise. I ask the nobles to dismantle their fortresses,—to disband their armed retainers,—to acknowledge no impunity for crime in high lineage,—to claim no protection save in the courts of the common law."

"Vain desire!" said Adrian. "Ask what may yet be granted."

"Ha—ha!" replied Rienzi, laughing bitterly, "did I not

tell you it was a vain dream to ask for law and justice at the hands of the great? Can you blame me, then, that I ask it elsewhere?" Then suddenly changing his tone and manner, he added, with great solemnity—"Waking life hath false and vain dreams. But sleep is sometimes a mighty prophet. By sleep it is that Heaven mysteriously communes with its creatures, and guides and sustains its earthly agents in the path to which its providence leads them on."

Adrian made no reply. This was not the first time he had noted that Rienzi's strong intellect was strangely conjoined with a deep and mystical superstition. And this yet more inclined the young noble, who, though sufficiently devout, gave but little to the wilder credulities of the time, to doubt the success of the schemer's projects. In this he erred greatly, though his error was that of the worldly wise. For nothing ever so inspires human daring, as the fond belief that it is the agent of a Diviner Wisdom. Revenge and patriotism, united in one man of genius and ambition—such are the Archimedian levers that find in fanaticism the spot out of the world by which to move the world. The prudent man may direct a state; but it is the enthusiast who regenerates it, or ruins.

CHAPTER X.

"WHEN THE PEOPLE SAW THIS PICTURE, EVERY ONE MARVELLED."

The Contemporaneous Biographer of Cola di Rienzi.

BEFORE the market place, and at the foot of the Capitol, an immense crowd was assembled. Each man sought to push before his neighbour; each struggled to gain access to one particular spot, round which the crowd was wedged thick and dense.

"Corpo di Dio!" said a man of huge stature, pressing onward, like some bulky ship casting the noisy waves right and left from its stern, "this is hot work; but for what, in the Holy Mother's name, do ye crowd so? see you not, Sir Ribald, that my right arm is disabled, swathed, and bandaged, so that I cannot help myself better than a baby? and yet you push against me as if I were an old wall!"

"Ah, Cecco del Vecchio! what, man! we must make way for you—you are too small and tender to bustle through a crowd! Come, I will protect you!" said a dwarf of some four feet high, glancing up at the giant.

"Faith," said the grim smith, looking round on the mob, who laughed loud at the dwarf's proffer, "we all do want protection, big and small. What do you laugh for, ye apes!—ay, you don't understand parables."

"And yet it is a parable we are come to gaze upon," said one of the mob, with a slight sneer.

"Pleasant day to you, Signor Baroncelli," answered Cecco del Vecchio, "you are a good man, and love the people; it makes one's heart smile to see you. What's all this pother for!"

"Why the Pope's Notary hath set up a great picture in the market-place, and the gapers say it relates to Rome; so they are melting their brains out, this hot day, to guess at the riddle."

"Ho, ho!" said the smith, pushing on so vigorously that he left the speaker suddenly in the rear, "if Cola di Rienzi hath aught in the matter, I would break through stone rocks to get to it."

"Much good will a dead daub do us," said Baroncelli, sourly, and turning to his neighbours; but no man listened to him, and he, a would-be-demagogue, gnawed his lip in envy.

Amidst half-awed groans and curses from the men whom he jostled aside, and open objurations and shrill cries from the women, to whose robes and head-gear he showed as little respect, the sturdy smith won his way to a space fenced round by chains, in the centre of which was placed a huge picture.

"How came it hither!" cried one, "I was first at the market."

"We found it here at day-break," said a vender of fruit: "no one was by."

"But why do you fancy Rienzi had a hand in it?"

"Why, who else could?" answered twenty voices.

"True! Who else?" echoed the gaunt smith. "I dare be sworn the good man spent the whole night in painting it himself. Blood of St. Peter! but it is mighty fine! What is it about?"

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"That's the riddle," said a meditative fish-woman; "if I could make it out I should die happy."

"It is something about liberty and taxes no doubt," said Luigi, the butcher, leaning over the chains. "Ah, if Rienzi were minded, every poor man would have his bit of meat in his pot."

"And as much bread as he could eat," added a pale baker.

"Chut! bread and meat—every body has that now!—but, what wine the poor folks drink! One has no encouragement to take pains with one's vineyard," said a vine-dresser.

"Ho, hallo!—long life to Pandolfo di Guido! make way for master Pandolfo; he is a learned man; he is a friend of the great Notary's; he will tell us all about the picture; make way, there—make way!"

Slowly and modestly, Pandolfo di Guido, a quiet, wealthy, and honest man of letters, whom nought save the violence of the times could have roused from his tranquil home, or his studious closet, passed to the chains. He looked long and hard at the picture, which was bright with new, and yet moist colours, and exhibited somewhat of the reviving art which, though hard and harsh in its features, was about that time visible, and, carried to a far higher degree, we yet gaze upon in the paintings of Perugino, who flourished during the succeeding generation. The people prest round the learned man, with open mouths—now turning their eyes to the picture, now to Pandolfo.

"Know you not," at length said Pandolfo, "the easy and palpable meaning of this design? Behold how the painter has presented to you a vast and stormy sea—mark how its waves"—

"Speak louder—louder!" shouted the impatient crowd.

"Hush!" cried those in the immediate vicinity of Pandolfo, "the worthy Signor is perfectly audible!"

Meanwhile, some of the more witty, pushing towards a stall in the market-place, bore from it a rough table, from which they besought Pandolfo to address the people. The pale citizen, with some pain and shame, for he was no practised spokesman, was obliged to assent; but when he cast his eyes over the vast and breathless crowd, his own deep sympathy with their cause inspired and emboldened him. A light broke from his eyes; his voice swelled into power; and his head, usually buried in his breast, became erect and commanding in its air.

"You see before you, in the picture, (he began again,) a mighty and tempestuous sea; upon its waves you behold five ships; four of them are already wrecks,—their masts are broken—the waves are dashing through the rent planks—they are past all aid and hope: on each of these ships lies the corpse of a woman. See you not, in the wan face and livid limbs, how faithfully the limner hath painted the hues and loathsomeness of death? Below each of these ships is a word that applies the metaphor to truth. Yonder, you see the name of Carthage; the other three are Troy, Jerusalem, and Babylon. To those four is one common inscription. 'To exhaustion were we brought by injustice!' Turn now your eyes to the middle of the sea,—there you behold the fifth ship, tossed amidst the waves, her mast broken—her rudder gone, her sails shivered, but not yet a wreck like the rest, though she soon may be. On her deck kneels a female, clothed in mourning; mark the wo upon her countenance,—how cunningly the artist has conveyed its depth and desolation! she stretches out her arms in prayer—she implores you and Heaven's assistance. Mark now the superscription—'This is Rome!'—Yes, it is your country that addresses you in this emblem!"

The crowd waved to and fro, and a deep murmur crept gathering over the silence which they had hitherto kept.

"Now," continued Pandolfo, "turn your gaze to the right of the picture, and you will behold the cause of the tempest, you will see why the fifth vessel is thus periled, and her sisters are thus wrecked. Mark, four different kinds of animals, who, from their horrid jaws, send forth the winds and storms which torture and rack the sea. The first are the lions, the wolves, the bears. These, the inscription tells you, are the lawless and savage signors of the state. The next are the dogs and swine,—these are the evil counsellors and parasites. Thirdly, you behold the dragons and the foxes,—and these are false judges and notaries, and they who sell justice. Fourthly, in the hares, the goats, the apes, that assist in creating the storm, you perceive, by the inscription, the emblems of the popular thieves and homicides, adulterers and spoliators. Are ye bewildered still, oh, Romans! or have ye mastered the riddle of the picture?"

Far in their massive palaces the Savelli and Orsini heard the echo of the shouts that answered the question of Pandolfo.

"Are ye, then, without hope?" resumed the scholar, as the shout ceased, and hushing, with the first sound of his voice, the ejaculations and speeches which each man had turned to utter to his neighbour. "Are ye without hope? Doth the picture, which shows your tribulation promise you no redemption? Behold, above that angry sea, the heavens open, and the majesty of God descends gloriously, as to judgment: and, from the rays that surround the spirit of God, extend two flaming swords, and on those swords stand, in wrath, but in deliverance, the two patron saints—the two mighty guardians of your city! People of Rome, farewell! the parable is finished."*

CHAPTER XI.

A ROUGH SPIRIT RAISED, WHICH MAY HEREAFTER REND THE WIZARD.

WHILE thus animated was the scene around the Capitol, within one of the apartments of the palace sat the agent and prime cause of that excitement. In the company of his quiet scribes, Rienzi appeared absorbed in the patient details of his avocation. While the murmur and the hum, the shout and the tramp of multitudes, rolled to his chamber, he seemed not to heed them, nor to rouse himself a moment from his task. With the unbroken regularity of an automaton, he continued to enter in his large book, and with the clear and beautiful characters of the period, those damning figures which taught him, better than declamations, the frauds practised on the people, and armed him with that weapon of plain fact which it is so difficult for abuse to parry.

"Page 2, Vol. B.," said he, in the tranquil voice of business, to the clerks; "see there, the profits of the salt duty; department No. 3—very well. Page 9, Vol. D—what is the account rendered by Vescobaldi, the collector? What! twelve thousand florins!—no more!—unconscionable rascal! (Here was a loud shout without of 'Pandulfo!—long live Pandulfo!') Pastrucci, my friend, your head wanders; you are listening to the noise without—please to amuse yourself with the calculation I entrusted to you. Santi, what is the entry given in by Antonio Tralli?"

A slight tap was heard at the door, and Pandulfo entered.

The clerks continued their labour, though they looked up hastily at the pale and respectable visitor, whose name, to their great astonishment, had thus become a popular cry.

"Ah, my friend," said Rienzi, calmly enough in voice, but his hands trembled with ill-suppressed emotion, "you would speak to me alone, eh? well, well,—this way." Thus saying, he led the citizen into a small cabinet in the rear of the room of office, carefully shut the door, and then, giving himself up to the natural impatience of his character, seized Pandulfo by the hand—"Speak!" cried he; "do they take the interpretation!—have you made it plain and palpable enough!—has it sunk deep into their souls?"

"Oh, by St. Peter! yes!" returned the citizen, whose spirits were elevated by his recent discovery, that he, too, was an orator—a great and luxurious pleasure for a shy man. "They swallowed every word of the interpretation; they are moved to the marrow—you might lead them this very hour to battle, and find them heroes. As for the sturdy smith?"

"What, Cecco del Vecchio?" interrupted Rienzi; "ah, his heart is wrought in bronze—what did he?"

"Why, he caught me by the hem of my robe as I descended my rostrum, (oh! would you could have seen me!—*per fede* I had caught your mantle!—I was a second *you*?) and said, weeping like a child, 'Ah, Signor, I am but a poor man, and of little worth, but if every drop of blood in this body was a life, I would give it for my country!'"

"Brave soul!" said Rienzi, with emotion; "would that Rome had but fifty such! No man hath done us more good among his own class than Cecco del Vecchio."

"They feel a protection in his very size," said Pandulfo. "It is something to hear such big words from such a big fellow."

* M. Sismondi attributes to Rienzi a fine oration at the showing of the picture, in which he thundered against the vices of the patricians. The cotemporary biographer of Rienzi says nothing of this harangue, and I imagine that, for historical convenience, Sismondi confounds two occasions.

"Were there *any* voices lifted in disapprobation of the picture and its sentiment?"

"None."

"The time is nearly ripe, then—a few suns more and the fruit must be gathered. The Avenite,—the Lateran,—and then the *solitary trumpet*!" Thus saying, Rienzi, with folded arms and downcast eyes, seemed sunk into a reverie.

"By the way," said Pandulfo, "I had almost forgot to tell thee, that the crowd would have poured themselves hither, so impatient were they to see thee; but I bade Cecco del Vecchio mount the rostrum, and tell them, in his blunt way, that it would be unseemly at the present time, when thou wert engaged in the Capitol on civil and holy affairs, to rush in so great a body into thy presence. Did I not right?"

"Most right, my Pandulfo."

"But Cecco del Vecchio says he must come and kiss thy hand; and thou mayest expect him here the moment he can escape unobserved from the crowd."

"He is welcome!" said Rienzi, half mechanically, for he was still absorbed in thought.

"And, lo! here he is,"—as one of the scribes announced the visit of the smith.

"Let him be admitted!" said Rienzi, seating himself composedly.

When the huge smith found himself in the presence of Rienzi, it amused Pandulfo to perceive the wonderful influences of mind over matter. That fierce and sturdy giant, who, in all popular commotions, towered above his tribe, with thews of stone, and nerves of iron, the rallying point and bulwark of the rest,—stood, now colouring and trembling before the intellect, which (so had the eloquent spirit of Rienzi waked and fanned the spark which, till then, had lain dormant in that rough bosom,) might almost be said to have created his own. And he, indeed, who first arouses in the bondsman the sense and soul of freedom comes as near as is permitted to man, nearer than the philosopher, nearer even than the poet, to the great creative attribute of God!—But, if the breast be uneducated, the gift may curse the giver, and he who passes at once from the slave to the freeman, may pass as rapidly from the freeman to the ruffian.

"Approach, my friend," said Rienzi, after a moment's pause; "I know all that thou hast done, and would do for Rome! Thou art worthy of her best days, and thou art born to share in their return."

The smith dropped at the feet of Rienzi, who held out his hand to raise him, which Cecco del Vecchio seized and reverentially kissed.

"This kiss does not betray," said Rienzi, smiling; "but rise, my friend,—this posture is only due to God and his saints!"

"He is a saint who helps us at need!" said the smith, bluntly; "and that no man has done as thou hast. But when," he added, sinking his voice, and fixing his eyes hard on Rienzi, as one may do who waits a signal to strike a blow, "when! when shall we make the great effort?"

"Thou hast spoken to all the brave men in thy neighbourhood,—are they well prepared?"

"To live or die, as Rienzi bids them!"

"I must have the list—the number—the names—houses and callings, this night."

"Thou shalt."

"Each man must sign his name or mark with his own hand."

"It shall be done."

"Then, harkye! attend Pandulfo di Guido at his house this evening, at sunset. He shall instruct thee where to meet this night some brave hearts; thou art worthy to be ranked amongst them. Thou wilt not fail?"

"By the holy Stairs! I will count every minute till then," said the smith, his swarthy face lighted with pride at the confidence shown him.

"Meanwhile, watch all your neighbours; let no man flag or grow fainthearted,—none of thy friends must be branded as a traitor!"

"I will cut his throat, were he my own mother's son, if I find one pledged man flinch!" said the fierce smith.

"Ha, ha!" rejoined Rienzi, with that strange laugh which belonged to him; "a miracle! a miracle! The picture speaks now!"

It was already nearly dusk when Rienzi left the Capitol. The broad space before its walls was empty and deserted, and wrapping his mantle closely round him, he walked musingly on.

"I have almost climbed the height," thought he, "and now the precipice yawns before me. If I fail, what a fall! The

last hope of my country falls with me. Never will a noble rise against the nobles. Never will another plebeian have the opportunities and the power that I have! Rome is bound up with me—with a single life. The liberties of all times are fixed to a reed that a wind may uproot. But oh, Providence! hast thou not reserved and marked me for great deeds! How, step by step, have I been led on to this solemn enterprise! How has each hour prepared its successor! And yet what danger! if the inconstant people, made cowardly by long thralldom, do but waver in the crisis, I am swept away!"

As he spoke, he raised his eyes, and lo, before him, the first star of twilight shone calmly down upon the crumbling remnants of the Tarpeian Rock. It was no favouring omen, and Rienzi's heart beat quicker as that dark and ruined mass frowned thus suddenly on his gaze.

"Dread monument," thought he, "of what dark catastrophes, to what unknown schemes hast thou been the witness! To how many enterprises, on which history is dumb, hast thou set the seal! How know we whether they were criminal or just! How know we, whether he, thus doomed as a traitor, would not, if successful, have been immortalized as a deliverer! If I fall, who will write my chronicle!—one of the people! Alas! blinded and ignorant, they furnish forth no minds that can appeal to posterity. One of the patricians!—in what colours then shall I be painted! No tomb will arise for me amidst the wrecks—no hand scatter flowers upon my grave—all my visions of past honour and fame will reap but the damnation of eternal obloquy!"

Thus meditating on the verge of that mighty enterprise to which he had bound himself, Rienzi pursued his way. He gained the Tiber, and paused for a few moments beside its legendary stream, over which the purple and star-lit heaven shone deeply down. He crossed the bridge which leads to the quarter of the Trastevere, whose haughty inhabitants yet boast themselves the sole and true descendants of the ancient Romans. Here his step grew quicker and more light; brighter, if less solemn, thoughts crowded upon his breast; and ambition, lulled for a moment, left his strained and over-laboured mind to the reign of a softer passion.

CHAPTER XII.

NINA DI RASELLI.

"I TELL you, Lucia, I do not love those stuffs; they do not become me. Saw you ever so poor a dye!—this purple, indeed!—that crimson! Why did you let the man leave them?—let him take them elsewhere to-morrow. They may suit the signoras on the other side of the Tiber, who imagine everything Venetian must be perfect; but I, Lucia, I see with my own eyes, and judge from my own mind."

"Ah, dear Lady," said the serving maid, "if you were, as you doubtless will be, some time or other, a grand signora, how worthily you would wear the honours! Santa Cecilia! no other dame in Rome would be looked at while the Lady Nina were by!"

"Would we not teach them what pomp was?" answered Nina. "Oh! what festivals would we hold! Saw you not from the gallery the revels given last week by the Lady Giulia Savelli?"

"Ay, signora; and when you walked up the hall in your silver and and pearl tissue, there ran such a murmur through the gallery: every one cried, the Savelli have entertained an angel!"

"Pish! Lucia; no flattery, girl."

"It is naked truth, Lady. But that *was* a revel, was it not? There was grandeur!—fifty servitors in scarlet and gold! and the music playing all the while. The minstrels were sent for from Bergamo. Did not that festival please you? Ah, I warrant many were the fine speeches made to you that day!"

"Heigho!—no, there was one voice wanting, and all the music was marred. But, girl, were I the Lady Giulia, I would not have been contented with so poor a revel."

"How, poor!—why all the nobles say it outdid the proudest marriage feast of the Colonna. Nay, a Neapolitan who sat next me, and who had served under the young Queen Jane, at her marriage, says, that even Naples was outshone."

"That may be. I know nought of Naples; but I know what *my* court should have been, were I what—what I am not, and may never be! The banquet vessels should have been of gold—the cups jeweled to the brim—not an inch of

the rude pavement should have been visible—all should have glowed with cloth of gold. The fountain in the court should have showered up the perfumes of the East—my pages should not have been rough youths, blushing at their own uncouthness, but fair boys, who had not told their twelfth year, culled from the daintiest palaces of Rome; and, as for the music, oh, Lucia!—each musician should have worn a chaplet, and deserved it; and he who played best should have had a reward, to inspire all the rest—a rose from me. Saw you, too, the Lady Giulia's robe? What colours!—they might have put out the sun at noonday!—yellow and blue and orange and scarlet! Oh! sweet Saints!—but my eyes ached all the next day!"

"Doubtless, the Lady Giulia lacks your skill in the mixture of colours," said the complaisant waiting woman.

"And then, too, what a mien—no royalty in it! She moved along the hall, so that her train well nigh tript her every moment; and then she said, with a foolish laugh, 'These holiday robes are but troublesome luxuries.' Troth, for the great there should be no holiday relics; 'tis for myself, not for others, that I would attire! Every day should have its new robe, more gorgeous than the last;—every day should be a holiday!"

"Methought," said Lucia, "that the Lord Giovanni Orsini seemed very devoted to my Lady."

"He! the bear!"

"Bear, he may be! but he has a costly skin. His riches are untold."

"And the fool knows not how to spend them."

"Was not that the young Lord Adrian who spoke to you just by the columns, where the music played?"

"It might be,—I forget."

"Yet, I hear that few ladies forget when Lord Adrian di Castello woos them."

"There was but one man whose company seemed to me worth the recollection," answered Nina, unheeding the insinuation of the artful handmaid.

"And who was he?" asked Lucia.

"The old scholar from Avignon!"

"What! he with the gray beard? Oh, Signora!"

"Yes," said Nina, with a grave and sad voice; "when he spoke, the whole scene vanished from my eyes,—for he spoke to me of HIM!"

As she said this, the Signora sighed deeply, and the tears gathered to her eyes.

The waiting woman raised her lip in disdain, and her looks in wonder; but she did not dare to venture a reply.

"Open the lattice," said Nina, after a pause, "and give me yon paper. Not that, girl—but the verses sent me yesterday. What! art thou Italian, and dost thou not know, by instinct, that I spoke of the rhyme of Petrarch?"

Seated by the open casement, through which the moonlight stole soft and sheen, with one lamp beside her, from which she seemed to shade her eyes, though in reality she sought to hide her countenance from Lucia, the young Signora appeared absorbed in one of those tender sonnets which then turned the brains and inflamed the hearts of Italy.*

Born of an impoverished house, which, though, boasting its descent from a consular race of Rome, scarcely at that day maintained a rank among the inferior order of nobility, Nina di Raselli was the spoiled child—the idol and the tyrant—of her parents. The energetic and self-willed character of her mind made her rule where she should have obeyed; as in all ages dispositions can conquer custom, she had, though in a clime and land where the young and unmarried of her sex are usually chained and fettered, assumed, and by assuming, won the prerogative of independence. She had, it is true, more learning and more genius than generally fell to the share of women in that day, and enough of both to be deemed a miracle by her parents. She had, also, what they valued more, a surpassing beauty, and what they feared more, an indomitable haughtiness—a haughtiness mixed with a thousand soft and endearing qualities where she loved, and which, indeed, where she loved seemed to vanish. At once vain, yet high-minded—resolute, yet impassioned, there was a gorgeous magnificence in her very vanity and splendour, an identity in her waywardness: her defects made a part of her brilliancy; without them she would have seemed less woman, and, knowing her, you would have compared all women by her standard. Softer

* Although it is true that the love sonnets of Petrarch were not then, as now, the most esteemed of his works, yet it has been a great, though a common error, to represent them as little known, and coldly admired. Their effect was, in reality, prodigious and universal. Every ballad-singer sung them in the streets, and (says Filippo Villani) "gravissimi nesciebant abstinere"—"Even the gravest could not abstain from them."

qualities beside her seemed not more charming, but more insipid. She had no vulgar ambition, for she had obstinately refused many alliances which the daughter of Raselli could scarcely have hoped to form. The untutored minds and savage power of the Roman nobles seemed to her imagination, which was full of the *poetry* of rank, (its luxury and its graces,) as something barbarous and revolting, at once to be dreaded and despised. She had, therefore, passed her twentieth year unmarried, but not, perhaps, without love. The faults themselves of her character, elevated that ideal of love which she had formed. She required some being round whom all her vainer qualities could rally; she felt that where she loved she must adore; she demanded no common idol before which to humble so strong and imperious a mind. Unlike women of a gentler mould, who desire for a short period to exercise the caprices of sweet empire, when she loved, she must cease to command, and pride, at once, be humbled to devotion. So rare were the qualities that could attract her,—so imperiously did her haughtiness require that those qualities should be above her own, yet of the same order, that her love elevated its object like a god. Accustomed to despise, she felt all the luxury it is to venerate! And if it were her lot to be united with one thus loved, her nature was that which might become elevated by that it gazed on. For her beauty, reader, shouldst thou ever go to Rome, thou wilt see in the Capitol the picture of the Cumæan Sybil, which, often copied, no copy can even faintly represent; why this is so called, I know not,—save that it has something strange and unearthly in the dark beauty of the eyes. I beseech thee, mistake not this sybil for another, for the Roman galleries abound in sybils.* The sybil I speak of is dark, and the face has an eastern cast; the robe and turban, gorgeous though they be, grow dim before the rich, but transparent roses of the cheek; the hair would be black, save for that golden glow which mellows it to a hue and lustre never seen but in the south, and even in the south most rare; the features, not Grecian, are yet faultless; the mouth, the brow, the ripe and exquisite contour, all are human and voluptuous; the expression, the aspect, is something more; the form is perhaps too full for the ideal of loveliness, for the proportions of sculpture, for the delicacy of Athenian models; but the luxuriant fault has a majesty. Gaze long upon that picture: it charms, yet commands the eye. While you gaze, you call back five centuries. You see before you the breathing image of Nina di Raselli.

But it was not those ingenious and elaborate conceits, in which Petrarch, great poet though he be, has so often mistaken pedantry for passion, that absorbed at that moment the attention of the beautiful Nina. Her eyes rested not on the page, but on the garden that stretched below the casement. Over the old fruit trees, and hanging vines fell the moonlight; and in the centre of the green, but half-neglected sward, a small and circular fountain, whose perfect proportions spoke of days long past, cast up its playful waters to the kisses of the stars. The scene was still and beautiful; but neither of its stillness nor beauty thought Nina: towards one, the gloomiest and most rugged, spot in the whole garden, turned her gaze; there the trees stood densely massed together, and shut from view the low, but heavy wall which encircled the mansion of Raselli. The boughs on those trees stirred gently, but Nina saw them wave; and now from the copse emerged, slow and cautiously, a solitary figure, whose shadow threw itself, long and dark, over the sward. It approached the window, and a low voice breathed Nina's name.

"Quick! Lucia," cried she, breathlessly, turning to her handmaid; "quick! the rope-ladder! it is he! he is come! How slow you are!—haste, girl—he may be discovered! there,—it is attached now. My love! my hero! my Rienzi!"

"It is you!" said Rienzi, as, now entering the chamber, he wound his arms around her half-averted form, "and what is night to others is day to me!"

The first sweet moments of welcome, of gratulation were over; and Rienzi was seated at the feet of his mistress; his head rested on her knees—his face looking up to hers—their hands clasped each in each.

"And for me thou bravest these dangers!" said the lover; "the shame of discovery—the wrath of my parents!"

"But what are my perils to thee? Oh, Heaven! if my father found thee here thou wouldst die!"

"He would think it then so great a humiliation, that thou, beautiful Nina, who mightest match with the haughtiest

names of Rome, should waste thy love on a plebeian—even though the grandson of an emperor!"

The proud heart of Nina could sympathize well with the wounded pride of her lover: she detected the soreness which lurked beneath his answer, carelessly as it was uttered.

"Hast thou not told me," she said, "of that great Marius, who was no noble, but from whom the loftiest Colonna would rejoice to claim his descent? and do I not know in thee one who shall yet eclipse the power of Marius, unsullied by his vices?"

"Delicious flattery! sweet prophet!" said Rienzi, with a melancholy smile; "never were thy supporting promises of the future more welcome to me than now; for to thee I will say what I would utter to none else—my soul half sinks beneath the mighty burthen I have heaped upon it. I want new courage as the dread hour approaches; and from thy words and looks I drink it."

"Oh!" answered Nina, blushing as she spoke, "glorious is indeed the lot which I have bought by my love for thee: glorious to share thy schemes—to cheer thee in doubt—to whisper hope to thee in danger."

"And give grace to me in triumph!" added Rienzi, passionately. "Ah! should the future ever place upon these brows the laurel-wreath due to one who has saved his country, what joy, what recompense, to lay it at thy feet! Perhaps, in those long and solitary hours of coolness and exhaustion which fill up the interstices of time,—the dull space for sober thought between the epochs of exciting action,—perhaps I should have failed and flagged, and renounced even my dreams for Rome, had they not been linked also with my dreams for thee!—had I not pictured to myself the hour when my fate had elevated me beyond my birth—when thy sire would deem it no disgrace to give thee to my arms—when thou, too, shouldst stand amidst the dames of Rome, more honoured, as more beautiful, than all—and when I should see that pomp, which my own soul disdains,* made dear and grateful to me, because associated with thee! Yes, it is these thoughts that have inspired me when sterner ones have shrunk back appalled from the spectres that surround their goal. And oh! my Nina, sacred, strong, enduring must be, indeed, the love which lives in the same pure and elevated air as that which sustains my dreams of patriotism, of liberty, of fame!"

This was the language which, more even than the vows of fidelity and the dear adulation which springs from the heart's exuberance, had bowed the proud and vain soul of Nina to the chains that it so willingly wore. Perhaps, indeed, in the absence of Rienzi, her weaker nature pictured to herself the triumph of humbling the highborn signoras, and eclipsing the barbarous magnificence of the chiefs of Rome; but in his presence, and listening to his more elevated and generous ambition, as yet all unsullied by one private feeling—save the hope of her, a selfishness too easily overlooked—her higher sympathies were enlisted with his schemes, her mind aspired to raise itself to the height of his, and she thought less of her own rise than of his glory. It was sweet to her pride to be the sole confidante of his most secret thoughts, as of his most hardy undertakings—to see bared before her that intricate and plotting spirit—to be admitted even to the knowledge of its doubts and weakness, as of its heroism and power.

Nothing could be more contrasted than the loves of Rienzi and Nina, and those of Adrian and Irene; in the latter, all were the dreams, the phantasies, the extravagance of youth: they never talked of the future; they mingled no other aspirations with those of love. Ambition, glory, the world's high objects, were nothing to them when together; their love had swallowed up the world, and left nothing visible beneath the sun, save itself. But the passion of Nina and her lover was that of more complicated natures and more mature years; it was made up of a thousand feelings, each naturally severed from each, but compelled into one focus by the mighty concentration of love: their talk was of the world; it was from the world that they drew the aliment which sustained it; it was of the future they spoke and thought; of its dreams and imagined glories they made themselves a home and altar; their love had in it more of the intellectual, than that of Adrian and Irene; it was more fitted for this hard earth; it had in it, also, more of the heaven of the later and iron days, and less of poetry and the first golden age.

"And must thou leave me now?" said Nina, her cheek no more averted from his lips, nor her form from his parting em-

* The sybil referred to is the well-known one by Cominichino. As a mere work of art, that by Guercino, called the Persian sybil, in the same collection, is perhaps superior; but in beauty, in character, there is no comparison.

* "Quem semper abhorruí sicut cenum" is the expression used by Rienzi, in his letter to his friend at Avignon, and which was probably sincere. Men rarely act according to the bias of their own tastes.

brace. "The moon is high yet; it is but a little hour thou hast given me."

"An hour! Alas!" said Rienzi, "it is near upon midnight—our friends await me."

"Go, then, my soul's best half! go; Nina shall not detain thee one moment from those higher objects which make thee so dear to Nina. When—when shall we meet again?"

"Not," said Rienzi, proudly, and with all his soul upon his brow, "not thus, by stealth! no! nor as I thus have met thee—the obscure and condemned bondsman! When next thou seest me it shall be at the head of the sons of Rome! her champion! her restorer! or—" said he, sinking his voice.

"There is no or!" interrupted Nina, weaving her arms round him, and catching his enthusiasm; "thou hast uttered thine own destiny!"

"One kiss more! farewell!—the tenth day from the morrow shines upon the restoration of Rome!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT BEFEL WALTER DE MONTREAL.

It was upon that same evening, and while the earlier stars yet shone over the city, that Walter de Montreal, returning alone, to the convent then associated with the church of Santa Maria del Priorato, (both of which belonged to the Knights of the Hospital, and in the first of which Montreal had taken his lodgment,) paused amidst the ruins and desolation which lay around his path. Though little skilled in the classic memories and associations of the spot, he could not but be impressed with the surrounding witnesses of departed empire—the vast skeleton, as it were, of the dead giantess.

"Now," thought he, as he gazed around upon the roofless columns and shattered walls, every where visible, over which the starlight shone, ghastly and transparent, backed by the frowning and embattled fortresses of the Frangipani, half hid by the dark foliage which sprang up amidst the very fanes and palaces of old—Nature exulting over the frailer Art, "now," thought he, "bookmen would be inspired, by this scene, with fantastic and dreaming visions of the past. But to me these monuments of high ambition and royal splendour create only images of the future. Rome may yet be, with her seven-hilled diadem, as Rome has been before, the prize of the strongest hand and the boldest warrior,—revived, not by her own degenerate sons, but the infused blood of a new race. William the Bastard could scarce have found the hardy Englishers as easy a conquest as Walter the Wellborn may find these sunken Romans. And which conquest were the more glorious,—the barbarous Isle, or the Metropolis of the World? Short step from the general to the podesta—shorter step from the podesta to the king!"

While thus revolving his wild, yet not altogether chimerical ambition, a quick light step was heard amidst the long herbage, and, looking up, Montreal perceived the figure of a tall female, descending, from that part of the hill then covered by many convents, towards the base of the Aventine. She supported her steps with a long staff, and moved with such elasticity and erectness, that now, as her face became visible by the starlight, it was surprising to perceive that it was the face of one advanced in years,—a harsh, proud countenance, withered, and deeply wrinkled, but not without a certain regularity of outline.

"Merciful Virgin!" cried Montreal, starting back as that face gleamed upon him: "is it possible? It is she!—it is—"

He sprang forward, and stood right before the old woman, who seemed equally surprised, though more dismayed, at the sight of Montreal.

"I have sought thee for years," said the Knight, first breaking the silence, "years, long years,—thy conscience can tell thee why."

"Mine, man of blood!" cried the female, trembling with rage or fear; "darest thou talk of conscience! Thou, the dishonourer—the robber—the professed homicide! Thou, disgrace to knighthood and to birth! Thou, with the cross of chastity and of peace upon thy breast! Thou talk of conscience, hypocrite!—thou!"

"Lady—lady!" said Montreal, deprecatingly, and almost quailing beneath the fiery passion of that feeble woman, "I have sinned against thee and thine. But remember all my excuses!—early love—fatal obstacles—rash vow—irresistible temptation! Perhaps,"—he added, in a more haughty tone—

"perhaps, yet, I may have the power to atone my error, and wring, with the mailed hand, from the successor of St. Peter, who hath power to loose as to bind—"

"Perjured and abandoned!" interrupted the female—"dost thou dream that violence can purchase absolution, or that thou canst ever atone the past?—a noble name undone—a father's broken heart and dying curse! Yes, that curse, I hear it now!—it rings upon me thrillingly, as when I watched the expiring clay! it cleaves to thee—it pursues thee—it shall pierce through thy corselet—it shall smite thee in the meridian of thy power! Genius wasted—ambition blasted—penitence deferred—a life of brawls, and a death of shame,—thy destruction the offspring of thy crime!—To this, to this, an old man's curse hath doomed thee!—AND THOU ART DOOMED!"

These words, rather shrieked than spoken—the flashing eye—the lifted hand—the dilated form of the speaker—the hour—the solitude of the ruins around—all conspired to give to that fearful execration the character of prophecy. The warrior, against whose undaunted breast a hundred spears had shivered in vain, fell appalled and humbled to the ground. He seized the hem of his fierce denouncer's robe, and cried, in a choked and hollow voice, "Spare me!—spare me!"

"Spare thee?" said the unrelenting crone; "hast thou ever spared man in thy hatred, or woman in thy lust? Ah, grovel in the dust!—crouch—crouch!—wild beast as thou art!—whose sleek skin and beautiful hues have taught the unwary to be blind to the talons that rend, and the grinders that devour!—crouch, that the foot of the old and impotent may spurn thee!"

"Hag!" cried Montreal, in the reaction of sudden fury and maddened pride, springing up to the full height of his stature—"hag! thou hast passed the limits to which, remembering who thou art, my forbearance gave thee license. I have well nigh forgot that thou hadst assumed my part—I am the Accuser! Woman!—the boy!—shrink not!—equivocate not!—lie not!—thou wert the thief!"

"I was. Thou taughtest me the lesson how to steal a—"

"Render—restore him!" interrupted Montreal, stamping on the ground with such force that the splinters of the marble fragments on which he stood shivered under his armed heel.

The woman little heeded a violence at which the fiercest warrior of Italy might have trembled; but she did not make an immediate answer. The character of her countenance altered from passion into an expression of grave, intent, and melancholy thought. At length she replied to Montreal, whose hand had wandered to his dagger-hilt, with the instinct of long habit, whenever enraged or thwarted, rather than from any design of blood; which, stern and vindictive as he was, he would have been incapable of forming against any woman,—much less against the one then before him.

"Walter de Montreal," said she, in a voice so calm that it almost sounded like that of compassion, "the boy, I think, has never known brother or sister—the only child of a once haughty and lordly race, on both sides, though now on both dishonoured—nay, why so impatient!—thou wilt soon learn the worst—the boy is dead!"

"Dead!" repeated Montreal, recoiling and growing pale; "dead! no, no—say not that! He has a mother,—you know he has!—a fond meek-hearted, anxious, hoping mother!—no!—no, he is not dead!"

"Thou canst feel, then, for a mother?" said the old woman, seemingly touched by the tone of the Provençal. "Yet; be-think thee, is it not better that the grave should save him from a life of riot, of bloodshed, and of crime? Better to sleep with God than to wake with the fiends!"

"Dead!" echoed Montreal; "dead!—the pretty one!—so young!—those eyes—the mother's eyes—closed so soon!"

"Hast thou aught else to say? Thy sight scares my very womanhood from my soul!—let me be gone."

"Dead!—may I believe thee? or dost thou mock me? Thou hast uttered thy curse, hearken to my warning—If thou hast lied in this, thy last hour shall dismay thee, and thy death-bed shall be the death-bed of despair!"

"Thy lips," replied the female, with a scornful smile, "are better adapted for lewd vows to unhappy maidens, than for the denunciations which sound solemn only when coming from the good. Farewell!"

"Stay! inexorable woman! stay!—where sleeps he? Masses shall be sung!—priests shall pray!—the sins of the father shall not be visited on that young head!"

"At Florence!" returned the old woman, hastily. "But no stone records the departed one!—The dead boy had no name!"

Waiting for no farther questionings, the woman now passed on,—pursued her way;—and the long herbage, and the wind-

ing descent, soon snatched her ill-omened apparition from the desolate landscape.

Montreal, thus alone, sunk with a deep and heavy sigh upon the ground, covered his face with his hands, and burst into an agony of grief; his chest heaved—his whole frame trembled,—and he wept and sobbed aloud, with all the vehemence of a man whose passions are strong and fierce, but to whom the violence of grief alone is novel and unfamiliar.

He remained thus, prostrate and unmanned, for a considerable time, growing slowly and gradually more calm as tears relieved his emotion, and, at length, rather indulging a gloomy reverie than a passionate grief. The moon was high, and the hour late, when he arose, and then few traces of the past excitement remained upon his countenance; for Walter de Montreal was not of that mould in which we can force a settlement, or to which any affliction can bring the continued and habitual melancholy that darkens those who feel more enduringly, though with emotions less stormy. His were the elements of the true Franc character, though carried to excess: his sternest and his deepest qualities were mingled with fickleness and levity; his profound sagacity often frustrated by a whim; his towering ambition deserted for some frivolous temptation; and his elastic, sanguine, and high-spirited nature, faithful only to the desire of military glory, to the poetry of a dashing and stormy life, and to the susceptibilities of that tender passion without whose colourings no portrait of chivalry is complete, and in which he was capable of a sentiment, a tenderness, and a loyal devotion, which could hardly have been supposed compatible with his reckless levity and his undisciplined career.

"Well," said he, as he rose slowly, folded his mantle round him, and resumed his way, "it was not for *myself* I grieved thus. But the pang is past, and the worst is known. Now, then, back to those things that never die—restless projects and daring schemes. That hag's curse keeps my blood cold still, and this solitude has something in it weird and awful. Ha—what sudden light is that!"

The light which caught Montreal's eye broke forth almost like a star, scarcely larger, indeed, but more red and intense in its ray. Of itself it was nothing uncommon, and might have broken either from convent or cottage. But it streamed from a part of the Aventine which contained no habitations of the living, but only the empty ruins and shattered porticos, of which even the names and memories of the ancient inhabitants were dead. Aware of this, Montreal felt a slight awe, (as the beam threw its steady light over the dreary landscape,) for he was not without the knightly superstitions of the age, and it was now the witching hour consecrated to ghost and spirit. But fear, whether of this world or the next, could not long daunt the mind of the hardy freebooter; and, after a short hesitation, he resolved to make a digression from his way, and ascertain the cause of the phenomenon. Unconsciously, the martial tread of the barbarian passed over the site of the famed, or infamous, Temple of Isis, which had once witnessed those wildest orgies commemorated by Juvenal, and came at last to a thick and dark copse, from an opening in the centre of which, gleamed the mysterious light. Penetrating the gloomy foliage, the Knight now found himself before a large ruin, gray and roofless, from within which came, indistinct and muffled, the sound of voices. Through a rent in the wall, forming a kind a casement, (probably unknown to the building in its ancient glory,) and about ten feet from the ground, the light now broke over the matted and rank soil, embedded, as it were, in vast masses of shade, and streaming through a broken portico hard at hand. The Provençal stood, though he knew it not, on the very place once consecrated by the Temple—the Portico and the Library of Liberty, (the first public library instituted in Rome.) The wall of the ruin was covered with innumerable creepers and wild brushwood, and it required but little agility on the part of Montreal, by the help of these, to raise himself to the height of the aperture, and concealed by the luxuriant foliage, to gaze within. He saw a table, lighted with tapers, in the centre of which was a crucifix; a dagger, unsheathed; an open scroll, which the event proved to be of sacred character; and a brazen bowl. About a hundred men, in cloaks, and with black vizards, stood motionless around; and one, taller than the rest, without disguise or mask—whose pale brow and stern features seemed by that light yet paler and yet more stern—appeared to be concluding some address to his companions.

"Yes," said he, "in the church of the Lateran I will make the last appeal to the people. Supported by the Vicar of the Pope, myself an officer of the Pontiff, it will be seen that Religion and Liberty—the heroes and the martyrs—are united in one cause. After that time, words are idle: action must

begin. By this crucifix I pledge my faith—on this blade I devote my life—to the regeneration of Rome! And you, (then no need for mask or mantle!) when the solitary trump is heard—when the solitary horseman is seen,—*you*, swear to rally round the standard of the Republic, and resist—with heart and hand, with life and soul, in defiance of death, and in hope of redemption—the arms of the oppressor!"

"We swear!—we swear!" exclaimed every voice,—and, crowding toward cross and weapon, the tapers were obscured by the intervening throng, and Montreal could not perceive the ceremony, nor hear the muttered formula of the oath: but he could guess that the rite then common to conspiracies—and which required each conspirator to shed some drops of his own blood, in token that life itself was devoted to the enterprise—had not been omitted, when, the group again receding, the same figure as before had addressed the meeting, holding on high the bowl with both hands,—while from the left arm, which was bared, the blood weltered slowly, and trickled, drop by drop, upon the ground,—said, in a solemn voice and up-turned eyes—

"Amidst the ruins of thy temple, O Liberty! we, Romans, dedicate to thee this libation! We, befriended and inspired by no unreal and fabled idols, but by the Lord of Hosts, and Him who, descending to earth, appealed not to emperors and to princes, but to the fisherman and the peasant,—giving to the lowly and the poor the mission of Revelation." Then, turning suddenly to his companions, as his features, singularly varying in their character and expression, brightened, from solemn awe, into a martial and kindling enthusiasm, he cried aloud, "Death to the tyranny! Life to the Republic!" The effect of the transition was startling. Each man, as by an involuntary and irresistible impulse, laid his hand upon his sword, as he echoed the sentiment; some, indeed, drew forth their blades, as if for instant action.

"I have seen enow: they will break up anon," said Montreal to himself; "and I would rather face an army of thousands, than even half a dozen enthusiasts, so inflamed, and thus detected." And, with this thought, he dropped on the ground, and glided away, as, once again, through the still midnight air, broke upon his ear the muffled shout—"DEATH TO THE TYRANNY!—LIFE TO THE REPUBLIC!"

BOOK II.

THE REVOLUTION.

"Ogni Lascivia, ogni male, nulla giustizia, nullo freno. Non c'era piu remedia, ogni persona periva. Allora Cola di Rienzi," &c.—(*Vita di Cola di Rienzi. Lib. i. Chap. ii.*)

CHAPTER I.

THE KNIGHT OF PROVENÇE, AND HIS PROPOSAL.

It was nearly noon as Adrian entered the gates of the palace of Stephen Colonna. The palaces of the nobles were not as we see them now—receptacles for the immortal canvass of Italian, and the imperishable sculpture of Grecian, art; but still to this day are retained the massive walls, and barred windows, and spacious courts, in which at that time they protected their rude retainers. High above the gates rose a lofty and solid tower, whose height commanded a wide view of the mutilated remains of Rome: the gate itself was adorned and strengthened on either side by columns of granite, whose Doric capitals betrayed the sacrilege that had torn them from one of the many temples that had formerly crowded the sacred Forum. From the same spoils came, too, the vast fragments of travertine which made the walls of the outer court. So common at that day were these barbarous appropriations of the most precious monuments of art, that the columns and domes of earlier Rome were regarded by all classes but as quarries, from which every man was free to gather the materials, whether for his castle or his cottage,—a wantonness of outrage far greater than the Goths', to whom a later age would fain have attributed all the disgrace, and which, more, perhaps, than even heavier offences, attracted the classical indignation of Petrarch, and made him sympathize with Rienzi in his hopes of Rome. Still

may you see the churches of that or even earlier dates, of the most shapeless architecture, built on the site, and from the marbles, consecrating (rather than consecrated by) the names of Venus, of Jupiter, of Minerva: the palace of the Prince of the Orsini, Duke of Gravina, is yet reared above the graceful arches (still visible) of the Theatre of Marcellus,—then a fortress of the Savelli.

As Adrian passed the court, a heavy wagon blocked up the way, laden with huge marbles, dug from the unexhausted mine of the Golden House of Nero: they were intended for an additional tower, by which Stephen Colonna proposed yet more to strengthen the tasteless and formless edifice in which the old noble maintained the dignity of outraging the law.

The friend of Petrarch, and the pupil of Rienzi, sighed deeply as he passed this vehicle of new spoiliations, and as a pillar of fluted alabaster, rolling carelessly from the wagon, fell with a loud crash upon the pavement. At the foot of the stairs grouped some dozen of the bandits whom the old Colonna entertained: they were playing at dice, upon an ancient tomb, the clear and deep inscription on which (so different from the slovenly character of the later empire) bespoke it a memorial of the most powerful age of Rome, and which, now empty even of ashes, and upset, served for a table to these foreign savages, and was strewn, even at that early hour, with fragments of meat and flasks of wine. They scarcely stirred—they scarcely looked up—as the young noble passed them; and their fierce oaths and loud ejaculations, uttered in a northern patois, grated harsh upon his ear, as he mounted, with a slow step, the lofty and unclean stairs. He came into a vast antechamber, which was half-filled with the higher class of the patrician's retainers: some five or six pages, chosen from the inferior noblesse, congregated by a narrow and deep-sunk case-mat, were discussing the grave matters of gallantry and intrigue: three petty chieftains of the band below, with their corselets donned, and their swords and casques beside them, were sitting, stolid and silent, at a table, in the middle of the room, and might have been taken for automatons, save for the solemn regularity with which they ever and anon lifted to their moustachioed lips their several goblets, and then, with a complacent grunt, re-settled to their contemplations. Striking was the contrast which their northern phlegm presented to a crowd of Italian clients, and petitioners, and parasites, who walked restlessly to and fro, talking loudly to each other, with all the vehement gestures and varying physiognomy of southern vivacity. There was a general stir and sensation as Adrian broke upon this miscellaneous company. The bandit captains nodded their heads mechanically; the pages bowed, and admired the fashion of his plume and hose; the clients, and petitioners, and parasites, crowded round him, each with a separate request for interest with his potent kinsman. Great need had Adrian of his wonted urbanity and address, in extricating himself from their grasp; and painfully did he win, at last, the low and narrow door, at which stood a tall servitor, who admitted or rejected the applicants, according to his interest or caprice.

"Is the Baron alone?" asked Adrian.

"Why, scarcely, my Lord: a foreign signor is with him—but to you he is of course visible."

"Well, you may admit me. I would inquire of his health."

The servitor opened the door—through whose aperture peered many a jealous and wistful eye—and consigned Adrian to the guidance of a page, who, older and of greater esteem than the loiterers in the ante-room, was the especial henchman of the Lord of the Castle. Passing another, but empty, chamber, vast and dreary, Adrian found himself in a small cabinet, and in the presence of his kinsman.

Before a table, bearing the implements of writing, sat the old Colonna: a robe of rich furs and velvet hung loose upon his tall and stately frame; from a round skull-cap, of comforting warmth and crimson hue, a few gray locks descended, and mixed with a long and reverend beard. The countenance of the aged noble, who had long passed his eightieth year, still retained the traces of a comeliness for which in earlier manhood he was remarkable. His eyes, if deep-sunken, were still dark and lively, and sparkled with all the fire of youth; his mouth, curved upward in a pleasant, though half satiric, smile; and his appearance on the whole was prepossessing and commanding, indicating rather the high blood, the shrewd wit, and the gallant valour of the patrician, than his craft, hypocrisy, and habitual, but disdainful, spirit of oppression.

Stephen Colonna, without being absolutely a hero, was indeed far braver than most of the Romans, though he held fast to the Italian maxim—never to fight an enemy while it is possible to cheat him. Two faults, however, marred the effect of his sagacity: a supreme insolence of disposition, and a pro-

found belief in the lights of his experience. He was incapable of analogy. What had never happened in his time, he was perfectly persuaded never could happen. Thus, though generally esteemed an able diplomatist, he had the cunning of the intriguer, and not the providence of a statesman. If, however, pride made him arrogant in prosperity, it supported him in misfortune. And in the earlier vicissitudes of a life which had partly been consumed in exile, he had developed many noble qualities of fortitude, endurance, and real greatness of soul,—which showed that his failings were rather acquired by circumstance than derived from nature. His numerous and highborn race were proud of their chief; and with justice, for he was the ablest and most honoured, not only of the direct branch of the Colonna, but also, perhaps, of all the more powerful barons.

Seated at the same table with Stephen Colonna, was a man of noble presence, of about three or four and thirty years of age, in whom Adrian instantly recognized Walter de Montreal. This celebrated knight was scarcely of the personal appearance which might have corresponded with the terror his name generally excited. His face was handsome, almost to the extreme of womanish delicacy. His fair hair waved long and freely over a white and unwrinkled forehead: the life of a camp and the suns of Italy had but little embrowned his clear and healthful complexion, which retained much of the bloom of youth. His features were aquiline and regular; his eyes, of a light hazel, were large, bright, and penetrating; and a short, but curled, beard and moustachio, trimmed with soldier-like precision, and very little darker than the hair, gave indeed a martial expression to his comely countenance,—but rather the expression which might have suited the hero of courts and tournaments, than the chief of a brigand's camp: And the aspect, manner, and bearing, of the Provençal were those which captivate rather than awe,—blending as they did, a certain military frankness with the easy and graceful dignity of one conscious of gentle birth, and accustomed to mix, on equal terms, with the great and noble. His form happily contrasted and elevated the character of a countenance which required strength and stature to free its uncommon beauty from the charge of effeminacy, being of great height and remarkable muscular power, without the least approach to clumsy and unwieldy bulk; it erred, indeed, rather to the side of leanness than flesh,—at once robust and slender. But the chief personal distinction of this warrior, the most redoubtable lance of Italy, was an air and carriage of chivalric and heroic grace, almost approaching to the ideal, and greatly set off at this time by his splendid dress, which was of brown velvet sown with pearls, over which hung the surcoat worn by the Knights of the Hospital, whereon was wrought, in white, the eight-pointed cross which made the badge of his order. The Knight's attitude was that of earnest conversation, bending slightly forward towards the Colonna, and resting both his hands—which (according to the usual distinction of the old Norman race,* from whom, though born in Provence, Montreal boasted his descent,) were small and delicate, the fingers being covered with jewels, as was the fashion of the day—upon the golden hilt of an enormous sword, on the sheath of which was elaborately wrought the silver lilies that made the device of the Provençal Brotherhood of Jerusalem.

"Good morrow, fair kinsman!" said Stephen. "Seat thyself, I pray; and know in this knightly visitor the celebrated *Sieur de Montreal*."

"Ah, my Lord!" said Montreal, smiling, as he saluted Adrian, "and how is my lady, at home?"

"You mistake, Sir Knight," quoth Stephen; "my young kinsman is not yet married; 'faith, as Pope Boniface remarked, when he lay stretched on a sick bed, and his confessor talked to him about Abraham's bosom,—that is a pleasure the greater for being deferred."

"The Signor will pardon my mistake," returned Montreal.

"But not," said Adrian, "the neglect of Sir Walter in not ascertaining the fact in person. My thanks to him, noble kinsman, are greater than you wot of, and he promised to visit me that he might receive them at leisure."

"I assure you, Signor," answered Montreal, "that I have not forgotten the invitation; but so weighty hitherto have

* Small hands and feet, however disproportioned to the rest of the person, were at that time deemed no less a distinction of the well-born, than they have been in a more refined age. Many readers will remember the pain occasioned to Petrarch by his tight shoes. This peculiarity still characterizes the true Norman breed, and the notion of its beauty is more derived from the feudal than the classic time.

been my affairs at Rome, that I have been obliged to parley with my impatience to better our acquaintance."

"Oh, ye knew each other before!" said Stephen, "And how?"

"My Lord, there is a damsel in the case!" replied Montreal. "Excuse my silence."

"Ah, Adrian, Adrian! when will you learn my continence!" said Stephen, solemnly, stroking his gray beard. "What an example I set you! But a truce to this light conversation,—let us resume our theme. You must know, Adrian, that it is to the brave band of my guest I am indebted for those valiant gentlemen below, who keep Rome so quiet, though my poor habitation so noisy. He has called to proffer more assistance, if need be; and to advise me on the affairs of Northern Italy. Continue, I pray thee, Sir Knight; I have no disguises from my kinsman."

"Thou seest," said Montreal, fixing his penetrating eyes on Adrian, "thou seest, doubtless, my Lord, that Italy at this moment presents to us a remarkable spectacle. It is a contest between two opposing powers, which shall destroy the other. The one power is that of the unruly and turbulent people—a power which they call 'Liberty'; the other power is that of the chiefs and princes—a power which they more appropriately call 'Order.' Between these parties the cities of Italy are divided. In Florence, in Genoa, in Pisa, for instance, is established a Free State,—a Republic, God wot! and a more riotous unhappy state of government cannot well be imagined."

"That is perfectly true," quoth Stephen; "they banished my own first cousin from Genoa."

"A perpetual strife, in short," continued Montreal, "between the great families, and alternation of prosecutions and confiscations, and banishments: to-day the Guelfs proscribe the Ghibellines—to-morrow the Ghibellines drive out the Guelfs. This may be liberty, but it is the liberty of the strong against the weak. In the other cities, as Milan, as Verona, as Bologna, the people are under the rule of one man,—who calls himself a prince, and whom his enemies call a tyrant. Having more force than any other citizen, he preserves a firm government; having more constant demand on his intellect and energies than the other citizens, he also preserves a wise one. These two orders of government are enlisted against each other: whenever the people in the one rebel against their prince, the people of the other—that is, the free states—send arms and money to their assistance."

"You hear, Adrian, how wicked those last are!" quoth Stephen.

"Now it seems to me," continued Montreal, "that this contest must end some time or other. All Italy must become republican or monarchical. It is easy to predict which will be the result."

"Yes, Liberty must conquer in the end!" said Adrian, warmly.

"Pardon me, young Lord; my opinion is entirely the reverse. You perceive that these republics are commercial,—are traders; they esteem wealth, they despise valour, they cultivate all trades save that of the armourer. Accordingly, how do they maintain themselves in war! By their own citizens? Not a whit of it! Either they send to some foreign chief, and promise, if he grant them his protection, the principality of the city for five or ten years in return,—or else they borrow from some hardy adventurer, like myself, as many troops as they can afford to pay for. Is it not so, Lord Adrian?"

Adrian nodded his reluctant assent.

"Well, then, it is the fault of the foreign chief if he does not make his power permanent: as has been already done in States once free by the Visconti and the Scala; or else it is the fault of the captain of the mercenaries if he do not convert his brigands into senators, and himself into a king. These are events so natural, that one day or other they will occur throughout all Italy. And all Italy will then become monarchical. Now it seems to me the interest of all the powerful families—your own, at Rome, as that of the Visconti, at Milan—to expedite this epoch, and to check, while you yet may with ease, that rebellious contagion amongst the people, which is now rapidly spreading, and which ends in the fever of license to them, but in the corruption of death to you. In these free States, the nobles are the first to suffer: first your privileges, then your property, are swept away. Nay, in Florence, as ye well know, my Lords, no noble is even capable of holding the meanest office in the state!"

"Villains!" said Colonna, "they violate the first law of nature!"

"At this moment," resumed Montreal, who, engrossed with

his subject, heeded little the interruptions he received from the holy indignation of the Baron,—“at this moment there are many—the wisest, perhaps, in the free States—who desire to renew the old Lombard leagues, in defence of their common freedom every where, and against whosoever shall aspire to be prince. Fortunately, the deadly jealousies between these merchant States—the base plebeian jealousies, more of trade than of glory—interpose at present an irresistible obstacle to this design; and Florence, the most stirring and the most esteemed of all, is happily so reduced by reverses of commerce as to be utterly unable to follow out so great an undertaking. Now, then, is the time for us, my Lords,—while these obstacles are so great for our foes,—now is the time for us to form and cement a counter-league between all the princes of Italy. To you, noble Stephen, I have come as your rank demands,—alone, of all the Barons of Rome;—to propose to you this honourable union. Observe what advantages it proffers to your house. The popes have abandoned Rome for ever; there is no counterpoise to your ambition,—there need be none to your power. You see before you the examples of Visconti and Taddeo di Pepoli. You may found in Rome—the first city of Italy—a supreme and uncontrolled principality, subjugate utterly your weaker rivals,—the Savelli, the Malatesta, the Orsini,—and leave to you sons’ sons an hereditary kingdom that may aspire once more, perhaps, to the empire of the world.”

Stephen shaded his face with his hand as he answered—

"But this, noble Montreal, requires means:—money, and men."

"Of the last, you can command from me now,—my small company, the best disciplined, can, (whenever I please,) swell to the most numerous in Italy: in the first, noble Baron, the rich House of Colonna cannot fail; and even a mortgage on its vast estates may be well repaid when you have possessed yourselves of the whole revenues of Rome. You see," continued Montreal, turning to Adrian, in whose youth he expected a more warm ally than in his hoary kinsman, "you see, at a glance, how feasible is this project, and what a mighty field it opens to your House."

"Sir Walter de Montreal," said Adrian, rising from his seat, and giving vent to the indignation he had with difficulty suppressed, "I grieve much that, beneath the roof of the first citizen of Rome, a stranger should excite, thus calmly, and without interruption, an ambition to emulate the guilty and execrated celebrity of a Visconti or a Pepoli. Speak, my Lord! (turning to Stephen,)—speak, noble kinsman! and tell this knight of Provence that, if by a Colonna the ancient grandeur of Rome cannot be restored, it shall not be, at least, by a Colonna that her last wrecks of liberty shall be swept away."

"How now, Adrian!—how now, sweet kinsman!" said Stephen, thus suddenly appealed to,—“calm thyself, I pray thee. Noble Sir Walter, he is young—young, and hasty,—he means not to offend thee."

"Of that I am persuaded," returned Montreal, coldly, but with great and courteous command of temper. "He speaks from the impulse of the moment,—a praiseworthy fault in youth. It was mine at his age, and many a time have I nearly lost my life for the rashness. Nay, Signor, nay!—touch not your sword so meaningly, as if you fancied I intimidated a threat; far from me such presumption. I have learned sufficient caution, believe me, in the wars, not wantonly to draw me against a blade which I have seen wielded against such odds."

Touched, despite himself, by the courtesy of the Knight, and the allusion to a scene in which, perhaps, his life had been preserved by Montreal, Adrian extended his hand to the latter.

"I was to blame for my haste," said he, frankly; "but know, by my very heat," he added, more gravely, "that your project will find no friends among the Colonna. Nay, in the presence of my noble kinsman, I dare to tell you, that could even his high sanction lend itself to such a scheme, the best hearts of his house would desert him,—and I myself, his kinsman, would man yonder castle against so unnatural an ambition!"

A slight, and scarce perceptible, cloud passed over Montreal's countenance at these words; and he bit his lip ere he replied—

"Yet, if the Orsini be less scrupulous, their first exertion of power would be heard in the crashing house of the Colonna."

"Know you," returned Adrian, "that one of our mottoes is this haughty address to the Romans,—If we fall, ye fall also! And better that fate than a rise upon the wrecks of our native city."

"Well, well, well!" said Montreal, re-seating himself,—*"I see that I must leave Rome to herself,—the League must thrive without her aid. I did but jest, touching the Orsini, for they have not the power that would make their efforts safe. Let us sweep, then, our past conference from our recollection. It is the nineteenth, I think, Lord Colonna, on which you propose to repair to Corneto, with your friends and retainers, and on which you have invited my attendance!"*

"It is on that day, Sir Knight," replied the Baron, evidently much relieved by the turn the conversation had assumed. "The fact is, that we have been so charged with indifference to the interests of the good people, that I strain a point in this expedition to contradict the assertion; and we propose, therefore, to escort and protect, against the robbers of the road, a convoy of corn to Corneto. In truth, I may add another reason, besides fear of the robbers, that makes me desire as numerous a train as possible. I wish to show my enemies, and the people generally, the solid and growing power of my house; the display of such an armed band as I hope to levy, will be a magnificent occasion to strike awe into the riotous and refractory. Adrian, you will collect your servitors, I trust, on that day; we would not be without you."

"And as we ride along, fair Signor," said Montreal, inclining to Adrian, "you and I will entirely heal the wound I inadvertently occasioned you. Fortunately, there is one point on which we can agree—our gallantry to the sex. You must make me acquainted with the names of the fairest dames of Rome; and we will discuss old adventures in that line, and hope for new. By the way, I suppose, Lord Adrian, you, with the rest of your countrymen, are Petrarch-stricken?"

"Do you not share our enthusiasm!—slur not so your gallantry, I pray you."

"Come, we must not again disagree; but, by my halidame, I think one troubadour roundal worth all that Petrarch ever wrote. He has but borrowed from our Knightly Poesy, to disguise it, like a carpet coxcomb."

"Well," said Adrian, gaily, "for every line of the troubadours that you quote, I will cite you another. I will forgive you for injustice to Petrarch, if you are just to the troubadours."

"Just!" cried Montreal, with real enthusiasm, "I am of the land, nay the very blood, of the Troubadour! But we grow too light for your noble kinsman; and it is time for me to bid you, for the present, farewell. My Lord Colonna—peace be with you; farewell, Sir Adrian,—brother mine in knighthood,—remember your challenge."

And with an easy and careless grace the Knight of St. John took his leave. The old Baron, making a dumb sign of excuse to Adrian, followed Montreal into the adjoining room.

"Sir Knight!" said he, "Sir Knight!" as he closed the door upon Adrian, and then drew Montreal to the recess of the casement,—*"a word in your ear. Think not I slight your offer,—but these young men must be managed; the plot is great—noble,—grateful to my heart; but it requires time and caution. I have many of my house, scrupulous as you hot-skull, to win over; the way is pleasant, but must be sounded well and carefully; you understand?"*

From under his bent brows, Montreal darted one keen glance at Stephen, and then answered—

"My friendship for you dictated my offer. The league may stand without the Colonna,—beware a time when the Colonna cannot stand without the league. My Lord, look well around you; there are more freemen—ay, bold and stirring ones, too—in Rome, than you imagine. Beware Rienzi! Adieu, we meet soon again."

Thus saying, Montreal departed, soliloquizing as he passed with his careless step through the crowded ante-room—

"I shall fail here!—these catiff nobles have neither the courage to be great, nor the wisdom to be honest. Let them fall! I may find an adventurer from the people,—an adventurer like myself, worth them all."

No sooner had Stephen returned to Adrian than he flung his arms affectionately round his ward, who was preparing his pride for some sharp rebuke for his petulance.

"Nobly feigned,—admirable, admirable!" cried the Baron; "you have learned the true art of a statesman at the Emperor's court. I always thought you would—always said it. You saw the dilemma I was in, thus taken by surprise by that barbarian's mad scheme; afraid to refuse,—more afraid to accept. You extricated me with consummate address; that passion—so natural to your age,—was a famous feint,—drew off the attack,—gave me time to breathe,—allowed me to play with the savage. But we must not offend him, you know: all my retainers would desert me, or sell me to the Orsini, or cut

my throat, if he but held up his finger. Oh, it was admirably managed, Adrian,—admirably!"

"Thank Heaven!"—said Adrian, with some difficulty recovering the breath which his astonishment had taken away—"you do not think of embracing that black proposition!"

"Think of it! no, indeed!" said Stephen, throwing himself back on his chair. "Why, do you not know my age, boy! Hard on my ninetieth year, I should be a fool indeed to throw myself into such a whirl of turbulence and agitation. I want to keep what I have—not risk it by grasping more. Am I not the beloved of the pope! shall I hazard his excommunication! Am I not the most powerful of the nobles! should I be more if I were king! At my age, to talk to me of such stuff!—the man's an idiot. Besides," added the old man, sinking his voice, and looking fearfully round, "if I were a king, my sons might poison me for the succession. They are good lads, Adrian, very!—but such a temptation!—I would not throw it in their way; these gray hairs have experience! Tyrants don't die a natural death; no, no!—Plague on the Knight, say I; he has already cast me into a cold sweat."

Adrian gazed on the working features of the old man, whose selfishness thus preserved him from crime. He listened to his concluding words—full of the dark truth of the times,—and as the pure and high ambition of Rienzi flashed upon him in contrast, he felt that he could not blame its fervour, or marvel at its excess.

"And then, too," resumed the Baron, speaking more deliberately as he recovered his self-possession, "this man, by way of a warning, shows me, at a glance, his whole ignorance of the state. What think you? he has mingled with the mob, and taken their rank breath for power; yes, he thinks words are soldiers, and bade me,—me, Stephen Colonna,—beware—of whom think you? No, you will never guess!—of that speech-maker, Rienzi!—my own old jesting guest! Ha! ha! ha!—the ignorance of these barbarians!—ha! ha! ha!" and the old man laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Yet, many of the nobles fear that Rienzi," said Adrian gravely.

"Ah! let them, let them!—they have not our experience—our knowledge of the world, Adrian. Tut, man,—when did declamation overthrow castles, and conquer soldiery? I like Rienzi to harangue the mob, about old Rome, and such stuff; it gives them something to think of and prate about, and so all their fierceness evaporates in words; they might burn a house if they did not hear a speech. But, now I am on that score, I must own the pedant has grown impudent in his new office; here, here,—I received this paper ere I rose to-day. I hear a similar insolence has been shown to all the nobles. Read it, will you?" and the Colonna put a scroll into his kinsman's hand.

"I have received the like," said Adrian glancing at it. "It is a request of Rienzi's to attend at the Church of St. John of Lateran, to hear explained the inscription on a Table just discovered. It bears, he saith, the most intimate connexion with the welfare and state of Rome."

"Very entertaining, I dare say, to professors and bookmen. Pardon me, kinsman; I forgot your taste for these things; and my son, Gianni, too, shares your phantasy. Well, well! it is innocent enough! Go—the man talks well."

"Will you not attend, too?"

"I—my dear boy—I!" said the old Colonna, opening his eyes in such astonishment that Adrian could not help laughing at the simplicity of his own question.

CHAPTER II.

THE INTERVIEW, AND THE DOUBT.

As Adrian turned from the palace of his guardian, and bent his way in the direction of the Forum, he came somewhat unexpectedly upon Raimond, Bishop of Orvietto, who, mounted upon a low palfrey, and accompanied by some three or four of his waiting-men, halted abruptly when he recognized the young noble.

"Ah, my son! it is seldom that I see thee; how fares it with thee!—well! So, so! I rejoice to hear it. Alas! what a state of society is ours, when compared to the tranquil pleasures of Avignon! There, all men who, like us, are fond of the same pursuits, the same studies, *delicie musarum*,—hum! hum! (for the Bishop was proud of an occasional quotation, right or wrong,) are brought easily and naturally together.

But here we scarcely dare stir out of our houses, save upon great occasions. But, talking of great occasions and the Muses reminds me of our good Rienzi's invitation to the Lateran: of course you will attend; 'tis a mighty knotty piece of Latin he proposes to solve—so I hear, at least,—very interesting to us, my son,—very!"

"It is to-morrow," answered Adrian. "Yes, assuredly; I will be there."

"And harkye, my dear son," said the Bishop, resting his hand affectionately on Adrian's shoulder, "I have reason to hope that he will remind our poor citizens of the Jubilee for the year Fifty, and stir them towards clearing the road of the brigands: a necessary injunction, and one to be heeded timeously; for who will come here for absolution when he stands a chance of rushing unannealed upon purgatory by the way? You have heard Rienzi,—ay? quite a Cicero—quite! Well, Heaven bless you, my son!—you will not fail!"

"Nay, not I."

"Yet stay—a word with you; just mention to all you meet the advisability of a full meeting; it looks well for the city to show respect to letters."

"To say nothing of the Jubilee," added Adrian, smiling.

"Ah, to say nothing of the Jubilee—very good! Adieu for the present!" And the Bishop, resettling himself on his saddle, ambled solemnly on to visit his various friends, and press them to the meeting.

Meanwhile, Adrian continued his course till he had passed the Capitol, the Arch of Severus, the crumbling columns of the fane of Jupiter, and found himself amidst the long grass, the whispering reeds, and the neglected vines, that wave over the now vanished pomp of the Golden House of Nero. Seating himself on a fallen pillar—by that spot where now the traveller descends to the (so called) Baths of Livia—he looked impatiently to the sun, as to blame it for the slowness of its march.

Not long, however, had he to wait before a light step was heard crushing the fragrant grass; and presently through the arching vines gleamed a face that might well have seemed the nymph—the goddess of the scene.

"My beautiful! my Irene! how shall I thank thee?"

It was long before the delighted lover suffered himself to observe upon Irene's face a sadness that did not usually cloud it in his presence. Her voice, too, trembled—her words seemed constrained and cold.

"Have I offended thee?" he asked, "or what less misfortune hath occurred?"

Irene raised her eyes to her lover's, and said, looking at him earnestly, "Tell me, my Lord, in sober and simple truth, tell me, would it grieve thee much were this to be our last meeting?"

Paler than the marble at his feet grew the dark cheek of Adrian. It was some moments ere he could reply, and he did so then with a forced smile and a quivering lip.

"Jest not so, Irene! Last!—that is not a word for us!"

"But hear me, my Lord—"

"Why so cold—call me Adrian!—friend!—lover!—or be dumb!"

"Well, then, my soul's soul!—my all of hope!—my life's life!" exclaimed Irene passionately,—"hear me: I dread that we stand at this moment upon some gulph whose depth I see not, but which may divide us forever! Thou knowest the real nature of my brother, and dost not misread him as many do. Long has he planned, and schemed, and communed with himself, and feeling his way amidst the people, prepared the path to some great design. But now—(thou wilt not betray—thou wilt not injure him!—he is *thy* friend!)"

"And thy brother! I would give my life for his! Say on!"

"But now, then," resumed Irene, "the time for that enterprise, whatever it be, is coming fast. I know not of its exact nature, but I know that it is against the nobles—against thy order—against thy house itself! If it succeed—Oh, Adrian! thou thyself mayst not be free from danger,—and my name, at least, will be coupled with the name of thy foes. If it fail,—my brother, my bold brother, is swept away! He will fall a victim to revenge or justice, call it as you will. Your kinsman may be his judge—his executioner; and I, even if I should yet live to mourn over the boast and glory of my humble line, could I permit myself to love—to see one in whose veins flowed the blood of his destroyer? Oh! I am wretched—wretched! those thoughts make me well nigh mad!" and, wringing her hands bitterly, Irene sobbed aloud.

Adrian himself was struck forcibly by the picture thus presented to him, although the alternatives it embraced had often before forced themselves dimly on his mind. It was true, however, that, not seeing the schemes of Rienzi backed

by any physical power, and never yet having witnessed the mighty force of a moral revolution, he did not conceive that any rise to which he might instigate the people could be permanently successful: and, as for his punishment, in that city, where all justice was the slave of interest, Adrian knew himself powerful enough to gain forgiveness even for the greatest of all crimes—armed insurrection against the nobles. As these thoughts recurred to him, he gained the courage to console and cheer Irene. But his efforts were only partially successful. Awakened by her fears to that consideration of the future which hitherto she had forgotten, Irene, for the first time, seemed deaf to the charmer's voice.

"Alas!" said she, sadly, "even at the best, what can this love, that we have so blindly encouraged—what can it end in! Thou must not wed with one like me; and I! how foolish I have been!"

"Recall thy senses then, Irene," said Adrian, proudly, partly perhaps in anger, partly in his experience of the sex. "Love another, and more wisely if thou wilt; cancel thy vows with me, and continue to think it a crime to love, and a folly to be true!"

"Cruel!" said Irene, falteringly, and in her turn alarmed. "Dost thou speak in earnest?"

"Tell me, ere I answer you, tell me this: come death, come anguish, come a whole life of sorrow, as the end of this love, wouldst thou yet repent that thou hast loved? If so, thou knowest not the love that I feel for thee."

"Never! never can I repent!" said Irene, falling upon Adrian's neck; "forgive me!"

"But is there, in truth," said Adrian, a little while after this lover-like quarrel and reconciliation, "is there, in truth, so marked a difference between thy brother's past and present bearing! How knowest thou that the time for action is so near?"

"Because now he sits closeted whole nights with all ranks of men; he shuts up his books,—he reads no more,—but, when alone, walks to and fro his chamber, muttering to himself. Sometimes he pauses before the calendar, which of late he has fixed with his own hand against the wall, and passes his finger over the letters, till he comes to some chosen date, and then he plays with his sword and smiles. But two nights since, arms, too, in great number, were brought to the house; and I heard the chief of the men who brought them, a grim giant, known well amongst the people, say, as he wiped his brow,—'These will see work soon!'"

"Arms! Are you sure of that?" said Adrian, anxiously. "Nay, then, there is more in these schemes than I imagined! But (observing Irene's gaze bent fearfully on him as his voice changed, he added, more gaily,) but, come what may, believe me,—my beautiful! my adored!—that while I live, thy brother shall not suffer from the wrath he may provoke,—nor I, though he forget our ancient friendship, cease to love thee less."

"Signora! Signora, child! it is time! we must go!" said the shrill voice of Benedetta, now peering through the foliage. "The working men pass home this way; I see them approaching."

The lovers parted; for the first time the serpent had penetrated into their Eden,—they had conversed, they had thought, of other things than Love.

CHAPTER III.

A LIBERAL PATRICIAN'S SITUATION AMIDST POPULAR DISCONTENTS.—THE SCENE OF THE LATERAN.

THE situation of a Patrician who honestly loves the people, is, in those evil times—when power oppresses and freedom struggles,—when the two divisions of men are wrestling against each other,—the most irksome and perplexing that destiny can possibly contrive. Shall he take part with the nobles? he betrays his conscience! with the people? he deserts his friends! But that consequence of the last alternative is not the sole—nor, perhaps, to a strong mind, the most severe. All men are swayed and chained by public opinion; it is the public judge: but public opinion is not the same for all ranks. The public opinion that excites or deters the plebeian, is the opinion of the plebeians,—of those whom he sees, and meets, and knows; of those with whom he is brought in contact,—those with whom he has mixed from childhood,—those whose praises are daily heard,—whose censure frowns upon

him with every hour.* So, also, the public opinion of the great is the opinion of *their* equals,—of those whom birth and accident cast forever in their way. When we read, at this day, in the shallow pages of some dogmatizing journalist, that this or that noble will not dare to commit this or that action—terrify a tenant, or bribe a voter—because public opinion awes him! is it the public opinion of those around him that will condemn? the public opinion of his parasites, his clients, his equals, his co-mates, in policy and in sentiment? Will that condemn him!—No! It is the public opinion of another class,—a class whom his orbit does not approach,—a class, whose praise or blame sounds seldom on his ear,—a class whom the public opinion of his own rank may deem it courage to brave, or dignity to disregard. This distinction is full of important practical deductions; it is one which, more than most maxims, should never be forgotten by a politician who desires to be profound. It is, then, an ordeal terrible to pass—which few plebeians ever pass, which it is therefore unjust to expect patricians to cross unflatteringly—the ordeal of opposing the public opinion which exists for *them*. They cannot help doubting their own judgment,—they cannot help thinking the voice of wisdom or of virtue speaks in those sounds which have been deemed oracles from their cradle. In the tribunal of sectarian prejudice they imagine they recognize the court of the Universal Conscience. Another powerful deterrent to the acting of a patrician so placed, is in the certainty that to the last the motives of such activity will be alike misconstrued by the aristocracy he deserts and the people he joins. It seems so unnatural in a man to fly in the face of his own order, that the world is willing to suppose any clue to the mystery save that of honest conviction or lofty patriotism. "Ambition!" says one. "Disappointment!" cries another. "Some private grudge!" hints a third. "Mob-courting vanity!" sneers a fourth. The people admire at first, but suspect afterwards. The moment he thwarts a popular wish, there is no redemption for him: he is accused of having acted the hypocrite,—of having worn the sheep's fleece: and now say they,—*"See! the wolf's teeth peep out!"* Is he familiar with the people—it is cajolery! Is he distant—it is pride! What, then, sustains a man in such a situation, following his own conscience, with his eyes open to all the perils of the path? Away with the cant of public opinion,—away with the poor delusion of posthumous justice; he will offend the first, he will never obtain the last. What sustains him? His *own soul*! A man thoroughly great has a certain contempt for his kind while he aids them: their weal or woe are all; their applause—their blame—are nothing to him. He walks forth from the circle of birth and habit; he is dumb to the little motives of little men. High, through the widest space his orbit may describe, he holds on his spheroid course to guide or to enlighten; but the noises below reach him not! Until the wheel is broken,—until the dark void swallow up the star,—it makes melody, night and day, to its own ear: thirsting for no sound from the earth it illumines, anxious for no companionship in the path through which it rolls, conscious of its own glory, and contented, therefore, to be *alone*!

But minds of this order are rare. All ages cannot produce them. They are exceptions to the ordinary and human virtue, which, if not corrupted, is at least influenced and regulated, by external circumstances. At a time when even to be merely susceptible to the voice of fame was a great pre-eminence in moral energies over the rest of mankind, it would be impossible that any one should ever have formed the conception of that more refined and metaphysical sentiment, that purer excitement to high deeds—that glory in one's own heart, which is so immeasurably above the desire of renown from others. In fact, before we can dispense with the world, we must, by a long and severe novitiate—by the probation of much thought, and much sorrow—by deep and sad conviction of the vanity of all that the world can give us, have raised ourselves—not in the fervour of an hour, but habitually—*above* the world: an abstraction—an idealism—which, in our wisest age, how few, even of the wisest, can attain! Yet,

* It is the same in still smaller divisions. The public opinion for lawyers is that of lawyers; of soldiers, that of the army; of scholars, it is that of men of literature and science. And to the susceptible amongst the latter, the hostile criticism of learning has been more stinging than the severest moral censures of the vulgar. Many a man has done a great act, or composed a great work, solely to please the two or three persons constantly present to him. Their voice was his public opinion. The public opinion that operated on Bishop, the murderer, was the opinion of the burkers, his comrades. Did that condemn him? No! He knew no other public opinion till he came to be hanged, and caught the loathing eyes, and heard the hissing execrations, of the crowd below his gibbet.

till we are thus fortunate, we know not the true divinity of contemplation, nor the all-sufficing mightiness of conscience; nor can we retreat with solemn footsteps into that Holy of Holies in our own souls, wherein we know, and feel, how much our nature is capable of the self-existence of a God!

But to return to the things and thoughts of earth. Those considerations, and those links of circumstance, which, in a similar situation, have chained so many honest and courageous minds, chained also the mind of Adrian. He felt in a false position. His reason and conscience shared in the schemes of Rienzi, and his natural hardihood and love of enterprise would have led him actively to share the danger of their execution. But this, all his associations, his friendships, his private and household ties, loudly forbade. Against his order, against his house, against the companions of his youth, how could he plot secretly, or act sternly! If, on one side he was impelled by patriotism, on the other side stood hypocrisy and ingratitude. Who, too, would believe him the honest champion of his country who was a traitor to his friends! Thus, indeed,

"The native hue of resolution
Was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought!"

And he who should have been by nature a leader of the time, became only its spectator. Yet Adrian endeavoured to console himself for his present passiveness in a conviction of the policy of his conduct. He who takes no share in the commencement of civil revolutions, can often become, with the most effect, mediator between the passions and the parties subsequently formed. Perhaps, under Adrian's circumstances, delay was really the part of a prudent statesman; the very position which cripples at the first, often gives authority before the end. Clear from the excesses, and saved from the jealousies, of rival factions, all men are willing to look with complaisance and respect to a new actor in a turbulent drama; his moderation may make him trusted by the people; his rank enabled him to be a fitting mediator with the nobles; and thus the qualities that would have rendered him a martyr at one period of the Revolution, raise him perhaps into a saviour at another.

Silent, therefore, and passive, Adrian waited the progress of events. If the projects of Rienzi failed, he might, by that inactivity, the better preserve the people from new chains, and their champion from death. If those projects succeeded, he might equally save his house from the popular wrath—and, advocating liberty, check disorder. Such, at least, were his hopes; and thus did the Italian sagacity and caution of his character control and pacify the enthusiasm of youth and courage.

The sun shone calm and cloudless upon the vast concourse gathered before the broad space that surrounds the Church of St. John of Lateran. Partly by curiosity—partly by the desire of the Bishop of Orvieto—partly because it was an occasion in which they could display the pomp of their retinues—many of the principal Barons of Rome had gathered to this spot.

On one of the steps ascending to the church, with his mantle folded round him, stood Walter de Montreal, gazing on the various parties that, one after another, swept through the lane which the soldiers of the Church preserved unimpeded, in the middle of the crowd, for the access of the principal nobles. He watched with interest, though with his usual carelessness of air and roving glance, the different marks and looks of welcome given by the populace to the different personages of note. Banners and pennons preceded each Signor, and, as they waved aloft, the witticisms or nicknames—the brief words of praise or censure, that imply so much—which passed to and fro among that lively crowd, were treasured carefully in his recollection.

"Make way, there!—way for my Lord Martino Orsini—Baron di Porto!"

"Peace, minion!—draw back!—way for the Signor Adrian Colonna, Baron di Castello, and Knight of the Empire!"

And at those two rival shouts, you saw waving on high the golden bear of the Orsini, with the motto—"Beware my embrace!" and the solitary column on an azure ground, of the Colonna, with Adrian's especial device—"Sad, but strong." The train of Martino Orsini was much more numerous than that of Adrian, which last consisted but of ten servitors. But Adrian's men attracted far greater admiration amongst the crowd, and pleased more the experienced eye of the warlike Knight of St. John. Their arms were polished like mirrors; their height was to an inch the same; their march was regular and sedate; their mien erect; they looked neither to the right or left; they betrayed that ineffable discipline—that harmony of order—which Adrian had learnt to impart to his

men during his own apprenticeship of arms. But the disorderly train of the Lord of Porto was composed of men of all heights. Ill-polished, ill-fashioned, were their arms; they pressed confusedly on each other; they laughed, and spake aloud; and in their mien and bearing expressed all the insolence of men who despised alike the master they served and the people they awed. The two bands coming unexpectedly on each other through this narrow defile, the jealousy of the two houses presently declared itself. Each pressed forward for the precedence; and, as the quiet regularity of Adrian's train, and even its compact paucity of numbers, enabled it to pass before the servitors of his rival, the populace set up a loud shout—"A Colonna for ever!"—"Let the Bear dance after the Column!"

"On, ye knaves!" said Orsini aloud to his men. "How have ye suffered this affront!" And passing himself to the head of his men, he would have advanced through the midst of his rival's train, had not a tall guard, in the Pope's livery, placed his baton in the way.

"Pardon, my Lord! we have the Vicar's express commands to suffer no struggling of the different trains one with another."

"Knave! dost thou bandy words with me?" said the fierce Orsini, and with his sword he clove the baton in two.

"In the Vicar's name, I command you to fall back!" said the sturdy guard, now placing his huge bulk in the very front of the noble's path.

"It is Cecco del Vecchio!" cried those of the populace who were near enough to perceive the interruption and its cause.

"Ay," said one, "the good Vicar has put many of the stoutest fellows in the Pope's livery in order the better to keep peace. He could have chosen none better than Cecco."

"But he must not fall!" cried another, as Orsini, glaring on the smith, drew back his sword as if to plunge it through his bosom.

"Shame—shame! shall the Pope be thus insulted in his own city!" cried several voices. "Down with the sacrilegious—down!" And, as if by a preconcerted plan, a whole body of the mob broke at once through the lane, and swept alike a torrent over Orsini and his jostled and ill-sorted train. Orsini himself was thrown on the ground with violence and trampled upon by a hundred footsteps; his men, huddled and struggling as much against themselves as against the mob, were scattered and overset; and when, by a great effort of the guards, headed by the smith himself, order was again restored, and the line re-formed, Orsini, well nigh choked with his rage and humiliation, and greatly abused by the rude assaults he had received, could scarcely stir from the ground. The officers of the Pope raised him, and, when he was on his legs, he looked wildly round for his sword, which, falling from his hand, had been kicked amongst the crowd, and seeing it not, he said, between his ground teeth, to Cecco del Vecchio—

"Fellow, thy neck shall answer this outrage, or may God desert me!" and passed along through the space; while a half-suppressed and exultant hoot from the by-standers followed his path.

"Way there!" cried the smith, "for the Lord Martino di Porto, and may all the people know that he has threatened to take my life for the discharge of my duty in obedience to the Pope's Vicar!"

"He dare not!" shouted a thousand voices; "the people can protect their own!"

This scene had not been lost on the Provençal, who well knew how to construe the wind by the direction of straws, and saw at once, by the boldness of the populace, that they themselves were conscious of a coming tempest. "*Par dieu*," said he as he saluted Adrian, who, gravely, and without looking behind, had now won the steps of the church, "yon tall fellow has a brave heart, and many friends, too.—What think you," he added, in a low whisper, "is not this scene a proof that the nobles are less safe than they wot of!"

"The beast begins to kick against the spur, Sir Knight," answered Adrian; "a wise horseman should, in such a case, take care how he pull the rein too tight, lest the beast should rear, and he be overthrown—yet that is the policy thou wouldst recommend."

"You mistake," returned Montreal, "dropping the metaphor, my wish was to give Rome one sovereign instead of many tyrants,—but hark! what means that bell?"

"The ceremony is about to begin," answered Adrian. "Shall we enter the church together?"

Seldom had a temple consecrated to God witnessed so singular a spectacle as that which now animated the solemn space of the Lateran.

In the centre of the church, seats were raised in an amphitheatre, at the far end of which was a scaffolding, a little higher than the rest; below this spot, but high enough to be in sight of all the concourse, was placed a vast table of iron, on which was graven an ancient inscription, and bearing in its centre a clear and prominent device, presently to be explained.

The seats were covered with cloth and rich tapestry. In the rear of the church was drawn a purple curtain. Around the amphitheatre were the officers of the Church, in the particular liveries of the Pope. To the right of the scaffold sat Raimond, Bishop of Orvietto, in his robes of state. On the benches round him you saw all the marked personages of Rome—the judges, the men of letters, the nobles, from the lofty rank of the Savelli to the inferior grade of a Raselli. The space beyond the amphitheatre was filled with the people, who now poured fast in, stream after stream: all the while rang, clear and loud, the great bell of the church.

At length, as Adrian and Montreal seated themselves at a little distance from Raimond, the bell suddenly ceased—the murmurs of the people were stilled—the purple curtain was withdrawn, and Rienzi came forth with slow and majestic steps. He came—but not in his usual sombre and plain attire. Over his broad breast he wore a vest of dazzling whiteness—a long robe, in the ample fashion of the toga, descended to his feet, and swept the floor. On his head he wore a fold of white cloth, in the centre of which shone a golden crown. But the crown was divided, or cloven, as it were, by the mystic ornament of a silver sword, which attracting the universal attention, testified at once, that this strange garb was worn, not from the vanity of display, but for the sake of presenting to the concourse—in the person of the citizen—a type and emblem of that state of the city on which he was about to descend.

"Faith," whispered one of the old nobles to his neighbour, "the plebeian assumes it bravely."

"What showman's tricks are these?" said a second.

"It will be rare sport," said a third. "I trust the good man will put some jests in his discourse."

"He is certainly crazed!" said a fourth.

"How handsome he is!" said the women, mixed with the populace.

"This is a man who has learnt the people by heart," observed Montreal to Adrian. "He knows he must speak to the eye, in order to win the mind: a knave,—a wise knave!"

And now Rienzi had ascended the scaffold; and as he looked long and steadfastly around the meeting, the high and thoughtful repose of his majestic countenance, its deep and solemn gravity, hushed all the murmurs and made its effect equally felt by the sneering nobles as the impatient populace.

"Signors of Rome," said he, at length, "and ye, friends and citizens, you have heard why we are met together this day; and you, my Lord Bishop of Orvietto,—and ye, fellow labourers with me in the field of letters,—ye, too, are aware that it is upon some matter relative to that ancient Rome, the rise and decline of whose vast power and glories we have spent our youth in endeavouring to comprehend. But this, believe me, is no vain enigma of erudition, useful but to the studious,—referring but to the dead. Let the Past perish!—let darkness shroud it!—let it sleep for ever over the crumbling temples and desolate tombs of its forgotten sons,—if it cannot afford us, from its disgraced secrets, a guide for the Present and the Future. What my Lords, ye have thought that it was for the sake of antiquity alone that we have wasted our nights and days in studying what antiquity can teach us! You are mistaken; it is nothing to know what we have been, unless it is with the desire of knowing that which we ought to be. Our ancestors are mere dust and ashes, save when they speak to our posterity; and then their voices resound, not from the earth below, but the heaven above. There is an eloquence in Memory, because it is the nurse of Hope. There is a sanctity in the Past, but only because of the Chronicles it retains,—chronicles of the progress of mankind,—stepping-stones in civilization, in liberty, and in knowledge. Our fathers forbid us to recede,—they teach us what is our rightful heritage,—they bid us reclaim, they bid us augment that heritage,—preserve their virtues, and avoid their errors. These are the true uses of the past. Like the sacred edifice in which we are,—it is a tomb upon which to rear a temple, I see that you marvel at this long beginning; ye look to each other—ye ask to what it tends. Behold this broad plate of iron; upon it is engraved an inscription but lately disinterred from the heaps of stone and ruin, which—O shame to Rome!—were once the palaces of empire, and the arches of triumphant power. The device in the centre of the table, which you behold, conveys the act of the Roman Senators,—who are conferring

upon Vespasian the imperial authority. It is this inscription which I have invited you to hear read! It specifies the very terms and limits of the authority thus conferred. To the Emperor was confided the power of making laws and alliances with whatsoever nation,—of increasing or of diminishing the limits of towns and districts,—of—mark this my Lords!—exalting men to the rank of dukes and kings,—ay, and of deposing and degrading them;—of making cities, and of unmaking, in short, of all the attributes of imperial power. Yes, to that Emperor was confided this vast authority; but, by whom! Heed—listen, I pray you—let not a word be lost;—by whom, I say! By the Roman Senate! What was the Roman Senate! The Representatives of the Roman People!"

"I knew he would come to that!" said the smith, who stood at the door with his fellows, but to whose ear, clear and distinct, rolled the silver voice of Rienzi.

"Brave fellow! and this, too, in the hearing of the Lords."

"Ay, you see what the people were! and we should never have known this but for him."

"Peace, fellows!" said the officer to those of the crowd, from whom came these whispered sentences.

Rienzi continued.—"Yes, it is the people who entrusted this power—to the people, therefore, it belongs! Did the haughty Emperor arrogate the crown? Could he assume the authority of himself? Was it born with him? Did he derive it, my Lord Barons, from the possession of towered castles—of lofty lineage? No! all-powerful as he was, he had no right to one atom of that power, save from the voice and trust of the Roman people. Such, O my countrymen! such was, even at that day, when Liberty was but the shadow of her former self,—such was the acknowledged prerogative of your fathers! All power was the gift of the people. What have ye to give now? Who, who, I say,—what single person, what petty chief, asks *you* for the authority he assumes? His senate is his sword; his chart of license is written, not with ink, but blood. The people!—there is *no* people! Oh! would to God that we might disenthomb the spirit of the Past as easily as her records!"

"If I were your kinsman," whispered Montreal to Adrian, "I would give this man short breathing-time between his peroration and confession."

"What is your Emperor?" continued Rienzi; "a stranger! What the great Head of your Church?—an exile! Ye are without your lawful chiefs; and why? Because ye are *not* without your law-defying tyrants! The license of your nobles, their discords, their dissensions, have driven our Holy Father from the heritage of St. Peter;—they have bathed your streets in your own blood; they have wasted the wealth of your labours on private quarrels and the maintenance of hireling ruffians! Your forces are exhausted against yourselves. You have made a mockery of your country, once the mistress of the world. You have steeped her lips in gall—you have set a crown of thorns upon her head! What, my Lords!" cried he, turning sharply round towards the Seveli and Orsini, who, endeavouring to shake off the thrill which the fiery eloquence of Rienzi had stricken to their hearts, now, by contemptuous gestures and scornful smiles, testified the displeasure they did not dare loudly to utter in the presence of the Vicar and the people. "What! even while I speak—not the sanctity of this place restrains you! I am a humble man—a citizen of Rome;—but I have this distinction: I have raised against myself many foes and scoffers for that which I have done for Rome. I am hated, because I love my country; I am despised, because I would exalt her. I retaliate—I shall be avenged. Three traitors in your own palaces shall betray you: their names are—Luxury, Envy, and Dissension!"

"There he had them on the hip!"

"Ha, ha! by the Holy Cross, that was good!"

"I would go to the hangman for such another keen stroke as that!"

"This is the man we have always wanted!"

"It is a shame if *we* are cowards, when one man is thus brave," said the smith.

"Silence!" proclaimed the officer.

"O Romans!" resumed Rienzi, passionately—"awake! I conjure you! Let this memorial of your former power—your ancient liberties—sink deep into your souls. In a propitious hour, if ye seize it,—in an evil one, if ye suffer the golden opportunity to escape,—has this record of the past been unfolded to your eyes. Recollect that the Jubilee approaches."

The Bishop of Orvietto smiled, and bowed approvingly: the people, the citizens, the inferior nobles, noted well those signs of encouragement; and, to their minds, the Pope himself, in the person of his Vicar, looked benignly on the daring of Rienzi.

"The Jubilee approaches,—the eyes of all Christendom will be directed hither. Here, where, from all quarters of the globe, men come for peace, shall they find discord!—seeking absolution, shall they perceive but crime! In the centre of God's dominion, shall they weep at your weakness?—in the seat of the martyred saints, shall they shudder at your vices!—in the fountain and source of Christ's law, shall they find all law unknown! You were the glory of the world—will you be its by-word? You were its example—will you be its warning! Rise, while it is yet time!—clear your roads from the bandits that infest them!—your walls from the hirelings that they harbour! Banish these civil discords, or the men—how proud, how great, soever—who maintain them! Pluck the scales from the hand of Fraud!—the sword from the hand of Violence!—the balance and the sword are the ancient attributes of Justice!—restore them to *her* again! This be your high task,—these be your great ends! Deem any man who opposes them a traitor to his country. Gain a victory greater than those of the Cæsars—a victory over yourselves! Let the pilgrims of the world behold the resurrection of Rome! make one epoch of the Jubilee of Religion and the Restoration of Law! Lay the sacrifice of your vanquished passions—the first-fruits of your renovated liberties—upon the very altar that these walls contain! and never! oh, never! since the world began, shall men have made a more grateful offering to their God!"

So intense was the sensation these words created in the audience—so breathless and overpowered did they leave the souls which they took by storm—that Rienzi had descended the scaffold, and already disappeared behind the curtain from which he had emerged ere the crowd were fully aware that he had ceased.

The singularity of this sudden apparition—robed in mysterious splendour, and vanishing the moment its errand was fulfilled—gave additional effect to the words it had uttered. The whole character of that bold address became invested with a something preternatural and inspired; to the minds of the vulgar, the mortal was converted into the oracle; and, marvelling at the unhesitating courage with which their idol had rebuked and conjured the haughty barons,—each of whom they regarded in the light of sanctioned executioners, whose anger could be manifest at once by the gibbet or the axe,—the people could not but superstitiously imagine that nothing less than authority from above could have gifted their leader with such hardihood, and preserved him from the danger it incurred. In fact, it was this very courage of Rienzi in which his safety consisted; he was placed in those circumstances where-in audacity is prudence. Had he been less bold, the nobles would have been more severe; but so great a license of speech in an officer of the Holy See, they naturally imagined, was not unauthorized by the assent of the Pope, as well as by the approbation of the people. Those who did not (like Stephen Colonna) despise words as wine, shrank back from the task of punishing one whose voice might be the mere echo of the wishes of the pontiff. The dissensions of the nobles among each other, were no less favourable to Rienzi. He attacked a body the members of which had no union.

"It is not *my* duty to slay him!" said one.

"I am not the representative of the barons!" said another.

"If Stephen Colonna heeds him not, it would be absurd, as well as dangerous, in a meaner man to make himself the champion of the order!" said a third.

The Colonna smiled approval, when Rienzi denounced an Orsini—an Orsini laughed aloud, when the eloquence burst over a Colonna. The lesser nobles were well pleased to hear attacks upon both: while, on the other hand, the Bishop, by the long impunity of Rienzi, had taken courage to sanction the conduct of his fellow officer. He affected, indeed, at times, to blame the excess of his fervour, but it was always accompanied by the praises of his honesty; and the approbation of the Pope's Vicar confirmed the impression of the nobles as to the approbation of the Pope. Thus, from the very rashness of his enthusiasm had grown his security and success.

Still, however, when the barons had a little recovered from the stupor into which Rienzi had cast them, they looked round to each other; and their looks confessed their sense of the insolence of the orator, and the affront offered to themselves.

"*Per fede!*" quoth Reginaldo di Orsini, "this is past bearing,—the plebeian has gone too far!"

"Look at the populace below! how they murmur and gape,—and how their eyes sparkle—and what looks they bend at us!" said Luca di Savelli to his mortal enemy, Castruccio Malatesta: the sense of a common danger united in one moment, but only *for* a moment, the enmity of years.

"Diavolo!" muttered Raseill, (Nina's father,) to a baron,

equally poor, "but the clerk has truth in his lips. 'Tis a pity he is not noble."

"What a clever brain marred!" said a Florentine merchant. "That man might be something, if he were sufficiently rich."

Adrian and Montreal were silent: the first seemed lost in thought,—the last was watching the various effects produced upon the audience.

"Silence!" proclaimed the officers. "Silence, for my lord Vicar."

At this announcement, every eye turned to Raimond, who, rising with much clerical importance, thus addressed the assembly:—

"Although, Barons and Citizens of Rome, my well-beloved flock, and children,—I, no more than yourselves, anticipated the exact nature of the address ye have just heard,—and, albeit, I cannot feel unalloyed contentment at the manner, nor, I may say, at the whole matter of that fervent exhortation,—yet (laying great emphasis on the last word,) I cannot suffer you to depart without adding to the prayers of our Holy Father's servant, those, also, of his Holiness's spiritual representative. It is true! the Jubilee approaches! The Jubilee approaches—and yet our roads, even to the gates of Rome, are infested with murderous and godless ruffians! What pilgrim can venture across the Apennines to worship at the altars of St. Peter? The Jubilee approaches: what scandal shall it be to Rome if these shrines be without pilgrims—if the timid recoil from, if the bold fall victims to the dangers of the way! Wherefore, I pray you all, citizens and chiefs alike,—I pray you all to lay aside those unhappy dissensions which have so long consumed the strength of our sacred city; and, uniting with each other in the ties of amity and brotherhood, to form a blessed league against the marauders of the road. I see amongst you, my Lords, many of the boasts and pillars of the state; but, alas! I think with grief and dismay on the causeless and idle hatred that has grown up between you!—a scandal to our city, and reflecting, let me add, my Lords, no honour on your faith as Christians, nor on your dignity as defenders of the Church."

Amongst the inferior nobles—along the seats of the judges and the men of letters—through the vast concourse of the people—ran a loud murmur of approbation at these words. The greater barons looked proudly, but not contemptuously, at the countenance of the prelate, and preserved a strict and unrevealing silence.

"In this holy spot," continued the Bishop, "let me beseech you to bury those fruitless animosities which have already cost enough of blood and treasure; and let us quit these walls with one common determination to evince our courage and display our chivalry only against our universal foes;—those ruffians who lay waste our fields, and infest our public ways,—the foes alike of the people we should protect, and the God whom we should serve!"

The Bishop resumed his seat; the nobles looked at each other without reply; the people began to whisper loudly amongst themselves; when, after a short pause, Adrian di Castello rose.

"Pardon me, my Lords, and you, reverend Father, if I, unexperienced in years and of little mark or dignity amongst you, presume to be the first to embrace the proposal we have just heard. Willingly do I renounce all ancient cause of enmity with any of my compeers. Fortunately for me, my long absence from Rome has swept from my remembrance the feuds and rivalries familiar to my earlier youth; and in this noble conclave I see but one man (glancing to Martino di Porto, who sat sullenly looking down), against whom I have, at any time, deemed it a duty to draw my sword; the gage that I once cast to that noble is yet, I rejoice to think, unredeemed. I withdraw it. Henceforth my only foes shall be the foes of Rome!"

"Nobly spoken," said the Bishop, aloud.

"And," continued Adrian, casting down his glove amongst the nobles,—“I throw, my Lords, the gage, thus resumed, amongst you all, in challenge to a wider rivalry, and a more noble field. I invite any man to vie with me in the zeal that he shall show to restore tranquillity to our roads, and order to our estate. It is a contest in which, if I be vanquished with reluctance, I will yield the prize without envy. In ten days from this time, reverend Father, I will raise forty horsemen-at-arms, ready to obey whatever orders shall be agreed upon for the security of the Roman state. And for you, O Romans, dismiss I pray you, from your minds, those eloquent invectives against your fellow-citizens which ye have lately heard. All of us, of what rank soever, may have shared in the excesses of these unhappy times; let us endeavour, not to avenge nor to imitate,—but to reform and to unite. And may the people

hereafter find, that the true boast of a patrician is, that his power the better enables him to serve his country."

"Brave words!" quoth the smith, sneering.

"If they were all like him!" said the smith's neighbour.

"He has helped the nobles out of a dilemma," said Pandolfo.

"He has shown gray wit under young hairs," said an aged Malatesta.

"You have turned the tide, but not stemmed it, noble Adrian," whispered the ever-boding Montreal, as, amidst the murmurs of the general approbation, the young Colonna resumed his seat.

"How mean you?" said Adrian.

"That your soft words, like all patrician conciliations, have come too late."

Not another noble stirred, though they felt, perhaps, disposed to join in the general feeling of amnesty, and appeared, by signs and whispers, to applaud the speech of Adrian. They were too habituated to the ungracefulness of an unlettered pride, to bow themselves to address conciliating language, either to the people or their foes. And Raimond, glancing round, and not willing that their unseemly silence should be long remarked, rose at once, to give it the best construction in his power.

"My son, thou hast spoken as a patriot and a Christian; by the approving silence of your peers we all feel that they share your sentiments. Break we up the meeting,—its end is obtained. The manner of our proceeding against the leagued robbers of the road requires maturer consideration elsewhere. This day shall be an epoch in our history."

"It shall," quoth Cecco del Vecchio, gruffly, between his teeth.

"Children, my blessing upon you all!" concluded the Vicar, spreading his arms.

And in a few minutes the crowd poured from the Church. The different servitors and flag-bearers ranged themselves on the steps without, each train anxious for their master's precedence; and the nobles, gravely collecting in small knots, in the which was no mixture of rival blood, followed the crowd down the aisles. Soon rose again the din, and the noise, and the wrangling, and the oaths, of the hostile bands, as, with pain and labour, the Vicar's officers marshalled them in "order most disorderly."

But so true were Montreal's words to Adrian, that the populace already half forgot the young noble's generous appeal, and were only bitterly commenting on the ungracious silence of his brother Lords. What, too, to them was this crusade against the robbers of the road? They blamed the good Bishop for not saying boldly to the nobles,—“Ye are the first robbers we must march against!” The popular discontents had gone far beyond palliatives; they had arrived at that point when the people longed less for reform than change. There are times when a revolution cannot be warded off; it must come—come alike by resistance or by concession. Wo to that race in which a revolution produces no fruits—in which the thunderbolt smites the high place, but does not purify the air. To suffer in vain is often the lot of the noblest individuals; but when a People suffer in vain, let them curse themselves!

CHAPTER IV.

THE AMBITIOUS CITIZEN, AND THE AMBITIOUS SOLDIER.

THE Bishop of Orvietto lingered last, to confer with Rienzi, who awaited him in the recesses of the Lateran. Raimond had the penetration not to be seduced into believing that the late scene could effect any reformation amongst the nobles, heal their divisions, or lead them actively against the infesters of the Capagna. But, as he detailed to Rienzi all that had occurred subsequent to the departure of that hero of the scene, he concluded with saying—

"You will perceive from this, one good result will occur: the first armed dissension—the first fray among the nobles—will seem like a breach of promise; and, to the people and to the Pope, a reasonable excuse for despairing of all amendment amongst the Barons—an excuse which will sanction the efforts of the first, and the approval of the last."

"For such a fray we shall not long wait," answered Rienzi.

"I believe the prophecy," answered Raimond, smiling; "at present, all runs well. Go you with us homeward!"

"Nay, I think it better to tarry here till the crowd is entire—

ly dispersed; for if they were to see me, in their present excitement, they might insist upon some rash and hasty enterprise. Besides, my Lords," added Rienzi, "with an ignorant people, however honest and enthusiastic, this rule must be rigidly observed—stale not your presence by custom. Never may men like me, who have no external rank, appear amongst the crowd, save on those occasions when the mind is itself a rank."

"That is true, as you have no train," answered Raimond, thinking of his own well liveried menials. "Adieu, then! we shall meet soon."

"Ay at Philippi, my Lord. Reverend Father, your blessing!"

It was sometime subsequent to this conference that Rienzi quitted the sacred edifice. As he stood on the steps of the Church—now silent and deserted—the hour that precedes the brief twilight of the South lent its magic to the view. There he beheld the sweeping arches of the mighty Aqueduct extending far along the scene, and backed by the distant and purpling hills. Before—to the right—rose the gate which took its Roman name from the Cælian Mount, at whose declivity it yet stands. Beyond—from the height of the steps—he saw the villages scattered through the gray Campagna, and whitening in the sloped sun; and in the farthest distance the mountain shadows began to darken over the roofs of the ancient Tusculum, and the second Alban* city, which yet rises, in desolate neglect, above the vanished palaces of Pompey and Domitian.

The Roman stood absorbed and motionless for some moments, gazing on the scene, and inhaling the sweet balm of the mellow air. It was the soft springtime—the season of flowers, and green leaves, and the whispering winds—the pastoral May of Italia's poets: but hushed was the voice of song on the banks of the Tiber—the reeds gave music no more. From the sacred Mount in which Saturn held his home, the Dryad and the Nymph, and Italy's native Sylvan, were gone for ever. Rienzi's original nature—its enthusiasm—its veneration for the past—its love of the beautiful and the great—that very attachment to the graces and pomp which give so florid a character to the harsh realities of life, and which power afterwards too luxuriantly developed; the exuberance of thoughts and fancies, which poured itself from his lips in so brilliant and inexhaustible a flood—all bespoke those intellectual and imaginative biases which, in calmer times, might have raised him in Literature to a more indisputable eminence than that to which Action can ever lead;—and something of such consciousness crossed his spirit at that moment.

"Happier had it been for me," thought he, "had I never looked out from my own heart upon the world. I had all within me that makes contentment of the present, because I had that which can make me forget the present. I had the power to re-people—to create: The legions and dreams of old—the divine faculty of verse, in which the beautiful superfluities of the heart can pour themselves—these were mine! Oh! wisely for himself chose Petrarch! To address the world, but from without the world; to persuade—to excite—to command,—for these are the aim and glory of ambition;—but to shun its tumult, and its toil! His quiet cell, which he fills with the shapes of beauty—the solitude, from which he can banish the evil times whereon we are fallen, but in which he can dream back the great hearts and the glorious epochs of the past. For me—to what cares I am wedded! to what labours I am bound! what instruments I must use! what disguises I must assume! to tricks and artifice I must bow my pride! base are my enemies—uncertain my friends! and verily in this struggle with blinded and mean men, the soul itself becomes warped and dwarfish. Patient and darkling, the Means creep through caves and the soiling mire, to gain at last the light which is the End."

In these reflections there was a truth, the whole gloom and sadness of which the Roman had not yet experienced. However august be the object we propose to ourselves, every less worthy path we take to ensure it distorts the mental sight of our ambition; and the means by degrees, abase the end to their own standard. This is the true misfortune of a man nobler than his age—that the instruments he must use soil himself: half he reforms his times; but half, too, the times will corrupt the reformer: His own craft undermines his safety;—the people, whom he himself accustoms to a false excitement,

perpetually crave it; and when their ruler ceases to seduce their fancy, he falls their victim. The reform he makes by these means is hollow and momentary—it is swept away with himself; it was but the trick—the show—the wasted genius—of a conjuror: the curtain falls—the magic is over—the cup and balls are kicked aside. Better one slow step in enlightenment,—which, being made by the reason of a whole people, cannot recede—than these sudden flashes in the depth of the general night, which the darkness, by contrast doubly dark, swallows up everlastingly again!

As, slowly and musingly, Rienzi turned to quit the Church, he felt a light touch upon his shoulder.

"Fair evening to you, Sir Scholar," said a frank voice.

"To you, I return the courtesy," answered Rienzi, gazing upon the person who thus suddenly accosted him, and in whose white cross and martial bearing, the reader recognizes the Knight of St. John.

"You know me not, I think?" said Montreal; "but that matters little, we may easily commence our acquaintance; for me, indeed, I am fortunate enough to have made myself already acquainted with you."

"Possibly, we have met elsewhere, at the house of one of those nobles to whose rank you seem to belong?"

"Belong! no, not exactly!" returned Montreal, proudly. "High-born and great as your magnates deem themselves, I would not, while the mountains claim one free spot for my footstep, change my place in the world's many grades for theirs. To the brave, there is but one sort of plebeian, and that is the coward. But you, sage Rienzi," continued the Knight, in a gayer tone, "I have seen in more stirring scenes than the hall of a Roman Baron."

Rienzi glanced keenly at Montreal, who met his eye with an open brow.

"Yes!"—resumed the Knight—"but let us walk on; suffer me for a few moments to be your companion. Yes! I have listened to you—the other eve, when you addressed the populace, and to-day, when you rebuked the nobles; and at midnight, too, not long since, when (your ear, fair Sir; lower, it is a secret!)—at midnight, too, when you administered the oath of brotherhood to the bold conspirators, on the ruined Aventine!"

As he concluded, the Knight drew himself aside to watch, upon Rienzi's countenance, the effect which his words might produce.

A slight tremor passed over the frame of the conspirator—for so, unless the conspiracy succeed, would Rienzi be termed, by others than Montreal: he turned abruptly round to confront the Knight, and placed his hand involuntarily on his sword, but presently relinquished the grasp.

"Ha!" said the Roman, slowly, "if this be true, fall Rome! There is treason even among the free!"

"No treason, brave Sir!" answered Montreal; "I possess thy secret—but none have betrayed it to me."

"And is it as friend or foe that thou hast learnt it?"

"That as it may be," returned Montreal, carelessly.

"Enough, at present, that I could send thee to the gibbet, if I said but the word, to show my power to be thy foe; enough, that I have not done it, to prove my disposition to be thy friend."

"Thou mistakest, stranger! that man does not live who could shed my blood in the streets of Rome! The gibbet! Little dost thou know of the power which surrounds Rienzi."

These words were said with some scorn and bitterness; but, after a moment's pause, Rienzi resumed more calmly:—"By the cross on thy mantle, thou belongest to one of the proudest orders of knighthood: thou art a foreigner, and a cavalier. What generous sympathies can convert thee into a friend of the Roman people?"

"Cola di Rienzi," returned Montreal, "the sympathies that unite us are those that unite all men who, by their own efforts, rise above their herd. True, I was born noble—but powerless, and poor: at my beck now move, from city to city, the armed instruments of authority: my breath is the law of thousands. This empire I have not inherited; I won it by a cool brain, and a fearless arm. Know me for Walter de Montreal; is it not a name that speaks a spirit kindred to thine own? Is not ambition a common sentiment between us? I do not marshal soldiers for gain only, though men have termed me avaricious—nor butcher peasants for the love of blood, though men have called me cruel. Arms and wealth are the sinews of power; it is power that I desire;—thou, bold Rienzi, struggledst thou not for the same? Is it the rank breath of the garlic-chewing mob—is it the whispered envy of schoolmen—is it the hollow mouthing of boys who call the patriot and freeman, words to trick the ear—that will content thee!—these are but *thy* instruments to power. Have I spoken truly?"

* The first Alba—the Alba Longa—whose origin Fable ascribes to Ascanius, was destroyed by Tullus Hostilius. The second Alba, or modern Albano, was erected on the plain below the ancient town, a little before the time of Nero.

Whatever distaste Rienzi might conceive at this speech he masked effectually. "Certes," said he, "it would be in vain, renowned Captain to deny that I seek but that power of which thou speakest. But what union can there be between the ambition of a Roman citizen and the leader of paid armies that take their cause only according to their hire—to-day fight for liberty in Florence—to-morrow, for tyranny in Bologna? Pardon my frankness; for in this age that is deemed no disgrace which I impute to thy armies. Valour and generalship are held to consecrate any cause they distinguish; and he who is the master of princes, may be well honoured by them as their equal."

"We are entering into a less deserted quarter of the town," said the Knight; "is there no secret place—no Aventine—in this direction, where we can confer?"

"Hush!" replied Rienzi, cautiously looking round, "I thank thee, noble Montreal, for the hint; nor may it be well for us to be seen together. Wilt thou deign to follow me to my home, by the Palatine Bridge? there we can converse undisturbed and secure."

"Be it so," said Montreal, falling back.

With a quick and hurried step, Rienzi passed through the town, in which, wherever he was discovered, the scattered citizens saluted him with marked respect; and, turning through a labyrinth of dark alleys, as if to shun the more public thoroughfares, arrived at length at a broad space near the river. The first stars of night shone down on the ancient Temple of Fortuna Virilis, which the chances of Time had already converted into the Church of St. Mary of Egypt; and facing the twice-hallowed edifice stood the house of Rienzi.

"It is a fair omen to have my mansion facing the ancient Temple of Fortune," said Rienzi, smiling, as Montreal followed the Roman into the chamber I have already described.

"Yet Valour need never pray to Fortune," said the Knight; "the first commands the last."

Long was the conference between these two men, the most enterprising of their age. Meanwhile, let me make the reader somewhat better acquainted with the character and designs of Montreal, than the hurry of events has yet permitted him to become.

Walter de Montreal, generally known in the chronicles of Italy by the designation of Fra Moreale, had passed into Italy—a bold adventurer, worthy to become a successor of those roving Normans, (from one of the most eminent of whom, by the mother's side, he claimed descent,) who had formerly played so strange a part in the chivalric errantry of Europe,—realizing the fables of Amadis and Palmerin—(each knight, in himself a host,) winning territories and over-setting thrones; acknowledging no laws save those of knighthood; never confounding themselves with the tribe amongst which they settled; incapable of becoming citizens, and scarcely contented with aspiring to be kings. At that time, Italy was the India of all those well-born and penniless adventurers who, like Montreal, had inflamed their imagination by the ballads and legends of the Roberts and the Godfreys of old; who had trained themselves from youth to manage the barb, and bear, through the heats of summer, the weight of arms; and who, passing into an effeminate and distracted land, had only to exhibit bravery in order to command wealth. It was considered no disgrace for some powerful chieftain to collect together a band of these hardy aliens,—to subsist amidst the mountains on booty and pillage,—to make war upon tyrant or republic, as interest suggested, and to sell, at enormous stipends, the immunities of peace. Sometimes they hired themselves to one state to protect it against the other; and the next year beheld them in the field against their former employers. These bands of Northern stipendiaries assumed, therefore, a civil, as well as a military, importance; they were as indispensable to the safety of one state as they were destructive to the security, of all. But five years before the present date, the Florentine Republic had hired the services of a celebrated leader of these foreign soldiers,—Gualtier, Duke of Athens. By acclamation, the people themselves had elected that warrior to the state of prince, or tyrant, of their state; before the year was completed, they revolted against his cruelties, or rather against his exactions,—for, despite all the boasts of their historians, they felt an attack on their purses more deeply

than an assault on their liberties,—they had chased him from their city, and once more proclaimed themselves a Republic. The bravest, and most favoured of the soldiers of the Duke of Athens had been Walter de Montreal; he had shared the rise and the downfall of his chief. Amongst popular commotions, the deep and observant mind of the Knight of St. John had learnt no mean civil experience: he had learnt to sound a people—to know how far they would endure—to construe the signs of revolution—to be a reader of the times. After the downfall of the Duke of Athens, a Free Companion, in other words a Freebooter, he had augmented under the fierce Werner his riches and his renown. At present without employment worthy his spirit of enterprise and intrigue, the disordered and chiefless state of Rome had attracted him thither. In the league he had proposed to Colonna—in the suggestions he had made to the vanity of that Signor—his own object was to render his services indispensable—to constitute himself the head of the soldiery whom his proposed designs would render necessary to the ambition of the Colonna, could it be excited—and, in the vastness of his hardy genius for enterprise, he probably foresaw that the command of such a force would be, in reality, the command of Rome;—a counter-revolution might easily unseat the Colonna and elect himself to the principality. It had sometimes been the custom of Roman, as other Italian, States, to prefer for a chief magistrate, under the title of *Podesta*, a foreigner to a native. And Montreal hoped that he might possibly become to Rome what the Duke of Athens had been to Florence—an ambition he knew well enough to be above the gentleman of Provence, but not above the leader of an army. But, as we have already seen, his sagacity perceived at once that he could not move the aged head of the patricians to those hardy and perilous measures which were necessary to the attainment of supreme power. Contented with his present station, and taught moderation by his age and his past reverses, Stephen Colonna was not the man to risk a scaffold from the hope to gain a throne. The contempt which the old patrician professed for the people, and their idol, also taught the deep-thinking Montreal that, if the Colonna possessed not the ambition, neither did he possess the policy, requisite for empire. The Knight found his caution against Rienzi in vain, and he turned to Rienzi himself. Little cared the Knight of St. John which party were uppermost—prince or people—so that his own objects were attained; in fact, he had studied the humours of a people, not in order to serve, but to rule them; and, believing all men actuated by a similar ambition, he imagined that, whether a demagogue or a patrician reigned, the people were equally to be victims, and that the cry of "Order" on the one hand, or of "Liberty" on the other, was but the mere pretext by which the energy of one man sought to justify his ambition over the herd. Deeming himself one of the most honourable spirits of his age, he believed in no honour which he was unable to feel, and, sceptic in virtue, was therefore credulous of vice.

But the boldness of his own nature inclined him, perhaps, rather to the adventurous Rienzi than to the self-complacent Colonna; and he considered that to the safety of the first he and his armed minions might be even more necessary than to that of the last. At present, his main object was to learn from Rienzi the exact strength which he possessed, and how far he was prepared for any actual revolt.

The acute Roman took care, on the one hand, how he betrayed to the Knight more than he yet knew, or how he disgusted him by apparent reserve on the other. Crafty as Montreal was, he possessed not that wonderful art of mastering others which was so pre-eminently the gift of the eloquent and profound Rienzi, and the difference between the grade of their intellect was visible in their present conference.

"I see," said Rienzi, "that among all the events which have lately smiled upon my ambition, none is so favourable as that which assures me of your countenance and friendship. In truth, I require some armed alliance. Would you believe it, our friends, so bold in private meetings, yet shrink from a public explosion. They fear not the patricians, but the soldiery of the patricians; for it is the remarkable feature in the Italian courage, that they have no terror for each other, but the casque and sword of a foreign hireling make them quail like deer."

"They will welcome gladly, then, the assurance that such hirelings shall be in their service—not against them; and as many as you desire for the revolution, so many shall you receive."

"But the pay and the conditions," said Rienzi, with his dry sarcastic smile. "How shall we arrange the first, and what shall we hold to be the second?"

"This is an affair easily concluded," replied Montreal. "For

* The picturesque ruins shown at this day as having once been the habitation of the celebrated Cola di Rienzi, were long asserted by the antiquarians to have belonged to another Cola or Nicola. I believe however, that the dispute has been lately decided; and, indeed, no one but an antiquary, and that a Roman one, could suppose that there were two Cola's to whom the inscription on the house would apply.

me to tell you frankly, the glory and excitement of so great a revulsion would alone suffice. I like to feel myself necessary to the completion of high events. For my men it is otherwise. Your first act will be to seize the revenues of the state. Well, whatever they amount to, the product of the first year, great or small, shall be divided amongst us. You the one half, I and my men the other half."

"It is much," said Rienzi, gravely, and as if in calculation,—"but Rome cannot purchase her liberties too dearly. So be it then decided."

"Amen!—and now, then, what is your force? for these eighty or hundred signors of the Aventine, worthy men, doubtless,—scarce suffice for a revolt!"

Gazing cautiously round the room, the Roman placed his hand on Montreal's arm—

"Between you and me, it requires time to cement it. We shall be unable to stir these five weeks. I have too rashly anticipated the period. The corn is indeed cut, but I must now, by private adjuration and address, bind up the scattered sheaves."

"Five weeks," repeated Montreal; "that is far longer than I anticipated."

"What I desire," continued Rienzi, fixing his searching eyes upon Montreal, "is, that, in the meanwhile, we should preserve a profound calm,—we should remove every suspicion. I shall bury myself in my studies, and convoke no more meetings."

"Well—"

"And for yourself, noble Knight, might I venture to dictate, I would pray you to mix with the nobles—to profess, for me and for the people, the profoundest contempt—and to contribute to rock them yet more in the cradle of their false security. Meanwhile, you could quietly withdraw as many of the armed mercenaries as you can influence from Rome, and leave the nobles without their only defenders. Collecting these hardy warriors in the recess of the mountains, a day's march from hence, we may be able to summon them at need, and they shall appear at our gates, and in the midst of our rising, hailed as deliverers by the nobles, but in reality allies with the people. In the confusion and despair of our enemies at discovering their mistake they will fly from the city."

"And its revenues and its empire will become the appanage of the hardy soldier and the intriguing demagogue!" cried Montreal, with a laugh.

"Sir Knight, the division shall be equal."

"Agreed?"

"And now, noble Montreal, a flask of our best vintage!" said Rienzi, changing his tone.

"You know the Provençals," answered Montreal, gaily.

The wine was brought, the conversation became free and familiar, and Montreal, whose craft was acquired, and whose frankness was natural, unwittingly committed his secret projects and ambition more nakedly to Rienzi than he had designed to do. They parted apparently the best of friends.

"By the way," said Rienzi, as they drained the last goblet, "Stephen Colonna betakes him to Corneto, with a convoy of corn, on the 19th. Will it not be as well if you join him? You can take that opportunity to whisper discontent to the mercenaries that accompany him on his mission, and induce them to our plan."

"I thought of that before," returned Montreal; "it shall be done. For the present farewell!"

"His barb, and his sword,
And his lady, the peerless,
Are all that are prized
By Orlando the fearless.

Success to the Norman,
The darling of story;
His glory is pleasure—
His pleasure is glory."

Chanting this rude ditty as he resumed his mantle, the Knight waved his hand to Rienzi, and departed.

Rienzi watched the receding form of his guest with an expression of hate and fear upon his countenance. "Give that man power," he muttered, "and he may be a second Totila.* Methinks I see, in his gripping and ferocious nature,—through all the gloss of its gaiety and knightly grace,—the very personification of our old Gothic foes. I trust I have lulled him!

Verily, two suns could no more blaze in one hemisphere, than Walter de Montreal and Cola di Rienzi live in the same city. The star-seers tell us that we feel a secret and uncontrollable antipathy to those whose astral influences destine them to work us evil; such antipathy do I feel for you fair-faced homicide. Cross not my path, Montreal!—cross not my path!"

With this soliloquy, Rienzi turned within, and retiring to his apartment, was seen no more that night.

CHAPTER V.

THE PROCESSION OF THE BARONS.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

It was the morning of the 19th of May, the air was brisk and clear, and the sun, which had just risen, shone cheerily upon the glittering casques and spears of a gallant procession of armed horsemen, sweeping through the long and principal streets of Rome. The neighing of the horses, the ringing of the hoofs, the dazzle of the armour, and the tossing to and fro of the standards, adorned with the proud insignia of the Colonna, presented one of the gay and brilliant spectacles peculiar to the middle ages.

At the head of the troop, on a stout palfrey, rode Stephen Colonna. At his right was the Knight of Provence, curbing, with an easy hand, a slight, but fiery steed of the Arab race: behind him followed two squires, the one leading his war-horse, the other bearing his lance and helmet. At the left of Stephen Colonna rode Adrian, grave and silent, and replying only by monosyllables to the gay bavardage of the Knight of Provence. A considerable number of the flower of the Roman nobles followed the old Baron; and the train was closed by a serried troop of foreign horsemen, completely armed.

There was no crowd in the street,—the citizens looked with seeming apathy at the procession from their half closed shops.

"Have these Romans no passion for shows?" asked Montreal; "if they could be easier amused they would be easier governed."

"Oh! Rienzi, and such buffoons, amuse them. We do better,—we terrify!" replied Stephen.

"What sings the troubadour, Lord Adrian?" said Montreal.

"Smiles, false smiles, should form the school
For those who rise, and those who rule:
The brave they trick, the fair subdue,
Kings deceive, and states undo.
Smiles, false smiles!

Frowns, true frowns, ourselves betray,
The brave arouse, the fair dismay,
Sting the pride, which blood must heal,
Mix the bowl, and point the steel.
Frowns, false frowns!

The lay is of France, Signor; yet methinks it brings its wisdom from Italy;—for the serpent smile is your countrymen's proper distinction, and the frown ill becomes them."

"Methinks, Sir Knight," replied Adrian, sharply,—for he was incensed at the taunt,—"You have taught us how to frown;—a virtue sometimes."

"But not wisdom, unless the hand could maintain what the brow menaced," returned Montreal, with haughtiness; for he had much of that Franc vivacity which often overcame his prudence; and he had conceived a secret pique against Adrian since that interview at Stephen's palace.

"Sir Knight," answered Adrian, colouring, "our conversation may lead to warmer words than I would desire to have with one who has rendered me so gallant a service."

"Nay, then, let us go back to the troubadours," said Montreal indifferently. "Forgive me if I do not think highly of Italian honour, or Italian valour: *your* valour I acknowledge, for I have witnessed it, and valour and honour go together,—let that suffice!"

As Adrian was about to answer, his eye fell suddenly on the burly form of Cecco del Vecchio, who was leaning his bared and brawny arms over his anvil, and gazing, with a smile, upon the group. There was something in that smile which turned the current of Adrian's thoughts, and which he could not contemplate without an unaccountable misgiving.

"A strong villain, that," said Montreal, also eyeing the smith. "I should like to enlist him. Fellow!" cried he, aloud, "you have an arm that were as fit to wield the sword

* Innocent VI., some years afterwards, proclaimed Montreal to be worse than Totila.

as to fashion it. Desert your anvil, and follow the fortunes of Fra Moreale!"

The smith nodded his head. "Signor Cavalier," said he gravely, "we poor men have no passion for war; we want not to kill others—we desire only ourselves to live,—if you will let us!"

"By the Holy Mother, a slavish answer! But you Romans——"

"Are slaves!" interrupted the smith, turning away to the interior of the forge.

"The dog is mutinous!" said the old Colonna. And as the band swept on, the rude foreigners, encouraged by their leaders, had each some taunt or jest, uttered in a barbarous attempt at the southern patois, for the lazy giant, as he again appeared in the front of his forge, leaning on his anvil as before, and betraying no sign of attention to his insulters, save by a heightened glow of his swarthy visage;—and so the gallant procession passed through the streets and quitted the Eternal City.

There was a long interval of deep silence—of general calm—throughout the whole of Rome: the shops were still half-opened; no man betook himself to his business; it was like the commencement of some holiday, when indolence precedes enjoyment.

About noon, a few small knots of men might be seen scattered about the streets, whispering to each other, but soon dispersing; and every now and then a single passenger, generally habited in the long robes used by the men of letters, or in the still more sombre garb of monks, passed hurriedly up the street towards the Church of St. Mary of Egypt, once the Temple of Fortune. Then, again, all was solitary and deserted. Suddenly, there was heard the sound of a single trumpet! It swelled—it gathered on the ear. Cecco del Vecchio looked up from his anvil! A solitary horseman paced slowly by the forge, and wound a long loud blast of the trumpet suspended round his neck, as he passed through the middle of the street. Then might you see a crowd, suddenly, and as by magic, appear emerging from every corner; the street became thronged with multitudes; but it was only by the tramp of their feet, and an indistinct and low murmur, that they broke the silence. Again the horseman wound his trump, as commanding attention, and as the note ceased, he cried aloud—"Friends and Romans! to-morrow, at dawn of day, let each man find himself unarmed before the Church of St. Angelo. Cola di Rienzi convenes the Romans to provide for the good state of Rome." A shout, that seemed to shake the bases of the seven hills, broke forth at the end of this brief exhortation; the horseman rode slowly on, and the crowd followed.—This was the commencement of the Revolution!

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONSPIRATOR BECOMES THE MAGISTRATE.

At midnight, when the rest of the city seemed hushed in rest, lights were streaming from the windows of the Church of St. Angelo. Breaking from its echoing aisles, the long and solemn notes of sacred music stole at frequent intervals upon the air. Rienzi was praying within the church; thirty masses consumed the hours from night till morn, and all the sanction of religion was invoked to consecrate the enterprise of liberty.* The sun had long risen, and the crowd had long been assembled before the church door, and in vast streams along every street that led to it,—when the bell of the church tolled out long and merrily; and as it ceased, the voices of the choristers within chaunted the following hymn,—in which were somewhat strikingly, though barbarously, blended, the spirit of the classic patriotism with the fervour of religious zeal:—

* In fact, I apprehend that if ever the life of Cola di Rienzi shall be written by a hand worthy of the task, it will be shown that a strong religious feeling was blended with the political enthusiasm of the people,—the religious feeling of a premature and crude reformation, the legacy of Arnold of Brescia. It was not, however, one excited against the priests, but favoured by them. The principal conventional orders declared for the Revolution.

THE ROMAN HYMN OF LIBERTY.

Let the mountains exult around!*
On her seven-hill'd throne renown'd,
Once more old Rome is crown'd—
Jubilate!

Sing out, O Vale and Wave!
Look up from each laurel'd grave,
Bright dust of the deathless brave!
Jubilate!

Pale Vision, what art thou?—Lo,
From Time's dark deeps,
Like a Wind It sweeps,
Like a Wind, when the tempests blow:

A shadowy form—as a giant ghost—
It stands in the midst of the armed host!
The dead man's shroud on its awful limbs;
And the gloom of its presence the daylight dims:
And the trembling world looks on aghast—
All hail to the SOUL of the MIGHTY PAST!

Hail! all hail!

As we speak—as we hallow!—It moves, It breathes;
From its clouded crest bud the laurel wreaths—
As a Sun that leaps up from the arms of Night,
The shadow takes shape, and the gloom takes light.
Hail! all hail!

THE SOUL of the PAST, again
To its ancient home,
In the hearts of Rome,
Hath come to resume its reign!

O Fame, with a prophet's voice,
Bid the ends of the Earth rejoice!
Wherever the Proud are Strong,
And Right is oppress'd by Wrong;—
Wherever the day dim shines
Through the cell where the captive pines;
Go forth, with a trumpet's sound!
And tell to the Nations round—
On the Hills which the Heroes trod—
In the Shrines of the Saints of God—
In the Cæsars' hall, and the Martyrs' prison—
That the slumber is broke, and the Sleeper arisen!
That the reign of the Goth and the Vandal is o'er;
And Earth feels the tread of THE ROMAN once more!

As the hymn ended, the gate of the church opened; the crowd gave way on either side, and, preceded by three of the young nobles of the inferior order, bearing standards of allegorical design, depicting the triumph of Liberty, Justice, and Concord, forth issued Rienzi, clad in complete armour, the helmet alone excepted. His face was pale with watching and intense excitement—but stern, grave, and solemnly composed; and its expression so repelled any vociferous and vulgar burst of feeling, that those who beheld it hushed the shout on their lips, and stilled, by a simultaneous cry of reproof, the gratulations of the crowd behind. Side by side, with Rienzi, moved Raimond, Bishop of Orvietto: and behind, marching two by two, followed a hundred men-at-arms. In complete silence the procession began its way, until, as it approached the Capitol, the awe of the crowd gradually vanished, and thousands upon thousands of voices rent the air with shouts of exultation and joy.

Arrived at the foot of the great staircase, which then made the principal ascent to the square of the capitol, the procession halted; and as the crowd filled up that vast space in front—adorned and hallowed by many of the most majestic columns of the temples of old—Rienzi addressed the Populace, whom he had suddenly elevated into a People.

He depicted forcibly the servitude and misery of the people—the utter absence of all law—the want even of common security to life and property. He declared that, undaunted by the peril he incurred, he devoted his life to the regeneration of their common country; and he solemnly appealed to the people to assist the enterprise, and at once to sanction and consolidate the Revolution by an established code of law and a Constitutional Assembly. He then ordered the chart and outline of the Constitution he proposed to be read by the Herald to the multitude.

It created,—or rather revived, with new privileges and powers,—a Representative Assembly of Councillors. It proclaimed, as its first law, one that seems simple enough to our

* "Exultent in circuito Vestro Montes," &c.—Let the mountains exult around! So begins Rienzi's letter to the Senate and Roman people: preserved by Hoessemius.

happier times, but hitherto never executed at Rome:—Every wilful homicide, of whatever rank, was to be punished by death. It enacted, that no private noble or citizen should be suffered to maintain fortifications and garrisons in the city, or the country; that the gates and bridges of the State should be under the control of whomsoever should be elected Chief Magistrate. It forbade all harbour of brigands, mercenaries, and robbers, on penalty of a thousand marks of silver; and it made the Barons who possessed the neighbouring territories responsible for the safety of the roads, and the transport of merchandize. It took under the protection of the State the widow and the orphan. It appointed, in each of the quarters of the city, an armed militia, whom the tolling of the bell of the Capitol, at any hour, was to assemble to the protection of the State. It ordained, that in each harbour of the coast a vessel should be stationed, for the safeguard of commerce. It decreed the sum of one hundred florins to the heirs of every man who died in the defence of Rome; and it devoted the public revenues to the service and protection of the State.

Such, moderate, at once, and effectual, was the outline of the New Constitution; and it may amuse the reader to consider how great must have been the previous disorders of the city, when the common and elementary provisions of civilization and security made the character of the code proposed, and the limit of a popular revolution.

The most rapturous shouts followed this sketch of the New Constitution; and, amidst the clamour, up rose the huge form of Cecco del Vecchio. Despite his condition, he was a man of great importance at the present crisis: his zeal and his courage, and perhaps, still more, his brute passion, and stubborn prejudice, had made him popular. The lower order of mechanics looked to him as their head and representative; and then he spoke loud and fearlessly—speaking well, because his mind was full of what he had to say.

"Countrymen and Citizens!—This New Constitution meets with your approbation—so it ought. But what are good laws, if you do not have good men to execute them? Who can execute a law so well as the man who designs it? If you ask me to give you a notion how to make a good shield, and my notion pleases you, would you ask me, or another smith, to make it for you? If you ask another, he may make a good shield, but it would not be the same as that which I should have made, and the description of which contented you. Cola di Rienzi has proposed a Code of Law that shall be our shield. Who should see that the shield become what he proposes, but Cola di Rienzi! Romans! I suggest that Cola di Rienzi be entrusted by the people with the authority, by whatsoever name he pleases, of carrying the New Constitution into effect;—and whatever be the means, we the People, will bear him harmless."

"Long life to Rienzi!—long live Cecco del Vecchio! He hath spoken well!—none but the Law-maker shall be the Governor!"

Such were the acclamations which greeted the ambitious heart of the Scholar. The voice of the people invested with him the supreme power. He had created a Commonwealth—to become, if he desired it, a Despot!

CHAPTER VII.

LOOKING AFTER THE HALTER WHEN THE MARE IS STOLEN.

WHILE such were the events at Rome, a servitor of Stephen Colonna was already on his way to Corneto. The astonishment with which the old Baron received the intelligence may be easily imagined. He lost not a moment in convening his troops; and, while in all the bustle of departure, the Knight of St. John abruptly entered his presence. His mien had lost its usual frank composure.

"How is this?" said he, hastily; "a revolt?—Rienzi sovereign of Rome!—can the news be believed?"

"It is too true!" said Colonna, with a bitter smile. "Where shall we hang on our return?"

"Talk not so wildly, Sir Baron," replied Montreal, discourteously; "Rienzi is stronger than you think for. I know what men are, and you only know what noblemen are! Where is your nephew?"

"He is here, noble Montreal," said Stephen, shrugging his shoulders, with a half-disdainful smile at the rebuke, which he thought it more prudent not to resent; "he is here!—see him enter!"

"You have heard the news?" exclaimed Montreal.

"I have."

"And despise the revolution?"

"I fear it!"

"Then you have some sense in you. But this is none of my affair: I will not interrupt your consultations. Adieu for the present!" and, ere Stephen could prevent him, the Knight had quitted the chamber.

"What means this demagogue?" Montreal muttered to himself. "Would he trick me?—has he got rid of my presence in order to monopolize all the profit of the enterprise? I fear me so!—the cunning Roman! We northern warriors could never compete with their intellect, but for their cowardice. But what shall be done? I have already bid Rodolf communicate with the brigands, and they are on the eve of departure from their present Lord. Well! let it be so! Better that I should first break the power of the Barons, and then make my own terms, sword in hand, with the plebeian. And if I fail in this,—sweet Adeline! I shall see thee again!—that is some comfort!—and Louis of Hungary will bid high for the arm and brain of Walter de Montreal. What, ho! Rodolf!" he exclaimed aloud, as the sturdy form of the trooper, half-armed and half-intoxicated, reeled along the court-yard. "Knaave! art thou drunk at this hour?"

"Drunk or sober," answered Rodolf, bending low, "I am at thy bidding."

"Well said!—are thy friends ripe for the saddle?"

"Eighty of them, already tired of idleness and the dull air of Rome, will fly wherever Sir Walter de Montreal wishes."

"Hasten, then,—bid them mount; we go not hence with the Colonna—we leave while they are yet talking! Bid my squires attend me!"

And, when Stephen Colonna was settling himself on his palfrey, he heard, for the first time, that the Knight of Provence, Rodolf the trooper, and eighty of the stipendiaries, had already departed,—whither, none knew.

"To precede us to Rome! gallant barbarian!" said Colonna. "Sirs, on!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ATTACK—THE RETREAT—THE ELECTION—AND THE ADHESION.

ARRIVING at Rome, the company of the Colonna found the gates barred, and the walls manned. Stephen bade advance his trumpeters, with one of his captains, imperiously to demand admittance.

"We have orders," replied the chief of the town guard, "to admit none who bear arms, flags, or trumpets. Let the Lords Colonna dismiss their train, and they are welcome."

"Whose are these insolent mandates?" asked the captain.

"Those of the Lord Bishop of Orvietto and Cola di Rienzi, joint protectors of the Buono Stato."^a

The captain of the Colonna returned to his chief with these tidings. The rage of Stephen it is easier to imagine than to describe. "Go back," he cried, as soon as he could summon voice, "and say, that, if the gates are not forthwith opened to me and mine, the blood of the plebeians be on their own head. As for Raimond, Vicars of the Pope have high spiritual authority, none temporal. Let him prescribe a fast, and he shall be obeyed; but, for the rash Rienzi, say that Stephen Colonna will seek him in the Capitol to-morrow, for the purpose of throwing him out of the highest window."

These messages the captain failed not to deliver.

The captain of the Romans was equally stern in his reply.

"Declare to your Lord," said he, "that Rome holds him and his as rebels and traitors; and that, the moment you regain your troop, our archers receive our command to draw their bows—in the name of the Pope, the City, and the Liberator."

This threat was executed to the letter; and ere the old Baron had time to draw up his men in the best array, the gates were thrown open, and a well-armed—if undisciplined—multitude poured forth, with fierce shouts, clashing their arms, and advancing the azure banners of the Roman State. So desperate their charge, and so great their numbers, that the Barons, after a short and tumultuous conflict, were driven

^a Good State.

back, and chased by their pursuers for more than a mile from the walls of the city.

As soon as the Barons recovered their disorder and dismay, a hasty council was held, at which various and contradictory opinions were loudly urged. Some were for departing on the instant to Palestrina, which belonged to the Colonna, and possessed an almost inaccessible fortress. Others were for dispersing, and entering peaceably, and in detached parties, through the other gates. Stephen Colonna—himself incensed and disturbed from his usual self-command—was unable to preserve his authority; and some of the Barons—among others, Luca di Savelli, a timid, though treacherous and subtle man—already turned his horse's head, and summoned his men to follow him to his castle in Romagna, when the old Colonna bethought himself of a method by which to keep his band from a disunion, that he had the sense to perceive would prove fatal to the common cause. He proposed that they should at once repair to Palestrina, and there fortify themselves; while one of the chiefs should be selected to enter Rome—alone, and apparently submissive—to examine the strength of Rienzi; and with the discretionary power to resist, if possible,—or to make the best terms he could for the admission of the rest.

"And who," asked Savelli, sneeringly, "will undertake this dangerous mission? Who, unarmed, and alone, will expose himself to the rage of the fiercest populace of Italy, and the caprice of a demagogue in the first flush of his power?"

The Barons and the Captains looked at each other in silence. Savelli laughed.

Hitherto Adrian had taken no part in the conference, and but little in the previous contest. He now came to the support of his kinsman.

"Signors!" said he, "I will undertake this mission,—but on mine own account, independently of yours;—free to act as I may think best for the dignity of a Roman noble and the interests of a Roman citizen; free to raise my standard on mine own tower, or to yield fealty to the new state."

"Well said!" cried the old Colonna, hastily. "Heaven forbid we should enter Rome as foes, if to enter it as friends be yet allowed us! What say ye, gentles?"

"A more worthy choice could not be selected," said Savelli; "but I should scarce deem it possible that a Colonna could think there was an option between resistance and fealty to this upstart revolution."

"Of that, Signor, I will judge for myself; if you demand an agent for yourselves, choose another. I announce to ye frankly, that I have seen enough of other states to think the recent condition of Rome demanded some redress. Whether Rienzi and Raimond be worthy of the task they have assumed, I know not."

Savelli was silent. The old Colonna seized the word.

"To Palestrina, then!—are ye all agreed on this! At the worst, or at the best, we should not be divided! On this condition alone I hazard the safety of my kinsman!"

The Barons murmured a little among themselves;—the expediency of Stephen's proposition was evident, and they at length assented to it.

Adrian saw them depart, and then, attended only by his squire, slowly rode towards a more distant entrance into the city. On arriving at the gates, his name was demanded—he gave it freely.

"Enter, my Lord," said the warder, "our orders were to admit all that came unarmed and unattended. But to the Lord Adrian di Castello, alone, we had a special injunction to give the honours due to a citizen and a friend."

Adrian, a little touched by this implied recollection of friendship, now rode through a long line of armed citizens, who saluted him respectfully as he passed, and, as he returned the salutation with courtesy, a loud and approving shout followed his horse's steps.

So, save by one attendant, alone, and in peace, the young patrician rode leisurely through the long streets, empty and deserted,—for nearly one half of the inhabitants were assembled at the walls, and nearly the other half were engaged in a more peaceful duty,—until, penetrating the interior, the wide and elevated space of the Capitol broke upon his sight. The sun was slowly setting over an immense multitude that overspread the spot, and high above a scaffold raised in the centre, shone, to the western ray, the great Gonfalon of Rome, studded with silver stars.

Adrian reined in his steed. "This," thought he, "is scarcely the hour thus publicly to confer with Rienzi; yet fain would I, mingled with the crowd, judge how far his power is supported, and in what manner it is borne." Musing a little, he withdrew into one of the obscurer streets, then wholly deserted, surrendered his horse to his squire, and,

borrowing of the latter his morion and long mantle, passed to one of the more private entrances of the Capitol, and, enveloped in his cloak, stood—one of the crowd—intent upon all that followed.

"And what," he asked of a plainly-dressed citizen, "is the cause of this assembly?"

"Heard you not the proclamation?" returned the owner, in some surprise. "Do you not know that the Council of the City and the Guilds of the Artisans have passed a vote to proffer to Rienzi the title of King of Rome?"

The Knight of the Emperor, to whom belonged that august dignity, drew back in dismay.

"And," resumed the citizen, "this assembly of all the lesser Barons, Counsellors, and Artificers, is convened to hear the answer."

"Of course it will be assent!"

"I know not, there are strange rumours; hitherto the Liberator has concealed his sentiments."

At that instant a loud flourish of martial music announced the approach of Rienzi. The crowd tumultuously divided, and presently, from the Palace of the Capitol to the scaffold, passed Rienzi, still in complete armour save the helmet, and with him, in all the pomp of his episcopal robes, Raimond, of Orvietto.

As soon as Rienzi had ascended the platform, and was thus made visible to the whole concourse, no words can suffice to paint the enthusiasm of the scene—the shouts, the gestures, the tears, the sobs, the wild laughter, in which the sympathy of those lively and susceptible children of the South broke forth. The windows and balconies of the Palace were thronged with the wives and daughters of the lesser Barons and more opulent citizens; and Adrian, with a slight start, beheld amongst them,—pale—agitated—tearful—the lovely face of his Irene—a face that even thus would have outshone all present, but for one by her side, whose beauty the emotion of the hour only served to embellish. The dark, large, and flashing eyes of Nini di Raselli, just bedewed, were fixed proudly on the hero of her choice: and pride, even more than joy, gave a richer carnation to her cheek, and the presence of a queen to her noble and rounded form. The setting sun poured his full glory over the spot; the bared heads—the animated faces of the crowd—the gray and vast mass of the Capitol; and, not far from the side of Rienzi, it brought into a strange and startling light the sculptured form of a colossal Lion of Basalt,* which gave its name to a staircase leading to the Capitol. It was an old Egyptian relic,—vast, worn and grim; some symbol of a vanished creed, to whose face the sculptor had imparted something of the aspect of the human countenance. And this, producing the effect probably sought, gave at all times a mystic, preternatural, and fearful expression to the stern features, and to that solemn and hushed repose, which is so peculiarly the secret of Egyptian sculpture. The awe which this colossal and frowning image was calculated to convey, was felt yet more deeply by the vulgar, because "the Staircase of the Lion" was the wonted place of the state executions, as of the state ceremonies. And seldom did the stoutest citizen forget to cross himself, or feel unchilled with a certain terror, whenever passing by the place, he caught, suddenly fixed upon him, the stony gaze and ominous grin of that old monster from the cities of the Nile.

It was some minutes before the feelings of the assembly allowed Rienzi to be heard. But when, at length, the last shout closed with a simultaneous cry of "Long live Rienzi! Deliverer and King of Rome!" he raised his hand impatiently, and the curiosity of the crowd procured a sudden silence.

"Deliverer of Rome, my countrymen!" said he. "Yes! change not that title—I am too ambitious to be a King! Preserve your obedience to your Pontiff—your allegiance to your Emperor—but be faithful to your own liberties. Ye have a right to your ancient constitution: but that constitution needed not a king. Emulous of the name of Brutus, I am above the titles of a Tarquin! Romans, awake! awake! be inspired with a nobler love of liberty than that which, if it dethrones the tyrant of to-day, would madly risk the danger of tyranny for to-morrow! Rome wants still a liberator—never an usurper! Take away yon bauble!"

* The existent Capitol is very different from the building at the time of Rienzi; and the reader must not suppose that the present staircase, designed by Michel Angelo, at the base of which are two marble lions, removed by Pius IV., from the Church of St. Stephen del Cacco, was the staircase of the Lion of Basalt, which bears so stern a connexion with the history of Rienzi. That mute witness of dark deeds is no more.

There was a pause; the crowd were deeply affected—but they uttered no shouts; they looked anxiously for a reply from their counsellors, or popular leaders.

"Signor," said Pandolfo di Guido, who was one of the Caporioni, "your answer is worthy of your fame. But, in order to enforce the law, Rome must endow you with a legal title—if not that of King, deign to accept that of Dictator or of Consul."

"Long live the Consul Rienzi!" cried several voices.

Rienzi waved his hand for silence.

"Pandolfo di Guido! and you, honoured Counsellors of Rome! such title is at once too august for my merits, and too inapplicable to my functions. I am one of the people—the people are my charge; the nobles can protect themselves. Dictator and Consul are the appellations of patricians. No," he continued, after a short pause, "if ye deem it necessary, for the preservation of order, that your fellow-citizen should be entrusted with a formal title and a recognized power, be it so: but let it be such as may attest the nature of our new institutions, the wisdom of the people, and the moderation of their leaders. Once, my countrymen, the people elected, for the protectors of their rights and the warders of their freedom, certain officers responsible to the people,—chosen from the people,—provident for the people. Their power was great, but it was delegated: a dignity, but a trust. The name of these officers was that of Tribune. Such is the title that, conceded, not by clamour alone, but in the full Parliament of the people, and accompanied by such Parliament, ruling with such Parliament,—such is the title I will gratefully accept."

The speech, the sentiments of Rienzi, were rendered far more impressive by a manner of earnest and deep sincerity; and some of the Romans, despite their corruption, felt a momentary exultation in the forbearance of their chief. "Long live the Tribune of Rome!" was shouted but less loud than the cry of "Live the King!" And the vulgar almost thought the revolution was incomplete, because the loftier title was not assumed. To a degenerate and embroiled people, liberty seems too plain a thing, if unadorned by the pomp of the very despotism they would dethrone. Revenge is their desire, rather than Release; and the greater the new power they create, the greater seems their revenge against the old. Still all that was most respected, intelligent, and powerful amongst the assembly were delighted at a temperance which they foresaw would free Rome from a thousand dangers, whether from the Emperor or the Pontiff. And their delight was yet increased, when Rienzi added, so soon as returning silence permitted—"And since we have been equal labourers in the same cause, whatever honours be awarded to me, should be extended also to the Vicar of the Pope, Raimond Lord Bishop of Orvietto. Remember, that both Church and State are properly the rulers of the people, only because their benefactors.—Long live the first Vicar of a Pope that was ever also the Liberator of a State!"

Whether or not Rienzi was only actuated by patriotism in his moderation, certain it is, that his sagacity was at least equal to his virtue; and perhaps nothing could have cemented the revolution more strongly, than thus obtaining for a colleague the Vicar, and Representative of the Pontifical power: it borrowed, for the time, the sanction of the Pope himself—thus made to share the responsibility of the revolution, without monopolizing the power of the State.

While the crowd hailed the proposition of Rienzi; while their shouts yet filled the air; while Raimond, somewhat taken by surprise, sought by signs and gestures to convey at once his gratitude and his humility, the Tribune-Elect, casting his eyes around, perceived many hitherto attracted by curiosity, and whom, from their rank and weight, it was desirable to secure in the first heat of the public enthusiasm. Accordingly, as soon as Raimond had uttered a short and pompous harangue, in which his eager acceptance of the honour proposed him was ludicrously contrasted by his embarrassed desire not to involve himself or the Pope in any untoward consequences that might ensue, Rienzi motioned to two heralds that stood behind upon the platform, and one of these advancing, proclaimed:—"That as it was desirable that all hitherto neuter should now profess themselves friends or foes, so they were invited to take at

once the oath of obedience to the laws, and subscription to the Buono Stato."

So great was the popular fervour, and so much had it been refined and deepened in its tone by the addresses of Rienzi, that even the most indifferent had caught the contagion; and no man liked to be seen shrinking from the rest; so that the most neutral, knowing themselves the most marked, were the most entrapped into allegiance to the Buono Stato. The first who advanced to the platform and took the oath was the Signor di Raselli, the father of Nina. Others of the lesser nobility followed his example.

The presence of the Pope's Vicar induced the aristocratic; the fear of the people urged the selfish; the encouragement of shouts and gratulations excited the vain. The space between Adrian and Rienzi was made clear. The young noble suddenly felt the eyes of the Tribune were upon him; he felt that those eyes recognized and called upon him—he coloured—he breathed short. The noble forbearance of Rienzi had touched him to the heart;—the applause—the pageant—the enthusiasm of the scene, intoxicated—confused him. He lifted his eyes and saw before him the sister of the Tribune—the lady of his love! His indecision—his pause—continued, when Raimond, observing him, and obedient to a whisper from Rienzi, artfully cried aloud—"Room for the Lord Adrian di Castello! a Colonna! a Colonna!" Retreat was cut off. Mechanically, and as if in a dream, Adrian ascended to the platform: and to complete the triumph of the Tribune, the sun's last ray beheld the flower of the Colonna—the best and bravest of the Barons of Rome—confessing his authority and subscribing to his laws!

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN OF WALTER DE MONTREAL TO HIS FORTRESS.

WHEN Walter de Montreal and his mercenaries quitted Corneto, they made the best of their way to Rome; arriving there, long before the barons, they met with a similar reception at the gates, but Montreal prudently forbore all attack and menace, and contented himself with sending his trusty Rodolf into the city to seek Rienzi, and to crave permission to enter with his troop. Rodolf returned in a shorter time than was anticipated. "Well," said Montreal impatiently, "you have the order I suppose. Shall we bid them open the gates?"

"Bid them open our graves," replied the Saxon bluntly. "I trust my next heraldry will be to a more friendly court."

"How! what mean you?"

"Briefly this:—I found the new governor, or whatever his title, in the palace of the Capitol, surrounded by guards and counsellors, and in the suit of the finest armour I ever saw out of Milan."

"Pest on his armour; give us his answer!"

"Tell Walter de Montreal" (said he, then, if you will have it) "that Rome is no longer a den of thieves; tell him, that if he enters, he must abide a trial—"

"A trial!" cried Montreal, grinding his teeth.

"For participation in the evil-doings of Werner and his freebooters."

"Ha!"

"Tell him, moreover, that Rome declares war against all robbers whether in tent or tower, and that we order him in forty-eight hours to quit the territories of the church."

"He thinks not only to deceive me, but to menace me then? Well, proceed."

"That was all his reply to you; to me, however he vouchsafed a caution still more obliging. 'Hark ye friend,' said he. 'For every German bandit found in Rome after to-morrow, our welcome will be cord and gibbet! Begone!'"

"Enough! Enough!" cried Montreal, colouring with rage and shame; Rodolf, you have a skilful eye in these matters, how many Northmen would it take to give this same gibbet to the upstart?"

Rodolf scratched his huge head, and seemed awhile lost in calculation; at length he said, "you captain, must be the best judge, when I tell you, that twenty thousand Romans are

* Gibbon and Sismondi alike, neither of whom appears to have consulted the original documents preserved by Hocsemius, say nothing of the Representative Parliament, which it was almost Rienzi's first public act to institute or model. Six days from the memorable 19th of May, he addressed the people of Viterbo in a letter yet extant. He summons them to elect and send two syndics, or ambassadors, to the general Parliament.

the least of his force; so I heard by the way; and this evening he is to accept the crown, and depose the emperor."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Montreal, "is he so mad! then he will want not our aid to hang himself. My friends, let us wait the result. At present neither barons nor people seem likely to fill our coffers. Let us across the country to Terracina. Thank the saints," and Montreal (who was not without a strange kind of devotion, indeed he deemed that virtue essential to chivalry,) crossed himself piously, "the free companions are never long without quarters!"

"Hurrah for the knight of St. John!" cried the mercenaries; "And hurrah for fair France and bold Germany!" added the knight as he waved his hand on high, struck spurs into his already wearied horse, and breaking out into his favourite song,

"His steed and his sword,
And his lady the fearless," &c.

Montreal, with his troops, struck gallantly across the desolate Campagna.

The knight of St. John soon, however, relapsed into an absorbed and moody reverie; and his followers imitating the silence of their chief, in a few minutes the clatter of their arms and the jingle of their spurs, alone disturbed the stillness of the wide and gloomy plains across which they made towards Terracina. Montreal was recalling with bitter resentment his conference with Rienzi; and, proud of his own sagacity and talent for scheming, he was humbled and vexed at the discovery that he had been duped by a wiler intriguer. His ambitious designs on Rome were crossed too, and even crushed for the moment, by the very means to which he had looked for their execution. He had seen enough of the barons to feel assured that while Stephen Colonna lived, the head of the order, he was not likely to obtain that mastery in the state which, if leagued with a more ambitious, or a less timid and less potent signor, might reward his aid in expelling Rienzi. Under all circumstances, he deemed it advisable to remain aloof. Should Rienzi grow strong, Montreal might make the advantageous terms he desired with the barons; should Rienzi's power decay, his pride necessarily humbled, might drive him to seek the assistance, and submit to the proposals, of Montreal. The ambition of the Provençal, though vast and daring, was not of a consistent and persevering nature. Action and enterprise were dearer to him, as yet, than the rewards which they proffered; and if baffled in one quarter, he turned himself, with the true spirit of the knight errant, to any other field for his achievements. Louis, king of Hungary, stern, warlike, implacable, seeking vengeance for the murder of his brother, the ill-fated husband of Jane, (the beautiful and guilty queen of Naples—the Marie Stuart of Italy,) had already prepared himself to subject the garden of Campania to the Hungarian yoke. Already his bastard brother had entered Italy—already some of the Neapolitan states had declared in his favour—already promises had been held out by the northern monarch to the scattered Companies—and already those fierce mercenaries gathered menacingly round the frontiers of that Eden of Italy, attracted, as vultures to the carcass, by the preparation of war and the hope of plunder. Such was the field to which the bold mind of Montreal now turned its thoughts; and his soldiers had joyfully conjectured his design when they had heard him fix Terracina as their bourne. Provident of every resource, and refining his audacious and unprincipled valour by a sagacity which promised, when years had more matured and sobered his restless chivalry, to rank him among the most dangerous enemies Italy had ever known, on the first sign of Louis's warlike intentions, Montreal had seized and fortified a strong castle on that delicious coast beyond Terracina, by which lies the celebrated pass once held by Fabius against Hannibal, and which Nature has so favoured for war as for peace, that a handful of armed men might stop the march of an army. The possession of such a fortress on the very frontiers of Naples, gave Montreal an importance of which he trusted to avail himself with the Hungarian king; and now thwarted in his more grand and aspiring projects upon Rome, his sanguine, active, and elastic spirit congratulated itself upon the resource it had secured.

The band halted at nightfall on this side the Pontine Marshes, seizing without scruple some huts and sheds, from which they ejected the miserable tenants, and slaughtering with no greater ceremony the swine, cattle, and poultry of a neighbouring farm. Shortly after sunrise they crossed those fatal swamps which had already been partially drained by Boniface VIII.; and Montreal, refreshed by sleep, reconciled to his late mortification by the advantages opened to him in the approaching war with Naples, and rejoicing as he ap-

proached a home which held one who alone divided his heart with ambition, had resumed all the gaiety which belonged to his Gallic birth and his reckless habits: and that deadly but consecrated road, where yet may be seen the labours of Augustus, in the canal which had witnessed the Voyage so humourously described by Horace, echoed with the loud laughter and frequent snatches of wild song by which the barbarian robbers enlivened their rapid march.

It was noon when the company entered upon that romantic pass I have before referred to, (the ancient Lautulae). High to the left rose steep and lofty rocks, then covered by the prodigal verdure, and the countless flowers, of the closing May; while to the right the sea, gentle as a lake, and blue as heaven, rippled musically at their feet. Montreal, who largely possessed the poetry of his land, which is so eminently allied with a love of nature, might at another time have enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but at that moment less external and more household images were busy within him.

Abruptly ascending a narrow and winding path in the mountain, which offered a rough and painful path to their horses' feet, the band at length arrived before a strong fortress of gray stone, whose towers were concealed by the lofty foliage, until they emerged sullenly and suddenly from the laughing verdure. The sound of the bugle, the pennon of the knight, the rapid watchword, produced a loud shout of welcome from a score or two of grim soldiery on the walls; the portcullis was raised, and Montreal throwing himself hastily from his panting steed, sprung across the threshold of a jutting porch, and traversed a huge hall, when a lady—young, fair, and richly dressed—met him with a step equally swift, and fell breathless and overjoyed into his arms.

"My Walter, my dear, dear Walter! welcome, ten thousand welcomes!"

"Adeline, my beautiful—my adored—I see thee again!"

Such were the greetings interchanged as Montreal pressed his lady to his heart, kissing away her tears, and lifting her face to his, as he gazed on its delicate bloom with all the wistful anxiety of affection after absence.

"Fairest," said he tenderly, "thou hast pined, thou hast lost roundness and colour since we parted. Come, come, thou art too gentle, or too foolish for a soldier's love."

"Ah, Walter!" replied Adeline, clinging to him, "now thou art returned, and I shall be well. Thou wilt not leave me again a long, long time."

"Mamie, no;" and flinging his arm round her waist, the lovers—for alas! they were not wedded!—retired to the more private chambers of the castle.

CHAPTER II.

THE LIFE OF LOVE AND WAR.—THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.—THE JOUST.

GIRT with his soldiery, secure in his feudal hold, enchanted with the beauty of the earth, sky, and sea around, and passionately adoring his Adeline, Montreal for awhile forgot all his more stirring projects and his ruder occupations. His nature was capable of great tenderness, as of great ferocity; and his heart smote him when he looked at the fair cheek of his lady, and saw that even his presence did not suffice to bring back the smile and the fresh hues of old. Often he cursed that fatal oath of his knightly order which forbade him to wed, though with one more than his equal; and the remorse of wrong embittered his happiest hours. That gentle lady in that robber hold, severed from all she had been taught most to prize—mother, friends, and fair fame—only loved her seducer the more intensely; only the more concentrated in one object all the womanly and tender feelings denied every other and less sinful vent. But she felt her shame, though she sought to conceal it, and a yet more gnawing grief than even that of shame contributed to prey upon her spirits and undermine her health. Yet, withal, in Montreal's presence she was happy, even in regret; and in her declining health she had at least a consolation in the hope to die while his love was undiminished. Sometimes they made short excursions, for the disturbed state of the country forbade them to wander far from the castle, through the sunny woods, and along the glassy sea, which make the charm of that delicious scenery; and that mixture of the savage with the tender, the wild escort, the tent in some green glade in the woods at noon, the lute and voice of Adeline, with the fierce soldiers grouped and

listening at the distance, might have well suited the verse of Ariosto, and harmonized singularly with that strange, disordered, yet chivalric time, in which the Classic South became the seat of the Northern Romance. Still, however, Montreal maintained his secret intercourse with the Hungarian King, and, plunged in new projects, willingly forsook for the present all his designs on Rome. Yet deemed he that his more august ambition was only delayed, and, bright in the more distant prospects of his adventurous career, rose the Capitol of Rome and the sceptre of the Cæsars.

One day, as Montreal, with a small troop in attendance, passed on horseback near the walls of Terracina, the gates were suddenly thrown open, and a numerous throng issued forth, preceded by a singular figure, whose steps they followed bareheaded and with loud blessings; a procession of monks closed the procession, chaunting a hymn, of which the concluding words were as follows:—

Beauteous on the mountains—lo,
The feet of him glad tidings gladly bringing;
The flowers along his pathway grow,
And, voices, heard aloft, to angel harps are singing:
And strife and slaughter cease
Before thy blessed way Young Messenger of Peace!
O'er the mount and through the moor,
Glide thy holy steps secure,
Day and night no fear thou knowest,
Lonely—but with God thou goest,
Where the Heathen rage the fiercest,
Through the armed throng thou piercest.
For thy coat of mail, bedight
In thy spotless robe of white.
For the sinful sword—thy hand
Bearing bright the silver wand:
Through the camp and through the court,
Through the bandit's gloomy fort,
On the mission of the dove,
Speeds the minister of love;
By a word the wildest taming,
And the world to Christ reclaiming:
While, as once the waters trod
By the footsteps of thy God,
War, and wrath, and rapine cease,
Hush'd round thy charmed path, O Messenger of Peace!

The stranger to whom these honours were paid was a young unbearded man, clothed in white wrought with silver; he was unarmed and barefooted; in his hand he held a tall silver wand. Montreal and his party halted in astonishment and wonder, and the knight, spurring his horse toward the crowd, confronted the stranger.

"How, friend," quoth the Provençal, "is thine a new order of pilgrims, or what especial holiness has won thee this homage?"

"Back, back," cried some of the bolder of the crowd, "let not the robber dare molest the Messenger of Peace."

Montreal waved his hand disdainfully.

"I speak not to you, good sirs, and the worthy friars, in your rear, know full well that I never injured herald or palmer.

The monks, ceasing from their hymn, advanced hastily to the spot; and indeed the devotion of Montreal had ever induced him to purchase the good will of whatever monastery neighboured his wandering home.

"My son," said the eldest of the brethren, "this is a strange spectacle, and a sacred; and when thou learnest all, thou wilt rather give the messenger a passport of safety from the unthinking courage of thy friends, than intercept his path of peace."

"Ye puzzle still more my simple brain," said Montreal impatiently, "let the youth speak for himself; I perceive that on his mantle are the arms of Rome blended with other quarterings, which are a mystery to me, though sufficiently versed in heraldic art, as befits a noble and a knight."

"Signor," said the youth gravely, "know in me the messenger of Cola di Rienzi, Tribune of Rome, charged with letters to many a baron and prince in the ways between Rome and Naples. The arms wrought upon my mantle are those of the Pontiff, the City, and the Tribune."

"Umph; thou must have bold nerves to traverse the Campagna with no other weapon than that stick of silver!"

"Thou art mistaken, sir knight," replied the youth, boldly, "and judgest of the present by the past; know that not a single robber now lurks within the Campagna, the arms of the Tribune have rendered every road around the city as secure as the broadest streets of the city itself."

"Thou tellest me wonders."

"Through the forest,—and in the fortress,—through the

wildest solitudes,—through the most populous towns,—have my comrades borne this silver wand unmolested and unscathed; wherever we pass along, thousands hail us, and tears of joy bless the messengers of Him who hath expelled the brigand from his hold, the tyrant from his castle, and insured the gains of the merchant and the hut of the peasant."

"*Pardieu*," said Montreal, with a stern smile, "I ought to be thankful for the preference shown to me; I have not yet received the commands, nor felt the vengeance, of the Tribune; yet, methinks, my humble castle lies just within the patrimony of St. Peter."

"Pardon me, signor cavalier," said the youth; "but do I address the renowned knight of St. John, warrior of the Cross, yet leader of banditti?"

"Boy, you are bold; I am Walter de Montreal."

"I am bound, then, sir knight, to your castle."

"Take care how thou reach it before me, or thou standest a fair chance of a quick exit. How now, my friends?" seeing that the crowd at these words gathered closer round the messenger, "Think ye that I, who have my mate in kings, would find a victim in an unarmed boy? Fie! give way—give way. Young man, follow me homeward; you are safe in my castle as in your mother's arms." So saying, Montreal, with great dignity and deliberate gravity, rode slowly towards his castle, his soldiers, wondering, at a little distance, and the white-robed messenger following with the crowd, who refused to depart; so great was their enthusiasm, that they even ascended to the gates of the dreaded castle, and insisted on waiting without until the return of the youth assured them of his safety.

Montreal, who, however lawless elsewhere, strictly preserved the rights of the meanest boor in his immediate neighbourhood, and rather affected popularity with the poor, bade the crowd enter the court-yard, ordered his servitors to provide them with wine and refreshment, regaled the good monks in his great hall, and then led the way to a small room, where he received the messenger.

"This," said the youth, "will best explain my mission," as he placed a letter before Montreal.

The knight cut the silk with his dagger, and read the epistle with great composure.

"Your Tribune," said he, when he had finished it, "has learned the laconic style of power very soon. He orders me to render this castle and vacate the Papal Territory within ten days. He is obliging; I must have breathing time to consider the proposal; be seated, I pray you, young sir. Forgive me, but I should have imagined that your lord had enough upon his hands with his Roman barons, to make him a little more indulgent to us foreign visitors. Stephen Colonna—"

"Is returned to Rome, and has taken the oath of allegiance; the Savelli, the Orsini, the Frangipani, have all subscribed their submission to the *Buono Stato*."

"How!" cried Montreal, in great surprise.

"Not only have they returned, but they have submitted to the dispersion of all their mercenaries, and the dismantling of all their fortifications. The iron of the Orsini palace now barricades the Capitol, and the stonework of the Colonna and the Savelli has added new battlements to the gates of the Lateran and St. Laurence."

"Wonderful man!" said Montreal, with reluctant admiration; "by what means was this effected?"

"A stern command and a strong force to back it. At the first sound of the great bell, twenty thousand Romans rise in arms. What to such an army are the brigands of an Orsini or a Colonna?—Sir knight, your valour and renown make even Rome admire you; and I, a Roman, bid you beware."

"Well, I thank thee—thy news, friend, robs me of breath. So the barons submit then?"

"Yes; on the first day, one of the Colonna, the lord Adrian, took the oath; within a week, Stephen, assured of safe-conduct, left Palestrina, the Savelli in his train; the Orsini followed—even Martino di Porto has silently succumbed."

"The Tribune—but is that his dignity!—methought he was to be king,—"

"He was offered, and refused, the title. His present rank, which arrogates no patrician honours, went far to conciliate the nobles."

"A wise knave!—I beg pardon, a sagacious prince!—Well, then, the Tribune lords it mightily I suppose over the great Roman names?"

"Pardon me—he enforces impartial justice from peasant or patrician; but he preserves to the nobles all their just privileges and legal rank."

"Ha!—and the vain puppets, so they keep the semblance, scarce miss the substance—I understand. But this shows

genius—the Tribune is unwed, I think. Does he look among the Colonna for a wife?"

"Sir knight, the Tribune is already married; within three days after his ascension to power, he won and bore home the daughter of the baron de Raselli."

"Raselli! no great name; he might have done better."

"But it is said," resumed the youth, smiling, "that the Tribune will shortly be allied to the Colonna, through his fair sister the Signora Irene. The baron di Castello woos her."

"What, Adrian Colonna! Enough! you have convinced me that a man who contents the people and awes or conciliates the nobles is born for empire. My answer to this letter I will convey myself. For your news, sir messenger, accept this jewel," and the knight took from his finger a gem of some price. "Nay, shrink not, it was as freely given to me, as it is now to thee."

The youth who had been agreeably surprised and impressed, by the manner of the renowned freebooter, and who was not a little astonished himself at the ease and familiarity with which he had been relating to Fra Moreale, in his own fortress, the news of Rome, bowed low as he accepted the gift.

The astute Provençal, who saw the evident impression he had made, perceived also that it might be of advantage in delaying the measures he might deem it expedient to adopt. "Assure the Tribune," said he, on dismissing the messenger, "shouldst thou return ere my letter arrive, that I admire his genius, hail his power, and will not fail to consider as favourably as I may of his demand."

"Better," said the messenger warmly (he was of good blood, and gentle bearing),—"better ten tyrants for our enemy, than one Montreal."

"An enemy! believe me, sir, I seek no enmity with princes that know how to govern, or a people that has the wisdom at once to rule and to obey."

The whole of that day, however, Montreal remained thoughtful and uneasy; he despatched trusty messengers to the governor of Aquila, (who was then in correspondence with Louis of Hungary,) to Naples and to Rome;—the last charged with a letter to the Tribune, which, without absolutely compromising himself, affected submission, and demanded only a longer leisure for the preparations of departure. But, at the same time, fresh fortifications were added to the castle, ample provisions were laid in, and, night and day, spies and scouts were stationed along the pass, and in the town of Terracina. Montreal was precisely the chief who prepared most for war when most he pretended peace.

One morning, the fifth from the appearance of the Roman messenger, Montreal, after narrowly surveying his outworks and his stores, and feeling satisfied that he could hold out at least a month's siege, repaired, with a gay countenance than he had lately worn, to the chamber of Adeline.

The lady was seated by the casement of the tower, from which might be seen the glorious landscape of woods, and vales, and orange groves—a strange garden for such a palace! As she leant her face upon her hand, with her profile slightly turned to Montreal, there was something inexpressibly graceful in the bend of her neck,—the small head so expressive of gentle blood,—with the locks parted in front in that simple fashion which modern times have so happily revived. But the expression of the half-averted face, the abstracted intentness of the gaze, and the profound stillness of the attitude, were so ineffably sad and mournful, that Montreal's purposed greeting of gallantry and gladness died upon his lips. He approached in silence, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

Adeline turned, and taking the hand in hers pressed it to her heart, and smiled away all her sadness. "Dearest," said Montreal, "couldst thou know how much any shadow of grief on thy bright face darkens my heart, thou wouldst never grieve. But no wonder that in these rude walls—no female of equal rank near thee, and such mirth as Montreal can summon to his halls, grating to thy ear—no wonder that thou repentest thee of thy choice."

"Ah, no, no, Walter, I never repent; shame on me for saying so. I did but think of our child as you entered. Alas! he was our only child! How fair he was, Walter; how he resembled thee!"

"Nay, he had thine eyes and brow," replied the knight, with a faltering voice, and turning away his head.

"Walter," resumed the lady, sighing, "do you remember—this is his birthday. He is ten years old to-day. We have loved each other eleven years, and thou hast not tired yet of thy poor Adeline."

"As well might the saints weary of paradise," replied Montreal with an enamoured tenderness, which changed into softness the whole character of his heroic countenance.

"Could I think so, I should indeed be blest!" answered Adeline. "But a little while longer, and the few charms I yet possess must fade; and what other claim have I on thee?"

"All claim;—the memory of thy first blushes—thy first kiss—of thy devoted sacrifices—of thy patient wanderings—of thy uncomplaining love! Ah, Adeline, we are of Provence, not of Italy; and when did knight of Provence avoid his foe, or forsake his love. But come, dearest, enough of home and melancholy for to-day. I come to bid thee forth. I have sent on the servitors to pitch our tent beside the sea,—we will enjoy the orange blossoms while we may. Ere another week passes over us, we may have sterner pastime and closer confines."

"How, dearest Walter, thou dost not apprehend danger?"

"Thou speakest, lady-bird," said Montreal, laughing, "as if danger were novelty; methinks by this time, thou shouldst know it as the atmosphere we breathe."

"Ah, Walter, is this to last for ever! Thou art now rich and renowned; canst thou not abandon this career of strife?"

"Now, out on thee, Adeline! what are riches and renown but the means to power! And for strife, the shield of warriors was my cradle—pray to the saints it be my bier! These wild and wizard extremes of life—from the bower to the tent—from the cavern to the palace—to-day a wandering exile, to-morrow the equal of kings—make the true element of the chivalry of my Norman sires. Normandy taught me war, and sweet Provence love. Kiss me, dear Adeline; and now let thy handmaids attire thee. Forget not thy lute, sweet one. We will rouse the echoes with the songs of Provence."

The ductile temper of Adeline yielded easily to the gaiety of her lord; and the party soon sallied from the castle towards the spot in which Montreal had designed their resting place during the heats of day. But already prepared for all surprise the castle was left strictly guarded, and besides the domestic servitors of the castle, a detachment of ten soldiers, completely armed, followed the pair. Montreal himself wore his corselet, and his squires followed with his helmet and lance. Beyond the narrow defile at the base of the castle, the road at that day opened into a broad patch of verdure, circled on all sides, save that open to the sea, by wood, interspersed with myrtle and orange, and a wilderness of odorous shrubs. In this space, and sheltered by the broad-spreading and classic *fagus*, (so improperly translated into the English *beech*), a gay pavilion was prepared, which commanded the view of the sheen and sparkling sea;—shaded from the sun, but open to the gentle breeze. This was poor Adeline's favourite recreation, if recreation it might be called. She rejoiced to escape from the gloomy walls of her castellated prison, and to enjoy the sunshine and the sweets of that voluptuous climate without the fatigue which of late all exercise occasioned her. It was a gallantry on the part of Montreal, who foresaw how short an interval might elapse before the troops of Rienzi besieged his walls; and who was himself, no less at home in the bower than in the field.

As they reclined within the pavilion—the lover and his lady,—of the attendants without, some lounged idly on the beach; some prepared the awning of a pleasure-boat against the decline of the sun; some, in a ruder tent, out of sight in the wood, arranged the mid-day repast: while the strings of the lute, touched by Montreal himself with a careless skill, gave their music to the dreamy stillness of the noon.

While thus employed, one of Montreal's scouts arrived breathless and heated at the tent.

"Captain," said he, "a company of thirty lancers completely armed, with a long retinue of squires and pages, has just quitted Terracina. Their banners bear the two-fold insignia of Rome and the Colonna."

"Ho!" said Montreal gaily, "such a troop is a welcome addition to our company; send our squire hither."

The squire appeared.

"Hie thee on thy steed towards the procession thou wilt meet with in the pass, (nay, sweet lady mine, no forbiddal!) seek the chief, and say that the good knight Walter de Montreal sends him greeting, and prays him in passing our proper territory, to rest awhile with us, a welcome guest; and—stay,—add, that if to while an hour or so in gentle pastime be acceptable to him, Walter de Montreal would rejoice to break a lance with him, or any knight in his train, in honour of our respective ladies. Hie thee quick!"

"Walter, Walter," began Adeline who had that keen and delicate sensitiveness to her situation, which her reckless lord often wantonly forgot, "Walter, dear Walter, canst thou think it honour to—"

"Hush thee, sweet *Fleur de lis*! Thou hast not seen pastime this many a day; I long to convince thee that thou art

still the fairest lady of Italy, ay, and of Christendom. But these Italians are craven knights, and thou needst not fear that my proffer will be accepted. But in truth, lady mine, I rejoice for graver objects, that chance throws a Roman noble, perhaps a Colonna, in my way:—women understand not these matters: and aught concerning Rome touches us home at this moment."

With that the knight frowned, as was his wont in thought, and Adeline ventured to say no more, but retired to the interior division of the pavilion.

Meanwhile the squire approached the procession that had now reached the middle of the pass. And a stately and gallant company it was:—if the complete harness of the soldiery seemed to attest a warlike purpose, it was contradicted on the other hand by the numerous train of unarmed squires and pages gorgeously attired, while the splendid blazon of two heralds preceding the standard-bearers, proclaimed their object as peaceful, and their path as sacred. It required but a glance at the company to tell the leader;—Arrayed in a breast-plate of steel, wrought profusely with gold arabesques, over which was a mantle of dark green velvet, bordered with pearls, while above his long dark locks waved a black ostrich plume in a high Macedonian cap, such as I believe, is now worn by the Grand Master of the order of St. Constantine, rode in the front of the party, a young cavalier, distinguished from his immediate comrades, partly by his graceful presence, and partly by his splendid dress.

The squire approached respectfully, and dismounting, delivered himself of his charge.

The young cavalier smiled, as he answered, "Bear back to Sir Walter de Montreal, the greeting of Adrian Colonna, Baron di Castello, and say, that the solemn object of my present journey will scarce permit me to encounter the formidable lance of so celebrated a knight, and I regret this the more, inasmuch as I may not yield to any dame, the palm of my liege lady's beauty. I must live in hope of a happier occasion. For the rest, I will cheerfully abide for some few hours the guest of so courteous a host."

The squire bowed low. "My master," said he hesitatingly, "will grieve much to miss so noble an opponent. But my message refers to all this knightly and gallant train; and if the lord Adrian di Castello deems himself forbidden the joust by the object of his present journey, surely one of his comrades will be his proxy with my master."

Out and quickly spoke a young noble by the side of Adrian, Riccardo Annibaldi, who afterwards did good service both to the Tribune and to Rome, and whose valour brought him, in later life, to an untimely end.

"By the lord Adrian's permission," cried he, "I will break a lance with——"

"Hush! Annibaldi," interrupted Adrian. "And you, sir squire, know, that Adrian di Castello permits no proxy in arms. Advise the knight of St. John that we accept his hospitality, and if after some converse on graver matters he should still desire to light an entertainment, I will forget that I am the ambassador to Naples, and remember only that I am a knight of the empire. You have your answer."

The squire with much ceremony made his obeisance, remounted his steed, and returned in a half-gallop to his master.

"Forgive me, dear Annibaldi," said Adrian, "that I balked your valour, and believe me that I never more longed to break a lance against any man than I do against this boasting Frenchman. But bethink you, that though to us, brought up in the dainty laws of chivalry, Walter de Montreal is the famous knight of Provence, to the Tribune of Rome, whose grave mission we now fulfil, he is but the mercenary captain of a Free Company. Grievously in his eyes should we sully our dignity by so wanton and irrelevant a holiday conflict with a declared and professional brigand."

"For all that," said Annibaldi, "he ought not to boast that a Roman knight shunned a Provencal lance."

"Cease, I pray thee!" said Adrian impatiently. In fact the young Colonna already chafed bitterly against his discreet and dignified rejection of Montreal's proffer; and recollecting with much pique the disparaging manner in which the Provencal had spoken of the Roman chivalry, as well as a certain tone of superiority which in all warlike matters Montreal had assumed over him, he now felt his cheek burn, and his lip quiver. Highly skilled in the martial accomplishments of his time, he had a natural and excusable desire to prove that he was at least no unworthy antagonist even of the best lance in Italy: and, added to this, the gallantry of the age made him feel it a sort of treason to his mistress to forego any means of asserting her perfections.

It was therefore with considerable irritation that Adrian, as

the pavilion of Montreal became visible, perceived the squire returning to him. And the reader will judge how much this was increased when the latter, once more dismounting, accosted him thus:

"My master, the knight of St. John, on hearing the courteous answer of the Lord Adrian di Castello, bids me say, that lest the graver converse the Lord Adrian refers to should mar gentle and friendly sport, he ventures respectfully to suggest, that the tilt should preface the converse. The sod before the tent is so soft and smooth, that even a fall could be attended with no danger to knight or steed."

"By our lady!" cried Adrian and Annibaldi in a breath, "but thy last words are discourteous; and," (proceeded Adrian recovering himself) "since thy master will have it, let him look to his horse's girths. I will not gainsay his fancy."

Montreal, who had thus insisted upon the exhibition, partly, it may be, from the gay and ruffling bravado, common still amongst his brave countrymen; partly because he was desirous of exhibiting before those who might soon be his open foes, his singular and unrivalled address in arms, was yet more moved to it on learning the name of the leader of the Roman company; for his vain and haughty spirit, however it had disguised resentment at the time, had by no means forgiven certain warm expressions of Adrian in the palace of Stephen Colonna, and in the unfortunate journey to Corneto. While Adrian, halting at the entrance of the defile, aided by his squires, indignantly, but carefully induced the rest of his armour, and saw, himself, to the girths, stirrup-leathers, and various buckles in the caparison of his noble charger, Montreal in great glee kissed his lady, who, though too soft to be angry, was deeply vexed, (and yet her vexation half-forgotten in fear for his safety,) snatched up her scarf of blue, which he threw over his breast-plate, and completed his array with the indifference of a man certain of victory. He was destined, however, to one disadvantage, and that the greatest; his armour and lance had been brought from the castle—not his war-horse. His palfrey was too slight to bear the great weight of his armour, nor amongst his troop was there one horse that for power and bone could match with Adrian's. He chose, however, the strongest that was at hand, and a loud shout from his wild followers testified their admiration when he sprung unaided from the ground into the saddle—a rare and difficult feat of agility in a man completely arrayed in the ponderous armour which issued at that day from the forges of Milan, and was worn far more weightily in Italy than any other part of Europe. While both companies grouped slowly, and mingled in a kind of circle round the green sward, and the Roman heralds with bustling importance attempted to marshal the spectators into order, Montreal rode his charger round the sward, forcing it into various caracoles, and exhibiting, with the vanity that belonged to him, his exquisite and practised horsemanship.

At length Adrian, his visor down, rode slowly into the green space amidst the cheers of his party. The two knights, at either end, gravely fronted each other; they made the courtesies with their lances, which, in friendly and sportive encounters, were customary; and as they thus paused for the signal of encounter; the Italians trembled for the honour of their chief, Montreal's stately height and girth of chest forming a strong contrast, even in armour, to the form of his opponent, which was rather under the middle standard; and though firmly knit, slightly and slenderly built. But to that perfection was skill in arms brought in those chivalric times, that great strength and size were far from being either the absolute requisites, or even the usual attributes, of the more celebrated knights; in fact, so much was effected by the power and the management of the steed, that a light weight in the rider was often rather to his advantage than his prejudice: and, even at a later period, the most accomplished victors, in the tourney, the French Bayard and the English Sydney, were far from remarkable either for bulk or stature.

Whatever the superiority of Montreal in physical power, was also largely compensated by the inferiority of his horse, which, though a thick-built and strong Calabrian, had neither the blood, bone, nor practised discipline of the northern charger of the Roman. The shining coat of the latter, coal black, was set off by a scarlet cloth wrought in gold; the neck and shoulders were clad in scales of mail; and from the forehead projected a long point, like the horn of an unicorn, while on its crest waved a tall plume of scarlet and white feathers. As the mission of Adrian to Naples was that of pomp and ceremony to a court of great splendour, so his array and retinue were befitting the occasion and the passion for show that belonged to the time; and the very bridle of his horse, which

was three inches broad, was decorated with gold, and even jewels. The knight himself was clad in mail, which had tested the finest art of the celebrated Ludovico of Milan; and, altogether, his appearance was unusually gallant and splendid, and seemed still more so beside the plain but brightly polished, and artfully flexible armour of Montreal, (adorned only with his lady's scarf,) and the common and rude mail of his charger. This contrast, however, was not welcome to the Provençal, whose vanity was especially indulged in warlike equipments; and who, had he foreseen the "pastime" that awaited him, would have outshone even the Colonna.

The trumpeters of either party gave a short blast—the knights remained erect as statues of iron; a second, and each slightly bent over his saddle-bow; a third, and with spears couched, slackened reins, and at full speed, on they rushed, and fiercely they met midway. With the reckless arrogance which belonged to him, Montreal had imagined that at the first touch of his lance Adrian would have been unhorsed; but to his great surprise the young Roman remained firm, and amidst the shouts of his party, passed on to the other end of the lists. Montreal himself was rudely shaken, but lost neither seat nor stirrup.

"This can be no carpet knight," muttered Montreal between his teeth, as, this time, he summoned all his skill for a second encounter. While Adrian, aware of the great superiority of his charger, resolved to bring it to bear against his opponent. Accordingly, when the knights again rushed forward, Adrian, covering himself well with his buckler, directed his care less against the combatant, whom he felt no lance wielded by mortal hand was likely to dislodge, than against the less noble animal he bestrode. The shock of Montreal's charge was like an avalanche—his lance shivered into a thousand pieces, Adrian lost both stirrups, and but for the strong iron bows which guarded the saddle in front and rear, would have been fairly unhorsed; as it was he was almost doubled back by the encounter, and his ears rung and his eyes reeled, so that for a moment or two he almost lost all consciousness. But his steed had well repaid its nurture and discipline. Just as the combatants closed, the animal rearing on high, pressed forward with its mighty crest against its opponent with a force so irresistible as to drive back Montreal's horse several paces; while Adrian's lance, poised with exquisite skill, striking against the Provençal's helmet, somewhat rudely diverted the knight's attention for the moment from his rein. Montreal, drawing the curb too tightly in the suddenness of his recovery, the horse reared on end; and, receiving at that instant, full upon his breast-plate, the sharp horn and mailed crest of Adrian's charger—fell back over its rider upon the sword. Montreal disencumbered himself in great rage and shame, as a faint cry from his pavilion reached his ear, and redoubled his mortification. He rose with a lightness which astonished the beholder; for so heavy was the armour worn at that day, that few knights once stretched upon the ground could rise without assistance, and drawing his sword, cried out fiercely—"On foot, on foot!—the fall was not mine, but this accursed beast's; that I must needs for my sins raise to the rank of a charger. Come on—"

"Nay, sir Knight," said Adrian, drawing off his gauntlets and unbuckling his helmet, which he threw on the ground, "I come to thee a guest and friend; but to fight on foot is the encounter of mortal foes. Did I accept thy offer, my defeat would but stain thy knighthood."

Montreal, whose passion had beguiled him for the moment, suddenly acquiesced in this reasoning. Adrian hastened to soothe his antagonist. "For the rest," said he, "I cannot pretend to the prize. Your lance lost me my stirrups—mine left you unshaken. You say right; the defeat, if any, was that of your steed."

"We may meet again when I am more equally horsed," said Montreal, still chafing.

"Now, our lady forbid," exclaimed Adrian, with so devout an earnestness that the bystanders could not refrain from laughing, and even Montreal, grimly and half-reluctant, joined in the merriment. The courtesy of his foe, however, conciliated and touched the more frank and soldierly qualities of his nature, and composing himself, he replied:—

"Signor di Castello,—I rest your debtor for a courtesy that I have but little imitated. Howbeit, if thou wouldst bind me to thee for ever, thou wilt suffer me to send for my own charger, and afford me a chance to retrieve mine honour. With that steed, or with one equal to thine, which seems to me of the English breed, I will gage all I possess, lands, castle, and gold, sword and spurs to maintain this pass, one by one, against all thy train."

Fortunately, perhaps, for Adrian, ere he could reply, Ric-

cardo Annibaldi cried with great warmth, "Sir knight, I have with me two steeds well practised in the tourney, take thy choice and accept in me a champion of the Roman against the French chivalry; there is my gage."

"Signor," replied Montreal, with ill-suppressed delight, "thy proffer shows so gallant and free a spirit, that it were foul sin in me to balk it. I accept thy gage, and whichever of thy steeds thou rejectest, in God's name bring it hither, and let us waste no words before action."

Adrian, who felt that hitherto the Romans had been more favoured by fortune than merit, vainly endeavoured to prevent this second hazard. But Annibaldi was greatly chafed, and his high rank rendered it impolitic in Adrian to offend him by peremptory prohibition; the Colonna reluctantly, therefore, yielded his assent to the engagement. Annibaldi's steeds were led to the spot, the one a noble roan, the other a bay, of somewhat less breeding and bone, but still of great strength and price. Montreal finding the choice pressed upon him, gallantly selected the latter and less excellent.

Annibaldi was soon arrayed for the encounter, and Adrian gave the word to the trumpeters. The Roman was of a stature almost equal to that of Montreal, and though some years younger, seemed, in his armour, nearly of the same thews and girth, so that the present antagonists appeared at the first glance more evenly matched than the last. But this time, Montreal, well horsed, inspired to the utmost by shame and pride, felt himself a match for an army; and he met the young baron with such prowess, that while the very plume on his casque seemed scarcely stirred, the Italian was thrown several paces from his steed, and it was not till some moments after his visor was removed by his squires that he recovered his senses. This event restored Montreal to all his natural gaiety of humour, and effectually raised the spirits of his followers, who had felt much humbled by the previous encounter.

He himself assisted Annibaldi to rise with great courtesy, and a profusion of compliments, which the proud Roman took in stern silence, and then led the way to the pavilion, loudly ordering the banquet to be spread. Annibaldi, however, loitered behind, and Adrian, who penetrated his thoughts, and who saw that over their cups a quarrel between the Provençal and his friend was very likely to ensue, drawing him aside, said:—"Methinks, dear Annibaldi, it would be better, if you, with the chief of our following, were to proceed onward to Fondi, where I will join you at sunset. My squires, and some eight lances, will suffice for my safe-guard here, and, to say truth, I desire a few private words with our strange host, in the hope that he may be peaceably induced to withdraw from hence without the help of our Roman troops, who have enough elsewhere to feed their valour."

Annibaldi pressed his companion's hands. "I understand thee," he replied, with a slight blush, "and indeed I could but ill brook the complacent triumph of the barbarian. I accept thy offer."

CHAPTER III.

THE CONVERSE BETWEEN THE ROMAN AND THE PROVENÇAL—ADELINE'S HISTORY—THE MOONLIGHT SEA—THE LUTE AND THE SONG.

HAVING seen Annibaldi with the greater part of his retinue depart, and divesting himself of his heavy greaves, Adrian entered alone the pavilion of the knight of St. John. Montreal had already doffed all his armour, save the breast-plate, and he now stepped forward to welcome his guest with the winning and easy grace which better suited his birth than his profession. He received Adrian's excuses for the absence of Annibaldi and the other knights of his train with a smile which seemed to prove how readily he divined the cause, and conducted him to the other and more private division of the pavilion in which the repast (rendered acceptable by the late exercise of guest and host) was prepared; and here Adrian for the first time discovered Adeline. Long enurement to the various and roving life of her lover, joined to a certain pride which she derived from conscious, though forfeited, rank, gave to the outward manner of that beautiful lady an ease and freedom which often concealed, even from Montreal, her sensitiveness to her unhappy situation. At times, indeed, when alone with Montreal, whom she loved with all the devotion of romance, she was sensible only to the charm of a pre-

sence which consoled her for all things; but in his frequent absence, or on the admission of any stranger, the illusion vanished—the reality returned. Poor lady! nature had not formed—education had not reared—habit had not reconciled—her to the breath of shame!

The young Colonna was much struck by her beauty, and more by her gentle and high-born grace. Like her lord she appeared younger than she was; time seemed to spare a bloom which an experienced eye might have told was destined to an early grave; and there was something almost girlish in the lightness of her form—the braided luxuriance of her rich auburn hair, and the colour that went and came, not only with every movement, but almost with every word. The contrast between her and Montreal became them both—it was the contrast of devoted reliance and protecting strength: each looked fairer in the presence of the other:—and as Adrian sate down to the well-laden board, he thought he had never seen a pair more formed for the poetic legends of their native Troubadours.

Montreal conversed gaily upon a thousand matters—pressed the wine flasks—and selected for his guests the most delicate portions of the delicious *spicola* of the neighbouring sea, and the rich flesh of the wild boar of the Pontine marshes.

"Tell me," said Montreal, as their hunger was now appeased—"tell me, noble Adrian, how fares your kinsman, Signor Stephen? A brave old man for his years."

"He bears him as the youngest of us," answered Adrian.

"Late events must have shocked him a little," said Montreal with an arch smile. "Ah, you look grave—yet commend my foresight—I was the first who prophesied to thy kinsman the rise of Cola di Rienzi; he seems a great man—never more great than in conciliating the Colonna and the Orsini."

"The Tribune," returned Adrian evasively, "is certainly a man of extraordinary genius. And now, seeing him command, my only wonder is how he ever brooked to obey—majesty seems a very part of him."

"Men who win power, easily put on its harness dignity," answered Montreal; "and if I hear aright—(pledge me to your lady's health.)—the Tribune, if not himself nobly born, will soon be nobly connected."

"He is already married to a *Rasseli*,—an old Roman house," replied Adrian.

"You evade my pursuit,—*Le doulx soupier! le doulx soupier!* as the old Cabestan has it"—said Montreal laughing.—"Well, you have pledged me one cup to your lady, pledge another to the fair Irene, the Tribune's sister—always provided they two are not one.—You smile and shake your head."

"I do not disguise from you, sir knight," answered Adrian, "that when my present embassy is over, I trust the alliance between the Tribune and a Colonna will go far towards the benefit of both."

"I have heard rightly then," said Montreal in a grave and thoughtful tone. "Rienzi's power, must indeed be great."

"Of that my mission is a proof. Are you aware, Signor de Montreal, that Louis, King of Hungary—"

"How! what of him?"

"Has referred the decision of the feud between himself and Jane of Naples, respecting the death of her royal spouse, his brother, to the fiat of the Tribune! This is the first time, methinks, since the death of Constantine, that so great a confidence and so high a charge were ever entrusted to a Roman!"

"By all the saints in the calendar," cried Montreal, crossing himself; "this news is indeed amazing. The fierce Louis of Hungary waive the right of the sword, and choose other umpire than the field of battle!"

"And this," continued Adrian, in a significant tone, "this it was which induced me to obey your courteous summons. I know, brave Montreal, that you hold intercourse with Louis. Louis has given to the Tribune the best pledge of his amity and alliance; will you do wisely if you—"

"Wage war with the Hungarian ally," interrupted Montreal. "This you were about to add; the same thought crossed myself. My lord, pardon me—Italians sometimes invent what they wish. On the honour of a knight of the empire, these tidings are the naked truth!"

"By my honour, and on the cross," answered Adrian, drawing himself up; "and in proof thereof, I am now bound to Naples to settle with the queen the preliminaries of the appointed trial."

"Two crowned heads before the tribunal of a plebeian, and one a defendant against the charge of murder!" muttered Montreal; "the news might well amaze me!"

He remained musing and silent a little while, till looking up, he caught Adeline's tender gaze fixed upon him with that

deep solicitude with which she watched the outward effect of schemes and projects, she was too soft to desire to know and too innocent to share.

"Lady mine," said the Provencal fondly, "how sayest thou? must we abandon our mountain castle, and these wild woodland scenes, for the dull walls of a city? I fear me so.—The lady Adeline," he continued, turning to Adrian, "is of a singular bias; she hates the gay crowds of streets and thoroughfares, and esteems no palace like the solitary outlaw's hold. Yet methinks she might outshine all the faces of Italy,—thy mistress, lord Adrian, of course excepted."

"It is an exception which only a lover, and that too a betrothed lover, would dare to make," replied Adrian gallantly.

"Nay," said Adeline, in a voice singularly sweet and clear, "nay, I know well at what price to value my lord's flattery, and Signor di Castello's courtesy. But you are bound, sir knight, to a court that, if fame speak true, boasts in its queen the very miracle and mould of beauty."

"It is some years since I saw the queen of Naples," answered Adrian; "and I little dreamt then, when I gazed upon that angel face, that I should live to hear her accused of the foulest murder that ever stained even Italian royalty."

"And as if resolved to prove her guilt," said Montreal, "ere long be sure she will marry the very man who did the deed. Of this I have certain proof."

Thus conversing, the knights wore away the daylight, and beheld from the open tent the sun cast his setting glow over the purple sea. Adeline had long retired from the board, and they now saw her seated with her handmaids on a mound by the beach, while the sound of her lute faintly reached their ears. As Montreal caught the air, he turned from the converse, and sighing, half shaded his face with his hand. Somehow or other the two knights had worn away all the little jealousy or pique which they had conceived against each other at Rome. Both imbued with the soldier-like spirit of the age, their contest in the morning had served to inspire them with that strange kind of respect, and even cordiality, which one brave man even still (how much more at that day!) feels for another, whose courage he has proved while vindicating his own. It is like the discovery of a congenial sentiment hitherto latent; and, in a life of camps, often establishes sudden and lasting friendship in the very lap of enmity. This feeling had been ripened by their subsequent familiar intercourse, and was increased on Adrian's side by the feeling, that in convincing Montreal of the policy of withdrawing from the Roman territories, he had obtained an advantage that well repaid whatever danger and delay he had undergone.

The sigh, and the altered manner of Montreal, did not escape Adrian, and he naturally connected it with something relating to her, whose music had been its evident cause.

"Yon lovely dame," said he gently, "touches the lute with an exquisite and fairy hand, and that plaintive air seems to my ear as of the minstrelsy of Provence."

"It is the air I taught her," said Montreal sadly, "married as it is to indifferent words, with which I first wooed a heart that should never have given itself to me! Ay, young Colonna, many a night has my boat moored beneath the starlit Sorgia that washes her proud father's halls, and my voice woke the stillness of the waving sedges with a soldier's serenade. Sweet memories! bitter fruit!"

"Why bitter! ye love each other still."

"But I am vowed to celibacy, and Adeline de Courval is leman where she should be wedded dame. Methinks I fret at that thought even more than she,—Dear Adeline!"

"Your lady, as all would guess, is then nobly born?"

"She is," answered Montreal, with a deep and evident feeling which, save in love, rarely, if ever, crossed his hardy breast. "She is! our tale is a brief one:—we loved each other as children: Her family was wealthier than mine: We were separated. I was given to understand that she abandoned me. I despaired, and in despair I took the Cross of St. John.—Chance threw us again together. I learnt that her love was undecayed. Poor child!—she was even then, sir, but a child! I wild—reckless—and not unskilled, perhaps, in the arts that woo and win. She could not resist my suit or her own affection!—We fled. In those words you see the thread of my after history. My sword and my Adeline were all my fortune. Society frowned on us. The Church threatened my soul. The Grand Master my life. I became a knight of fortune. Fate and my right hand favoured me. I have made those who scorned me, tremble at my name. That name shall yet blaze, a star or a meteor, in the front of troubled nations, and I may yet win by force from the Pontiff, the dispensation refused to my prayers. On the same day, I may offer Adeline the diadem and the ring.—Enough of this;—you

marked Adeline's cheek!—Seems it not delicate? I like not that changeful flush,—and she moves languidly,—her step that was so blithe!"

"Change of scene and the mild south will soon restore her health," said Adrian, "and in your peculiar life she is so little brought in contact with others, especially of her own sex, that I trust she is but seldom made aware of whatever is painful in her situation. And woman's love, Montreal, as we both have learned, is a robe that wraps her from many a storm!"

"You speak kindly," returned the knight, "but you know not all our cause of grief. Adeline's father, a proud *sieur*, died, they said, of a broken heart,—but old men die of many another disease than that! The mother, a dame who boasted her descent from princes, bore the matter more sternly than the sire; clamoured for revenge,—which was odd, for she is as religious as a Dominican, and revenge is not christian in a woman, though it is knightly in a man!—Well, my lord, we had one boy, our only child, he was Adeline's solace in my absence,—his pretty ways were worth the world to her! She loved him so, that, but he had her eyes and looked like her when he slept, I should have been jealous! He grew up in our wild life, strong and comely; the young rogue, he would have been a brave knight! My evil stars led me to Milan, where I had business with the Visconti. One bright morning in June, our boy was stolen; verily, that June was like a December to us!"

"Stolen!—how!—by whom?"

"The first question is answered easily,—the boy was with his nurse in the court yard, the idle wench left him for but a minute or two, so she avers, to fetch him some childish toy; when she returned he was gone, not a trace left, save his pretty cap with the plume in it! Poor Adeline, many a time have I found her kissing that relic till it was wet with tears!"

"A strange fortune in truth. But what interest could—"

"I will tell you," interrupted Montreal, "the only conjecture I could form;—Adeline's mother, on learning we had a son, sent to Adeline a letter, that well nigh broke her heart, reproaching her for her love to me, and so forth, as if that had made her the vilest of the sex. She bade her take compassion on her child, and not bring him up to a robber's life,—so was she pleased to style the bold career of Walter de Montreal. She offered to rear the child in her own dull halls, and fit him, no doubt, for a shaven pate, and a monk's cowl. She chafed much that a mother would not part with her treasure! She alone, partly in revenge, partly in silly compassion for Adeline's child, partly, it may be, from some pious fanaticism, could, it so seemed to me, have robbed us of our boy. On inquiry, I learned from the nurse—who, but that she was of the same sex as Adeline, should have tasted my dagger,—that in their walks, a woman of advanced years, but seemingly of humble rank, (that might be disguise!) had often stopped, and caressed and admired the child. I repaired at once to France, sought the old castle of de Courval;—it had passed to the next heir, and the old widow was gone, none knew whither, but it was conjectured to take the veil in some remote convent."

"And you never saw her since?"

"Yes, at Rome," answered Montreal, turning pale; "when last there I chanced suddenly upon her; and then at length I learnt my boy's fate, and the truth of my own surmise; she confessed to the theft—and my child was dead! I have not dared to tell Adeline of this; it seems to me as if it would be plucking the shaft from the wounded side—and she would die at once, bereft of the uncertainty that rankles within her. She has still a hope—it comforts her; though my heart bleeds when I think on its vanity. Let this pass, my Colonna."

And Montreal started to his feet as if he strove, by a strong effort, to shake off the weakness that had crept over him in his narration.

"Think no more of it. Life is short—its thorns are many—let us not neglect any of its flowers. This is piety and wisdom too: nature that meant me to struggle and to toil, gave me, happily, the sanguine heart and the elastic soul of France; and I have lived long enough to own that to die young is not an evil. Come, Lord Adrian, let us join my lady ere you part, if part you must; the moon will be up soon, and Fondi is but a short journey hence. You know that though I admire not your Petrarch, you with more courtesy laud our Provencal ballads, and you must hear Adeline sing one that you may prize them the more. The race of the troubadours is dead, but the minstrelsy survives the minstrel!"

Adrian, who scarce knew what comfort to administer to the affliction of his companion, was somewhat relieved by the change in his mood, though his more grave and sensitive nature was a little startled at its suddenness. But, as we have

before seen, Montreal's spirit (and this made perhaps it fascination) was as a varying and changeful sky, the gayest sunshine and the fiercest storm swept over it in rapid alternation; and elements of singular might and grandeur, which, properly directed and concentrated, would have made him the blessing and glory of his time, were wielded with a boyish levity, roused into war and desolation, or lulled into repose and smoothness with all the suddenness of chance, and all the fickleness of caprice.

Sauntering down to the beach, the music of Adeline's lute sounded more distinctly in their ears, and involuntarily they hushed their steps upon the rich and odorous turf, as in a voice, though not powerful, marvellously sweet and clear, and well adapted to the simple fashion of the words and melody, she sang the following stanzas:—

LAY OF THE LADY OF PROVENCE.

1

Ah, why art thou sad, my heart? Why
Darksome and lonely?
Frowns the face of the happy sky
Over thee only.

Ah me, ah me!
Render to joy the earth!
Grief shuns, not envies, Mirth;
But leave one quiet spot,
Where Mirth may enter not,
To sigh ah me!—
Ah me!

2

As a bird, though the sky be clear,
Feels the storm lower;
My soul bodes the tempest near
In the sunny hour;

Ah me, ah me!
Be glad while yet we may!
I bid thee, my heart, be gay;
And still, I know not why,—
Thou answerest with a sigh
(Fond heart!) ah me!—
Ah me!

3

As this twilight o'er the skies,
Doubt brings the sorrow;
Who knows when the daylight dies,
What waits the morrow?

Ah me, ah me!
Be blithe, be blithe, my lute,
Thy strings will soon be mute;
Be blithe—hark! while it dies,
The note forewarning, sighs
Its last—Ah me!—
Ah me!

"My own Adeline—my sweetest nightbird," half-whispered Montreal, and softly approaching, he threw himself at his lady's feet—"thy song is too sad for this golden eve."

"No sound ever went to the heart," said Adrian, "whose arrow was not feathered by sadness. True sentiment, Montreal, is twin with melancholy though not with gloom."

The lady looked softly and approvingly up at Adrian's face; she was pleased with its expression; she was pleased yet more with words of which women more than men would acknowledge the truth. Adrian returned the look with one of deep and eloquent sympathy and respect; in fact, the short story he had heard from Montreal had interested him deeply in her; and never to the brilliant queen, to whose court he was bound, did his manner wear so chivalric and earnest a homage as it did to that lone and ill-fated lady on the twilight shores of Terracina.

Adeline blushed slightly and sighed; and then, to break the awkwardness of a pause which had stolen over them, as Montreal, unheeding the last remark of Adrian, was tuning the strings of the lute, she said—"Of course the Signor di Castello shares the universal enthusiasm for Petrarch!"

"Ay," cried Montreal; "my lady is Petrarch-mad, like the rest of them; but all I know is, that never did belted knight and honest lover woo in such fantastic and tortured strains."

"In Italy," answered Adrian, "common language is exaggeration;—but even your own troubadour poetry might tell you that love, ever seeking a new language of its own, cannot but often run into what to all but lovers seems distortion and conceit."

"Come, dear Signor," said Montreal, placing the lute in Adrian's hands, "let Adeline be the umpire between us, which music—yours or mine—can woo the blander."

"Ah," said Adrian, laughing; "I fear me, sir knight, you have already bribed the umpire."

Montreal's eyes and Adeline's met; and in that gaze Adeline forgot all her sorrows.

With a practised and skilful hand, Adrian touched the strings; and selecting a song which was less elaborate than those mostly in vogue amongst his country, though still conceived in the Italian spirit, and in accordance with the sentiment he had previously expressed to Adeline, he sang as follows:—

LOVE'S EXCUSE FOR SADNESS.

Chide not, below'd, if oft with thee
I feel not rapture wholly;
For aye, the heart that's fill'd with love,
Runs o'er in melancholy.
To streams that glide in noon, the shade
From Summer skies is given;
So, if my breast reflects the cloud,
'Tis but the cloud of Heaven!
Thine image glass'd within my soul,
So well the mirror keepeth;
That, chide me not, if with the light
The shadow also sleepeth.

"And now," said Adrian as he concluded, "the lute is to you: I but prelude your prize."

The Provencal laughed, and shook his head—"With any other umpire, I had had my lute broken on my own head, for my conceit in provoking such a rival; but I must not shrink from a contest I have myself provoked, even though in one day twice defeated; and with that, in a deep and exquisitely melodious voice, which wanted only more scientific culture to have challenged any competition, the Knight of St. John poured forth

THE LAY OF THE TROUBADOUR.

1

Gentle river, the moonbeam is hush'd on thy tide,
On thy pathway of light to my lady I glide.
My boat, where the stream laves the castle, I moor,—
All at rest save the maid and her young Troubadour!
As the stars to the waters that bore
My bark, to my spirit thou art;
Heaving yet, see it bound to the shore,
So moor'd to thy beauty my heart,—
Bel' amie, bel' amie, bel' amie!

2

Wilt thou fly from the world? it hath wealth for the vain;
But Love breaks his bond when there's gold in the chain;
Wilt thou fly from the world? It hath courts for the proud;
But Love, born in caves, pines to death in the crowd,
Were this bosom thy world, dearest one,
Thy world could not fail to be bright;
For thou should'st thyself be its sun,
And what spot could be dim in thy light—
Bel' amie, bel' amie, bel' amie!

3

The rich and the great woo thee, dearest; and poor,
Though his fathers were princes, the young Troubadour,
But his heart never quail'd save to thee, his ador'd,
There is no guile in his lute, and no stain on his sword.
Ah, I reckon not what sorrows I know,
Could I still on thy solace confide;
And I care not, though earth be my foe,
If thy soft heart is found by my side,—
Bel' amie, bel' amie, bel' amie!

4

The maiden she blush'd, and the maiden she sigh'd,
Not a cloud in the sky, not a gale on the tide;
But though tempest had rag'd on the wave and the wind,
That castle, methinks, had been still left behind!
Sweet lily, though bow'd by the blast,
(To this bosom transplanted) since then,
Would'st thou change, could we call up the past,
To the rock from thy garden again—
Bel' amie, bel' amie, bel' amie!

Thus they alternated the time with converse and song, as the wooded hills threw their sharp, long shadows over the

sea; while from many a mound of waking flowers, and many a copse of citron and orange, relieved by the dark and solemn aloe, stole the summer breeze, laden with mingled odours; and, over the seas, coloured by the slow-fading hues of purple and rose, that the sun had long bequeathed to the twilight, flitted the gay fire-flies that sparkle along that enchanted coast. At length, rising above the dark forest-steeps, the moon slowly rose, gleaming on the gray pavilion and glittering pennant of Montreal,—on the verdant sward,—the polished mail of the soldiers, stretched on the grass in various groupings, half-shaded by oaks and cypress, and the war-steeds grazing peaceably together—a wild mixture of the Pastoral and the Iron time. Adrian, reluctantly reminded of his journey, rose to depart.

"I fear," said he to Adeline, "that I have already detained you too late in the night air; but selfishness is little considerate."

"Nay, you see we are prudent," said Adeline, pointing to Montreal's mantle, which his provident hand had long since drawn around her form; but if you must part, farewell, and success attend you!"

"We may meet again, I trust," said Adrian.

Adeline sighed gently; and the Colonna, gazing on her face by the moonlight, to which it was slightly raised, was painfully struck by its almost transparent delicacy. Moved by his compassion, ere he mounted his steed, he drew Montreal aside,—*"Forgive me if I seem presumptuous,"* said he; *"but to one so noble this wild life is scarce a fitting career. I know that, in our time, War consecrates all his children; but surely a settled rank in the court of the emperor, or an honourable reconciliation with your knightly brethren, were better—"*

"Than a Tartar camp, and a brigand's castle," interrupted Montreal, with some impatience. "This you were about to say;—you are mistaken. Society thrust me from her bosom! let society take the fruit it hath sown. 'A fixed rank,' say you? some subaltern office, to fight at other men's command! You know me not: Walter de Montreal was not formed to obey. War when I will, and rest when I list, is the motto of my escutcheon. Ambition proffers me rewards you wot not of; and I am of the mould as of the race of those whose swords have conquered thrones. For the rest, your news of the alliance of Louis of Hungary with your Tribune makes it necessary for the friend of Louis to withdraw from all feud with Rome. Ere the week expire, the owl and the bat may seek refuge in yon gray turrets."

"But your lady?"

"Is inured to change:—God help her, and temper the rough wind to the lamb!"

"Enough, sir knight; but should you desire a sure refuge at Rome for one so gentle and so high born, by the right hand of a knight, I promise a safe roof and an honoured home to the lady Adeline."

Montreal pressed the offered hand to his heart; then plucking his own hastily away, drew it across his eyes, and joined Adeline, in a silence that showed he dared not trust himself to speak. In a few moments Adrian and his train were on the march; but still the young Colonna turned back; to gaze once more on his wild host and that lovely lady, as they themselves lingered on the moonlit sward, and the sea rippled mournfully on his ear.

It was not many months after that date, that the name of Frà Moreale scattered terror and dismay throughout the fair Campania. The right hand of the Hungarian king, in his invasion of Naples, he was chosen afterwards vicar (or viceroy) of Louis in Aversa; and fame and fate seemed to lead him triumphantly along that ambitious career which he had elected, whether bounded by the scaffold or the throne.

BOOK IV.

THE TRIUMPH AND THE POMP.

"Allora fama e paura di si buono reggimento, passa in ogni terra."

Vit. di Cola di Rienzi, lib. 1, cap. xxi.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY ANGELO—THE DREAM OF NINA FULFILLED.

THE thread of my story transports us back to Rome. It was in a small chamber, in a ruinous mansion by the base of Mount Aventine, that a young boy sate, one evening, with a woman of a tall and stately form, but somewhat bowed both by infirmity and years. The boy was of a fair and comely presence; and there was that in his bold, frank, undaunted carriage, which made him appear older than he was.

The old woman, seated in the recess of the deep window, was apparently occupied with a Bible that lay open on her knees; but ever and anon she lifted her eyes, and gazed on her young companion with a sad and anxious expression.

"Dame," said the boy, who was busily employed in hewing out a sword of wood, "I would you had seen the show to-day. Why, every day is a show at Rome now! It is show enough to see the Tribune himself on his white steed—(oh, it is so beautiful!)—with his white robes all studded with jewels. But to-day, as I have just been telling you, the lady Nina took notice of me, as I stood on the stairs of the Capitol: you know, dame, I had donned my best blue velvet doublet."

"And she called you a fair boy, and asked if you would be her little page; and this has turned thy brain, silly urchin that thou art!"

"But the words are the least; if you saw the lady Nina, you would own that a smile from her might turn the wisest head in Italy. Oh, how I should like to serve the Tribune! All the lads of my age are mad for him. How they will stare, and envy me at school to-morrow! You know too, dame, that though I was not always brought up at Rome, I am Roman. Every Roman loves Rienzi."

"Ay, for the hour: the cry will soon change. This vanity of thine, Angelo, vexes my old heart. I would thou wert humbler."

"Bastards have their own name to win," said the boy, colouring deeply. "They twit me in the teeth, because I cannot say who my father and mother were."

"They need not," returned the dame, hastily. "Thou comest of noble blood and long descent, though, as I have told thee often, I know not the exact names of thy parents; but what art thou shaping that tough sapling of oak into?"

"A sword, dame, to assist the Tribune against the robbers."

"Alas! I fear me, like all those who seek power in Italy, he is more likely to enlist robbers than to assail them."

"Why, la you there, you live so shut up, that you know and hear nothing, or you would have learned that even the fiercest of all robbers, Frà Moreale, has at length yielded to the Tribune, and fled from his castle, like a rat from a falling house."

"How, how!" cried the dame; "what say you? Has this plebeian, whom you call the Tribune—has he boldly thrown the gage to that dread warrior! and has Montreal left the Roman territory?"

"Ay, it is the talk of the town. But Moreale seems as much a bugbear to you as to e'er a mother in Rome. Did he ever wrong you, dame?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the old woman, with so abrupt a fierceness, that even that hardy boy was startled.

"I wish I could meet him, then," said he, after a pause, as he flourished his mimic weapon.

"Now Heaven forbid! He is a man ever to be shunned by thee, whether for peace or war. Say again this good Tribune holds no terms with the Free Lances."

"Say it again—why all Rome knows it."

"He is pious too, I have heard; and they do bruit it that he sees visions, and is comforted from above," said the woman, speaking to herself. Then turning to Angelo, she continued,—"Thou wouldest like greatly to accept the Lady Nina's proffer?"

"Ah, that I should, dame, if you could spare me."

"Child," replied the matron, solemnly, "my sand is nearly run, and my wish is to see thee with one who will nurture thy young years, and save thee from a life of license. That done, I may fulfil my vow, and devote the desolate remnant of my years to God. I will think more of this, my child. Not under such a plebeian's roof shouldst thou have lodged, nor from a stranger's board been fed: but at Rome—my last relative worthy of the trust is dead;—and, at the worst, obscure honesty is better than gaudy crime. Thy spirit troubles me already. Back, my child; I must to my closet, and watch and pray."

Thus saying, the old woman, repelling the advance, and silencing the muttered and confused words, of the boy—half affectionate as they were, yet half tetchy and wayward—glided from the chamber.

The boy looked abstractedly at the closing door, and then said to himself—"The dame is always talking riddles: I wonder if she know more of me than she tells, or if she is any way akin to me. I hope not, for I don't love her much; nor, for that matter, anything else. I wish she would place me with the Tribune's lady, and then we'll see which of the lads will call Angelo Villani bastard."

With that, the boy fell to work again at his sword with redoubled vigour. In fact, the cold manner of this female, his sole nurse, companion, substitute for parent, had repelled his affections without subduing his temper; and though not originally of evil disposition, Angelo Villani was already insolent, cunning, and revengeful; but not without, on the other hand, a quick susceptibility to kindness as to affront, a natural acuteness of talent, and a great indifference to fear. Brought up in quiet affluence rather than luxury, and living much with his protector, whom he knew but by the name of Ursula, his bearing was graceful and his air that of the well-born. And it was his carriage, perhaps, rather than his countenance, which though handsome was more distinguished for intelligence than beauty, which had attracted the notice of the Tribune's bride. His education, was that of one reared for some scholastic profession. He was not only taught to read and write, but had been even instructed in the rudiments of Latin. He did not, however, incline to these studies half so fondly as to the games of his companions, or the shows or riots in the street, into all of which he managed to thrust himself, and from which he had always the happy dexterity to return safe and unscathed.

The next morning Ursula entered the young Angelo's chamber. "Wear again thy blue doublet this morning," said she; "I would have thee look thy best. Thou shalt go with me to the palace."

"What, to-day?" cried the boy, joyfully, half leaping from his bed. "Dear dame Ursula, shall I really then belong to the train of the great Tribune's lady?"

"Yes; and leave the old woman to die alone. Your joy becomes you,—but ingratitude is in your blood. Ingratitude! Oh, it has burnt my heart into ashes! And your's, boy, can no longer find a fuel in the dry crumbling cinders."

"Dear dame, you are always so biting. You know you said you wished to retire into a convent, and I was too troublesome a charge for you. But you delight in rebuking me, justly or unjustly."

"My task is over," said Ursula, with a deep-drawn sigh.

The boy answered not; and the old woman retired with a heavy step, and, it may be, a heavier heart. When he joined her in their common apartment, he observed what his joy had previously blinded him to—that Ursula wore not her usual plain and sober dress. The gold chain, rarely worn then by women not of noble birth—though, not in the other sex, affected also by public functionaries and wealthy merchants—glittered upon a robe of the rich flowered stuffs of Venice, and the clasps that confined the vest at the throat and waist were adorned with jewels of no common price.

Angelo's eye was struck by the change, but he felt a more manly pride in remarking that the old lady became it well. Her air and mien were indeed those of one to whom such garments were habitual; and they seemed that day more than usually austere and stately.

She smoothed the boy's ringlets, and drew his short mantle more gracefully over his shoulder, and then placed in his belt a poniard whose handle was richly studded, and a purse well filled with florins.

"Learn to use both discreetly," said she; "and whether I live or die you will never require to wield the poniard to procure the gold."

"This, then," cried Angelo, enchanted, "is a real poniard to fight the robbers with. Ah, with this I should not fear Frd

Moreale who wronged thee so. I trust I may yet avenge thee, though thou didst rate me so just now for ingratitude."

"I am avenged. Nourish not such thoughts, my son, they are sinful; at least I fear so. Draw to the board and eat; we will go betimes, as petitioners should do."

Angelo had soon finished his morning meal, and sallying with Ursula to the porch, he saw, to his surprise, four of those servitors who then usually attended persons of distinction, and who were to be hired in every city, for the convenience of strangers or the holiday ostentation of the gayer citizens.

"How grand we are to-day," said he, clapping his hands with an eagerness which Ursula failed not to reprove. "It is not for vain show," she added, "which true nobility can well dispense with, but that we may the more readily gain admittance to the palace. These princes of yesterday are not easy of audience to the over humble."

"Oh! but you are wrong this time," said the boy. "The Tribune gives audience to all men, the poorest as the richest. Nay, there is not a ragged boor, or a barefooted friar who does not win access to him sooner than the proudest baron. That's why the people love him so. And he devotes one day of the week to receiving the widows and the orphans;—and you know, dame, I am an orphan."

Ursula, already occupied with her own thoughts, did not answer, and scarcely heard, the boy; but leaning on his young arm, and preceded by the footmen to clear the way, passed slowly towards the palace of the Capitol.

A wonderful thing would it have been to a more observant eye, to note the change which two or three short months of the stern but salutary and wise rule of the Tribune had effected in the streets of Rome. You no longer beheld the gaunt and mail-clad forms of foreign mercenaries stalking through the vistas, or grouped in lazy indolence before the embattled porches of some gloomy palace. The shops, that in many quarters had been closed for years, were again open, glittering with wares and bustling with trade. The thoroughfares, formerly either silent as death, or crossed by some affrighted and solitary passenger, with quick steps, and eyes that searched every corner,—or resounding with the roar of a pauper rabble, or the open feuds of savage nobles, now exhibited the regular and wholesome and mingled streams of civilized life, whether bound to pleasure or to commerce. Carts and wagons laden with goods which had passed in safety by the dismantled holds of the robbers of the Campagna, rattled cheerfully over the pathways. "Never, perhaps,"—to use the translation adopted from the Italian authorities, by a modern and by no means a partial historian*—"Never, perhaps, has the energy and effect of a single mind been more remarkably felt than in the sudden reformation of Rome by the Tribune Rienzi. A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent. In this time," says the historian,† "did the woods begin to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highways."

Amidst all these evidences of comfort and security to the people—some dark and discontented countenances might be seen mingled in the crowd, and whenever one who wore the livery of the Colonna or the Orsini felt himself jostled by the throng, a fierce hand moved involuntarily to the sword belt, and a half suppressed oath was ended with an indignant sigh. Here and there too,—contrasting the redecorated, refurnished, and smiling shops—heaps of rubbish before the gate of some haughty mansion, testified the abasement of fortifications which the owner impotently resented as a sacrilege. Through such streets and such throngs did the party we accompany wend their way till they found themselves amidst crowds assembled before the entrance of the Capitol. The officers there stationed, kept, however, so discreet and dexterous an order, that they were not long detained, and now in the broad place or court of that memorable building, they saw the open doors of the great justice hall, guarded but by a single sentinel, and in which for six hours daily did the Tribune hold his court, for "patient to hear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor and stranger."

Not, however, to that hall did the party bend its way, but to the entrance which admitted to the private apartments of

the palace. And here the pomp, the gaud, the more than regal magnificence of the residence of the Tribune strongly contrasted the patriarchal simplicity which marked his justice court.

Even Ursula, not unaccustomed, of yore, to the luxurious state of Italian and French principalities, seemed roused into surprise, at the hall crowded with retainers in costly liveries, the marble and gilded columns wreathed with flowers, and the gorgeous banners wrought with the blended arms of the Republican City, and the Pontifical See, which blazed aloft and around.

Scarce knowing whom to address in such an assemblage, Ursula was relieved from her perplexity by an officer attired in a suit of crimson and gold, who, with a grave and formal decorum, which indeed reigned throughout the whole retinue, demanded respectfully whom she sought? "The Signora Nina!" replied Ursula, drawing up her stately person, with a natural, though somewhat antiquated, dignity. There was something foreign in the accent which induced the officer's answer.

"To-day, madam, I fear that the signora receives only the Roman ladies. To-morrow, is that appointed for all foreign dames of distinction."

Ursula with a slight impatience of tone replied, "My business is of that nature which is welcome on any day, at palaces. I come, signor, to lay certain presents at the signora's feet, which I trust she will deign to accept."

"And say, signor," added the boy abruptly, "that Angelo Villani, whom the lady Nina honoured yesterday with her notice, is no stranger but a Roman, and comes, as she bade him, to proffer to the signora his homage and devotion."

The grave officer could not refrain a smile at the pert, yet not ungraceful, boldness of the boy.

"I remember me, master Angelo Villani," he replied, "that the lady Nina spoke to you by the great staircase. Madam, I will do your errand. Please to follow me to an apartment more fitting for your sex and seeming."

With that the officer led the way across the hall to a broad staircase of white marble, along the centre of which were laid those rich eastern carpets, which at that day, when rushes strewed the chambers of an English monarch, were already common to the greater luxury of Italian palaces. Opening a door at the first flight, he ushered Ursula and her young charge into a lofty anti-chamber, hung with arras of wrought velvets, while over the opposite door, through which the officer now vanished, were blazoned the armorial bearings which the Tribune so constantly introduced in all his pomp, not more from the love of show, than from his polite desire to mingle with the keys of the Pontiff—the heraldic insignia of the Republic.

"Philip of Valois is not housed like this man!" muttered Ursula.—"I shall have done (if this last) better for my charge than I recked of."

The officer soon returned, and led them across an apartment of vast extent; which was indeed the great reception chamber of the palace. Four-and-twenty columns of the oriental alabaster which had attested the spoils of the later emperors, and had been disinterred from forgotten ruins to grace the palace of the Reviver of the old Republic, supported the light roof, which, half gothic, half classic, in its architecture, was inlaid with gilded and purple mosaics. The tessellated floor was covered in the centre with cloth of gold, the walls were clothed at intervals, with the same gorgeous hangings, relieved by pannels freshly painted in the most glowing colours, with mystic and symbolical designs. At the upper end of this royal chamber, two steps ascended to the place of the Tribune's throne, above which was the canopy wrought with the eternal armorial bearings of the Pontiff and the City.

Traversing this apartment, the officer opened the door at its extremity, which admitted to a small chamber crowded with pages in rich dresses of silver and blue velvet. There were few amongst them elder than Angelo, and from their general beauty seemed the very flower and blossom of the city.

Short time had Angelo to gaze on his comrades that were to be:—another minute, and he and his protectress were in the presence of the Tribune's bride.

The chamber was not large—but it was large enough to prove that the beautiful daughter of Raselli, had realized her imaginative charm of vanity and splendour.

It was an apartment that mocked description—it seemed a cabinet for the gems of the world. The day-light, shaded by high and deep-set casements of stained glass—streamed in a purpling and mellow hue, over all that the art of that day boasted most precious, or regal luxury held most dear. The candelabras of the silver workmanship of Florence, the car-

* Gibbon.

† Vita di Cola di Rienzi, lib. 1, c. x.

‡ Gibbon.

pets, and stuffs of the East, the draperies of Venice and Genoa; paintings like the illuminated missals, wrought in gold and those lost colours of blue and crimson,—antique marbles which spoke of the bright days of Athens; tables of disintegrated mosaics, their freshness preserved as by magic—censers of gold that streamed with the odours of Araby, yet so subdued as not to deaden the healthier scent of flowers, which blushed in every corner from their marble and alabaster vases; a small miniature and spirit-like fountain, which seemed to gush from among wreaths of roses, diffusing in its diamond and fairy spray a scarce felt coolness to the air;—all these, and such as these, it were vain work to detail;—congregated in the richest luxuriance, harmonized with the most exquisite taste, uniting the ancient arts with the modern, amazed and intoxicated the sense of the beholder. It was not so much the cost, nor the luxury, that made the character of the chamber, it was a certain gorgeous and almost sublime imaginativeness,—it was rather the fabled retreat of an enchantress, an Armida, at whose word genii ransacked the earth, and fairies arranged the produce, than the grosser splendour of an earthly queen. Behind the piled cushions upon which Nina half reclined, stood four girls beautiful as houris, with fans of the rarest feathers, and at her feet lay one older than the rest, whose lute, though now silent, attested her legitimate occupation.

But, had the room in itself seemed somewhat too fantastic and overcharged in its prodigal adornments, the form and face of Nina would at once have rendered all appropriate; so completely did she seem the natural Spirit of the Place; so wonderfully did her beauty, elated as it now was with contented love, gratified vanity, exultant hope, body forth the brightest vision that ever floated before the eyes of Tasso, when he wrought into one immortal shape, the glory of the Enchantress with the allurements of the Woman.

Nina half rose as she saw Ursula, whose sodate and mournful features involuntarily testified her surprise and admiration at a loveliness so rare and striking, but who, undazzled, by the splendour around, soon recovered her wonted self-composure, and seated herself on the cushion to which Nina pointed, while the young visitor remained standing, and spell-bound by childish wonder, in the centre of the apartment. Nina recognized him with a smile—

"Ah, my pretty boy, whose quick eyes and bold air caught my fancy yesterday! Have you come to accept my offer? Is it you, madam, who claim this fair child?"

"Lady," replied Ursula, "my business here is brief: by a train of events, needless to weary you with narrating, this boy from his infancy fell to my charge—a weighty and anxious trust to one whose thoughts are beyond the barrier of life. I have reared him as became one of gentle blood; for on both sides, lady, he is noble, though an orphan, motherless and sireless."

"Poor child!" said Nina, compassionately.

"Growing now," continued Ursula, "oppressed by years, and desirous only to make my peace with heaven, I journeyed hither some months since, in the design to place the boy with a relation of mine, and that trust fulfilled, to take the vows in the City of the Apostle. Alas! I found my kinsman dead, and a baron of wild and dissolute character was his heir. Here remaining, perplexed and anxious, it seemed to me the voice of Providence when, yester-evening, the child told me you had been pleased to honour him with your notice. Like the rest of Rome, he had already learned to give his enthusiasm to the Tribune—his devotion to the Tribune's bride. Will you, in truth, admit him of your household? He will not dishonour your protection by his blood, nor, I trust, by his bearing."

"I would take his face for his guarantee, madam, even without so distinguished a recommendation as your own. Is he Roman? His name then must be known to me."

"Pardon me, lady," replied Ursula: "he bears the name of Angelo Villani—not that of his sire or mother. The honour of a noble house condemns his parentage ever to rest unknown. He is the offspring of a love unsanctioned by the church."

"He is the more to be loved, then, and to be pitied—victim of sin not his own!" answered Nina, with moistened eyes, as she saw the deep and burning blush that covered the boy's cheeks. "With the Tribune's reign commences a new era of nobility, when rank and knighthood shall be won by a man's own merit—not that of his ancestors. Fear not, madam: in my house he shall know no slight."

Ursula was moved from her pride by the kindness of Nina: she approached with involuntary reverence, and kissed the Signora's hand—

"May our lady reward your noble heart!" said she; "and now my mission is ended, and my earthly goal is won. Add only, lady, to your inestimable favours one more. These jewels,"—and Ursula drew from her robe a casket, touched the spring, and the lid flying back, discovered jewels of great size and the most brilliant water,—“these jewels,” she continued, laying the casket at Nina's feet, “once belonging to the princely house of Thoulouse, are valueless to me and mine. Suffer me to think that they are transferred to one whose queenly brow will give them a lustre it cannot borrow.”

"How," said Nina, colouring very deeply, "think you, madam, my kindness can be bought? What woman's kindness ever was! Nay, nay—take back the gifts, or I shall pray you to take back your boy."

Ursula was astonished and confounded: to her experience such abstinence was a novelty, and she scarcely knew how to meet it. Nina perceived her embarrassment with a haughty and triumphant smile, and then, regaining her former courtesy of demeanour, said, with a grave sweetness—

"The Tribune's hands are clean,—the Tribune's wife must not be suspected. Rather, Madam, should I press upon you some token of exchange for the fair charge you have committed to me. Your jewels hereafter may profit the boy, in his career: reserve them for one who needs them."

"No, lady," said Ursula, rising and lifting her eyes to heaven;—"they shall buy masses for his mother's soul; for him I shall reserve a competence when his years require it. Lady, accept the thanks of a wretched and desolate heart. Fare you well!"

She turned to quit the room, but with so faltering and weak a step, that Nina, touched and affected, sprung up, and with her own hand guided the old woman across the room, whispering comfort and soothing to her; while, as they reached the door, the boy rushed forward, and, clasping Ursula's robe, sobbed out—"Dear Dame, not one farewell for your little Angelo! Forgive him all he has cost you! Now, for the first time, I feel how wayward and thankless I have been."

The old woman caught him in her arms, and kissed him passionately, when the boy, as if a thought suddenly struck him, drew forth the purse she had given him, and said in a choked and scarce articulate voice,—“And let this, dearest dame, go to masses for my poor father's soul; for he is dead, too, you know!”

These words seemed to freeze at once all the tenderer emotions of Ursula. She put back the boy with the same chilling and stern severity of aspect and manner which had so often before repressed him; and recovering her self-possession at once, quitted the apartment without saying another word. Nina, surprised, but still pitying her sorrow and respecting her age, followed her steps across the pages' anteroom and the reception chamber, even to the foot of the stairs,—a condescension the haughtiest princess of Rome could not have won from her; and returning, saddened and thoughtful, she took the boy's hand, and affectionately kissed his forehead.

"Poor boy," she said, "it seems as if Providence had made me select thee yesterday from the crowd, and thus conducted thee to thy proper refuge. For to whom should come the friendless and the orphans of Rome, but to the palace of Rome's first Magistrate." Turning then to her attendants, she gave them instructions as to the personal comforts of her new charge, which evinced that if power had ministered to her vanity, it had not steeled her heart. Angelo Villani lived to repay her well!

She retained the boy in her presence, and conversing with him familiarly, she was more and more pleased with his bold spirit and frank manner. The converse was however interrupted, as the day advanced, by the arrival of several ladies of the Roman nobility. And then it was that Nina's virtues receded into shade, and her faults appeared. She could not resist the woman's triumph over those arrogant signoras, who now cringed in homage where they had once slighted with disdain. She affected the manner of—she demanded the respect due to a queen. And by many of those dexterous arts which the sex know so well, she contrived to render her very courtesy a humiliation to her haughty guests. Her commanding beauty and her graceful intellect saved her, indeed, from the vulgar insolence of the upstart; but yet more keenly stung the pride, by forbidding to those she mortified the retaliation of contempt. Hers were the covert taunt—the smiling affront—the sarcasm in the mask of compliment—the careless exaction of respect in trifles, which it was impossible outwardly to resent, but which rankled unforgivingly within.

"Fair day to the Signora Colonna," said she to the proud

wife of the proud Stephen; "we passed your palace yesterday. How fair it now seems, relieved from those gloomy battlements which it must often have saddened you to gaze upon. Signora, (turning to one of the Orsini,) your lord has high favour with the Tribune, who destines him to great command. His fortunes are secured, and we rejoice at it; for no man more loyally serves the state. Have you seen, fair lady of Frangipani, the last verse of Petrarch in honour of my lord? it lies yonder. May we so far venture as to request you to point its beauties to the Signora di Savelli. We rejoice, noble lady of Malatesta, to observe that your eye-sight is so well restored. The last time we met, though we stood next to you in the revels of the lady Giulia, you seemed scarce to distinguish us from the pillar by which we stood!"

"Must this insolence be endured?" whispered the Signora Frangipani to the Signora Malatesta.

"Hush, hush;—if ever it be *our* day again!"

CHAPTER II.

THE BLESSING OF A COUNCILLOR WHOSE INTERESTS AND HEART ARE OUR OWN—THE STRAWS THROWN UPWARD,—DO THEY PORTEND THE STORM.

It was later that day than usual, when Rienzi returned from his Tribunal to the apartments of the palace. As he traversed the reception hall, his countenance was much flushed: his teeth were set firmly, like a man who has taken a strong resolution from which he will not be moved; and his brow was dark with that settled and fearful frown which the describers of his personal appearance have not failed to notice as the characteristic of an anger the more deadly because invariably just. Close at his heels followed the bishop of Orvietto, and the aged Stephen Colonna. "I tell you, my lords," said Rienzi, "that ye plead in vain. Rome knows no distinction between ranks. The law is blind to the agent—lynx-eyed to the deed."

"Yet," said Raimond, hesitatingly, "bethink thee, Tribune; the nephew of two cardinals, and himself once a senator."

Rienzi halted abruptly, and faced his companions. "My lord bishop," said he, "does not this make the crime more inexcusable. Look you, thus it reads:—A vessel from Avignon to Naples, charged with the revenues of Provence to Queen Jane, on whose cause, mark you, we now hold solemn council, is wrecked at the mouth of the Tiber; with that, Martino di Porto—a noble, as you say—the holder of that fortress whence he derives his title,—doubly bound by gentle blood and by immediate neighbourhood, to succour the oppressed—falls upon the vessel with his troops (what hath the rebel with armed troops?)—and pillages the vessel like a common robber. He is apprehended—brought to my tribunal—receives fair trial—is condemned to die. Such is the law;—what more would ye have?"

"Mercy," said the Colonna.

Rienzi folded his arms, and laughed disdainfully. "I never heard my lord Colonna plead for mercy when a peasant had stolen the bread that was to feed his famishing children."

"Between a peasant and a prince, Tribune, I, for one, recognize a distinction;—the bright blood of an Orsini is not to be shed like that of a base plebeian."

"Which I remember me," said Rienzi, in a low voice, "you deemed small matter enough, when my boy-brother fell beneath the wanton spear of your proud son. Wake not that memory. I warn you, let it sleep!—For shame, old Colonna—for shame; so near the grave, where the worm levels all flesh, and preaching with those gray hairs, the uncharitable distinction between man and man. Is there not distinction enough at the best? Does not one wear purple, and the other rags? Hath not one ease, and the other toil? Doth not the one banquet while the other starves? Do I nourish any mad scheme to level the ranks which society renders an evil necessary? No. I war no more with Dives than with Lazarus. But before Man's judgment seat, as before God's, Lazarus and Dives are made equal. No more."

Colonna drew his robe round him with great haughtiness, and bit his lip in silence. Raimond interposed.

"All this is true, Tribune. But," and he drew Rienzi aside, "you know we must be politic as well as just."

Nephew to two cardinals, what enmity will not this provoke at Avignon!"

"Vex not yourself, holy Raimond, I will answer it to the Pontiff." While they spoke the bell tolled heavily and loudly.

Colonna started.

"Great Tribune," said he, with a slight sneer, "deign to pause ere it be too late. I know not that I ever before bent to you a suppliant; and I ask you now to spare mine own foe. Stephen Colonna prays Cola di Rienzi to spare the life of an Orsini."

"I understand thy taunt, old lord," said Rienzi, calmly, "but I resent it not. You are foe to the Orsini, yet you plead for him—it sounds generous; but hark you,—you are more a friend to your order than a foe to your rival. You cannot bear that one great enough to have contended with you, should perish like a thief. I give full praise to such noble forgiveness; but I am no noble, and I do not sympathize with it. One word more;—if this were the sole act of fraud and violence that this bandit baron had committed, your prayers should plead for him; but is not his life notorious! Has he not been from boyhood the terror and disgrace of Rome? How many matrons violated, merchants pillaged, robbers stilettoed in the day-light, rise in dark witness against the prisoner? And for such a man do I live to hear an aged prince and a pope's vicar plead for mercy;—fie, fie. But I will be even with ye. The next poor man whom the law sentences to death, for your sake will I pardon."

Raimond again drew aside the Tribune, while Colonna struggled to suppress his rage.

"My friend," said the bishop, "the nobles will feel this as an insult to their whole order; the very pleading of Orsini's worst foe must convince thee of this. Martino's blood will seal their reconciliation with each other, and they will be as one man against thee."

"Be it so: with God and the People with me, I will dare, though a Roman, to be just. The bell ceases—you are already too late." So saying, Rienzi threw open the casement: and by the Staircase of the Lion rose a gibbet from which swung with a creaking sound, arrayed in his patrician robes, the yet palpitating corpse of Martino di Porto.

"Behold!" said the Tribune sternly, "thus die all robbers. For traitors the same law has the axe and the scaffold!"

Raimond drew back and turned pale; not so the veteran noble. Tears of wounded pride started from his eyes, he approached, leaning on his staff, to Rienzi, touched him on the shoulder, and said,—

"Tribune, without treason, a judge has lived to envy his victim!"

Rienzi turned with an equal pride to the baron.—

"We forgive idle words in the aged—my lord, have you done with us, we would be alone."

"Give me thy arm, Raimond," said Stephen.—Tribune—farewell. Forget that the Colonna sued thee,—an easy task methinks, for wise as you are; you forget what every one else can remember."

"Ay, my lord, what?"

"Birth, Tribune, birth—that's all!"

"The signor Colonna has taken up my old calling and turned a wit;" returned Rienzi, with an indifferent and easy tone.

Then following Raimond and Stephen with his eyes, till the door closed upon them, he muttered, "Insolent! were it not for Adrian, thy gray beard should not bear thee harmless. Birth! what Colonna would not boast himself, if he could, the grandson of an emperor!—old man, there is danger in thee, which must be watched." With that he turned musingly towards the casement, and again that grisly spectacle of death met his eye. The people below, assembled in large concourse, rejoiced at the execution of one whose whole life had been infamy and rapine—but who had seemed beyond justice—with all the fierce clamour that marks the exultation of the rabble over a crushed foe. And where Rienzi stood he heard their shouts of "Long live the Tribune, the just judge, Rome's liberator!" But at that time other thoughts deafened his senses to the popular enthusiasm.

"My poor brother!" he said, with tears in his eyes, "it was owing to this man's crimes—and to a crime almost similar to that for which he has now suffered—that thou wert entrained to the slaughter; and they who had no pity for the lamb, clamour for compassion to the wolf! Ah, wert thou living now, how these proud heads would bend to thee; though dead, thou wert not worthy of a thought. God rest thy gentle soul, and keep my ambition pure as it was when we walked at twilight, side by side together!"

The Tribune shut the casement, and turning away, sought the chamber of Nina. When she heard his step without, she had already risen from the couch, her eyes sparkling, her breast heaving, and as he entered she threw herself on his neck, and murmured as she nestled to his breast,

"Ah, the hours since we parted!"

It was a singular thing to see that proud lady, proud of her beauty, her station, her new honours;—whose gorgeous vanity was already the talk of Rome, and the reproach of Rienzi,—how suddenly and miraculously she seemed changed in his presence! Blushing and timid, all pride in herself seemed merged in her proud love for him. No woman ever loved to the full extent of the passion who did not venerate where she loved, and who did not feel humbled (delighted in that humility) by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship.

And it might be the consciousness of this distinction between himself and all other created things, which continued to increase the love of the Tribune, to his bride, to blind him to her failings towards others, and to indulge her in a magnificence of parade, which though to a certain point politic to assume, was carried to an extent which if it did not conspire to produce his downfall, has served the Romans with an excuse for their own cowardice and desertion, and historians with a plausible explanation of causes they had not the industry to fathom. Rienzi returned his wife's caresses with an equal affection, and bending down to her beautiful face, the sight was sufficient to chase from his brow the emotions, whether severe or sad, which had lately darkened its broad expanse.

"Thou hast not been abroad this morning, Nina!"

"No, the heat was oppressive. But nevertheless, Cola, I have not lacked company—half the matronage of Rome has crowded the palace."

"Ah, I warrant it.—But, yon boy, is he not a new face?"

"Hush, Cola, speak to him kindly I entreat: of his story anon. Angelo, approach. You see your new master, the Tribune of Rome."

Angelo approached with a timidity not his wont, for an air of majesty was at all times natural to Rienzi, and since his power it had naturally taken a graver and austerer aspect, which impressed those who approached him, even the ambassadors of princes, with a certain involuntary awe. The Tribune smiled at the effect he saw he had produced, and being, by temper, fond of children, and affable to all but the great, he hastened to dispel it. He took the child affectionately in his arms, kissed him, and bade him welcome.

"May we have a son as fair!" he whispered to Nina, who blushed, and turned away.

"Thy name, my little friend?"

"Angelo Villani."

"A Tuscan name. There is a man of letters at Florence, doubtless writing our annals from hearsay, at this moment, so called. Is John Villani akin to thee?"

"I have no kin," said the boy bluntly, "and therefore I shall the better love the signora and honour you, if you will let me. I am a Roman—all the Roman boys honour Rienzi."

"Do they, my brave lad!" said the Tribune, colouring with pleasure; "That is a good omen of my continued prosperity." He put down the boy, and threw himself on the cushions, while Nina placed herself on a kind of low stool beside him.

"Let us be alone," said he; and Nina motioned to the attendant maidens to withdraw.

"Take my new page with you," said she: "he is yet, perhaps, too fresh from home to enjoy the company of his giddy brethren."

When they were alone, Nina proceeded to narrate to Rienzi the adventure of the morning, but though he seemed outwardly to listen, his gaze was on vacancy, and he was evidently abstracted and self-absorbed. At length, as she concluded, he said, "Well, my beautiful, you have acted as ever, kindly and nobly. Let us to other themes. I am in danger."

"Danger!" echoed Nina, turning pale.

"Why the word must not appal you, you have a spirit like mine, that scorns fear; and for that reason, Nina, in all Rome you are my only confidant. It is not only to glad me with thy beauty, but to cheer me with thy counsel, to support me with thy valour, that Heaven gave me thee as a helpmate."

"Now our Lady bless you for those words!" said Nina, kissing the hand that hung over her shoulder; "and if I started at the word danger, it was but the woman's thought of thee,—an unworthy thought, my Cola, for glory and danger go together. And I am as ready to share the last as the first. If the hour of trial ever come, none of thy friends shall be so faithful to thy side as this weak form but undaunted heart."

"I know it, my own Nina; I know it," said Rienzi, rising,

and pacing the chamber with large and rapid strides. "Now listen to me. Thou knowest that to govern in safety, it is my policy as my pride to govern justly. To govern justly is an awful thing, when mighty barons are the culprits. Nina, for an open and audacious robbery, our court has sentenced Martin of the Orsini, the Lord of Porto, to death. His corpse swings now on the Staircase of the Lion."

"A dreadful doom!" said Nina, shuddering.

"True; but by his death thousands of poor and honest men may live in peace. This is not that which troubles me: the barons resent the deed as an insult to them, that law should touch a noble. They will rise—they will rebel. I foresee the storm—not the spell to allay it."

Nina paused a moment,—"They have taken," she then said, "a solemn oath on the Eucharist not to bear arms against thee."

"Perjury is a light addition to theft and murder," answered Rienzi, with his sarcastic smile.

"But the people are faithful."

"Yes, but in a civil war (which the saints forefend!) those combatants are the staunchest who have no home but their armour, no calling but the sword. The trader will not leave his trade at the toll of a bell, every day; but the barons' soldiery are ready at all hours."

"To be strong," said Nina,—who, summoned to the councils of her lord, showed an intellect not unworthy of the honour,—to be strong in dangerous times, authority must seem strong. By showing no fear, you may prevent the cause of fear."

"My own thought!" returned Rienzi, quickly. "You know that half my power with these barons is drawn from the homage rendered to me by foreign states. When from every city in Italy the ambassadors of crowned princes seek the alliance of the Tribune, they must veil their resentment at the rise of the Plebeian. On the other hand, to be strong abroad I must seem strong at home: the vast design I have planned, and, as by a miracle, begun to execute, will fail at once if it seem abroad to be entrusted to an unsteady and fluctuating power. That design (continued Rienzi, pausing, and placing his hand on a marble bust of the young Augustus,) is greater than his, whose profound yet icy soul united Italy in subjection,—for it would unite Italy in freedom;—yes! could we but form one great federative league of all the States of Italy, each governed by its own laws, but united for mutual and common protection against these Attilas of the north, with Rome for their Metropolis and their Mother, this age and this brain would have wrought an enterprise which men would quote till the sound of the last trumpet!"

"I know thy divine scheme," said Nina, catching his enthusiasm; "and what if there be danger in attaining it, have we not mastered the greatest danger in the first step?"

"Right, Nina, right! Heaven (and the Tribune, who ever recognized, in his own fortunes, the agency of the hand above, crossed himself reverently,) will preserve him to whom it hath vouchsafed such lofty visions of the future redemption of the Land of the true Church, and the liberty and advancement of its children! This I trust: already many of the cities of Tuscany have entered into treaties for the formation of this league; nor from a single tyrant, save John di Vico, have I received aught but fair words and flattering promises. The time seems ripe for the grand stroke of all."

"And what is that?" demanded Nina, wonderingly.

"Defiance to all foreign interference. By what right does a synod of stranger princes give Rome a king in some Teuton Emperor? Rome's people alone should choose Rome's governor;—and shall we cross the Alps to render the title of our master to the descendants of the Goth?"

Nina was silent: the custom of choosing the sovereign by a diet beyond the Rhine, reserving only the ceremony of his subsequent coronation for the mock assent of the Romans, however degrading to that people, and however hostile to all notions of substantial independence, was so unquestioned at that time, that Rienzi's daring suggestion left her amazed and breathless, prepared as she was for any scheme, however extravagantly bold.

"How!" said she, after a long pause, "do I understand aright? Can you mean defiance to the emperor?"

"Why, listen: at this moment there are two pretenders to the throne of Rome—to the imperial crown of Italy—a Bohemian and a Bavarian. To their election our assent—Rome's assent—it is not requisite—not asked. Can we be called free—can we boast ourselves republican—when a stranger and a barbarian is thus thrust upon our necks? No, we will be free in reality as in name. Besides, (continued the Tribune, in a calmer tone,) this seems to me politic as well as daring. The

people incessantly demand wonders from me: how can I more nobly dazzle, more virtuously win them, than by asserting their inalienable right to choose their own rulers? The daring will awe the barons, and foreigners themselves; it will give a startling example to all Italy; it will be the first brand of an universal blaze. It shall be done, and with a pomp that befits the deed!"

"Cola," said Nina, hesitatingly, "your eagle spirit often ascends where mine flags to follow; yet be not over bold."

"Nay, did you not, a moment since, preach a different doctrine? To be strong, was I not to seem strong?"

"May fate preserve you!" said Nina, with a foreboding sigh.

"Fate!" cried Rienzi, "there is no fate! Between the thought and the success, God is the only agent; and (he added, with a voice of deep solemnity,) I shall not be deserted. Visions by night, even while thine arms are around me; omens and impulses, stirring and divine, by day, even in the midst of the living crowd—encourage my path, and point my goal. Now, even now, a voice seems to whisper in my ear,—'Pause not; tremble not; waver not;—for the eye of the All-Seeing is upon thee, and the hand of the All-Powerful shall protect!'"

As Rienzi thus spoke, his face grew pale, his hair seemed to bristle, his tall and proud form trembled visibly, and presently he sunk down on a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

An awe crept over Nina, though not unaccustomed to such strange and preternatural emotions, which appeared yet the more singular in one who in common life was so calm, stately, and self-possessed. But with every increase of prosperity and power, they seemed to increase in their fervour, as if in such increase, the devout and overwrought superstition of the Tribune recognized additional proof of a mysterious guardianship mightier than the valour or art of man.

She approached fearfully, and threw her arms around him, but without speaking.

Ere yet the Tribune had well recovered himself, a slight tap at the door was heard, and the sound seemed at once to recall his self-possession.

"Enter," he said, lifting his face, to which the wonted colour slowly returned.

An officer, half-opening the door, announced that the person he had sent for, waited his leisure.

"I come!—core of my heart," (he whispered to Nina,) "we will sup alone to-night, and will converse more on these matters:" so saying, with somewhat less than his usual loftiness of mien, he left the room, and sought his cabinet, which lay at the other side of the reception chamber. Here he found Cecco del Vecchio.

"How, my bold fellow," said the Tribune, assuming with wonderful ease, that air of friendly equality which he always adopted with those of the lower class, and which made a striking contrast with the majesty no less natural, which marked his manner to the great. "How now, my Cecco? Thou bearest thyself bravely, I see, during these sickly heats; we labourers, for both of us labour, Cecco, are too busy to fall ill as the idle do, in the summer, or the autumn, of Roman skies. I sent for thee, Cecco, because I would know how thy fellow craftsmen are like to take the Orsini's execution."

"Oh! Tribune," replied the artificer, who, now familiarized with Rienzi, had lost much of his earlier awe of him, and who regarded the Tribune's power as partly his own creation; "they are already out of their honest wits, at your courage in punishing the great men, as you would the small."

"So;—I am repaid! But hark you, Cecco, it will bring, perhaps, hot work upon us. Every baron will dread lest it be his turn next, and dread will make them bold, like rats in despair. We may have to fight for the Good State."

"With all my heart, Tribune," answered Cecco, gruffly.

"I, for one, am no craven."

"Then keep the same spirit in all your meetings with the artificers. I fight for the people. The people at a pinch must fight with me."

"They will," replied Cecco, "they will!"

"Cecco,—this city is under the spiritual dominion of the Pontiff—so be it—it is an honour, not a burthen. But the temporal dominion, my friend, should be with Romans only. Is it not a disgrace to Republican Rome, that while we now speak, certain barbarians, whom we never heard of, should be deciding beyond the Alps, on the merits of two sovereigns, whom we never saw? Is not this a thing to be resisted? an Italian city,—what hath it to do with a Bohemian emperor?"

"Little eno', St. Paul knows!" said Cecco.

"Should it not be a claim questioned?"

"I think so!" replied the smith.

"And if found an outrage on our ancient laws, should it not be a claim resisted?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Well, go to! the archives assure me that never was emperor lawfully crowned but by the free votes of the people. We never chose Bohemian or Bavarian."

"But on the contrary, whenever these Northmen come hither to be crowned, we try to drive them away with stones and curses—for we are a people, Tribune, that love our liberties."

"Go back to your friends—see—address them, say that your Tribune will demand of these pretenders to Rome the right to her throne. Let them not be mazed or startled, but support me when the occasion comes."

"I am glad of this," quoth the huge smith, "for our friends have grown a little unruly of late, and say—"

"What do they say?"

"That it is true you have expelled the banditti, and curb the barons, and administer justice fairly!"

"Is not that miracle enough for the space of some two or three short months?"

"Why, they say it would have been more than enough in a noble, but you, being raised from the people, and having such gifts and so forth, might do yet more; it is now three weeks since they have had any new thing to talk about; but Orsini's execution to-day will cheer them a bit."

"Well, Cecco, well," said the Tribune rising, "they shall have more anon to feed their mouths with. So you think they love me not quite so well as they did some three weeks back?"

"I say not so," answered Cecco. "But we Romans are an impatient people."

"Alas, yes."

"However, they will no doubt stick close enough to you provided, Tribune, you don't put any new tax upon them."

"Ha! But if in order to be free, it be necessary to fight—if to fight, it be necessary to have soldiers, why then the soldiers must be paid:—won't the people contribute something to their own liberties;—to just laws, and safe lives?"

"I don't know," returned the smith, scratching his head as if a little puzzled; "but I know that poor men won't be over-taxed. They say they are better off with you than with the barons before, and therefore they love you. But men in business, Tribune, poor men with families, must look to their bellies. Only one man in ten goes to law—only one man in twenty is butchered by a baron's brigand; but every man eats, and drinks, and feels a tax."

"This cannot be your reasoning, Cecco!" said Rienzi gravely.

"Why, Tribune, I am an honest man, but I have a large family to rear."

"Enough! enough!" said the Tribune quickly; and then he added abstractly as to himself, but aloud,—"*Methinks we have been too lavish; these shows and spectacles should cease.*"

"What!" cried Cecco; "what, Tribune!—would you deny the poor fellows a holiday. They work hard enough, and their only pleasure is seeing your fine shows and processions; and then they go home and say,—'See, our man beats all the barons! What state he keeps!'"

"Ah! they blame not my splendour, then?"

"Blame it; no! Without it they would be ashamed of you, and think the *Buono Stato* but a shabby concern."

"You speak bluntly, Cecco, but perhaps wisely. The saints keep you. Fail not to remember what I told you!"

"No, no. It is a shame to have an emperor thrust upon us!—so it is. Good evening, Tribune."

Left alone, the Tribune remained for some time plunged in gloomy and foreboding thoughts.

"I am in the midst of a magician's spell," said he; "if I leave off, the fiends tear me to pieces. What I have begun, that must I conclude. But this rude man shows me too well with what tools I work. For me failure is nothing. I have already climbed to a greatness which might render giddy many a born prince's brain. But with my fall—Rome, Italy, Peace, Justice, Civilization—all fall back into the abyss of ages!"

He rose; and after once or twice pacing his apartment, in which from many a column gleamed upon him the marble effigies of the great of old, he opened the casement to inhale the air of the now declining day.

The Place of the Capitol was deserted save by the tread of the single sentinel. But still, dark and fearful, hung from the tall gibbet the clay of the robber noble; and the colossal shape

of the Egyptian lion, rose hard by, sharp and dark in the breathless atmosphere.

"Dread statue!" thought Rienzi, "how many unwhispered and solemn rites hast thou witnessed by thy native Nile, ere the Roman's hand transferred thee hither—the antique witness of Roman crimes! Strange! but when I look upon thee I feel as if thou hadst some mystic influence over my own fortunes." Beside thee was I hailed the republican lord of Rome; beside thee are my palace—my tribunal, the place of my justice, my triumphs, and my pomp:—to thee my eyes turn from my bed of state: And if fated to die in power and peace, thou may'st be the last object my eyes will mark! Or if myself a victim——"he paused—shrank from the thought presented to him—turned to a recess in the chamber—drew aside a curtain which veiled a crucifix and a small table, on which lay a Bible and the monastic emblems of the scull and cross-bone—emblems, indeed, grave and irresistible, of the nothingness of power, and the uncertainty of life. Before these sacred monitors, whether to humble or to elevate, knelt that proud and aspiring man; and when he rose, it was with a lighter step and more cheerful mien than he had worn that day.

CHAPTER III.

THE ACTOR UNMASKED.

"In intoxication," says the proverb, "men betray their real characters." There is no less honest and truth-revealing intoxication in prosperity, than in wine. The varnish of power brings forth at once the defects and the beauties of the human portrait.

The unprecedented and almost miraculous rise of Rienzi from the rank of the Pontiff's official to the lord of Rome, would have been accompanied with a yet greater miracle, if it had not somewhat dazzled and seduced the object it elevated. When, as in well-ordered states and tranquil times, men rise slowly, step by step, they accustom themselves to their growing fortunes. But the leap of an hour from a citizen to a prince—from the victim of oppression to the dispenser of justice is a transition so sudden as to render dizzy the most sober brain. And, perhaps, in proportion to the imagination, the enthusiasm, the genius of the man, will the suddenness be dangerous—excite too extravagant a hope—and lead to too chimerical an ambition. The qualities that made him rise, hurry him to his fall; and victory at the Marengo of his fortunes, urges him to destruction at its Moscow.

In his greatness Rienzi did not so much acquire new qualities, as develop in brighter light and deeper shadow those which he had always exhibited. On the one hand he was just—resolute; the friend of the oppressed—the terror of the oppressor. His wonderful intellect illumined everything it touched. By rooting out abuse, and by searching examination and wise arrangement, he had trebled the revenues of the city without imposing a single new tax. Faithful to his idol of liberty, he had not been betrayed by the wish of the people into despotic authority; but had, as we have seen, formally revived, and established with new powers, the Parliamentary Council of the city. However extensive his own power, he referred its exercise to the people; in their name he alone declared himself to govern, and he never executed any signal action without submitting to them its reasons or its justification. No less faithful to his desire to restore prosperity as well as freedom to Rome, he had seized the first dazzling epoch of his power to propose that great federative league with the Italian states which would, as he rightly said, have raised Rome to the indisputable head of European nations. Under his rule trade was secure, literature was welcome, art began to rise.

On the other hand, the prosperity which made more apparent his justice, his integrity, his patriotism, his virtues, and his genius, brought out no less glaringly his arrogant consciousness of superiority, his love of display, and the wild and too daring insolence of his ambition. Though too just to avenge himself by retaliating on the patricians their own violence, though, in his troubled and stormy tribuneship, not one unmerited or illegal execution of baron or citizen could be alleged against him, even by his enemies, yet, sharing, less excusably, the weakness of Nina, he could not deny his proud heart the pleasure of humiliating those who had ridiculed him as a buffoon, despised him as a plebeian, and who, even now,

slaves to his face, were cynics behind his back. "They stood before him while he sate," says his biographer; "all these barons, bareheaded; their hands crossed on their breasts; their looks downcast;—oh, how frightened they were!"—a picture more disgraceful to the servile cowardice of the nobles than the haughty sternness of the Tribune. It might be that he deemed it policy to break the spirit of his foes, and to awe those whom it was a vain hope to conciliate.

For his pomp there was a greater excuse: it was the custom of the age; it was the insignia and witness of power; and when the modern historian taunts him with not imitating the simplicity of an ancient tribune, the sneer betrays an ignorance of the spirit of the age, and the vain people whom the chief magistrate was to govern. No doubt his gorgeous festivals, his solemn processions, set off and ennobled—if parade can be so ennobled—by a refined and magnificent richness of imagination, associated always with popular emblems, and designed to convey the idea of rejoicing for Liberty Restored, and to assert the state and majesty of Rome Revived—no doubt these spectacles, however otherwise judged in a more enlightened age and by closet sages, served greatly to augment the importance of the Tribune abroad, and to dazzle the pride of a fickle and ostentatious populace. And taste grew refined, luxury called labour into requisition, and foreigners from all states were attracted by the splendour of a court over which presided, under republican names, two sovereigns,* young and brilliant, the one renowned for his genius, the other eminent for her beauty. It was, indeed, a dazzling and royal dream in the long night of Rome, spoiled of her pontiff and his voluptuous train—that holiday reign of Cola di Rienzi! And often afterwards it was recalled, with a sigh not only by the poor for its justice, the merchant for its security, but the gallant for its splendour, and the poet for its ideal and intellectual grace!

As if to show that it was not to gratify the more vulgar appetite and desire, in the midst of all his pomp, when the board groaned with the delicacies of every clime, when the wine most freely circled, the Tribune himself preserved a temperate and even rigid abstinence.† While the apartments of state and the chamber of his bride were adorned with a profuse luxury and cost, to his own private rooms he transported precisely the same furniture which had been familiar to him in his obscure life. The books, the busts, the reliefs, the arms which had inspired him heretofore with the visions of the past, were endeared by associations which he did not care to forego.

But that which constituted the most singular feature of his character, and which still wraps all around him in a certain mystery, was his religious enthusiasm. The daring but wild doctrines of Arnold of Brescia, who several years anterior had preached reform, but inculcated mysticism, still lingered in Rome, and had in earlier youth deeply coloured the mind of Rienzi; and as I have before observed, his youthful propensity to dreamy thought, the melancholy death of his brother, his own various but successful fortunes, had all contributed to nurse the more zealous and solemn aspirations of this remarkable man. Like Arnold of Brescia, his faith bore a strong resemblance to the intense fanaticism of our own puritans of the Civil War, as if similar political circumstances conducted to similar religious sentiments. He believed himself inspired by awful and mighty commune with beings of the better world. Saints and angels ministered to his dreams; and without this, the more profound and hallowed enthusiasm, he might never have been sufficiently emboldened by mere human patriotism, to his unprecedented enterprise: it was the secret of much of his greatness,—much of his errors. Like all men, who are thus self-deluded by a vain but not inglorious superstition, united with, and coloured by, earthly ambition, it is impossible to say how far he was the visionary, and how far at times he dared to be the impostor. In the ceremonies of his pageants,

* Rienzi speaking in one of his letters of his great enterprise, refers it to the ardour of youth. The exact date of his birth is unknown; but he was certainly a young man at the time now referred to. His portrait in the Musco Barberino, from which his description has been already taken in the first volume of this work, represents him as beardless, and, as far as one can judge, somewhere about thirty—old enough, to be sure, to have a beard; and seven years afterwards he wore a long one, which greatly displeased his native biographer, who seems to consider it a sort of crime. The head is very remarkable for its stern beauty, and little, if at all inferior to that of Napoleon, to which, as I before remarked, it has some resemblance in expression, if not in feature.

† Vita di Cola di Rienzi—The biographer praises the abstinence of the Tribune.

in the ornaments of his person, were invariably introduced mystic and figurative emblems. In times of danger he publicly professed to have been cheered and directed by divine dreams; and on many occasions the prophetic warnings he announced having been singularly verified by the event, his influence with the people was strengthened by a belief in the favour and intercourse of heaven. Thus, delusion of self might tempt and conduce to imposition on others, and he might not scruple to avail himself of the advantage of seeming what he believed himself to be. Yet no doubt this intoxicating credulity pushed him into extravagance unworthy of, and strangely contrasted by, his soberer intellect, and made him disproportion his vast ends to his unsteady means, by the proud fallacy, that where men failed God would interpose. Cola di Rienzi was no faultless hero of romance. In him lay, in conflicting prodigality, the richest and most opposite elements of character;—strong sense, visionary superstition, an eloquence and energy that mastered all he approached, a blind enthusiasm that mastered himself;—luxury and abstinence, sternness and susceptibility, pride to the great, humility to the low;—the most devoted patriotism and the most avid desire of personal power. As few men undertake great and desperate designs without strong animal spirits, so it may be observed, that with most who have risen to eminence over the herd there is an aptness, at times, to a wild mirth, and an elasticity of humour which often astonish the more sober and regulated minds, that are "the commoners of life." And the theatrical grandeur of Napoleon, the severe dignity of Cromwell, are strangely contrasted by a frequent, nor always seasonable buffoonery, which it is hard to reconcile with the ideal of their characters, or the gloomy and portentous interest of their careers. And this, equally a trait in the temperament of Rienzi, distinguished his hours of relaxation, and contributed to that marvellous versatility with which his harder nature accommodated itself to all humours, and all men. Often from his austere judgment-seat he passed to the social board an altered man; and even the sullen barons that reluctantly attended his feasts, forgot his public greatness in his familiar wit; albeit this reckless humour could not always refrain from seeking its subject in the mortification of his crest-fallen foes—a pleasure it would have been wiser and more generous to forego. And perhaps it was, in part, the prompting of this sarcastic and unbridled humour that made him often love to astonish as well as to awe. But even this gaiety, if so it may be called, taking an appearance of familiar frankness, served much to ingratiate him with the lower orders, and if a fault in the prince, was a virtue in the demagogue.

To these various characteristics, now fully developed, the reader must add a genius of designs so bold, of conceptions so gigantic and august, conjoined with that more minute and ordinary ability which masters details; that with a brave, noble, intelligent, devoted people to back his projects, the accession of the Tribune would have been the close of the thralldom of Italy, and the abrupt limit of the dark age of Europe. With such a people his faults would have been insensibly checked, his more unwholesome power have received a sufficient curb. Experience familiarizing him with power, would have gradually weaned him from extravagance in its display; and the active and masculine energy of his intellect would have found field for the more restless spirits, as his justice gave shelter to the more tranquil. Faults he had, but whether those faults or the faults of the people, were to prepare his downfall, is yet to be seen.

Meanwhile, amidst a discontented nobility, and a fickle populace, urged on by the danger of repose to the danger of enterprise; partly blinded by his outward power, partly impelled by the fear of internal weakness; at once made sanguine by his genius and his fanaticism, and uneasy by the expectations of the crowd,—he threw himself headlong into the gulf of the rushing Time, and surrendered his lofty spirit to no other guidance than a conviction of its natural buoyancy and its heaven-directed haven.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

WHILE Rienzi was preparing, in concert, perhaps, with the ambassadors of the brave Tuscan states, whose pride of country and love of liberty were well fitted to comprehend, and even share them,—his schemes for the emancipation from all

foreign yoke of the Ancient Queen, and the Everlasting Garden of the World; the barons, in restless secrecy, were revolving projects for the restoration of their own power.

One morning the heads of the Savelli, the Orsini, and the Frangipani, met at the disfortified palace of Stephen Colonna. Their conference was warm and earnest—now resolute, now wavering, in its object—as indignation or fear prevailed.

"You have heard," said Luca di Savelli, in his usually soft and womanly voice, "that the Tribune has proclaimed, that, the day after to-morrow he will take the order of knighthood, and watch the night before, in the church of the Lateran: He has honoured me with a request to attend his vigil."

"Yes, yes, the knave. What means this new fantasy?" said the brutal prince of the Orsini.

"Unless it be to have the cavalier's right to challenge a noble," said old Colonna, "I cannot conjecture. Will Rome never grow weary of this madman?"

"Rome is the more mad of the two," said Luca di Savelli; "but methinks, in his wildness, the Tribune hath committed one error of which we may well avail ourselves at Avignon."

"Ah," cried the old Colonna, "that must be our game; passive here, let us fight at Avignon?"

"In a word then, he hath ordered that his bath shall be prepared in the holy porphyry vase in which once bathed the emperor Constantine."

"Profanation! profanation!" cried Stephen, "This is enough to excite a bull of excommunication. The Pope shall hear of it. I will despatch a courier forthwith."

"Better wait and see the ceremony," said the Savelli, "some greater folly will close the pomp, be assured."

"Hark ye, my masters," said the grim lord of the Orsini, "ye are for delay and caution; I for promptness and daring; my kinsman's blood calls aloud, and brooks no parley."

"And what do!" said the soft-voiced Savelli, "fight without soldiers, against twenty thousand infuriate Romans! not I."

Orsini sunk his voice into a meaning whisper. "In Venice," said he, "this upstart might be mastered without an army. Think you in Rome no man wears a stiletto?"

"Hush," said Stephen, who was of far nobler and better nature than his compeers, and who, justifying to himself all other resistance to the Tribune, felt his conscience rise against assassination; "this must not be, your zeal transports you."

"Besides, whom can we employ, scarce a German left in the city; and to whisper this to a Roman were to exchange places with poor Martino—Heaven take him, for he's nearer heaven now than ever he was before," said the Savelli.

"Jest me no jests," cried the Orsini, fiercely. "Jests on such a subject! By St. Francis I would, since thou lovest such wit, thou hadst it all to thyself; and, methinks, at the Tribune's board I have seen thee laugh at his rude honour as if thou didst not require a cord to choke thee."

"Better to laugh than to tremble," returned the Savelli.

"How! darest thou say I tremble?" cried the baron.

"Hush, hush," said the veteran Colonna, with impatient dignity. "We are not now in such holiday times as to quarrel among ourselves. Forbear, my lords."

"Your greater prudence, signor," said the sarcastic Savelli, "arises from your greater safety. Your house is about to shelter itself under the Tribune's; and, when the Lord Adrian returns from Naples, the innkeeper's son will be brother to your kinsman."

"You might spare me that taunt," said the old noble, with some emotion. "Heaven knows how bitterly I have chafed at the thought; yet I would Adrian were with us. His word goes far to moderate the Tribune, and to guide my own course, for my passion beguiles my reason, and since his departure, methinks we have been the more sullen without being the more strong. Let this pass. If my own son had wed the Tribune's sister, I would yet strike a blow for the old constitution as becomes a noble, if I but saw that the blow would not cut off my own head."

Savelli, who had been whispering apart with Rinaldo Frangipani, now said—

"Noble prince, listen to me. You are bound by your kinsman's approaching connexion, your venerable age, and your intimacy with the Pontiff, to a greater caution than we are. Leave to us the management of the enterprise, and be assured of our discretion."

A young boy, Stefanello, who afterwards succeeded to the representation of the direct line of the Colonna, and whom the reader will once again encounter ere our tale be closed, was playing by his grandsire's knees. He looked sharply up at Savelli, and said, "My grandfather is too wise, and you are

too timid. Frangipani is too yielding, and Orsini is too like a vexed bull. I wish I were a year or two older."

"And what would you do, my pretty censurer?" said the smooth Savelli, biting his smiling lip.

"Stab the Tribune with my own stiletto, and then hie for Palestrina!"

"The egg will hatch a brave serpent," quoth the Savelli; "yet why so bitter against the Tribune, my cockatrice?"

"Because he allowed an insolent mercer to arrest my uncle Agapet for debt. The debt had been owed these ten years; and though it is said that no house in Rome has owed more money than the Colonna, this is the first time I ever heard of a rascally creditor being allowed to claim his debt unless with doffed cap and bended knee. And I say that I would not live to be a baron, if such upstart insolence is to be put upon me."

"My child," said old Stephen, laughing heartily, "I see our noble order will be safe enough in your hands."

"And," continued the child, emboldened by the applause he received, "if I had time after pricking the Tribune, I would fain have a second stroke at—"

"Whom?" said the Savelli, observing the boy pause.

"My cousin Adrian. Shame on him, for dreaming to make one a wife whose birth would scarce fit her for a Colonna's leman."

"Go play, my child, go play," said the old Colonna, as he pushed the boy from him.

"Enough of this babble," cried the Orsini rudely. "Tell me, old lord, just as I entered I saw an old friend (one of your former mercenaries)—quit the palace; may I crave his errand?"

"Ah, yes; a messenger from Fra Moreale. I wrote to the knight, reproving him for his desertion on our ill-starred return from Corneto, and intimating that five hundred lances would be highly paid for just now."

"Ah," said Savelli, "and what is his answer?"

"Oh, wily and evasive: He is profuse in compliments and good wishes; but says he is under fealty to the Hungarian king, whose cause is before Rienzi's tribunal; that he cannot desert his present standard: that he fears Rome is so evenly balanced between patricians and the people, that whichever party would permanently be uppermost must call in a Podesta; and this character alone the Provencal insinuates would suit him."

"Montreal our Podesta!" cried the Orsini.

"And why not?" said Savelli, "as good a well-born Podesta as a low-born Tribune! But I trust we may do without either. Colonna, has this messenger from Fra Moreale left the city?"

"I suppose so."

"No," said Orsini, "I met him at the gate, and knew him of old; it is Rodolf, the Saxon, (once a hireling of the Colonna,) who has made some widows among my clients in the good old day. He is a little disguised now; however, I recognized and accosted him, for I thought he was one who might yet become a friend, and I bade him await me at my palace."

"You did well," said the Savelli musing, and his eyes met those of Orsini: shortly afterwards a conference in which much was said, and nothing settled, was broken up, but Luca di Savelli, loitering at the porch prayed the Frangipani, and the other barons to adjourn to the Orsini's palace.

"The old Colonna," said he, "is well nigh in his dotage. We shall come to a quick determination without him, and we can secure his proxy in his son."

And this was a true prophecy, for half-an-hour's consultation with Rodolf of Saxony sufficed to ripen thought into enterprise.

CHAPTER V.

THE NIGHT AND ITS INCIDENTS.

WITH the following twilight Rome was summoned to the commencement of the most magnificent spectacle the imperial city had witnessed since the fall of the Cæsars. It had been a singular privilege, arrogated by the people of Rome, to confer upon their citizens the order of knighthood. Twenty years before, a Colonna and an Orsini had received this popular honour. Rienzi, who designed it as the prelude to a more important ceremony, claimed from the Romans a simi-

lar distinction. From the Capitol to the Lateran swept, in long procession, all that Rome boasted of noble, of fair, and brave. First went horsemen without number, and from all the neighbouring parts of Italy, in apparel that well befitted the occasion. Trumpeters, and musicians of all kinds followed, and the trumpets were of silver; youths bearing the harness of the knightly war steed, wrought with gold, preceded the march of the loftiest matronage of Rome, whose love for show, and it may be whose admiration for triumphant fame (which to women sanctions many offences,) made them forget the humbled greatness of their lords; amid them Nina and Irene, outshining all the rest; then came the Tribune and the Pontiff's vicar, surrounded by all the great Signors of the city, smothering alike resentment, revenge, and scorn, and struggling who should approach nearest to the monarch of the day. The high-hearted old Colonna alone remained aloof, followed at a little distance, and in a garb studiously plain. But his age, his rank, his former renown in war and state, did not suffice to draw to his gray locks and high-born mien, a single one of the shouts that followed the meanest lord on whom the great Tribune smiled. Savelli followed nearest to Rienzi, the most obsequious of the courtly band; immediately before the Tribune, came two men, the one bore a drawn sword, the other the *pendone*, or standard usually assigned to royalty. The Tribune himself was clothed in a long robe of white satin, whose snowy dazzle (*miri comardis*) is peculiarly dwelt on by the historian, richly decorated with gold, while on his breast were many of those mystic symbols I have before alluded to, the exact meaning of which was perhaps known only to the wearer. In his dark eye, and on that large tranquil brow, in which thought seemed to sleep, as sleeps a storm, there might be detected a mind abstracted from the pomp around; but ever and anon he roused himself, and conversed partially with Raimond or Savelli.

"This is a quaint game," said the Orsini, falling back to the old Colonna. "But it may end tragically."

"Methinks it may," said the old man, "if the Tribune overhear thee."

Orsini grew pale. "How—nay—nay, even if he did, he never resents words, but professes to laugh at our spoken rage. It was but the other day that some knave told him what one of the Annibaldi said of him, words for which a true cavalier would have drawn the speaker's life's blood, and he sent for the Annibaldi, and said, 'My friend, accept this purse of gold,—court wits should be paid.'"

"Did Annibaldi take the gold?"

"Why no; the Tribune was pleased with his spirit, and made him sup with him, and Annibaldi says he never spent a merrier evening, and no longer wonders that his kinsman, Riccardo, loves the buffoon so."

Arrived now at the Lateran, Luca di Savelli, fell also back, and whispered to Orsini: the Frangipani, and some other of the nobles exchanged meaning looks; Rienzi entering the sacred edifice in which, according to custom, he was to pass the night watching his armour, bade the crowd farewell, and summoned them the next morning, "to hear things that might, he trusted, be acceptable to heaven and earth."

The immense multitude heard this intimation with curiosity and gladness, while those who had been in some measure prepared by Cecco del Vecchio, hailed it as an omen of their Tribune's unflinching resolution. The concourse dispersed with singular order and quietness; it was recorded as a remarkable fact, that none of so great a crowd of men of all parties exhibited license or indulged in quarrel. Some of the barons and cavaliers, among whom was Luca di Savelli, whose sleek urbanity and sarcastic humour found favour with the Tribune, and a few subordinate pages and attendants alone remained; and, save a single sentinel at the porch, that broad space before the Palace, the Basilica and Fount of Constantine, soon presented a silent and desolate void to the melancholy moonlight. Within the church, according to the usage of the time and rite, the descendant of the Teuton kings, received the order of the Santo Spirito. His pride, or some superstition equally weak, though more excusable, led him to bathe in the porphyry vase, which an absurd legend consecrated to Constantine; and this, as Savelli predicted, cost him dear. These appointed ceremonies concluded, his arms were placed in that part of the church, within the columns of St. John. And here his state bed was prepared.*

The attendant barons, pages, and chamberlains retired out

* In a more northern country, the eve of knighthood would have been spent without sleeping:—In Italy, the ceremony of watching the armour does not appear to have been so rigidly observed.

of sight to a small side chapel in the edifice; and Rienzi was left alone. A single lamp, placed beside his bed, contended with the mournful rays of the moon, that cast through the long casements, over aisle and pillar, its "dim religious light." The sanctity of the place, the solemnity of the hour, and the solitary silence round, were well calculated to deepen the high-wrought and earnest mood of that son of fortune. Many and high fancies swept over his mind—now of worldly aspirations, now of more august but visionary belief, till at length, wearied with his own reflections, he cast himself on the bed. It was an omen which graver history has not neglected to record, that the moment he pressed the bed, new prepared for the occasion, part of it sank under him: he himself was affected by the accident, and sprang forth, turning pale and muttering; but, as if ashamed of his weakness, after a moment's pause, again composed himself to rest, and drew the drapery round him.

The moon-beams grew fainter and more faint, as the time proceeded, and the sharp distinction between light and shade faded fast from the marble floor, when from behind a column at the farthest verge of the building, a strange shadow suddenly crossed the sickly light—it crept on—it moved, but without an echo,—from pillar to pillar it flitted—it rested at last behind the column nearest to the Tribune's bed—it remained stationary.

The shades gathered darker and darker round; the stillness seemed to deepen; the moon was gone; and, save from the struggling ray of the lamp beside Rienzi, the blackness of night closed over the solemn and ghostly scene.

In one of the side chapels, as I have before said, which, in the many alterations the church has undergone, is probably long since destroyed, were Savelli and the few attendants retained by the Tribune. Savelli alone slept not; he remained sitting erect, breathless and listening, while the tall lights in the chapel rendered yet more impressive the rapid changes of his countenance.

"Now pray heaven," said he, "the knave miscarry not! Such an occasion may never again occur! He has a strong arm and a dexterous hand, doubtless; but the other is a powerful man. The deed once done, I care not whether the doer escape or not; if not, why we must stab him! Dead men tell no tales. At the worst, who can avenge Rienzi! There is no other Rienzi! Ourselves and the Frangipani seize the Aventine, the Colonna and the Orsini the other quarters of the city; and, without the master spirit, we may laugh at the mad populace. But if discovered—," and Savelli, who, fortunately for his foes, had not nerves equal to his will, covered his face and shuddered:—"I think I hear a noise!—no—is it the wind?—tush, it must be old Vico de Scotto, turning in his shell of mail!—Silent—I like not that silence! No cry—no sound! Can the ruffian have played us false? or could he not scale the casement! It is but a child's effort;—or did the sentry spy him?"

Time past on: the first ray of daylight slowly gleamed, when he thought he heard the door of the church close. Savelli's suspense became intolerable; he stole from the chapel, and came in sight of the Tribune's bed—all was silent.

"Perhaps the silence of death," said Savelli as he crept back.

Meanwhile the Tribune, vainly endeavouring to close his eyes, was rendered yet more watchful by the uneasy position he was obliged to assume—for the part of the bed towards the pillow having given way, while the rest remained solid, he had inverted the legitimate order of lying, and drawn himself up, as he might best accommodate his limbs, towards the foot of the bed. The light of the lamp, though shaded by the draperies, was thus opposite to him. Impatient of his wakefulness, he at last thought it was this dull and flickering light which scared away the slumber, and was about to rise, to remove it farther from him, when he saw the curtain at the other end of the bed gently lifted: he remained quiet and alarmed;—ere he could draw a second breath, a dark figure interposed between the light and the bed; and he felt that a stroke was given towards that part of the latter, which, but for the accident that had seemed to him ominous, would have given his breast to the knife. Rienzi waited not a second and better-directed blow: as the assassin yet stooped, groping in the uncertain light, he threw on him all the weight and power of his large and muscular frame, wrenched the stiletto from his dismayed hand, and dashing him on the bed, placed his knee on his breast.—The stiletto rose—gleamed—descended—the murderer swerved aside, and it pierced only his right arm. The Tribune raised for a deadlier blow the revengeful blade.

The assassin thus foiled was a man used to all form and

shape of danger; and he did not now lose his presence of mind—

"Hold!" said he; "if you kill me, you will die yourself. Spare me, and I will save you."

"Miscreant!"

"Hush—not so loud, or you will disturb your guards, and some of them may do what I have failed to execute. Spare me, I say, and I will reveal that which were worth more than my life; but call not—speak not aloud, I warn you!"

The Tribune felt his heart stand still; in that lonely place, afar from his idolizing people—his devoted guards—with but loathing barons, or, it might be, faithless menials, within call, might not his baffled murderer give a wholesome warning?—and those words and that doubt seemed suddenly to reverse their respective positions, and leave the conqueror still in the assassin's power.

"Thou thinkest to deceive me," said he, but in a voice whispered and uncertain, which showed the ruffian the advantage he had gained: "thou wouldst that I might release thee without summoning my attendants, that thou might'st a second time attempt my life."

"Thou hast disabled my right arm, and disarmed me of my only weapon."

"How camest thou hither?"

"By connivance."

"Whence this attempt?"

"The dictation of others."

"If I pardon thee—"

"Thou shalt know all!"

"Rise," said the Tribune, releasing his prisoner, but with great caution, and still grasping his shoulder with one hand, while the other pointed the dagger at his throat, "Did my sentry admit thee? There is but one entrance to the church, methinks."

"He did not; follow me, and I will tell thee more."

"Dog! thou hast accomplices!"

"If I have, thou hast the knife at my throat."

"Wouldst thou escape?"

"I cannot, or I would."

Rienzi looked hard, by the dull light of the lamp, at the assassin. His rugged and coarse countenance, rude garb, and barbarian speech, seemed to him proof sufficient that he was but the hireling of others; and it might be wise to brave one danger present and certain, to prevent much danger future and unforeseen. Rienzi, too, was armed, strong, active, in the prime of life;—and at the worst, there was no part of the building whence his voice would not reach those within the chapel—if they could be depended upon.

"Show me then thy place and means of entrance," said he; "and if I but suspect thee as we move—thou diest. Take up the lamp."

The ruffian nodded; with his left hand took up the lamp as he was ordered; and with Rienzi's grasp on his shoulder, while the wound from his right arm dropped gore as he passed, he moved noiselessly along the church—gained the altar—to the left of which was a small room for the use or retirement of the priest. To this he made his way. Rienzi's heart misgave him a moment.

"Beware," he whispered, "the least sign of fraud, and thou art the first victim!"

The assassin nodded again, and proceeded. They entered the room; and then the Tribune's strange guide pointed to an open casement. "Behold my entrance," said he; "and, if you permit me, my egress—"

"The frog gets not out of the well so easily as he came in, friend," returned Rienzi, smiling. "And now, if I am not to call my guards, what am I to do with thee?"

"Let me go, and I will seek thee to-morrow; and if thou payest me handsomely, and promisest not to harm limb nor life, I will put thine enemies and my employers in thy power."

Rienzi could not refrain from a slight laugh at the proposition, but composing himself, replied—"And what if I call my attendants, and give thee to their charge?"

"Thou givest me to those very enemies and employers; and in despair, lest I betray them, ere the day dawn they cut my throat—or thine."

"Methinks, knave, I have seen thee before."

"Thou hast. I blush not for my name or country. I am Rodolf of Saxony!"

"I remember me;—servitor of Walter de Montreal. He, then, is thy instigator?"

"Roman, no! That noble knight scorns other weapon than the open sword, and his own hand slays his own foes. Your pitiful, miserable, dastard Italians, alone employ the courage, and hire the arm, of others."

Rienzi remained silent. He had released hold of his prisoner, and now stood facing him; every now and then regarding his countenance, and then relapsing into thought. At length, casting his eyes round the small chamber thus singularly tenanted, he observed a kind of closet, in which the priests' robes, and some articles used in the sacred service were contained. It suggested at once an escape from his dilemma: he pointed to it—

"There, Rodolf of Saxony, shalt thou pass some part of this night—a small penance for thy meditated crime; and tomorrow, as thou lookest for life, thou wilt reveal all."

"Hark ye, Tribune," returned the Saxon, doggedly; "my liberty is in your power, but neither my tongue nor my life. If I consent to be caged in that hole, thou must swear on the crossed hilt of the dagger thou now holdest, that, on confession of all I know, you pardon and set me free. My employers are enough to glut your rage, and you were a tiger. If you do not swear this—"

"Ah, my modest friend!—the alternative!"

"I brain myself against the stone wall! Better such a death than the rack!"

"Fool, I want not revenge against such as thou. Be honest, and I swear that, twelve hours after thy confession, thou shalt stand safe and unscathed without the walls of Rome. So help me our Lord and his saints."

"I am content!—donner and hagel, I have lived long enough to care only for my own life, and the great captain's next to it;—for the rest, I reck not if ye southern cut each other's throats, and make all Italy one grave."

With this benevolent speech, Rodolf entered the closet; but ere Rienzi could close the door, he stepped forth again—

"Hold," said he: "this blood flows fast. Help me to bandage it, or I shall bleed to death ere my confession."

"*Per fede*," said the Tribune, his strange humour enjoying the man's cool audacity, "but, considering the service thou wouldst have rendered me, thou art the more pleasant, forbearing, unabashed good fellow, I have seen this many a year. Give us thine own belt. I little thought my first eve of knight-hood would have been so charitably spent!"

"Methinks these robes would make a better bandage," said Rodolf, pointing to the priests' gear suspended from the wall.

"Silence, knave," said the Tribune, frowning; "no sacrilege! yet, as thou takest such dainty care of thyself, thou shalt have mine own scarf to accommodate thee."

With that the Tribune, placing his dagger on the ground, while he cautiously guarded it with his foot, bound up the wounded limb, for which condescension Rodolf gave him short thanks; resumed his weapon and lamp; closed the door; drew over it the long, heavy bolt without; and returned to his couch, deeply and indignantly musing over the treason he had so fortunately escaped.

At the first gray streak of dawn he went out of the great door of the church, called the sentry, who was one of his own guard, and bade him privately, and now ere the world was astir, convey the prisoner to one of the private dungeons of the Capitol. "Be silent," said he: "utter not a word of this to any one; be obedient, and thou shalt be promoted. This done, find out the councillor, Pandolfo di Guido, and bid him seek me here ere the crowd assemble."

He then, making the sentinel doff his heavy shoes of iron, led him across the church, resigned Rodolf to his care, saw them depart, and in a few minutes afterwards his voice was heard by the inmates of the neighbouring chapel; and he was soon surrounded by his train.

He was already standing on the floor, wrapped in a large gown lined with furs; and his piercing eye scanned carefully the face of each man that approached. Two of the barons of the Frangipani family exhibited some tokens of confusion and embarrassment, from which they speedily recovered at the frank salutation of the Tribune.

But all the art of Savelli could not prevent his features from betraying to the most indifferent eye the terror of his soul;—and, when he felt the penetrating gaze of Rienzi upon him, he trembled in every joint. Rienzi alone did not, however, seem to notice his disorder; and when Vico di Scotto, an old knight, from whose hands he received his sword, asked him how he had passed the night, he replied cheerfully—

"Well, well—my brave friend! Over a maiden knight some good angel always watches. Signor Luca di Savelli, I fear you have slept but ill: you seem pale. No matter! our banquet to-day will soon brighten the current of your gay blood."

"Blood, Tribune!" said di Scotto, who was innocent of the plot: "thou sayest blood, and lo! on the floor are large gouts of it not yet dry."

"Now, out on thee, old hero, for betraying my awkwardness! I pricked myself with my own dagger in unrobing. Thank heaven, it hath no poison in its blade!"

The Frangipani exchanged looks.—Luca di Savelli clung to a column for support,—and the rest of the attendants seemed grave and surprised.

"Think not of it, my masters," said Rienzi: "it is a good omen, and a true prophecy. It implies that he who girds on his sword for the good of the state, must be ready to spill his blood for it; that am I. No more of this—a mere scratch: It gave more blood than I recked of from so slight a puncture, and saves the leech the trouble of the lancet. How brightly breaks the day! We must prepare to meet our fellow-citizens! they will be here anon. Ha, my Pandolfo—welcome!—thou, my old friend, shalt buckle on this mantle!"

And while Pandolfo was engaged in the task, the Tribune whispered a few words in his ear, which, by the smile on his countenance, seemed to the attendants one of the familiar jests with which Rienzi distinguished his intercourse with his more confidential intimates.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CELEBRATED CITATION.

THE bell of the great Lateran church sounded shrill and loud, as the mighty multitude, greater even than that of the preceding night, swept on. The appointed officers made way with difficulty for the barons and ambassadors, and scarcely were those nobler visitors admitted ere the crowd closed in their ranks, poured headlong into the church, and took the way to the chapel of Boniface VIII. There, filling every cranny, and blocking up the entrance, the more fortunate of the press beheld the Tribune surrounded by the splendid court his genius had collected and his fortune had subdued. At length as the solemn and holy music began to swell through the edifice, preluding the celebration of the mass, the Tribune stepped forth, and the hush of the music was increased by the universal and dead silence of the audience. His height, his air, his countenance were such as always command the attention of crowds; and at this time they received every adjunct from the interest of the occasion, and that peculiar look of intent yet suppressed fervour, which is perhaps, the sole gift of the eloquent that Nature alone can give.

"Be it known," said he, slowly and deliberately, "in virtue of that authority, power, and jurisdiction, which the Roman people, in general parliament, have assigned to us, and which the Sovereign Pontiff hath confirmed, that we, not ungrateful of the gift and grace of the Holy Spirit,—whose soldiers we now are—nor of the favour of the Roman people, declare that Rome, capital of the world, and base of the Christian church; and that every City, State and People of Italy are henceforth free. By that freedom, and in the same consecrated authority, we proclaim, that the election, jurisdiction, and monarchy of the Roman empire appertain to Rome and Rome's people, and the whole of Italy. We cite then and summon personally the illustrious princes, Louis Duke of Bavaria, and Charles King of Bohemia, who would style themselves Emperors of Italy, to appear before us, or the other magistrates of Rome, to plead and to prove their claim between this day and the Day of Pentecost. We cite also, and within the same term, the Duke of Saxony, the Prince of Brandenburg, and whosoever else, potentate, prince, or prelate, asserts the right of elector to the imperial throne—a right that, we find it chronicled from ancient and immemorial time, appertaineth only to the Roman people—and this in vindication of our civil liberties, without derogation of the spiritual power of the Church, the Pontiff, and the Sacred College.* Herald, proclaim the cita-

* "Il tutto senza derogare all' autorità della Chiesa, del Papa e del Sacro Collegio."—So concludes this extraordinary citation, this bold and wonderful assertion of the classic independence of Italy, in the most feudal time of the fourteenth century. The anonymous biographer of Rienzi, declares that the Tribune cited also the Pope and the Cardinals to reside in Rome. De Sade powerfully and incontrovertibly refutes this addition to the daring or the extravagance of Rienzi. Gibbon, however, who has rendered the rest of the citation in terms more abrupt and discourteous than he was warranted by any authority, copies the biographer's blunder, and sneers at De Sade, as using arguments "rather of decency than of

tion, at the greater and more formal length, as written and entrusted to your hands, without the Lateran."

As Rienzi concluded this bold proclamation of the liberties of Italy, the Tuscan ambassadors, and those of some other of the free states, murmured low approbation. The ambassadors of those states that affected the party of the emperor looked at each other in silent amaze and consternation. The Roman barons remained with mute lips and downcast eyes; only over the aged face of Stephen Colonna settled a smile, half of scorn, half of exultation. But the great mass of the citizens were caught by words that opened so grand a prospect as the emancipation of all Italy: and their reverence of the Tribune's power and fortune, was almost that due to a supernatural being; so that they did not pause to calculate the means which were to correspond with the boast.

While his eye roved over the crowd, the gorgeous assemblage near him, the devoted throng beyond;—as on his ear boomed the murmur of thousands and ten thousands, in the space without, from before the Palace of Constantine, (Palace now his own!) sworn to devote life and fortune to his cause; in the flush of prosperity that yet had known no check; in the zenith of power, as yet unconscious of reverse, the heart of the Tribune swelled proudly: visions of mighty fame and limitless dominion,—fame and dominion once his beloved Rome's, and by him to be restored,—rushed before his intoxicated gaze; and in the delirious and passionate aspirations of the moment, he turned his sword alternately to the three quarters of the then known globe, and said, in an abstracted voice, as a man in a dream, "In the right of the Roman people *this too is mine!*"*

Low though the voice, the wild boast was heard by all around as distinctly as if borne to them in thunder. And vain it were to describe the various sensations it excited; the extravagance would have moved the derision of his foes, the grief of his friends, but for the manner of the speaker, which, solemn and commanding, hushed for the moment even reason and hatred themselves in awe: afterwards remembered and repeated, void of the spell they had borrowed from the utterer, the words met the cold condemnation of the well-judging; but at that moment all things seemed possible to the hero of the people. He spoke as one inspired—they trembled and believed; and, as wrapt from the spectacle, he stood a moment silent, his arm still extended—his dark dilating eye fixed upon space—his lip parted—his proud head towering and erect above the herd,—his own enthusiasm kindled that of the more humble and distant spectators; and there was a deep murmur begun by one, echoed by the rest, "The Lord is with Italy and Rienzi!"

The Tribune turned, he saw the Pope's vicar astonished, bewildered, rising to speak. His sense and foresight returned to him at once, and, resolved to drown the dangerous disavowal of the Papal authority for this hardihood, which was ready to burst from Raimond's lips, he motioned quickly to the musicians, and the solemn and ringing chaunt of the sacred ceremony, prevented the Bishop of Orvietto all occasion of self-exoneration or reply.

The moment the ceremony was over, Rienzi touched the Bishop, and whispered, "We will explain this to your liking. You feast with us at the Lateran.—Your arm." Nor did he leave the good bishop's arm, nor trust him to other companionship, until to the stormy sound of horn and trumpet, drum and

cymbal, and amidst such a concourse as might have hailed on the same spot the legendary baptism of Constantine, the Tribune and his nobles entered the great gates of the Lateran, then the Palace of the World.

Thus ended that remarkable ceremony, and that proud challenge of the Northern Powers, in behalf of the Italian liberties, which, had it been afterwards successful, would have been deemed a sublime daring; which, unsuccessful, has been construed by the vulgar into a frantic insolence; but which, calmly considering all the circumstances that urged on the Tribune, and all the power that surrounded him, was not, perhaps, altogether so imprudent as it seemed. And, even accepting that imprudence in the extremest sense,—by the more penetrating judge of the higher order of character, it will probably be considered as the magnificent folly of a bold nature, excited at once by position and prosperity, by religious credulities, by patriotic aspirations, by scholastic visions too suddenly transferred from the reverie to the action, beyond that wise and earthward policy which sharpens the weapon ere it casts the gauntlet.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FESTIVAL.

THE festival of that day was far the most sumptuous hitherto known. The hint of Cecco del Vecchio, which so well depicted the character of his fellow citizens, as yet it exists, though not to such excess, in their love of holiday pomp and gorgeous show, was not lost upon Rienzi. One instance of the universal banquetting, (intended indeed rather for the people than the higher ranks,) may illustrate the more than royal profusion that prevailed. From morn till eve, streams of wine flowed like a fountain from the nostrils of the Horse in the great Equestrian statue of Constantine. The mighty halls of the Lateran palace, open to all ranks, were prodigally spread; and the games, sports, and buffoneries of the time, were in ample requisition. Apart, the Tribunessa, as Nina was rather unclassically entitled, entertained the dames of Rome; while the Tribune had so effectually silenced or conciliated Raimond, that the good Bishop shared his peculiar table—the only one admitted to that honour. As the eye ranged each saloon and hall—it beheld the space lined with all the nobility and knighthood—the wealth and strength—the learning and the beauty of the Italian metropolis; mingled with ambassadors and noble strangers, even from beyond the Alps;—envoys not only of the free states that had welcomed the rise of the Tribune, but of the high-born and haughty tyrants who had first derided his arrogance, and now cringed to his power. There were not only the ambassadors of Florence, of Sienna, (of Arezzo, which last subjected its government to the Tribune,) of Todi, of Spoleto, and of countless other lesser towns and states, but of the dark and terrible Visconti, Prince of Milan, of Obizzo of Ferrara, and the tyrant rulers of Verona and Bologna; even the proud and sagacious Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, whose arm afterwards broke for awhile the power of Montreal, at the head of his Great Company, had deputed his representative in his most honoured noble. John di Vico, the worst and most malignant despot of his day, who had sternly defied the arms of the Tribune, now subdued and humbled, was there in person; and the ambassadors of Hungary and of Naples, mingled with those of Bavaria and Bohemia, whose sovereigns of that day had been cited to the Roman Judgment Court. The nodding of plumes, the glitter of jewels and cloth of gold, the rustling of silks and jingle of golden spurs, the waving of banners from the roof, the sounds of minstrelsy from the galleries above, all presented a picture of such power and state—a court and chivalry of such show—as the greatest of the feudal kings might have beheld with a sparkling eye and a swelling heart. But at that moment the cause and lord of all that splendour, recovered from his late exhilaration, sat moody and abstracted, remembering with a thoughtful brow the adventure of the past night, and sensible that amongst his gaudiest revellers lurked his intended murderers. Amidst the swell of the minstrelsy and the pomp of the crowd, he felt that treason scowled beside him; and the image of the skeleton obtruding, as of old, its grim thought of

weight." Without wearying the reader with all the arguments of the learned Abbé, it may be sufficient to give the first two.

1st. All the other cotemporaneous historians that have treated of this event, G. Villani, Hocsemius, the Vatican MSS. and other chroniclers, relating the citation of the emperor and electors, say nothing of that of the pope and cardinals; and the Pope (Clement VI.), in his subsequent accusations of Rienzi, while very bitter against his citation of the emperor, is wholly silent on what would have been to the Pontiff the much greater offence of citing himself and the cardinals.

2d. The literal act of this citation, as published formally in the Lateran, is extant in Hocsemius, (whence is borrowed, though not at all its length, the speech in the text of our present tale); and in this document the Pope and his Cardinals are *not* named in the summons."

Gibbon's whole account of Rienzi is singularly superficial, inaccurate, and distorted. To his cold and sneering scepticism, allowing nothing for that sincere and urgent enthusiasm which, whether of liberty or religion, is the most common parent of daring action, the great Roman seems but an ambitious and fantastic madman. In Gibbon's hands what would Cromwell have been; what Vane, what Hampden? The pedant, Julian, with his dirty person and pompous affectation, was Gibbon's ideal of a great man.

* "Questo e mio."

PART I.—NO. 21.

* The simple and credulous biographer of Rienzi declares his fame to have reached the ears of the Soldan of Babylon.

death upon the feast, darkened the ruby of the wine, and chilled the glitter of the scene.

It was while the feast was loudest that Rienzi's page was seen gliding through the banquet, and whispering several of the nobles; each bowed low, but changed colour as he received the message.

"My lord Savelli," said Orsini, himself trembling, "bear yourself more bravely. This must be meant in honour, not revenge. I suppose your summons corresponds with mine."

"He—he—asks—asks—me to supper at the Capitol; a friendly meeting—(pest on his friendship!)—after the noise of the day."

"The words addressed also to me!" said Orsini, turning to one of the Frangipani.

Those who received the summons soon broke from the feast, and collected in a group, eagerly conferring. Some were for flight, but flight was confession; their number, rank, long and consecrated impunity, reassured them, and they resolved to obey. The old Colonna, the sole innocent baron of the invited guests, was also the one who refused the invitation. "Tush!" said he peevishly; "here is feasting enough for one day! Tell the Tribune that ere he sups I hope to be asleep. Gray hairs cannot encounter all this fever of festivity."

As Rienzi rose to depart, which he did early, for the banquet took place while yet morning, Raimond, eager to escape and to confer with some of his spiritual friends, as to the report he should make to the Pontiff, was beginning his expressions of farewell, when the merciless Tribune said to him gravely—

"My lord, we want you on urgent business at the Capitol. A prisoner—a trial—perhaps (he added with his portentous and prophetic frown) an *execution* waits us! Come."

"Verily, Tribune," stammered the good bishop, "this is a strange time for execution!"

"Last night was a time yet more strange.—Come."

There was something in the way in which the final word was pronounced, that Raimond could not resist. He sighed, muttered, twitched his robes, and followed the Tribune. As he passed through the halls the company rose on all sides. Rienzi repaid their salutations with smiles and whispers of frank courtesy and winning address. Young as he yet was, and of a handsome and noble presence, that took every advantage from splendid attire, and yet more from an appearance of intellectual command in his brow and eye, which the less cultivated signors of that dark age necessarily wanted,—he glittered through the Court as one worthy to form, and fitted to preside over it; and his supposed descent from the Teuton Emperor, which, since his greatness, was universally bruited and believed abroad, seemed undeniably visible to the foreign lords, in the majesty of his mien and the easy blandness of his address.

"My Lord Prefect," said he to a dark and sullen personage in black velvet, the powerful and arrogant John di Vico, Prefect of Rome, "we are rejoiced to find so noble a guest at Rome: we must repay the courtesy by surprising you in your own palace ere long; nor will you, Signor (as he turned to the envoy from Tivoli,) refuse us a shelter amidst your groves and waterfalls ere the vintage be gathered. Methinks Rome, united with sweet Tivoli, grows reconciled to the Muses. Your suit is carried, Master Venoni: the Council recognizes its justice; but I reserved the news for this holiday—you do not blame me, I trust." This was whispered, with a half-affectionate frankness, to a worthy citizen, who, finding himself amidst so many of the great, would have shrunk from the notice of the Tribune; but it was the policy to Rienzi to pay an especial and marked attention to those engaged in commercial pursuits. As, after tarrying a moment or two with the merchant, he passed on, the tall person of the old Colonna caught his eye—

"Signor," said he with a profound inclination of his head, but with a slight emphasis of tone, "you will not fail us this evening."

"Tribune—" began the Colonna.

"We receive no excuse," interrupted the Tribune, hastily, and passed on.

He halted for a few moments at a small group of men plainly attired, who were watching him with intense interest; for they too, were scholars, and in Rienzi's rise they saw another evidence of that wonderful and sudden power which intellect had begun to assume over brute force. With these, as if abruptly mingled with congenial spirits, the Tribune relaxed all the gravity of his brow. Happier, perhaps, his living career—more unequivocal his posthumous renown—had his objects as his tastes been theirs!

"Ah, *arissime*!" said he to one, whose arm he drew within

his own—"and how proceeds thy interpretation of the old marbles!—half unravelled! I rejoice to hear it! Confer with me as of old, I pray thee. To-morrow—no, nor the day after, but next week—we will have a tranquil evening. Dear poet, your ode transported me to the days of Horace; yet, methinks, we do wrong to reject the vernacular for the Latin. You shake your head! Well, Petrarch thinks with you: his great epic moves with the stride of a giant—so I hear from his friend and envoy;—and here he is; My Lælius, is not that your name with Petrarch!—how shall I express my delight at his comforting—his inspiring letter! Alas! he overrates not my intentions, but my power. Of this hereafter."

A slight shade darkened the Tribune's brow at these words; and moving on, a long line of nobles and princes on either side, restored him to his self-possession, and the dignity he had dropped with his former equals. Thus he passed through the crowd, and gradually disappeared.

"He bears him bravely," said one, as the revellers re-seated themselves. "Noticed you *we*—the style royal?"

"But it must be owned that he lords it well," said the ambassador of the Visconti: "less pride would be cringing to his haughty court."

"Why," said a professor of Bologna, "why is the Tribune called proud? I see no pride in him."

"Nor I," said a wealthy jeweller.

While these, and yet more contradictory, comments followed the exit of the Tribune, he passed into the saloon, where Nina presided; and here his fair person and silver tongue ("Suavis colorateque sententia," according to the description of Petrarch,)—won him a more general favour with the matrons than he experienced with their lords, and not a little contrasted the formal and nervous compliments of the good bishop, who served him on such occasions, with an excellent foil.

But as soon as these ceremonies were done, and Rienzi mounted his horse, his manner changed at once into a stern and ominous severity.

"Vicar," said he, with great shortness, to the bishop, "we might well need your presence. Know that at the Capitol now sits the Council in judgment upon an assassin. Last night, but for heaven's mercy, I should have fallen a victim to a hireling's dagger. Know you aught of this?"

And he turned so sharply on the bishop, that the poor canonist nearly dropped from his horse in surprise and terror.

"I—I!" said he.

Rienzi smiled—"No, good my lord bishop! I see you are of no murderer's mould;—but to continue:—that I might not appear to act in mine own cause, I ordered the prisoner to be tried in my absence. In his trial (you marked the letter brought me at our banquet)—"

"Ay, and you changed colour."

"Well I might: in his trial, I say, he has confessed that nine of the loftiest lords of Rome were his instigators. *They sup with me to-night!*—Vicar, forwards!"

BOOK V.

THE CRISIS.

"Questo ha acceso 'l fuoco e la fiamma la quale non la potrà spegnere."

Vit. di Col. di Rienzi, lib. i. cap. 29.

CHAPTER I.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

THE brief words of the Tribune to Stephen Colonna, though they sharpened the rage of the proud old noble, were such as he did not, on reflection, deem it prudent to disobey. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, he found himself in one of the halls of the Capitol, with a gallant party of his peers. Rienzi received them with more than his usual graciousness.

They sat down to the splendid board in secret uneasiness and alarm, as they saw that, with the exception of Stephen

Colonna, none, save the conspirators, had been invited to the banquet. Rienzi, regardless of their silence and abstraction, was more than usually gay—the old Colonna, more than usually sullen.

"We fear we have but ill pleased you, my lord Colonna, by our summons. Once, methinks, we might more easily provoke you to a smile."

"Situations are changed, Tribune, since you were my guest."

"Why scarcely so. I have risen, but you have not fallen. Ye walk the streets day and night in security and peace; your lives are safe from the robber, and your palaces no longer need bars and battlements to shield you from your fellow-citizens. I have risen, but *we all* have risen—from barbarous disorder into civilized life! My lord Gianni Colonna, whom we have made Captain over Campagna, you will not refuse a cup to the Buono Stato;—nor think we mistrust your valour, when we say, that we rejoice Rome hath no enemies to attest your generalship."

"Methinks," quoth the old Colonna, bluntly, "we shall have enemies enough from Bohemia and Bavaria, ere the next harvest is green."

"And, if so," replied the Tribune, calmly, "foreign foes are better than civil strife."

"Ay, if we have money in the treasury, which is but little likely, if we have many more such holidays."

"You are ungracious, my lord," said the Tribune, "and besides, you are more uncomplimentary to Rome than to ourselves. What citizen would not part with gold to buy fame and liberty?"

"I know very few in Rome that would," answered the baron. "But tell me, Tribune, you who are a notable casuist, which is the best for a state—that its governor should be over thrifty or over lavish?"

"I refer the question to my friend, Luca di Savelli," replied Rienzi. "He is a grand philosopher, and I wot well, could explain a much knottier riddle, which we will presently submit to his acumen."

The barons, who had been much embarrassed by the bold speech of the old Colonna, all turned their eyes to Savelli, who answered with more composure than was anticipated.

"The question admits a double reply. He who is *born* a ruler, and maintains a foreign army, governing by fear, should be penurious. He who is *made* ruler, courts the people, and would reign by love, must win their affections by generosity, and dazzle their fancies by pomp. Such I believe is the usual maxim in Italy, which is rife in all experience of state wisdom."

The barons unanimously applauded the discreet reply of Savelli, excepting only the old Colonna.

"Yet pardon me, Tribune," said Stephen, "if I depart from the courtier-like decision of our friend, and opine, though with all due respect, that even a friar's coarse serge,* the parade of humility would better behave thee, than this gaudy pomp, the parade of pride!" So saying, he touched the large loose sleeve fringed with gold, of the Tribune's purple robe.

"Hush, father!" said Gianni, Colonna's son, colouring at the unprovoked rudeness and dangerous candour of the veteran.

"Nay, it matters not," said the Tribune, with affected indifference, though his lip quivered, and his eye shot fire; and then after a pause, he resumed with an awful smile, "If the Colonna loves the serge of the friar, he may see enough of it ere we part."

"And now, my Lord Savelli, for my question, which I pray you listen to; it demands all your wit. Is it best for a State's Ruler to be over forgiving, or over just? Take breath to answer; you look faint—you grow pale—you tremble—you cover your face! Traitor and assassin, your conscience betrays you! My lords, relieve your accomplice, and take up the answer."

"Nay, if we are discovered," said the Orsini, rising in despair, "we will not fall unavenged—die, tyrant!"

He rushed to the place where Rienzi stood—for the Tribune also rose,—and made a thrust at his breast with his dagger, the steel pierced the purple robe, yet glanced harmlessly away—and the Tribune regarded the baffled murderer with a scornful smile.

"Till yesternight, I never dreamt, that under the robe of state I should need the secret coreset," said he. "My lords, you have taught me a dark lesson, and I thank ye."

So saying, he clapped his hands, and suddenly the folding

doors at the end of the hall flew open, and discovered the saloon of the council hung with silk of a blood-red, relieved by rays of white;—the emblem of crime and death. At a long table sat the counsellors in their robes; at the bar stood a ruffian form, which the banqueters too well recognized.

"Bid Rodolf of Saxony approach!" said the Tribune.

And led by two guards, the robber entered the hall. "Wretch, you then betrayed us!" said one of the Frangipani.

"Rodolf of Saxony goes over to the highest bidder," returned the miscreant with a horrid grin. "You gave me gold, and I would have slain your foe,—your foe defeated me. He gives me life, and life is a greater boon than gold!"

"Ye confess your crime, my lords! Silent! dumb! Where is your wit, Savelli? Where your pride, Rinaldo di Orsini? Gianni Colonna is your chivalry come to this?"

"Oh!" continued Rienzi, with deep and passionate bitterness; "oh, my lords, will nothing conciliate you—not to me, but to Rome! What hath been my sin to you and yours? Disbanded ruffians (such as your accuser)—dismantled fortresses—impartial law—what man, in all the wild revolutions of Italy, sprung from the people, ever yielded less to their license? Not a coin of your coffers touched by wanton power,—not a hair of your heads harmed by private revenge. You, Gianni Colonna, loaded with honours, intrusted with command—you, Alphonso di Frangipani, endowed with new principalities,—did the Tribune remember one insult he received from you as the Plebeian. You accuse my pride;—was it my fault that ye cringed and fawned upon my power,—flattery on your lips, poison at your hearts. No, I have not offended you; let the world know, that in me you aimed at liberty, justice, law, order, the restored grandeur, the renovated rights of Rome! At these, the Abstract and the Immortal—not at this frail form, ye struck;—by the divinity of these ye are defeated;—for the outraged majesty of these,—criminals and victims,—ye must die!"

With these words, uttered with the tone and air that would have become the loftiest spirit of the ancient city, Rienzi, with a majestic step, swept from the chamber into the hall of council.*

All that night, the conspirators remained within that room, the doors locked and guarded; the banquet unremoved and its splendour strangely contrasting the mood of the guests.

The utter prostration and despair of these dastard criminals—so unlike the knightly Normans of France and England, has been painted by the historian in odious and withering colours. The old Colonna alone sustained his impetuous and imperious character. He strode to and fro the room, like a lion in his cage, uttering loud threats of resentment and defiance; and beating at the door with his clenched hands, demanding egress, and proclaiming the vengeance of the Pontiff.

The dawn came, slow and gray upon that agonized assembly: and just as the last star faded from the melancholy horizon, and by the wan and comfortless heaven, they regarded each other's faces, almost spectral with anxiety and fear, the great bell of the Capitol sounded the notes in which they well recognized the chime of death! It was then that the door opened, and a drear and gloomy procession of cordeliers, one to each baron, entered the apartment! At that spectacle, we are told, the terror of the conspirators was so great, that it froze up the very power of speech.† The greater part at length, deeming all hope over, resigned themselves to their ghostly confessors. But when the friar appointed to Stephen approached that passionate old man, he waved his hand impatiently, and said—"Tease me not, tease me not."

"Nay, son, prepare for the awful hour."

"Son, indeed," quoth the baron; "I am old enough to be thy grandsire; and for the rest, tell him who sent thee, that I neither am prepared for death, nor will prepare! I have made up my mind to live these twenty years, and longer too;—if I catch not my death with the cold of this accursed night."

Just at that moment a cry that almost seemed to rend the Capitol asunder was heard, as with one voice the multitude below yelled forth—

"Death to the conspirators! death! death!"

* The guilt of the barons in their designed assassination of Rienzi, though hastily slurred over by Gibbon, and other modern writers, is clearly attested by Muratori, the Bolognese Chronicle, &c.—They even confessed the crime. (See Cron. Estens: Muratori, tom. xviii. p. 442.)

† *Diventero sì gelati, che non poteano favellare.*

* Vestimenta da Bizoco, was the phrase used by Colonna; an expression hard to render literally.

While this the scene in that hall, the Tribune issued from his chamber, in which he had been closeted with his wife and sister. The noble spirit of the one, the tears and grief of the other, (who saw at one fell stroke perish the house of her betrothed,) had not worked without effect upon a temper, stern and just indeed, but naturally averse to blood; and a heart capable of the loftiest species of revenge.

He entered the council, still sitting, with a calm brow, and even a cheerful eye.

"Pandolfo di Guido," he said, turning to that citizen, "you are right; you spoke as a wise man and a patriot, when you said that to cut off with one blow, however merited, the noble heads of Rome, would endanger the state, sully our purple with an indelible stain, and unite the nobility of Italy against us."

"Such, Tribune, was my argument, though the council have decided otherwise."

"Hearken to the shouts of the populace, you cannot appease their honest wrath," said the demagogue Barocelli.

Many of the council murmured applause.

"Friends," said the Tribune, with a solemn and earnest aspect, "let not Posterity say that liberty loves blood; let us for once adopt the great example of the mercy of our great Redeemer! We have triumphed—let us forbear; we are saved—let us forgive!"

The speech of the Tribune was supported by Pandolfo, and others of the more mild and moderate policy; and after a short but animated discussion, the influence of Rienzi prevailed, and the sentence of death was revoked, but by a small majority.

"And now," said Rienzi, "let us be more than just, let us be generous. Speak—and boldly. Do any of ye think that I have been over hard, over haughty with these stubborn spirits?—I read your answer in your brows!—I have! Do any of ye think this error of mine may have stirred them to their dark revenge? Do any of ye deem that they partake, as we do, of human nature,—that they are sensible to kindness,—that they are softened by generosity,—that they can be tamed and disarmed by such vengeance as is dictated to noble foes by Christian laws?"

"I think," said Pandolfo, after a pause, "that it will not be in human nature, if the men you pardon, thus offending and thus convicted, attempt again your life!"

"Methinks," said Rienzi, "we must do even more than pardon. The first great Cæsar, when he did not crush a foe, strove to convert him to a friend—"

"And perished by the attempt," said Barocelli, abruptly.

Rienzi started and changed colour.

"If you would save these wretched prisoners, better not wait till the fury of the mob became ungovernable," whispered Pandolfo.

The Tribune roused himself from his reverie.

"Pandolfo," said he, in the same tone, "my heart misgives me—the brood of serpents are in my hand,—I do not strangle them—they may sting me to death, in return for my mercy—it is their instinct! No matter: It shall not be said that the Roman Tribune bought, with so many lives, his own safety: nor shall it be written upon my grave-stone, 'Here lies the coward, who did not dare forgive!' What, ho! there, officers, uncloset the doors! My masters, let us acquaint the prisoners with their sentence."

With that, Rienzi seated himself on the chair of state, at the head of the table, and the sun now risen cast its rays over the blood-red walls, in which the barons, marshalled in order into the chamber, thought to read their fate.

"My lords," said the Tribune, "ye have offended the laws of God and man; but God teaches man the quality of mercy. Learn at last, that I bear a charmed life. Nor is he, whom for high purposes, Heaven hath raised from the cottage to the popular throne, without invisible aid, and spiritual protection. If hereditary monarchs are deemed sacred, how much more one in whose power the divine hand hath writ its witness. Yes, over him who lives but for his country, whose greatness is his country's gift, whose life is his country's liberty, watch the souls of the just, and the unsleeping eyes of the sworded seraphim! Taught by your late failure and your present peril, bid your anger against me cease; respect the laws, revere the freedom of your city, and think that no state presents a nobler spectacle than men born as ye are,—a patrician and illustrious order—using your power to protect your city, your wealth to nurture its arts, your chivalry to protect its laws! Take back your swords—and the first man who strikes against the liberties of Rome, let him be your victim; even though that victim be the Tribune. Your cause has been tried—your sentence is pronounced. Renew your oath

to forbear all hostility, private or public, against the government and the magistrates of Rome, and ye are pardoned—ye are free!"

Amazed, bewildered, the barons mechanically bent the knee: the friars who had received their confessions, administered the appointed oath; and while, with white lips, they muttered the solemn words, they heard below the roar of the multitude for their blood.

This ceremony ended, the Tribune passed into the banquet hall, which conducted to a balcony, whence he was accustomed to address the people; and never, perhaps, was his wonderful mastery over the passions of an audience, (*ad persuadendum efficacior dictatore quoque dulcis ac lepidus**) more greatly needed or more eminently shown, than on that day; for the fury of the people was at its height, and it was long ere he succeeded in turning it aside. Before he concluded, however, every wave of the wild sea lay hushed.—The orator lived to stand on the same spot, to plead for a nobler life than those he now saved,—and to plead unheard and in vain!

As soon as the Tribune saw the favourable moment had arrived, the barons were admitted into the balcony:—in the presence of the breathless thousands, they solemnly pledged themselves to protect the Good State. And thus the morning which seemed to dawn upon their execution, witnessed their reconciliation with the people.

The crowd dispersed, the majority soothed and pleased;—the more sagacious, vexatious and dissatisfied.

"He has but increased the smoke and the flame which he was not able to extinguish," growled Cecco del Vecchio, and the smith's appropriate saying passed into a proverb and a prophecy.

Meanwhile the Tribune, conscious at least that he had taken the more generous course, broke up the council, and retired to the chamber, where Nina and his sister waited him. These beautiful young women had conceived for each other the tenderest affection. And their differing characters, both of mind and feature, seemed by contrast to heighten the charms of both; as in a skilful jewellery, the pearl and diamond borrow beauty from each other.

And as Irene now turned her pale countenance and streaming eyes from the bosom to which she had clung for support, the timid sister, anxious, doubtful, wistful; the proud wife, sanguine and assured, as if never diffident of the intentions nor of the power of her Rienzi:—the contrast would have furnished to a painter no unworthy incarnation of the Love that hopeth, and the Love that feareth, all things.

"Be cheered, my sweet sister," said the Tribune, first caught by Irene's imploring look, "not a hair on the heads of those, who boast the name of him thou lovest so well, is injured.—Thank heaven," as his sister, with a loud cry, rushed into his arms, "that it was against my life they conspired! had it been another Roman's, mercy might have been a crime! Dearest, may Adrian love thee half as well as I; and yet, my sister and my child, none can know thy soft soul like him, who watched over it since its first blossom expanded to the sun. My poor brother! had he lived, your council had been his, and methinks his gentle spirit often whispers away the sternness which, otherwise, would harden over mine. Nina, my queen, my inspirer, my monitor,—ever thus let thy heart, masculine in my distress, be woman's in my power, and be to me, with Irene, upon earth, what my brother is in heaven!"

The Tribune, exhausted by the trials of the night, retired for a few hours to rest; and as Nina, encircling him within her arms, watched over his noble countenance—care hushed, ambition laid at rest, its serenity had something almost of sublime: And tears of that delicious pride, which woman sheds for the hero of her dreams, stood heavy in the wife's eyes, as she rejoiced more, in the deep stillness of her heart, at the prerogative alone hers, of sharing his solitary hours, than in all the rank to which his destiny had raised her, and which her nature fitted her at once to adorn and to enjoy. In that calm and lonely hour, she beguiled her heart by waking dreams, vainer than the sleeper's—and pictured to herself the long career of glory, the august decline of peace, which were to await her lord.

And while she thus watched and thus dreamed, the cloud, as yet no bigger than a man's hand, darkened the horizon of a fate whose sunshine was well nigh past!

* Petrarch of Rienzi.

CHAPTER II.

THE FLIGHT.

FRETTING his proud heart, as a steed frets on the bit, old Colonna regained his palace. To him, innocent of the proposed crime of his kin and compeers, the whole scene of the night and morning, presented but one feature of insult and degradation. Scarce was he in his palace, ere he ordered courtiers, in whom he knew he could confide, to be in preparation for his summons. "This to Avignon," said he to himself, as he concluded an epistle to the Pontiff—"We will see whether the friendship of the great house of the Colonna, will outweigh the frantic support of the rabble's puppet.—This to Palestrina,—the rock is inaccessible!—This to John di Vico, he may be relied upon, traitor though he be!—This to Naples; the Colonna will disown the Tribune's ambassador, if he throw not up the trust and hasten hither, not a lover but a soldier!—And may this find Walter de Montreal! Ah, a precious messenger he sent us, but I will forgive all—all, for a thousand lances." And as with trembling hands, he twined the silk round his letters—he bade his pages invite to his board next day, all the signors who had been implicated with him on the previous night.

The barons came—far more enraged at the disgrace of pardon, than grateful for the boon of mercy. Their fears united with their pride, and the shouts of the mob, the whine of the cordeliers, still ringing in their ears; they deemed united resistance, the only course left to protect their lives, and avenge their affront.

To them the public pardon of the Tribune seemed only a disguise to private revenge. All they believed was, that Rienzi did not dare to destroy them in the face of day; forgetfulness and forgiveness appeared to them as the means designed to lull their vigilance, while abasing their pride: and the knowledge of crime detected, forbade them all hope of safety. The hand of their own assassin might be armed against them, or they might be ruined singly, one by one, as was the common tyrant-craft of that day. Singularly enough, Luca di Savelli, was the most urgent for immediate rebellion. The fear of death made the coward brave.

Unable even to conceive the romantic generosity of the Tribune, the barons were yet more alarmed when, the next day, Rienzi summoning them one by one to a private audience, presented them with gifts, and bade them forget the past; excused himself rather than them, and augmented their offices and honours.

In the Quixotism of a heart to which royalty was natural, he thought that there was no medium-course—and that the enmity he would not silence by death, he could crush by confidence and favours. Such conduct from a born king to hereditary inferiors, might have been successful. But the generosity of one who has abruptly risen over his lords, is but the ostentation of insult. Rienzi in this, and perhaps in forgiveness itself, committed a fatal error of *policy*, which the dark sagacity of a Visconti, or in later times of a Borgin, would never have perpetrated. But it was the error of a bright and a great mind.

Nina was seated in the grand saloon of the palace, it was the day of reception to the Roman ladies.

The attendance was so much less numerous than usual, that it startled her, and she thought there was a coldness and restraint in the manner of the visitors present, which somewhat stung her vanity.

"I trust we have not offended the Signora Colonna," she said to the lady of Gianni, Stephen's son. "She was wont to grace our halls, and we miss much her stately presence."

"Madam—my lord's mother is unwell!"

"Is she so—we will send for her more welcome newsmethinks we are deserted to-day."

As she spoke, she carelessly dropped her handkerchief—the haughty dame of the Colonna, bent not—not a hand stirred; and the Tribunesa, looked for a moment surprised and disconcerted. Her eye roving over the throng, she perceived several whom she knew as the wives of Rienzi's foes whispering together with meaning glances, and more than one malicious sneer at her mortification was apparent. She recovered herself instantly, and said to the Signora Frangipani, with a smile, "may we be a partaker of your mirth? you seem to have chanced on some gay thought, which it were a sin not to share freely."

The lady she addressed coloured slightly, and replied, "we were thinking, madam, that had the Tribune been present, his vow of knighthood would have been called into requisition."

"And how, Signora?"

"It would have been his pleasing duty, madam, to succour the distrest." And the Signora glanced significantly on the kerchief still on the floor.

"You designed me then this slight, signoras," said Nina, rising with great majesty. "I know not whether your lords are equally bold to the Tribune; but this I know, that the Tribune's wife can in future forgive your absence. Four centuries ago, a Frangipani might well have stooped to a Raselli; to-day the dame of a Roman baron might acknowledge a superior in the wife of the first magistrate of Rome. I compel not your courtesy, nor seek it."

"We have gone too far," whispered one of the ladies to her neighbour. "Perhaps the enterprise may not succeed; and then"—

Farther remark was cut short, by the sudden entrance of the Tribune. He entered with great haste, and on his brow was that dark frown which none ever saw unquailing.

"How, fair matrons," said he, looking round the room with a rapid glance,—“ye have not deserted us yet. By the blessed cross, your lords pay a compliment to our honour, to leave us such lovely hostages, or else, God's truth, they are ungrateful husbands. So, madam,” turning sharp round to the wife of Gianni Colonna, “your husband is fled to Palestrina; yours, Signora Orsini, to Marino; yours with him, fair bride of Frangipani,—ye came hither to—. But ye are sacred even from a word!”

The Tribune paused a moment, evidently striving to suppress his emotion, as he observed the terror he had excited—his eye fell upon Nina, who, forgetting her previous vexation, regarded him with anxious amazement. "Yes, madam," said he to her, "you alone, perhaps, of this fair assemblage know not that the nobles whom I lately released from the Headman's gripe, are a second time forsworn. They have left home in the dead of the night, and already the Heralds proclaim them traitors and rebels. *Rienzi forgives no more!*"

"Tribune," exclaimed the Signora Frangipani, who had more bold blood in her veins, than the whole house, "were I of thine own sex, I would cast the words, Traitor and Rebel, given to my lord, in thine own teeth.—Proud man, the Pontiff, soon will fulfil that office!"

"Your lord is blest with a dove, fair one," said the Tribune, scornfully. "Ladies, fear not, while Rienzi lives, the wife even of his worst foe is safe and honoured. The crowd will be here anon; our guards shall attend ye home in safety, or this palace may be your shelter—for, I warn ye, that your lords have rushed into a great peril. And ere many days be past, the streets of Rome may be as rivers of blood."

"We accept your offer, Tribune," said the Signora Frangipani, who was touched, and, in spite of herself, awed by the Tribune's manner. And as she spoke, she dropt on one knee, picked up the kerchief, and presenting it respectfully to Nina, said, "Madam, forgive me. I alone of these present, respect you more in danger than in pride."

"And I," returned Nina, as she leant in graceful confidence on Rienzi's arms, "I reply, that if there be danger, the more need of pride."

All that day and all that night, rang the great bell of the Capitol. But on the following day-break, the assemblage was thin and scattered; there was a great fear stricken into the hearts of the people, by the flight of the barons, and they bitterly and loudly upbraided Rienzi, for sparing them to this opportunity of mischief. That day the rumours continued; the murmurers for the most part remained within their houses, or assembled in listless or discontented troops. The next day dawned; the same lethargy prevailed. The Tribune summoned his council, (which was a Representative assembly.)

"Shall we go forth as we are," said he, "with such few as will follow the Roman standard?"

"No," replied Pandolfo, who, by nature timid, was yet well acquainted with the disposition of the people, and therefore a sagacious counsellor—"Let us hold back; let us wait till the rebels commit themselves by some odious outrage, and then hatred will unite the waverers, and resentment lead them."

This council prevailed; the event proved its wisdom. To give excuse and dignity to the delay, messengers were sent to Marino, whither the chief part of the barons had fled, and which was strongly fortified, demanding their immediate return.

On the day on which the haughty refusal of the insurgents was brought to Rienzi, came fugitives from all parts of the Campagna. Houses burnt—convents and vineyards pillaged

cattle and horses seized—attested the warfare practised by the barons, and animated the drooping Romans, by showing the mercies they might expect for themselves. That evening, of their own accord, the Romans rushed into the place of the Capitol:—Rinaldo Orsini had seized a fortress in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, and had set fire to a tower, the flames of which were visible to the city. The tenant of the tower, a noble lady, old and widowed, was burnt alive. Then rose the wild clamour—the mighty wrath—the headlong fury. The hour for action had arrived.*

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE.

"I HAVE dreamt a dream," cried Rienzi, leaping from his bed. The lion-hearted Boniface, foe and victim of the Colonna, hath appeared to me, and promised victory. Nina, prepare the laurel-wreath: this day victory shall be ours!"

"Oh, Rienzi, to-day!"

"Yes! hearken to the bell—hearken to the trumpet. Nay, I hear even now the impatient hoofs of my white war-steed!—One kiss, Nina, ere I arm for victory,—stay—comfort poor Irene; let me not see her—she weeps that my foes are akin to her betrothed; I cannot brook her tears; I watched her in her cradle. To-day I must have no weakness on my soul! Knaves, twice-perjured!—wolves, never to be tamed!—shall I meet ye at last sword to sword! Away, sweet Nina, to Irene, quick. Adrian is at Naples, and were he in Rome, her lover is sacred, though fifty times a Colonna."

With that, the Tribune passed in his wardrobe, where his pages and gentlemen attended with his armour. "I hear, by our spies," said he, "that they will be at our gates ere noon—four thousand foot, seven hundred horsemen. We will give them a hearty welcome, my masters. How, Angelo Villani, my pretty page, what do you out of your lady's service?"

"I would fain see a warrior arm for Rome," said the boy, with a boy's energy.

"Bless thee, my child, there spoke one of Rome's true sons!"

"And the signora has promised me that I shall go with her guard to the gates, to hear the news—"

"And report the victory!—thou shalt. But they must not let thee come within shaft-shot. What! my Pandolfo, thou in mail!"

"Rome requires every man," said the citizen, whose weak nerves were strung by the contagion of the general enthusiasm.

"She doth—and once more I am proud to be a Roman. Now, gentles, the Dalmaticum;† I would that every foe should know Rienzi: and, by the Lord of Hosts, fighting at the head of the imperial people, I have a right to the imperial robe! Are the friars prepared? Our march to the gates shall be preceded by a solemn hymn—so fought our sires."

"Tribune, John di Vico, is arrived with a hundred horse, to support the Good State."

"He hath!—The Lord has delivered us then of a foe, and given our dungeons a traitor!—Bring hither yon casket, Angelo.—So—Hark thee! Pandolfo, read this letter."

The citizen read, with surprise and consternation, the answer of the wily prefect, to the Colonna's epistle.

"He promises the baron to desert to him in the battle, with the prefect's banner," said Pandolfo, "what is to be done?"

"What! take my signet—here—see him lodged forthwith in the prison of the Capitol. Bid his train leave Rome, and if found acting with the barons, warn them that their lord dies. Go—see to it without a moment's delay. Meanwhile, to the chapel—we will hear mass."

Within an hour the Roman army—vast, miscellaneous—old men and boys, mingled with the vigour of life, were on their march to the Gate of San Lorenzo; of their number,

which amounted to twenty thousand foot, not one-sixth could be deemed men at arms; but the cavalry was well equipped, and consisted of the lesser barons, and the more opulent citizens. At the head of these rode the Tribune in complete armour, and wearing on his casque a wreath of oak and olive leaves, wrought in silver. Before him waved the great gonfalon of Rome, while in front of this multitudinous array, marched a procession of monks of the order of St. Francis (for the ecclesiastical body of Rome went chiefly with the popular spirit, and its enthusiastic leader,)—slowly chanting the following hymn, which was made inexpressibly startling and imposing at the close of each stanza, by the clash of arms, the blast of trumpets, and the deep roll of the drum; which formed, as it were, a martial chorus to the song.

ROMAN WAR SONG.

1.

March, march for your hearths and your altars!
Curs'd to all time be the dastard that falters,
Never on earth may his sins be forgiven,
Death on his soul, shut the portals of heaven,
A curse on his heart, and a curse on his brain!—
Who strikes not for Rome, shall to Rome be her Cain!

Breeze fill our banners, sun gild our spears,

* *Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!*

Blow, trumpets, blow,

Blow, trumpets, blow,

Gaily to glory we come,

Like a king in his pomp,

To the blast of the tromp,

And the roar of the mighty drum!

Breeze fill our banners, sun gild our spears,

Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!

2.

March, march for your Freedom and Laws!
Earth is your witness—all Earth's is your cause!
Seraph and saint from their glory shall heed ye,
The angel that smote the Assyrian shall lead ye;
To the Christ of the Cross man is never so holy
As in braving the proud in defence of the lowly!

Breeze fill our banners, sun gild our spears,

Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!

Blow, trumpets, blow,

Blow, trumpets, blow,

Gaily to glory we come,

Like a king in his pomp,

To the blast of the tromp,

And the roar of the mighty drum!

Breeze fill our banners, sun gild our spears,

Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!

3.

March, march! ye are sons of the Roman,
The sound of whose step was as fate to the foeman!
Whose realm, save the air and the wave, had no wall,
As he strode through the world like a lord in his hall;
Though your fame hath sunk down to the night of the grave,
It shall rise from the field like the sun from the wave.

Breeze fill our banners, sun gild our spears,

Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!

Blow, trumpets, blow,

Blow, trumpets, blow,

Gaily to glory we come,

Like a king in his pomp,

To the blast of the tromp,

And the roar of the mighty drum!

Breeze fill our banners, sun gild our spears,

Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!

In this order they reached the wide waste that ruin and devastation left within the gates, and, marshalled in long lines on either side, extending far down the vistaed streets, and leaving a broad space in the centre, awaited the order of their leader.

"Throw open the gates and admit the foe!" cried Rienzi, with a loud voice; as the trumpets of the barons announced their approach.

Meanwhile the insurgent patricians, who had marched that morning from a place called the Monument, four miles distant, came gallantly and boldly on.

With old Stephen, whose great height, gaunt frame, and

* Ardea terre, arse la Castelluzza, e case, e uomini. Non si schifo di ardere una nobile donna Vedova, veterana, in una torre. Per tale crudeltà li Romani furo piu irati, &c.—Vita di C. di Rienzi.—Lib. I. Chap. xx.

† A robe or mantle of white, borne by Rienzi; but properly, the emblem of empire.

* Rienzi's word of battle.

lordly air showed well in his gorgeous mail, rode his sons,—the Frangipani and the Savelli, and Giordano Orsini, brother to Rinaldo.

"To-day the tyrant shall perish," said the proud baron.

"And the flag of the Colonna shall wave from the Capitol."

"The flag of the bear," said Giordano Orsini, angrily.—

"The victory will not be yours alone, my lord!"

"Our house ever took precedence in Rome," replied the Colonna, haughtily.

"Never, while one stone of the palaces of the Orsini stands upon another."

"Hush!" said Luca di Savelli, "are ye dividing the skin while the lion lives. We shall have fierce work to-day."

"Not so," said the old Colonna—"John di Vico will turn, with his Romans, at the first onset, and some of the malcontents within have promised to open the gates.—How, knave?" as a scout rode up breathless to the baron, "What tidings?"

"The gates are opened—not a spear gleams from the walls!"

"Did I not tell ye, lords," said the Colonna, turning round triumphantly. "Methinks, we shall win Rome without a single blow. Grandson, where now are thy silly forebodings?" This was said to Pietro, one of his grandsons—the first-born of Gianni—a comely youth, not two weeks wedded, who made no reply. "My little Pietro here," continued the baron, speaking to his comrades, "is so new a bridegroom, that last night he dreamt of his bride: and deems it poor lad, a portent."

"She was in deep mourning, and glided from my arms, uttering, 'Wo, wo, to the Colonna!'" said the young man, solemnly.

"I have lived nearly ninety years," replied the old man, "and I may have dreamt, therefore, some forty thousand dreams; of which, two came true, and the rest were false. Judge, then, what chances are in favour of the science."

Thus conversing, they approached within bow-shot of the gates, which were still open. All was silent as death. The army, which was composed chiefly of foreign mercenaries, halted in deliberation—when, lo!—a torch was suddenly cast on high over the walls; it gleamed a moment—and then hissed in the miry pool below.

"It is the signal of our friends within, as agreed on," cried old Colonna. "Pietro, advance with your company!" The young nobleman closed his visor, put himself at the head of the band under his command; and, with his lance in his rest, rode in a half gallop to the gates. The morning had been clouded and overcast, and the sun, appearing only at intervals, now broke out in a bright stream of light—as it glittered on the waving plume and shining mail of the young horseman, disappearing under the gloomy arch, several paces in advance of his troop. On swept his followers—forward went the cavalry headed by Gianni Colonna, Pietro's father—There was a minute's silence, save by the clatter of the arms, and tramp of hoof—when out rose the abrupt cry—"Rome, the Tribune, and the People! *Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!*" The main body halted aghast. Suddenly Gianni Colonna was seen flying backward from the gate at full speed.

"My son, my son!" he cried, "they have murdered him." He halted abrupt and irresolute, then added, "But I will avenge him!" wheeled round, spurred again through the arch, when a huge machine of iron, shaped as a portcullis, suddenly descended upon the unhappy father, and crushed man and horse to the ground—one blent, mangled, bloody mass.

The old Colonna saw, and scarce believed his eyes; and ere his troop recovered its stupor, the machine rose, and over the corpse dashed the Popular Armament. Thousands upon thousands, they came on; a wild, clamorous, roaring stream. They poured on all sides upon their enemies, who, drawn up in steady discipline, and clad in complete mail, received and broke their charge.

"Revenge, and the Colonna!"—"The bear and the Orsini!"—"Charity and the Frangipani!"—"Strike for the snake and the Savelli!" were then heard on high, mingled with the German and hoarse shout, "Full purses, and the Three kings of Cologne." The Romans, rather ferocious than disciplined, fell butchered in crowds round the ranks of the mercenaries; but as one fell, another succeeded; and still burst with undiminished fervour the counter cry of "Rome, the Tribune, and the People!"—"Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!" Exposed to every shaft and every sword by his emblematic diadem, and his imperial robe, the fierce Rienzi led on each assault, wielding an

enormous battle-axe, for the use of which the Italians were celebrated, and which he regarded as a national weapon. Inspired by every darker and sterner instinct of his nature, his blood heated, his passions aroused, fighting as a citizen for liberty, as a monarch for his crown, his daring seemed to the astonished foe as that of one frantic; his preservation that of one inspired; now here, now there; wherever flagged his own, or failed the opposing force, glittered his white robe, and rose his bloody battle-axe; but his fury seemed rather directed against the chiefs than the herd; and still where his charger wheeled was heard his voice, "Where is a Colonna?"—"Defiance to the Orsini!"—"Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!" Three times was the sally led from the gate; three times were the Romans beaten back; and on the third, the gonfalon, borne before the Tribune, was cloven to the ground. Then, for the first time, he seemed amazed and alarmed, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "O, Lord, hast thou then forsaken me?" with that, taking heart, once more waved his arm, and again he led forward his wild array.

At eve the battle ceased. Of the barons who had been the main object of the Tribune's assault, the pride and boast was broken. Of the princely line of the Colonna, three lay dead. Giordano Orsini was mortally wounded; the fierce Rinaldo had not shared the conflict. Of the Frangipani the haughtiest signors were no more; and Luca, the dastard head of the Savellis, had long since saved himself by flight. On the other hand, the slaughter of the citizens had been prodigious—the ground was swamped with blood—and over heaps of slain, (steeds and riders,) the twilight star beheld Rienzi and the Romans returning victors from the pursuit. Shouts of rejoicing followed the Tribune's panting steed through the arch; and just as he entered the space within, crowds of those whose infirmities, sex or years, had not allowed them to share the conflict,—women, and children, and drivelling age, mingled with the bare feet and dark robes of monks and friars, apprized of the victory, were prepared to hail his triumph.

Rienzi reined his steed by the corpse of the boy Colonna, which lay half immersed in a pool of water, and close by it, removed from the arch where he had fallen, lay that of Gianni Colonna,—(that Gianni Colonna whose spear had dismissed his brother's gentle spirit!) He glanced over the slain, as the melancholy Hesperus played upon the bloody pool and the gory corselet, with a breast heaving with many emotions; and turning, he saw the young Angelo, who, with some of Nina's guard, had repaired to the spot, and had now approached the Tribune.

"Child," said Rienzi, pointing to the dead, "*Blessed art thou who hast no blood of kindred to avenge!*—to him who hath, sooner or later comes the hour—and an awful hour it is!"

The words sank deep into Angelo's heart, and in after life became words of fate to the speaker and the listener.

Ere Rienzi had well recovered himself, and as were heard around him the shrieks of the widows and mothers of the slain—the groans of the dying—the exhortations of the friars—mingled with sounds of joy and triumph,—a cry was raised by the women and stragglers on the battle-field without, of "The foe!—the foe!"

"To your swords," cried the Tribune, "fall back in order;—yet they cannot be so bold."

The tramp of horses—the blast of a trumpet were heard; and presently, at full speed, some thirty horsemen dashed through the gate.

"Your bows," exclaimed the Tribune, advancing;—yet hold—the leader is unarmed—it is our own banner. By our Lady, it is our ambassador of Naples, the lord Adrian di Castello!"

Panting—breathless—covered with dust—Adrian halted at the pool red with the blood of his kindred—and their pale faces, set in death, glared upon him.

"Too late—alas! alas!—dread fate!—unhappy Rome!"

"They fell in the pit they themselves had digged," said the Tribune in a firm but hollow voice.—"Noble Adrian, would thy counsels had prevented this!"

"Away, proud man—away!" said Adrian, impatiently waving his hand,—"thou shouldst protect the lives of Romans, and—oh, Gianni—Pietro—could not birth, renown, and thy green years, poor boy—could not these save ye!"

"Pardon him, my friends," said the Tribune to the crowd,—"his grief is natural, and he knows not all their guilt. Back, I pray ye—leave him to our ministering."

It might have fared ill for Adrian, but for the Tribune's brief speech. And as the young lord, dismounting, now bent over his kinsmen—the Tribune also surrendering his charger to his squires, approached, and despite Adrian's reluctance and aversion, drew him aside,—

* Who had taken their motto from some fabled ancestor who had broke bread with a beggar in a time of famine.

"Young friend," said he, mournfully, "my heart bleeds for you—yet bethink thee, the wrath of the crowd is fresh upon them—be prudent."

"Prudent!"

"Hush—By my honour, these men were not worthy of your name. Twice perjured—once assassins—twice rebels—listen to me!"

"Tribune, I ask no other construing of what I see—they might have died justly, or been butchered foully. But there is no peace between the executioner of my race and me."

"Will you too be forsworn. Thine oath!—Come, come, I hear not these words. Be composed—retire—and if three days hence, you impute any other blame to me, than that of unwise lenity, I absolve you from your oath, and you are free to be my foe. The crowd gape and gaze upon us—a minute more, and I may not avail to save you."

The feelings of the young Patrician, were such as utterly baffle description. He had never been much amongst his house, nor—ever received more than common courtesy at their hands. But lineage, is lineage still! And there, in the fatal hazard of war, lay the tree and sapling, the prime and hope of his race. He felt there was no answer to the Tribune, the very place of their death, proved they had fallen in the assault upon their countrymen. He sympathized not with their cause, but their fate. And rage, revenge alike forbidden—his heart was the more softened to the shock and paralysis of grief. He did not therefore speak, but continued to gaze upon the dead, while large and unheeded tears flowed down his cheeks, and his attitude of dejection and sorrow was so moving, that the crowd at first indignant, now felt for his affliction. At length his mind seemed made up. He turned to Rienzi, and said falteringly, "Tribune, I blame you not, nor accuse. If you have been rash in this, God will have blood for blood. I wage no war with you—you say right, my oath prevents me; and if you govern well, I can still remember that I am a Roman. But—but—look to that bleeding clay—we meet no more!—your sister—God be with her!—between her and me, flows a dark gulf!" The young noble paused some moments choked by his emotions, and then continued, "these papers discharge me of my mission. Standard-bearers, lay down the banner of the Republic. Tribune, speak not—I would be calm—calm.—And so—farewell to Rome." With a hurried glance towards the dead, he sprung upon his steed, and followed by his train, vanished through the arch.

The Tribune had not attempted to detain him—had not interrupted him. He felt that the young noble had thought—acted as became him best. He followed him with his eyes.

"And thus," said he, gloomily—"Fate plucks from me my noblest friend, and my justest counsellor—a better man Rome never lost!"

Such is the eternal doom of disordered states. The mediator between rank and rank,—the kindly noble—the dispassionate patriot—the first to act—the most hailed in action—darkly vanishes from the scene. Fiercer and more unscrupulous spirits alone stalk the field; and no neutral and harmonizing link remains between hate and hate,—until exhaustion, sick with horrors, succeeds to frenzy,—and despotism is welcomed as repose!

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOLLOWNESS OF THE BASE.

THE rapid and busy march of state events has led us long away from the sister of the Tribune and the betrothed of Adrian. And the sweet thoughts and gentle day-dreams of that fair and enamoured girl, however full to her of an interest beyond all the storms and perils of ambition, are not so readily adapted to narration:—their soft monotony a few words can paint. They knew but one image, they tended to but one prospect. Shrinking from the glare of her brother's court, and eclipsed, when she forced herself to appear, by the more matured and dazzling beauty, and all-commanding presence of Nina,—to her the pomp and crowd seemed an unreal pageant, from which she retired to the *truth of life*,—the hopes and musings of her own heart. Poor girl! with all the soft and tender nature of her dead brother, and none of the stern genius and the prodigal ambition,—the eye-aching ostentation and fervour of the living,—she was but ill-fitted for the unquiet but splendid region to which she was thus suddenly transferred.

With all her affection for Rienzi, she could not conquer a

certain fear which, conjoined with the difference of sex and age, forbade her to be communicative with him upon the subject most upon her heart.

As the absence of Adrian at the Neapolitan Court passed the anticipated date, (for at no Court then, with a throne fiercely disputed, did the Tribune require a nobler or more intelligent representative—and intrigues and counter-intrigues delayed his departure from week to week,) she grew uneasy and alarmed. Like many, themselves unseen, inactive, the spectators of the scene, she saw involuntarily farther into the time than the deeper intellect either of the Tribune or Nina: and the dangerous discontent of the nobles was visible and audible to her in looks and whispers, which reached not acuter or more suspected ears and eyes. Anxiously, restlessly, did she long for the return of Adrian, not from selfish motives alone, but from well-founded apprehensions for her brother. With Adrian di Castello, alike a noble and a patriot, each party had found a mediator, and his presence grew daily more needed, till at length the conspiracy of the Barons had broken out. From that hour she scarce dared to hope; her calm sense, unblinded by the high-wrought genius which, as too often happens, made the Tribune see harsh realities through a false and brilliant light, felt that the Rubicon was passed; and through all the events that followed she could behold but two images—danger to her brother, separation from her betrothed.

With Nina alone could her full heart confer; for Nina, with all the differences of character, was a woman who loved. And this united them. In the earlier power of Rienzi, many of their happiest hours had been passed together, remote from the gaudy crowd, alone and unrestrained, in the summer nights, on the moonlit balconies, in that interchange of thought, sympathy, and consolation which to two impassioned and guileless women makes the most interesting occupation and the most effectual solace. But of late this intercourse had been much marred. From the morning in which the Barons had received their pardon, to that on which they had marched on Rome, had been one succession of fierce excitements. Every face Irene saw was clouded and overcast—all gaiety was suspended—bustling and anxious counsellors, or armed soldiers, had for days been the only visitors of the palace. Rienzi had been seen but for short moments: his brow wrapt in care. Nina had been more fond, more caressing than ever, but in those caresses there seemed a mournful and ominous compassion. The attempts at comfort and hope were succeeded by a sickly smile and broken words; and Irene was prepared, by the presentiments of her own heart, for the stroke that fell—victory was to her brother—his foe was crushed—Rome was free—but the lofty house of the Colonnas had lost its stateliest props, and Adrian was gone for ever!—she did not blame her brother; each had acted as became his several station. She was the poor sacrifice of events and fate—the Iphigenia to the Winds which were to bear the bark of Rome to the haven, or, it might be, to whelm it in the abyss. She was stunned by the blow; she did not even weep or complain; she bowed to the storm that swept over her, and it passed. For two days she neither took food nor rest; she shut herself up, she asked only the boon of solitude: but on the third morning she recovered as by a miracle, for on the third morning the following letter was left at the palace.

"IRENE.—Ere this you have learnt my deep cause of grief; you feel that to a Colonna Rome can no longer be a home, nor Rome's Tribune be a brother. While I write these words honour but feebly supports me: all the hopes I had formed, all the prospects I had pictured, all the love I bore and bear thee rush upon my heart, and I can only feel that I am wretched. Irene, Irene, your sweet face rises before me, and in those beloved eyes I read that I am forgiven, I am understood; and dearly as I know thou lovest me, thou wouldst rather I were lost to thee, rather I were in the grave with my kinsmen, than know I lived the reproach of my order, the recreant of my name. Ah! why was I a Colonna? why did fortune make me noble, and nature and circumstance attach me to the people? I am barred alike from love and from revenge; all my revenge falls upon thee and me. Adored! we are perhaps separated for ever; but, by all the happiness I have known by thy side—by all the rapture of which I dreamed—by that delicious hour which first gave thee to my gaze, when I watched the soft soul returning to thine eyes and lip—by thy first blushing confession of love—by our first kiss—by our last farewell—I swear to be faithful to thee to the last. None other shall ever chase thine image from my heart. And now, when Hope seems over, Faith becomes doubly sacred; and thou, my beautiful, wilt thou not remember me? wilt thou not feel as if

we were the betrothed of heaven? In the legends of the North we are told of the knight who, returning from the Holy Land, found his mistress (believing his death) the bride of heaven, and he built a hermitage by the convent where she dwelt, and though they never saw each other more their souls were faithful unto death. Even so, Irene, be we to each other—dead to all else—betrothed in memory—to be wedded above! And yet, yet ere I close, one hope dawns upon me. Thy brother's career, bright and lofty, may be but as a falling star; should darkness swallow it, should his power cease, should his throne be broken, and Rome know no more her Tribune; shouldst thou no longer have a brother in the judge and destroyer of my house; shouldst thou be stricken from pomp and state; shouldst thou be friendless, kindredless, alone—then, without a stain on mine honour, without the shame and odium of receiving power and happiness from hands yet red with the blood of my race, I may claim thee as my own. Honour ceases to command when thou ceasest to be great. I dare not indulge farther in this dream, perchance it is a sin in both. But it must be whispered, that thou mayest know all thy Adrian, all his weakness and his strength. My own loved, my ever loved, loved more fondly now when loved despairingly, farewell! May angels heal thy sorrow, and guard me from sin, that hereafter at least we may meet again!"

"He loves me—he loves me still!" said the maiden, weeping at last, "and I am blest once more!"

With that letter pressed to her heart she recovered outwardly from the depth of her affliction; she met her brother with a smile, and Nina with embraces! and if still she pined and sorrowed, it was that "concealment" which is the "worm" the bud."

Mean while, after the first blush of victory, lamentation succeeded to joy in Rome; so great had been the slaughter that the private grief was large enough to swallow up all public triumph; and many of the mourners blamed even their defender for the swords of the assailant, "*Roma fu terribilmente vedovata*." The numerous funerals deeply affected the Tribune; and, in proportion to his sympathy with his people, grew his stern indignation against the barons. Like all men whose religion is intense, passionate, and zealous, the Tribune had little toleration for those crimes which went to the root of religion. Perjury was to him the most base and inexpiable of offences, and the slain Barons had been twice perjured: in the bitterness of his wrath he forbade their families for some days to minister and lament over their remains; and it was only in private and in secret that he permitted them to be interred in their ancestral vaults; an excess of vengeance which sullied his laurels, but which was scarcely inconsistent with the stern patriotism of his character. Impatient to finish what he had begun, anxious to march at once to Marino, where the insurgents collected their shattered forces, he summoned his council, and represented the certainty of victory, and its result in the complete restoration of peace. But pay was due to the soldiery; they already murmured; the treasury was emptied, it was necessary to fill it by raising a new tax.

Among the counsellors were some whose families had suffered grievously in the battle—they lent a lukewarm attention to propositions of continued strife. Others, among whom was Pandolfo, timid but well-meaning, aware that grief and terror even of their own triumph had produced reaction amongst the people—declared that they would not venture to propose a new tax. A third party, headed by Baroncelli—a demagogue whose ambition was without principle—but who, by pandering to the worst passions of the populace, by a sturdy coarseness of nature with which they sympathized—and by that affectation of advancing what we now term the "movement," which often gives to the fiercest fool an advantage over the most prudent statesman, had quietly acquired a great influence with the lower ranks—offered a more bold opposition. They dared even to blame the proud Tribune for the gorgeous extravagance they had themselves been the first to recommend—and half insinuated sinister and treacherous motives in his acquittal of the Barons from the accusation of Rodolf. In the very Parliament the Tribune had revived and remodelled for the support of freedom—freedom was abandoned. His fiery eloquence met with a gloomy silence, and finally, the votes were against his propositions for the new tax and the march to Marino. Rienzi broke up the council in haste and disorder. As he left the hall, a letter was put into his hands; he read it and remained for some moments as one thunderstruck—he then summoned the Captain of his Guards, and ordered a band of fifty horsemen to be prepared for his commands; he repaired to Nina's apartment, he found her alone, and stood for some moments gazing upon her so intently that she was awed and

chilled from all attempt at speech. At length he said abruptly—

"We must part."

"Part!"

"Yes, Nina—Your guard is preparing, you have relations, I have friends, at Florence. Florence must be your home."

"Cola,"

"Look not on me thus—In power, in state, in safety—you were my ornament and counsellor. Now you but embarrass me. And——"

"Oh, Cola, speak not thus. What hath chanced! Be not so cold—frown not—turn not away. Am I not something more to thee, than the partner of joyous hours—the minion of love. Am I not thy wife, Cola—not thy leman!"

"Too dear—too dear to me," muttered the Tribune; "with thee by my side I shall be but half a Roman. Nina, the base slaves whom I myself made free desert me.—Now, in the very hour in which I might sweep away for ever all obstacles to the regeneration of Rome, now, when one conquest points the path to complete success—now when the land is visible, my fortune suddenly leaves me in the midst of the seas! There is greater danger now than in the rage of the Barons—the Barons are fled; it is the People who are becoming traitors to Rome and to me."

"And wouldst thou have me traitor also? No, Cola; in death itself Nina shall be beside thee. Life and honour are reflected but from thee, and the stroke that slays the substance, shall destroy the humble shadow. I will not part from thee."

"Nina," said the Tribune, contending with strong and convulsive emotion—"it may be literally of death that you speak. Go! leave one who can no longer protect you or Rome!"

"Never—Never."

"You are resolved."

"I am."

"Be it so," said the Tribune, with deep sadness in his tone. "Arm thee for the worst."

"There is no worst with thee, Cola!"

"Come to my arms, brave woman; thy words rebuke my weakness. But, Irene!—if I fall, you will not survive—your beauty a prey to the most lustful heart and the strongest hand. We will have the same tomb on the wrecks of Roman liberty. But my sister is of weaker mould; poor child, I have robbed her of a lover, and now——"

"You are right, let Irene go. And in truth we may well disguise from her the real cause of her departure. Change of scene were best for her grief; and under all circumstances would seem decorum to the curious. I will see and prepare her."

"Do so, sweetheart. I would gladly be a moment alone with thought. But remember she must part to-day—our sands run low."

As the door closed on Nina the Tribune took out the letter and again read it deliberately. "So the Pope's Legate left Sienna:—prayed that Republic to withdraw its auxiliary troops from Rome—proclaimed me a rebel and a heretic;—thence repaired to Marius;—now in council with the Barons. Why, have my dreams belied me then—false as the waking things that flatter and betray by day? In such peril will the people forsake me and themselves! Army of saints and martyrs, shades of heroes and Patriots, have ye abandoned for ever your ancient home! No, no, I was not raised to perish thus; I will defeat them yet—and leave my name a legacy to Rome; a warning to the oppressor—an example to the free!"

CHAPTER V.

THE ROTTENNESS OF THE EDIFICE.

THE kindly skill of Nina induced Irene to believe that it was but the tender consideration of her brother to change a scene embittered by her own thoughts, and in which the notoriety of her engagement with Adrian exposed her to all that could mortify and embarrass, which led to the proposition of her visit to Florence. Its suddenness was ascribed to the occasion of an unexpected mission to Florence (for a loan of arms and money,) which thus gave her a safe and honoured escort. Passively she submitted to what she herself deemed a relief—and it was agreed that she should for awhile be the guest of a relation of Nina's, who was the abbess of one of the wealthiest of the Florentine convents—the idea of monas-

tic seclusion was welcome to the bruised heart and wearied spirit.

But though not apprized of the immediate peril of Rienzi, it was with deep sadness and gloomy forebodings that she returned his embrace and parting blessing; and when at length alone in her litter, and beyond the gates of Rome, she repented a departure to which the chance of danger gave the seeming of desertion.

Meanwhile as the declining day closed around the litter and its troop, more turbulent actors in the drama demand our audience. The traders and artisans of Rome at that time, and especially during the popular government of Rienzi, held weekly meetings in each of the thirteen quarters of the city. And in the most democratic of these, Cecco del Vecchio was an oracle and leader. It was at that assembly, over which the smith presided, that the murmurs that preceded the earthquake were heard.

"So," cried one of the company—Luigi, the goodly butcher, "they say he wanted to put a new tax on us; and that is the reason he broke up the Council to-day;—because, good men, they were honest, and had bowels for the people; it is a shame and a sin that the treasury should be empty."

"I told him," said the smith, "to beware how he taxed the people. Poor men won't be taxed. But as he does not follow my advice, he must take the consequence—the horse runs from one hand, the halter remains in the other."

"Take *your* advice, Cecco! I warrant me his stomach is too high for that now. Why he is grown as proud as a pope."

"For all that, he is a great man," said one of the party. "He gave us laws—he rid the Campagna of robbers—filled the streets with merchants, and the shops with wares—defeated the boldest lords and fiercest soldiery of Italy—"

"And now wants to tax the people!—that's all the thanks we get for helping him," said the grumbling Cecco. "What would he have been without us!—we that make can unmake."

"But," continued the advocate, seeing that he had his supporters—"But then he taxes us for our own liberties."

"Who strikes at them now?" asked the butcher.

"Why the Barons are daily mustering new strength at Marino."

"Marino is not Rome," said Luigi the butcher. "Let's wait till they come to our gates again—we know how to receive them. Though, for the matter of that, I think we have had enough fighting—my two poor brothers had each a stab too much for them. Why won't the Tribune, if he be a great man, let us have peace. All we want now is quiet."

"Ah!" said the seller of horse-harness. "Let him make it up with the Barons. They were good customers after all."

"For my part," said a merry-looking fellow, who had been a grave-digger in bad times, and had now opened a stall of wares for the living, "I could forgive him all, but bathing in the holy vase of porphyry."

"Ah, that was a bad job," said several, shaking their heads.

"And the knighthood was but a silly show, an it were not for the wine from the horse's nostrils—that had some sense in it."

"My masters," said Cecco, "the folly was in not beheading the Barons when he had them all in the net, and so Messere Baroncelli says. (Ah, Baroncelli is an honest man, and follows no half measures!)—it was a sort of treason to the people not to do so. Why, but for that, we should never have lost so many tall fellows by the gate of San Lorenzo."

"True, true, it was a shame; some say the Barons bought him."

"And then," said another, "those poor Lords Colonna—boy and man—they were the best of the family, save the Castello. I vow I pitied them."

"But to the point," said one of the crowd, *the richest* of the set, "*the tax is the thing.*—The ingratitude to tax us.—Let him dare do it!"

"Oh, he will not dare, for I hear that the pope's bristles are up at last; so he will only have us to depend upon!"

The door was thrown open—a man rushed in open-mouthed—

"Masters, masters, the pope's legate has arrived at Rome, and sent for the Tribune, who has just left his presence."

Ere his auditors had recovered their surprise, the sound of trumpets made them rush forth; they saw Rienzi sweep by with his usual cavalcade, and his proud array. The twilight was advancing, and torch-bearers preceded his way. Upon his countenance was deep calm, but it was not the calm of contentment. He passed on, and the street was again desolate. Meanwhile Rienzi reached the Capitol in silence, and mounted to the apartments of the palace, where Nina, pale and breathless, awaited his return.

"Well, well, thou smilest! No—it is that dread smile, worse than frowns. Speak, beloved, speak. What said the Cardinal?"

"Little thou wilt love to hear. He spoke at first high and solemnly, about the crime of declaring the Romans free; next about the treason of asserting that the election of the king of Rome was in the hands of the Romans."

"Well—thy answer."

"That which became Rome's Tribune, I re-asserted each right, and proved it. The Cardinal passed to other charges."

"What?"

"The blood of the Barons by San Lorenzo, blood only shed in our own defence against perjured assailants; this is in reality the main crime. The Colonnas have the Pope's ear. Furthermore, the sacrilege—yes, the sacrilege (come, laugh, Nina, laugh!) of bathing in a vase of porphyry used by Constantine while yet a heathen."

"Can it be! What saidst thou?"

"I laughed. 'Cardinal,' quoth I, 'what was not too good for a heathen is not too good for a Christian Catholic?' And verily the sour Frenchman looked as if I had smote him on the hip."

"When he had done, I asked him, in my turn, 'Is it alleged against me that I have wronged one man in my judgment-court?'—Silence. 'Is it said that I have broken one law of the state?'—Silence. 'Is it even whispered that trade does not flourish—that life is not safe—that abroad or at home the Roman name is not honoured, to that point which no former rule can parallel?'—Silence. 'Then,' said I, 'Lord Cardinal, I demand thy thanks, not thy censure.' His eminence looked, and looked, and trembled, and shrunk, and then out he spake. 'I have but one mission to fulfil, on the part of the Pontiff—resign at once thy Tribuneship, or the Church inflicts upon thee its solemn curse.'"

"How—how!" said Nina, turning very pale; "what is it that awaits thee?"

"Excommunication!"

This awful sentence, by which the spiritual arm had so often stricken down the fiercest foe, came to Nina's ear as a knell. She covered her face with her hands. Rienzi paced the room with rapid strides. "The curse!" he muttered; "the Church's curse—for me—for me!"

"Oh, Cola! didst thou not seek to pacify this stern—"

"Pacify! Death and dishonour! Pacify! 'Cardinal,' I said, and I felt his soul shrivel at my gaze, 'my power I received from the people—to the people alone I render it. For my soul, man's word cannot scathe it. Thou, haughty priest, thou art thyself the accursed, if, puppet and tool of low cabals and exiled tyrants, thou breathest but a breath in the name of the Lord of Justice, for the cause of the oppressor, and against the rights of the oppressed.' With that I left him, and now—"

"Ay, now—now what will happen? Excommunication! In the metropolis of the Church, too—the superstition of the people! Oh, Cola!"

"If," muttered Rienzi, "my conscience condemned me of one crime—if I had stained my hands in one just man's blood—if I had broken one law I myself had framed—if I had taken bribes or wronged the poor, or scorned the orphan, or shut my heart to the widow—then, then—but no! Lord, thou wilt not desert me!"

"But *man* may!" thought Nina mournfully, as she perceived that one of Rienzi's dark fits of fanatical and mystical reverie was growing over him—fits which he suffered no living eye, not even Nina's, to witness when they gathered to their height. And now, indeed, after a short interval of muttered soliloquy, in which his face worked so that the veins on his temple swelled up like cords, he abruptly left the room, and sought the private oratory connected with his closet. Over the emotions there indulged let us draw the veil. Who shall describe those awful and mysterious moments, when man, with all his fiery passions, turbulent thoughts, wild hopes, and despondent fears, demands the solitary audience of his Maker.

It was long after this conference with Nina, and the midnight bell had long tolled, when Rienzi stood alone, upon one of the balconies of the palace, to cool, in the starry air, the fever that yet lingered on his exhausted frame. The night was exceedingly calm, the air clear but chill, for it was now December. He gazed intently upon those solemn orbs to which our wild credulity has referred the prophecies of our doom.

"Vain science!" thought the Tribune, "and gloomy fantasy, that man's fate is pre-ordained—irrevocable—unchangeable, from the moment of his birth! Yet, were the dream

not baseless, fain would I know which of you stately lights is my natal star which images—which reflects—my career in life, and the memory I shall leave in death." As this thought crossed him, and his gaze was still fixed above, he saw, as if made suddenly more distinct than the stars around it, that rapid and fiery comet which in the winter of 1347 dismayed the superstitions of those who recognized in the stranger of the heavens the omen of disaster and of woe. He recoiled as it met his eye, and muttered to himself,—"Is such indeed my type! or, if the legendary lore speak true, and these strange fires portend nations ruined and rulers overthrown, does it foretell my fate? I will think no more."* As his eyes fell, they rested upon the colossal Lion of Bassalt in the place below, the starlight investing its gray and towering form with a more ghostly whiteness, and then it was, that he perceived two figures in black robes lingering by the pedestal which supported the statue, and apparently engaged in some occupation which he could not guess. A fear shot through his veins, for he had never been able to divest himself of the vague idea that there was some solemn and appointed connexion between his fate and that dismal relic. Somewhat relieved, he heard his sentry challenge the intruders; and as they came forward to the light, he perceived that they wore the garments of monks.

"Molest us not, son," said one of them. "By order of the Legate of the Holy Father we but affix to this public monument of justice and of wrath, the bull of excommunication against a heretic and rebel. Wo to the Accursed of the Church!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE FALL OF THE TEMPLE.

It was as a thunderbolt in a serene day—the reverse of the Tribune in the zenith of his power, in the abasement of his foe; when with but a handful of brave Romans, determined to be free, he might have crushed for ever the antagonist power to the Roman liberties—have secured the rights of his country, and filled up the measure of his own renown. Such a reverse was the very mockery of Fate, who bore him through disaster, to abandon him in the sunniest noon of his prosperity.

The next morning not a soul was to be seen in the streets; the shops were shut—the churches closed; the city was as under an interdict. The awful curse of the papal excommunication upon the chief magistrate of the pontifical city, seemed to freeze up all the arteries of life. The legate, himself, affecting fear of his life, had fled to Monte Fiascone, where he was joined by the Barons immediately after the publication of the edict. The curse worked best in the absence of the exorciser.

Towards evening a few persons might be seen traversing the broad space of the Capitol, crossing themselves, as the bull, placarded on the Lion, met their eyes, and disappearing within the great doors of the palace. By and by, a few anxious groups collected in the streets, but they soon dispersed. It was a paralysis of all intercourse and commune. That spiritual and unarmed authority, which, like the invisible hand of God, desolated the market-place, and humbled the crowned head—no physical force could rally against or resist. Yet, through the universal awe, one conviction touched the multitude—it was for them that their Tribune was thus blasted in the midst of his glories! The words of the Brand recorded against him on wall and column detailed his offences—rebellion in asserting the liberties of Rome—heresy in purifying ecclesiastical abuses;—and, to serve for a miserable covert to the rest, it was sacrilege for bathing in the porphyry vase of Constantine. They felt the conviction; they sighed—they shuddered—and, in his vast palace, save a few attached and devoted hearts, the Tribune was alone!

The staunchest of his Tuscan soldiery were gone with Irene. The rest of his force, save a few remaining guards, was the paid Roman militia, composed of citizens; who, long discontented by the delay of their stipends, now seized on the

excuse of the excommunication to remain passive, but grumbling, in their homes.

On the third day, a new incident broke upon the death-like lethargy of the city; a hundred and fifty mercenaries, with Pepin of Minorbino, a Neapolitan, half noble, half bandit—(a creature of Montreal's) at their head, entered the city, seized upon the fortresses of the Colonna, and sent a herald through the city, proclaiming, in the name of the Cardinal Legate,—the reward of ten thousand florins for the head of Cola di Rienzi.

Then, swelled on high, shrill and inspiring as of old, the great bell of the Capitol—the people, listless, disheartened, awed by the spiritual fear of the Papal authority, (yet greater, on such events, since the removal of the see,) came unarmed to the Capitol; and there, by the Place of the Lion, stood the Tribune. His squires, below the step, held his war-horse, his helm, and the same battle-axe which had blazed in the van of victorious war.

Beside him were a few of his guard, his attendants, and two or three of the principal citizens.

He stood bare-headed and erect, gazing upon the abashed and unarmed crowd with a look of bitter scorn, mingled with deep compassion; and as the bell ceased its toll, and the throng remained hushed and listening, he thus spoke:—

"Ye come, then, once again!...Come ye as slaves or free-men! A handful of armed men are within your walls: will ye who chased from your gates the haughtiest knights—the most practised battle-men of Rome, succumb now to one hundred and fifty hirelings and strangers! Will ye arm for your Tribune! You are silent!—be it so. Will you arm for *your own* liberties—*your own* Rome! silent still! By the saints that reign on the throne of the heathen gods, are ye thus fallen from your birth-right! Have you no arms for your own defence? Romans, hear me! Have I wronged you—if so, by *your* hands let me die: and then, with knives yet reeking with my blood, go forward against the robber who is but the herald of your slavery; and I die honoured, grateful, and avenged. You weep. Great God, you weep! Ay, and I could weep, too—that I should live to speak of liberty in vain to Romans—Weep!—is this an hour for tears!—Weep now, and your tears shall ripen harvests of crime, and license and despotism to come! Romans, arm; follow me at once to the Place of the Colonna: expel this ruffian—expel your enemy—(no matter what afterwards you do to me!) he paused; no ardour was kindled by his words—"or," he continued, "I abandon you to your fate." There was a long low general murmur, at length it became shaped into speech; and many voices cried simultaneously—"the Pope's bull—Thou art a man accursed!"

"What!" cried the Tribune; "and is it *ye* who forsake me, for whose cause alone man dares to hurl against me the thunders of his God! Is it not for *you* that I am declared heretic and rebel? What are my imputed crimes? that I have *made* Rome and *asserted* Italy to be free!—that I have subdued the proud Magnates, who were the scourge both of Pope and people. And you—you upbraid me with what I have dared and done for you! Men, *with* you I would have fought, *for* you I would have perished. You forsake yourselves in forsaking me, and since I no longer rule over brave men, I resign my power to the tyrants you prefer. Seven months I have ruled over you, prosperous in commerce, stainless in justice—victorious in the field:—I have shown you what Rome could be; and, since I abdicate the government ye gave me,—when I am gone, strike for your own freedom! It matters nothing who is the chief of a brave and great people. Prove that Rome hath many a Rienzi, but of brighter fortunes."

"I would he had not sought to tax us," said Cecco del Vecchio, who was the very incarnation of the vulgar feeling; "and that he had beheaded the Barons."

"Ay!" cried the ex-grave-digger; "but that blessed porphyry vase!"

"And why should we get our throats cut," said the butcher, "like my two brothers—God rest them."

On the face of the general multitude there was a common expression of irresolution and shame; many wept and groaned, none (save the aforesaid grumblers) *accused*; none upbraided, but none seemed disposed to arm. It was one of those listless panics, those strange fits of indifference and lethargy which often seize upon a people who make liberty a matter of impulse and caprice, to whom it has become a catchword, who have not long enjoyed all its rational, and sound, and practical, and blessed results; who have been affrayed by the storms that herald its dawn;—a people such as is common to the south; such as even the north has known; such as, had Cromwell lived a year longer, even England might have seen; and,

* Alas! if by the Romans associated with the fall of Rienzi, that comet was by the rest of Europe connected with the more dire calamity of the Great Plague that so soon afterwards ensued.

indeed, in some measure such a reaction from popular enthusiasm to popular indifference England *did* see, when her children madly surrendered the fruits of a bloody war, without reserve, without foresight, to the lewd pensioner of Louis, and the royal murderer of Sidney. To such prostration of soul, such blindness of intellect, even the noblest people will be subjected, when liberty, which should be the growth of ages, spreading its roots through the strata of a thousand customs, is raised, the exotic of an hour, and (like the Tree and Dryad of ancient fable) flourishes and withers with the single spirit that protects it.

"Oh Heaven, that I were a man!" exclaimed Angelo, who stood behind Rienzi.

"Hear him, hear the boy," cried the Tribune: "out of the mouths of babes speaketh wisdom! He wishes that he were a man, as ye are men, that he might do as ye should do. Mark me,—I ride with these faithful few through the quarter of the Colonna, before the fortress of your foe. Three times before that fortress shall my trumpets sound, if at the third blast ye come not, armed as befits ye—I say not all, but two, but *one* hundred of ye—I break up my wand of office, and the world shall say one hundred and fifty robbers quelled the soul of Rome, and crushed her magistrate and her laws!"

With those words he descended the stairs, and mounted his charger; the populace gave way in silence, and the Tribune and his slender train passed slowly on, and gradually vanished from the view of the increasing crowd.

The Romans remained on the place, and after a pause, the demagogue Baroncelli, who saw an opening to his ambition, addressed them. Though not an eloquent nor gifted man, he had the art of uttering the most popular commonplaces. And he knew the weak side of his audience, in their vanity, indolence, and arrogant pride.

"Look you, my masters," said he, leaping up to the place of the Lion; "the Tribune talks bravely, he always did, but the monkey used the cat for his chesnuts; he wants to thrust your paws into the fire, you will not be so silly as to let him. The saints bless us; but the Tribune, good man, gets a palace and has banquets, and bathes in a porphyry vase; the more shame on him—in which San Sylvester christened the Emperor Constantine; all this is worth fighting for; but you, my masters, what do you get except hard blows, and a stare at a holiday spectacle? Why, if you beat these fellows, you will have another tax on the wine, *that* will be *your* reward!"

"Hark," cried Cecco, "there sounds the trumpet,—a pity he wanted to tax us."

"True," cried Baroncelli, "there sounds the trumpet, a silver trumpet by the Lord! Next week, if you help him out of the scrape, he'll have a golden one. But go—why don't you move, my friends, 'tis but one hundred and fifty mercenaries; true, they are devils to fight, clad in armour from top to toe; but what then,—if they do cut some four or five hundred throats, you'll beat them at last, and the Tribune will sup the merrier."

"There goes the second blast," said the butcher. "If my old mother had not lost two of us already, 'tis odds, but I'd strike a blow for the bold Tribune."

"You had better put more quicksilver in you," continued Baroncelli, "or you'll be too late. And what a pity that will be!—if you believe the Tribune, he is the only man that can save Rome. What, you, the finest people in the world—you, not able to save yourselves!—you, bound up with one man—you, not able to dictate to the Colonna and Orsini! Why, who beat the Barons at San Lorenzo? Was it not you? Ah! you got the buffets, and the Tribune the *moneta*: Tush, my friends, let the man go; I warrant there are plenty as good as he to be bought a cheaper bargain. And,—hark! there is the third blast; it is too late now!"

As the trumpet from the distance sounded its long and melancholy note, it was the last warning of the parting genius of the place; and when silence swallowed up the sound, a gloom fell over the whole assembly. They began to regret, to repent, when regret and repentance availed no more; the buffoonery of Baroncelli became suddenly displeasing; and the orator had the mortification of seeing his audience disperse in all directions, just as he was about to inform them what great things he himself could do in their behalf.

Meanwhile the Tribune passing unscathed through the dangerous quarter of the enemy, who, dismayed at his approach, shrunk within their fortresses, proceeded to the Castle of St. Angelo, whither Nina had already preceded him; and which he entered to find that proud lady with a smile for his safety,—without a tear for his reverse.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUCCESSORS OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL REVOLUTION.—WHO IS TO BLAME—THE FORSAKEN ONE OR THE FORSAKERS?

CHEERFULLY broke the winter sun over the streets of Rome, as the army of the Barons swept along them. The Cardinal Legate at the head; the old Colonna (no longer haughty and erect, but bowed, and broken-hearted at the loss of his sons) at his right hand;—the sleek smile of Luca Savelli—the black frown of Rinaldo Orsini, were seen close behind. A long but barbarous array it was; made up chiefly of foreign hirelings; nor did the procession resemble the return of exiled citizens, but the march of invading foes.

"My Lord Colonna," said the Cardinal de Deux, a small withered man, by birth a Frenchman, and full of the bitterest prejudices against the Romans, who had in a former mission very ill received him, as was their want with foreign ecclesiastics. "This Pepin whom Montreal has deputed at your orders, hath done us indeed good service."

The old lord bowed, but made no answer. His strong intellect was already broken, and there was dotage in his glassy eye. The Cardinal muttered; "He hears me not; sorrow hath brought him to second childhood!" and looking back, motioned to Luca Savelli to approach.

"Luca," said the legate, "it was fortunate that the Hungarians' black banner detained the Provencal at Aversa. Had he entered Rome, we might have found Rienzi's successor worse than the Tribune himself. Montreal," he added, with a slight emphasis, and a curled lip, "is a gentleman, and a Frenchman. This Pepin, who is his delegate, we must bribe, or menace to our will."

"Assuredly," answered Savelli, "it is not a difficult task, for Montreal calculated on a more stubborn contest, which he himself would have found leisure to close."

"As Podesta, or prince of Rome! the modest man! we Frenchmen have a due sense of our own merits; but this sudden victory surprises him as it doth us, Luca; and we shall wrest the prey from Pepin, ere Montreal can come to his help! But Rienzi must die. He is still, I hear, shut up in St. Angelo. The Orsini shall storm him there ere the day be much older. To-day we possess the Capitol—annul all the rebel's laws—break up his ridiculous parliament, and put all the government of the city under three senators. Rinaldo, Orsini, Colonna, and myself; you, my lord, I trust we shall fitly provide for."

"Oh! I am rewarded enough by returning to my palace; and a descent on the Jeweller's quarter will soon build up its fortifications. Luca Savelli is not an ambitious man. He wants but to live in peace."

The Cardinal smiled sourly, and took the turn towards the Capitol.

In the front space the usual gapers were assembled. "Make way, make way, knaves," cried the guards, tramping on either side the crowd, who, accustomed to the sedate and courteous order of Rienzi's guard, fell back too slowly for many of them to escape severe injury from the pikes of the soldiers and the hoofs of the horses. Our friend, Luigi, the butcher was one of these, and the surliness of the Roman blood was past boiling heat when he received in his ample stomach the blunt end of a German's pike. "There, Roman," said the rude mercenary, in his barbarous attempt at Italian, "make way for your betters; you have had enough crowds and shows of late, in all conscience."

"Bettors!" gulped out the poor butcher; "a Roman has no betters; and if I had not lost two brothers by San Lorenzo I would—"

"The dog is mutinous," said one of the followers of the Orsini, succeeding the German who had passed on. "And talks of San Lorenzo!"

"Oh!" said another Orsinit who rode abreast, "I remember him of old. He was one of Rienzi's gang."

"Was he," said the other sternly, "then we cannot begin salutary examples too soon;" and, offended at something swaggering and insolent in the butcher's look, the Orsinit coolly thrust him through the heart with his pike, and rode on over his body.

"Shame! Shame!" "Murder! Murder!" cried the crowd; and they began to press, in the passion of the moment, around the fierce guards.

The Legate heard the cry and saw the rush: he turned pale. "The rascals rebel again!" he faltered.

"No, your Eminence, no," said Luca; "but it may be as

well to infuse a wholesome terror; they are all unarmed; let me bid the guards disperse them. A word will do it."

The Cardinal assented; the word was given; and, in a few minutes, the soldiery, who still smarted under the vindictive memory of defeat from an undisciplined multitude, scattered the crowd down the streets without scruple or mercy—riding over some, spearing others—filling the air with shrieks and yells, and strewing the ground with almost as many men as a few days before would have sufficed to have guarded Rome, and preserved the constitution. Through this wild, tumultuous scene, and over the bodies of its victims, rode the Legate and his train, to receive in the Hall of the Capitol the allegiance of the citizens, and to proclaim the blessings of their return.

As they dismounted at the stairs, a placard in large letters struck the eye of the Legate. It was placed upon the pedestal of the Lion of Basalt, covering the very place that had been occupied by the bull of excommunication. The words were few, and ran thus:

"TREMBLE! RIENZI SHALL RETURN!"

"How! what means this mummerly?" cried the Legate, trembling already, and looking round to the nobles.

"Please your Eminence," said one of the councillors, who had come from the Capitol to meet the Legate, "we saw it at daybreak, the ink yet moist, as we entered the Hall. We deemed it best to leave it for your Eminence to deal with."

"You deemed! Who are *you*, then?"

"One of the members of the council, your Eminence; and a staunch opponent of the Tribune, as is well known when he wanted the new tax; —"

"Council—trash! no more councils now! Order is restored at last. The Orsini and the Colonna will look to you in future. Resist a tax, did you? Well, that was right when proposed by a tyrant; but I warn you, friend, to take care how you resist the tax *we* shall impose. Happy if your city can buy its peace with the Church on any terms:—and his Holiness is short of the florins."

The discomfited councillor shrank back.

"Tear off yon insolent placard. Nay, hold! fix over it our proclamation of ten thousand florins for the heretic's head! Ten thousand; methinks that is too much *now*—we will alter the cipher. Meanwhile, Rinaldo Orsini, Lord Senator, march thy soldiers to St. Angelo; let us see if the heretic can stand a siege."

"It needs not, your Eminence," said the councillor, again officiously bustling up, "St. Angelo is surrendered. The Tribune, his wife, and one page escaped last night, it is said, in disguise."

"Ha! said the old Colonna, whose dulled sense had at length arrived at the conclusion that something extraordinary arrested the progress of his friends. "What is the matter? What is that placard! Will no one tell me the words? My old eyes are dim."

As he uttered the questions, in the shrill and piercing treble of age, a voice replied in a loud and deep tone—none knew whence it came; the crowd was reduced to a few stragglers, chiefly friars in cowl and serge, whose curiosity nought could daunt, and whose garb ensured them safety—the soldiers closed the rear:—a voice, I say, came, starting the colour from many a cheek—in answer to the Colonna, saying:

"TREMBLE! RIENZI SHALL RETURN!"

BOOK VI.

THE PLAGUE.

"Dico adunque, che già erano gli anni della fruttifera Incarnazione del Figliuolo di Dio al numero pervenuti di mille trecento. quarant'otto, quando nella egregia città di Fiorenza oltre ad ogni altra Italica bellissima, pervenne la mortifera pestilenza."

BOCCACCIO.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETREAT OF THE LOVER.

By the borders of one of the fairest lakes of Northern Italy, stood the favourite mansion of Adrian di Castello, to which, in

his softer and less patriotic moments his imagination had often and fondly turned; and hither the young noble, dismissing his more courtly and distinguished companions in his Neapolitan embassy, retired after his ill-starred return to Rome. Most of those thus dismissed, joined the Barons; the young Annibaldi, whose daring and ambitious nature had attached him strongly to the Tribune, maintained a neutral ground; he betook himself to his castle in the Campagna, and did not return to Rome till the expulsion of Rienzi.

The retreat of Irene's lover was one well fitted to feed his melancholy reveries. Without being absolutely a fortress, it was sufficiently strong to resist any assault of the mountain robbers or petty tyrants in the vicinity; while, built by some former lord from the materials of the half-ruined villas of the ancient Romans, its marble columns and tessellated pavements relieved, with a wild grace, the gray stone walls and massive towers of feudal masonry. Rising from a green eminence, gently sloping to the lake, the stately pile cast its shadow far and dark over the beautiful waters; by its side, from the high and wooded mountains on the back ground, broke a waterfall, in irregular and sinuous course—now hid by the foliage, now gleaming in the light, and collecting itself at last in a broad basin—beside which a little fountain, inscribed with half-obliterated letters, attested the departed elegance of the classic age—some memento of lord and poet whose very names were lost; thence descending through mosses and lichen, and odorous herbs—a brief, sheeted stream bore its surplus into the lake. And there, amidst the sturdier and bolder foliage of the North grew, wild and picturesque, many a tree transplanted, in ages back, from the sunnier East—not blighted nor stunted in that golden alime, which fosters almost every produce of nature as with a mother's care. The place was remote and solitary. The roads that conducted to it from the distant towns were tangled, intricate, mountainous, and beset by robbers. A few cottages and a small convent, a quarter of a league up the verdant margin, were the nearest habitations: and save by some occasional pilgrim or some bewildered traveller, the loneliness of the mansion was rarely invaded. It was precisely the spot which proffered rest to a man weary of the world, and indulged the memories which grow in rank luxuriance over the wrecks of passion. And he whose mind, at once gentle and self-dependant, can endure solitude, might have ransacked all earth for a more fair and undisturbed retreat.

But not to such a solitude had the earlier dreams of Adrian dedicated the place. Here had he thought—should one bright being have presided—here should love have found its haven; and hither, when love at length admitted of intrusion—hither might wealth and congenial culture have invited all the gentler and better spirits which had begun to move over the troubled face of Italy, promising a second and younger empire of poesy, and lore, and art. To the graceful and romantic, but somewhat pensive and inert, temperament of the young noble, more adapted to calm and civilized than stormy and barbarous times, ambition proffered no reward so grateful as lettered leisure and intellectual repose. His youth coloured by the influence of Petrarch, his manhood had dreamed of a happier Vaucuse not untenant by a Laura. The visions which had connected the scene with the image of Irene, made the place still haunted by her shade: and time and absence only ministering to his impassioned meditations, deepened his melancholy and increased his love.

In this lone retreat—which even in describing from memory, for these eyes have seen, these feet have trodden, this heart yet yearneth for, the spot—which even, I say, in thus describing, seems to me (and haply also to the gentle reader) a grateful and welcome transit from the storms of action and the vicissitudes of ambition, so long engrossing the narrative;—in this lone retreat Adrian passed the winter, which visits with so mild a change that intoxicating clime. The roar of the world without was borne but in faint and indistinct murmurings to his ear. He learnt only imperfectly, and with many contradictions, the news which broke like a thunderbolt over Italy, that the singular and aspiring man—himself a revolution—who had excited the interest of all Europe, the brightest hopes of the enthusiastic, the profusest adulation of the great, the deepest terror of the despot—the wildest aspirations of all free spirits—had been suddenly stricken from his state—his name branded and his head proscribed. This event, which happened at the end of December, reached Adrian, through a wandering pilgrim, at the commencement of March, somewhat more than two months after the date. The March of that awful year 1348, which saw Europe, and Italy especially, desolated by the direst pestilence which history has recorded, accursed alike by the numbers and the

celebrity of its victims, and yet strangely connected with some not unpleasing images by the grace of Boccaccio and the pathetic eloquence of Petrarch.

The pilgrim who informed Adrian of the revolution at Rome was unable to give him any clue to the present fate of Rienzi or his family. It was only known that himself and wife had escaped none knew whither; many guessed that they were already dead, victims to the numerous robbers who immediately on the fall of the Tribune settled back in their former habits, sparing neither age nor sex, wealth nor poverty. As all relating to the ex-Tribune was matter of eager interest, the pilgrim had also learnt that, previous to the fall of Rienzi, his sister had left Rome, but it was not known to what place she had been conveyed.

The news utterly roused Adrian from his dreaming life. Irene was then in the condition his letter had dared to picture—severed from her brother, fallen from her rank, desolate and friendless. "Now," said the generous and high-hearted lover, "she may be mine without a disgrace to my name. Whatever Rienzi's faults, she is not implicated in them. Her hands are not red with my kinsman's blood; nor can men say that Adrian di Castello allies himself with a prince whose power is built upon the ruins of the Colonna's House. The Colonna are restored—again triumphant—Rienzi is nothing—distress and misfortune unite me at once to her on whom they fall!

But how were these romantic resolutions to be executed—Irene's dwelling place unknown? He resolved himself to repair to Rome and make the necessary inquiries: accordingly he summoned his retainers:—blythe tidings to them—those of travel! The mail left the armoury—the banner the hall—and after two days of animated bustle, the fountain by which Adrian had past so many hours of reverie was haunted only by the birds of the returning spring; and the nightly lamp no longer cast its solitary ray from his turret chamber over the bosom of the deserted lake.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEEKER.

It was a bright, oppressive, sultry morning, when a solitary horseman was seen winding that unequalled road, from whose height, amidst fig trees, vines, and olives, the traveller beholds gradually break upon his gaze the enchanting valley of the Arno, and the spires and domes of Florence. But not with the traveller's customary eye of admiration and delight passed that solitary horseman, and not upon the usual activity, and mirth, and animation of the Tuscan life, broke that noon-day sun. All was silent, void, and hushed; and even in the light of heaven there seemed a sickled and ghastly glare. The cottages by the road side were some shut up and closed, some open, but seemingly inmateless. The plough stood still, the distaff plied not: horse and man had a dreary holiday. There was a darker curse upon the land than the curse of Cain! Now and then a single figure, usually clad in the gloomy robe of a friar, crossed the road, lifting towards the traveller a livid and amazed stare, and then hurried on, and vanished beneath some roof, whence issued a faint and dying moan, which but for the exceeding stillness around could scarcely have pierced the threshold. As the traveller neared the city, the scene became less solitary, yet more dread. There, might be seen carts and litters, thick awnings wrapt closely round them, containing those who sought safety in flight, forgetful that the plague was every where! And, as these gloomy vehicles, conducted by horses, gaunt, shadowy skeletons, crawling heavily along, passed by, like hearses of the dead, sometimes a cry burst the silence in which they moved, and the traveller's steed started aside, as some wretch, on whom the disease had broke forth, was dropped from the vehicle by the selfish inhumanity of his comrades, and left to perish by the way. Hard by the gate a wagon paused, and a man with a mask threw out its contents in a green slimy ditch that bordered the road. These were garments and robes of all kind and value; the brodered mantle of the gallant, the hood and veil of my lady, and the rags of the peasant. While glancing at the labour of the masker, the cavalier beheld a herd of swine, gaunt and half-finished, run to the spot in the hopes of food, and the traveller shuddered to think what food they might have anticipated! But ere he reached the gate, those of the animals that had been busiest

rooting at the infectious heap, dropped down dead among their fellows.*

"Ho, ho," said the masker, and his hollow voice sounded yet more hollow through his vizard,—"*conest thou here to die, stranger! See, thy brave mantle of tripple-pile and golden broderie will not save thee from the gavocciolo.† Ride on, ride on;—to-day fit morsel for thy lady's kiss, to-morrow too foul for the rat and worm!*"

Replying not to this hideous welcome, Adrian, for it was he, pursued his way. The gates stood wide open; this was the most appalling sign of all, for, at first, the most jealous precaution had been taken against the ingress of strangers. Now all care, all foresight, all vigilance, were vain. And thrice nine wardens had died at that single post, and the officers to appoint their successors were dead too! Law and Police, and the Tribunals of Health, and the Boards of Safety, Death had stopped them all! And the Plague killed art itself, social union, the harmony and mechanism of civilization, as if they had been bone and flesh!

So, mute and solitary, went on the lover, in his quest of love, resolved to find and to save his betrothed, and guided (that faithful and loyal knight!) through that wilderness of horrors by the blessed hope of that strange passion, noblest of all when noble, basest of all when base! He came into a broad and spacious square lined with palaces, the usual haunt of the best and most graceful nobility of Italy. The stranger was alone now, and the tramp of his gallant steed sounded ghastly and fearful in his own ears, when, just as he turned the corner of one of the streets that led from it, he saw a woman steal forth with a child in her arms, while another, yet in infancy, clung to her robe. She held a large bunch of flowers to her nostrils (the fancied and favourite mode to prevent infection), and muttered to the children, who were moaning with hunger,—"*Yes, yes, you shall have food! Plenty of food now for the stirring forth. But oh, that stirring forth!*"—and she peered about and round, lest any of the diseased might be near,—Adrian paused.

"My friend," said he, "can you direct me to the convent of —"

"Away, man, away!" shrieked the woman.

"Alas!" said Adrian, with a mournful smile, "can you not see that I am not, as yet, one to *spread contagion!*"

But the woman, unheeding him, fled on; when, after a few paces, she was arrested by the child that clung to her.

"Mother, mother!" it cried, "I am sick—I cannot stir."

The woman halted, tore aside the child's robe, saw under the arm the fatal tumour, and, deserting her own flesh, fled with a shriek along the square. The shriek rang long in Adrian's ears, though not aware of the unnatural cause;—the mother feared not for her infant, but for herself. The voice of nature was no more heeded in that charnel city than it is in the tomb itself! Adrian rode on at a brisker pace, and came at length before a stately church; its doors were wide open, and he saw within a company of monks (the church had no other worshippers, and they were masked,) gathered round the altar, and chanting the *Miserere Domine*:—the ministers of God, in a city hitherto boasting the devoutest population in Italy, without a flock!

The young cavalier paused before the door, and waited till the service was done, and the monks descended the steps into the street.

"Holy fathers," said he then, may I pray your goodness to tell me my nearest way to the convent Santa Maria dei Pazzi!"

"Son," said one of these featureless spectres, for so they seemed in their shroud-like robes and uncouth vizards; "Son, pass on your way, and God be with you. Robbers or revelers may now fill the holy cloister you speak of. The abbess is dead; and many a sister sleeps with her. And the nuns have fled from the contagion."

Adrian half fell from his horse, and, as he still remained rooted to the spot, the dark procession swept on, hymning in solemn dirge through the desolate street the monastic chant:

"By the Mother and the Son,
Death endured and mercy won:
Spare us, sinners though we be;
Miserere Domine!"

Recovering from his stupor, Adrian regained the brethren, and as they closed the burthen of their song, again accosted them.

* The same spectacle greeted, and is recorded by, Boccaccio.

† The tumour that made the fatal symptom.

"Holy fathers, dismiss me not thus. Perchance the one I seek may yet be heard of at the convent. Tell me which way to shape my course."

"Disturb us not, son," said the monk who spoke before. "It is an ill omen for thee to break thus upon the invocation of the ministers of heaven."

"Pardon, pardon. I will do ample penance, pay many masses; but I seek a dear friend—the way—the way—"

"To the right, till you gain the first bridge. Beyond the third bridge, on the river side, you will find the convent," said another monk, moved by the earnestness of Adrian.

"Bless you, holy father," faltered forth the cavalier, and spurred his steed in the direction given. The friars heeded him not, but again resumed their dirge. Mingled with the sound of his horse's hoofs on the clattering pavement, came to the rider's ear the imploring line—

"Miserere Domine!"

Impatient, sick at heart, desperate, Adrian flew through the streets at the full speed of his horse. He passed the marketplace—it was empty as the desert;—the gloomy and barricaded streets, in which the counter cries of Guelf and Ghibeline had so often cheered on the Chivalry and Rank of Florence. Now huddled together in vault and pit, lay Guelf and Ghibeline, knightly spurs and beggar's crutch. To that silence the roar even of civil strife would have been a blessing! The first bridge, the river side, the second, the third bridge, all were gained, and Adrian at last reined his steed before the walls of the convent. He fastened his steed to the porch, in which the door stood ajar, half torn from its hinges, traversed the court, gained the opposite door that admitted to the main building, came to the jealous grating, now no more a barrier from the profane world, and as he there paused a moment to recover breath and nerve, wild laughter and loud song, interrupted and mixed with oaths, startled his ear. He pushed aside the grated door, entered, and, led by the sounds, came to the refectory. In that meeting-place of the severe and mortified maids of heaven, he now beheld gathered round the upper table, used of yore by the abbess, a strange disorderly ruffian herd, who at first glance seemed indeed of all ranks, for some wore serge, or even rags, others were tricked out in all the bravery of satin and velvet, plume and mantle. But a second glance sufficed to indicate that the companions were much of the same degree, and that the finery of the more showy was but the spoil rent from unguarded palaces or tenantless bazaars: for under plumed hats, looped with jewels, were grim, unwashed, unshaven faces, over which hung the long locks which the professed brethren of the sharp knife and hireling arm had just begun to assume, serving them often instead of a mask. Amidst these savage revellers were many women, young and middle-aged, foul and fair, and Adrian piously shuddered to see amongst the loose robes and uncovered necks of the professional harlots the saintly habit and beaded rosary of nuns. Flasks of wine, ample viands, gold and silver vessels, mostly consecrated to holy rites, strewed the board. As the young Roman paused spell-bound at the threshold, the man who acted as president of the revel, a huge swarthy ruffian with a deep scar over his face, which, traversing the whole of the left cheek and upper lip, gave his large features an aspect preternaturally hideous, called out to him—

"Come in, man, come in. What stand you there for, amazed and dumb? We are hospitable revellers, and give all men welcome. Here are wine, food, and women. My Lord Bishop's wine and my Lady Abbess's women!"

"Sing hey, sing ho, for the royal DEATH,
That scatters a host with a single breath;
That opens the prison to spoil the palace,
And rids honest necks from the hangman's malice.
Here's a health to the Plague! Let the mighty ones dread,
The poor never lived till the wealthy were dead.
A health to the Plague! may She ever as now
Loose the rogue from his chain and the nun from her vow:
To the gaoler a sword, to the captive a key,
Hurrah for Earth's Curse—'tis a blessing to me!"

Ere this fearful stave was concluded, Adrian, sensible that in such orgies there was no chance of prosecuting his inquiries, left the desecrated chamber and fled, scarcely drawing breath, so great was the terror that seized him, till he stood once more in the court amidst the hot, sickly, stagnant sunlight, that seemed a fit atmosphere for the scenes on which it fell. He resolved however not to desert the place without making another effort at inquiry; and while he stood without

the court, musing and doubtful, he saw a small chapel hard by, through whose long casement gleamed faintly, and dimmed by the noon-day, the light of tapers. He turned towards its porch, entered, and saw beside the sanctuary a single nun kneeling in prayer. In the narrow aisle, upon a long table, (at either end of which burned the tall dismal tapers whose rays had attracted him,) the drapery of several shrouds showed him the half distinct outline of human figures hushed in death. Adrian himself, impressed by the sadness and sanctity of the place, and the touching sight of that solitary and unselfish watcher of the dead, knelt down and intensely prayed.

As he rose, somewhat relieved from the burthen at his heart, the nun rose also, and started to perceive him.

"Unhappy man!" said she, in a voice which, low, faint, and solemn, sounded as a ghost's—"what fatality brings thee hither! Seest thou not thou art in the presence of clay which the Plague hath touched—thou breathest the air which destroys! Hence! and seek throughout all the desolation for one spot where the Dark Visitor hath not come!"

"Holy maiden," answered Adrian, "the danger you hazard does not appal me;—I seek one whose life is dearer to me than my own."

"Thou needest say no more to tell me that thou art newly come to Florence! Here son forsakes his father, and mother deserts her child. When life is most hopeless, these worms of a day cling to it as if it were the salvation of immortality! But for me alone, death has no horror. Long severed from the world, I have seen my sisterhood perish—the house of God desecrated—its altar overthrown, and I care not to survive the last whom the Pestilence leaves at once unperjured and alive."

The nun paused a few moments, and then, looking earnestly at the healthful countenance and unbroken frame of Adrian, sighed heavily—"Stranger, why fly you not?" she said. "Thou mightst as well search the crowded vaults and rotten corruption of the dead, as search the city for one living."

"Sister, and bride of the blessed Redeemer!" returned the Roman, clasping his hands—"one word, I implore thee. Thou art, methinks, of the sisterhood of yon dismantled convent;—tell me, knowest thou if Irene di Gabrini,*—guest of the late Abbess, sister of the fallen Tribune of Rome,—be yet amongst the living?"

"Art thou her brother, then?" said the nun. "Art thou that fallen Son of the Morning?"

"I am her betrothed," replied Adrian, sadly. "Speak!"

"Oh, flesh! flesh! how art thou victor to the last, even amidst the triumphs and in the lazar-house of Corruption!" said the nun. "Vain man! think not of such carnal ties; make thy peace with Heaven, for thy days are surely numbered!"

"Woman!" cried Adrian, impatiently—"talk not to me of myself, nor rail against ties whose holiness thou canst not know. I ask thee again, as thou thyself hopest for mercy and pardon—is Irene living?"

The nun was awed by the energy of the young lover, and after a moment, which seemed to him an age of agonized suspense, she replied—

"The maiden thou speakest of died not with the general death. In the dispersion of the few remaining, she left the convent—I know not whither; but she had friends in Florence—their names I cannot tell thee."

"Now bless thee, holy sister! bless thee! How long since she left the convent?"

"Four days have passed since the robber and the harlot have seized the house of Santa Maria," replied the nun groaning; "and they were quick successors to the sisterhood."

"Four days!—and thou canst give me no clew?"

"None—yet stay, young man!"—and the nun, approaching, lowered her voice to a hissing whisper—"Ask the *Becchini*!"†

Adrian started aside, crossed himself hastily, and quitted the convent without answer. He returned to his horse, and rode back into the silenced heart of the city. Tavern and hotel there were no more; but the palaces of the dead were held in common by the living. He entered one—a spacious and princely mansion. In the stables he found forage still in

* The family name of Rienzi was Gabrini.

† According to the usual customs of Florence the dead were borne to their resting-place on biers, supported by citizens of equal rank; but a new trade was created by the plague, and men of the lowest dregs of the populace, bribed by immense payment, discharged the office of transporting the remains of the victims. These were called *Becchini*.

the manger; but the horses, at that time in the Italian cities a proof of rank as well as wealth, were gone with the hands that fed them. The high-born knight assumed the office of groom, took off the heavy harness, fastened his steed to the rack, and as the wearied animal, unconscious of the surrounding horrors, fell eagerly upon its meal, its young lord turned away, and muttered, "Faithful servant, and sole companion! may the pestilence that spareth neither beast nor man, spare thee! and mayst thou bear me hence with a lighter heart!"

A spacious hall, hung with arms and banners—a wide and marble flight of stairs, whose walls were painted in the stiff outlines and gorgeous colours of the day, conducted to vast chambers, hung with velvets and cloth of gold, but silent as the tomb. He threw himself upon the cushions which were piled in the centre of the room, for he had ridden far that morning, and for many days before, and he was wearied and exhausted, body and limb; but he could not rest. Impatience, anxiety, hope, and fear gnawed his heart and fevered his veins, and after a brief and unsatisfactory attempt to sober his own thoughts, and devise some plan of search more certain than that which chance might afford him, he rose, and traversed the apartments, in the unacknowledged hope which chance alone could suggest.

It was easy to see that he had made his resting-place in the home of one of the princes of the land; and the splendour of all around him far outshone the barbarous and rude magnificence of the less civilized and wealthy Romans. Here lay the lute as last touched—the gilded and illumined volume as last conned; there, were seats drawn familiarly together, as when lady and gallant had interchanged whispers last.

"And such," thought Adrian, "such desolation may soon swallow up the vestige of the unwelcomed guest, as of the vanished lord."

At length he entered a saloon, in which was a table still spread with wine-flasks, goblets of glass, and one of silver, withered flowers, half mouldy fruits and viands. At one side the arras, folding-doors opened to a broad flight of stairs that descended to a little garden at the back of the house, in which a fountain still played sparkling and lively—the only thing, save the stranger, living there! On the steps lay a crimson mantle, and by it a lady's glove. The relics seemed to speak to the lover's heart of a lover's last wooing and last farewell. He groaned aloud, and feeling he should have need of all his strength, filled one of the goblets from a half-emptied flask of Cyprus wine. He drained the draught—it revived him. "Now," he said, "once more to my task!—I will sally forth," when suddenly he heard heavy steps along the rooms he had quitted—they approached—they entered; and Adrian beheld two huge and ill-omened forms stalk into the chamber. They were wrapt in black homely draperies, only their arms were bare, and they wore large shapeless masks, which descended to the breast, leaving only access to sight and breath in three small and circular apertures. The Colonna half drew his sword, for the forms and aspects of these visitors were not such as men think to look upon in safety.

"Oh!" said one, "the palace has a new guest to-day. Fear us not, stranger; there is room, aye, and wealth enough for all men now in Florence! Del! but there is still one goblet of silver left—how comes that?" So saying, the man seized the cup which Adrian had just drained, and thrust it into his breast. He then turned to Adrian, whose hand was still upon his hilt, and said, with a laugh which came choked and muffled through his vizard—"Oh, we cut no throats, Signor; the Invisible spares us that trouble. We are honest men, state officers, and come but to see if the cart should halt here to-night."

"Ye are then ——"

"Becchini!"

Adrian's blood ran cold. The Becchino continued—"And keep you this house while you rest at Florence, Signor."

"Yes, if the rightful lord claim it not."

"Ha! ha! Rightful lord! The Plague is lord of all now! Why I have known three gallant companies tenant this palace the last week, and have buried them all—all! It is a pleasant house enough, and gives good custom. Are ye alone?"

"At present, yes."

"Show us where you sleep, that we may know where to come for you. You won't want us these three days, I see."

"Ye are pleasant welcomers!" said Adrian;—"but listen to me. Can ye find the living as well as bury the dead? I seek one in this city who, if you discover her, shall be worth to you a year of burials!"

"No, no! that is out of our line. As well look for a dropped sand on the beach, as for a living being amongst closed houses and yawning vaults; but if you will pay the

poor grave-diggers before-hand, I promise you you shall have the first of a new charnel-house; it will be finished just about your time."

"There!" said Adrian, flinging the wretches a few pieces of gold—"there! and if you would do me a kinder service, leave me, at least while living; or I may save you that trouble!"—and he left the room.

The Becchino who had been spokesman followed him. "You are generous, Signor, stay; you will want fresher food than these filthy fragments. I will supply thee with the best while,—while thou wantest it. And hark,—whom wishest thou that I should seek?"

This question arrested Adrian's departure. He detailed the name and all the particulars he could suggest of Irene; and, with sickened heart, described the hair, features, and stature of that lovely and hallowed image, which might furnish a theme to the poet, and now a clew to the grave-digger.

The unhallowed apparition shook his head when Adrian had concluded. "Full five hundred such descriptions did I hear in the first days of the Plague, when there were still such things as mistress and lover; but it is a dainty catalogue, Signor, and it will be a pride to the poor Becchino to discover, or even to bury, so many charms! I will do my best; meanwhile I can recommend you, if in a hurry to make the best of your time, to many a pretty face and comely shape——"

"Out, fiend!" muttered Adrian, "fool to waste time with such as thou."

The laugh of the grave-digger followed his steps.

All that day did Adrian wander through the city, but search and question were alike unavailing; all whom he encountered and interrogated seemed to regard him as a madman, and these were indeed of no kind likely to advance his object. Wild troops of disordered, drunken revellers, processions of monks, or, here and there, scattered individuals gliding rapidly along, and shunning all approach or speech, made the only haunters of the dismal streets, till the sun sunk, lurid and yellow, behind the hills, and darkness closed around the unresting and noiseless pathway of the Pestilence.

CHAPTER III.

THE FLOWERS AMIDST THE TOMBS.

ADRIAN found that the Becchini had taken care that famine should not forestall the plague; the banquet of the dead was removed, and fresh viands and wines of all kinds,—for there was plenty then in Florence!—spread the table. He partook of the refreshment, though but sparingly, and shrinking from repose in beds beneath whose gorgeous hangings death had been so lately busy, carefully closed door and window, wrapped himself in his mantle, and found his resting-place on the cushions of the chamber in which he had supped. Fatigue cast him into an unquiet slumber, from which he was suddenly awakened by the roll of a cart below, and the jingle of bells. He listened, as the cart proceeded slowly from door to door, and at length its sound died away in the distance.—He slept no more that night!

The sun had not long risen ere he renewed his labours; and it was yet early when, just as he passed a church, two ladies richly dressed came from the porch, and seemed through their vizards to regard the young cavalier with earnest attention. The gaze arrested him also, when one of the ladies said, "Fair sir, you are over bold, you wear no mask; neither do you smell to flowers."

"Lady, I wear no mask, for I would be seen: I search these miserable places for one whom to lose is to lose life."

"He is young, comely, evidently noble, and the plague hath not touched him: he will serve our purpose well," whispered one of the ladies to the other.

"You echo my own thoughts," returned her companion; and then turning to Adrian, she said, "you seek one you are not wedded to if you seek so fondly."

"It is true."

"Young and fair, with dark hair and a neck of snow; I will conduct you to her."

"Signora!"

"Follow us!"

"Know you whom I am, and whom I seek?"

"Yes."

"Can you in truth tell me aught of Irene?"

"I can—follow me."

"To her!"

"Yes, yes, follow us!"

The ladies moved on as if impatient of farther parley. Amazed, doubtful, and as if in a dream, Adrian followed them. Their dress, manner, and the pure Tuscan of the one who had addressed him indicated them of birth and station; but all else was a riddle which he could not solve.

They arrived at one of the bridges, where a litter and a servant on horseback holding a palfrey by the bridle were in attendance. The ladies entered the litter, and she who had before spoken bade Adrian follow on the palfrey.

"But tell me," he began.

"No questions, cavalier," said she, impatiently, "follow the living in silence, or remain with the dead, as you list."

With that the litter proceeded, and Adrian mounted the palfrey wonderingly, and followed his strange conductors, who moved on at a tolerably brisk pace. They crossed the bridge, left the river on one side, and, soon ascending a gentle acclivity, the trees and flowers of the country began to succeed dull walls and empty streets. After proceeding somewhat less than half an hour they turned up a green lane remote from the road, and came suddenly upon the porticoes of a fair and stately palace. Here the ladies descended from their litter; and Adrian, who had vainly sought to extract speech from the attendant, also dismounted, and following them across a spacious court filled on either side with vases of flowers and orange trees, and then through a wide hall in the farther side of the quadrangle, found himself in one of the loveliest spots eye ever saw or poet ever sung. It was a garden plot of the greenest and most emerald verdure, bosquets of laurel and of myrtle opened on either side into vistas half overhung with clematis rose, and through whose arcades the prospect closed with alternated statues and gushing fountains; in front the lawn was bounded by rows of vases on marble pedestals filled with flowers; and broad and gradual flights of steps of the whitest marble led from terrace to terrace each adorned with statues and fountains, half way down a high but softly sloping and verdant hill. Beyond, spread in wide, various, and luxurious landscape, the vineyards and olive groves, the villas and villages of the vale of Arno, intersected by the silver river, while the city, in all its calm, but without its horror, raised its roofs and spires to the sun. Birds of every hue and song, some free, some in net-work of golden wire, warbled round; and upon the centre of the sward reclined four ladies unmasked and richly dressed, the eldest of whom seemed scarcely more than twenty, and five cavaliers, young and handsome, whose jewelled vests and golden chains attested their degree. Wines and fruits were on a low table beside; and musical instruments, chess-boards, and gammon-tables lay scattered all about. So fair a group and so graceful a scene Adrian never beheld but once, and that was in the midst of the ghastly pestilence of Italy!—such group and such scene our closet indolence may yet revive in the pages of the bright Boccaccio!

On seeing Adrian and his companions approach, the party rose instantly; and one of the ladies, who wore upon her head a wreath of laurel leaves, stepping before the rest exclaimed, "Well done, my Mariana! welcome back, my fair subjects; and you, sir, welcome hither."

The two guides of the Colonna had by this time removed their masks; and the one who had accosted him, shaken her long and raven ringlets over a bright laughing eye and a cheek to whose native olive now rose a slight blush, turned to him ere he could reply to the welcome he had received.

"Signor Cavalier," said she, "you now see to what I have decoyed you. Own that this is pleasanter than the sights and sounds of the city we have left. You gaze on me in surprise. See, my queen, how speechless the marvel of your court has made our new gallant; I assure he could talk quickly enough when he had only us to confer with: nay, I was forced to impose silence on him."

"Oh! then you have not yet informed him of the custom and origin of the court he enters," quoth she of the laurel wreath.

"No, my Queen; I thought all description given in such a spot as our poor Florence now is would fail of its object. My task is done, I resign him to your Grace!"

So saying, the lady tripped lightly away, and began coquetishly sleeking her locks in the smooth mirror of a marble basin, whose waters trickled over the margin upon the grass below, ever and anon glancing archly towards the stranger, and sufficiently at hand to overhear all that was said.

"In the first place, Signor, permit us to inquire," said the

lady who bore the appellation of queen, "thy name, rank, and birthplace."

"Madam," returned Adrian, "I came hither little dreaming to answer questions respecting myself: but what it pleases you to ask it must please me to reply to; my name is Adrian di Castello, one of the Roman house of the Colonna."

"A noble column of a noble house!" answered the Queen; "for us, respecting whom your curiosity may perhaps be aroused, know that we six ladies of Florence, deserted by, or deprived of, our kin and protectors, formed the resolution to retire to this palace; where, if death comes, it comes stripped of half its horrors; and as the learned tell us that sadness engenders the awful malady, so you see us sworn foes to sadness. Six cavaliers of our acquaintance agreed to join us. We pass our days, whether many or few, in such diversions as we could find with nature and our own resources. Music and the dance, merry tales, and lively songs, with such slight change of scene as from sward to shade, from alley to fountain, fill up our time, and prepare us for peaceful sleep and happy dreams. Each lady is by turns queen of our fairy court, as is my lot this day. One law forms the code of our constitution—that nothing sad shall be admitted. We would live as if yonder city were not, and as if (added the fair Queen with a slight sigh) youth, grace, and beauty could endure for ever. One of our knights madly left us for a day, promising to return; we have seen him no more; we will not guess what hath chanced to him. It became necessary to fill up his place; we drew lots who should seek his substitute, it fell upon the ladies who have—not I trust to your displeasure—brought you hither. Fair sir, my explanation is made."

"Alas, lovely Queen," said Adrian, wrestling strongly but vainly with the bitter disappointment he felt—"I cannot be one of your happy circle—I am in myself a violation of your law. I am filled with but one sad and anxious thought to which all mirth would seem impiety. I am a seeker amongst the living and the dead, for one being, of whose fate I am uncertain. And it was only from the words that fell from my fair conductor, that I have been decoyed hither from my mournful task. Suffer me, gracious lady, to return to Florence."

The queen looked in mute vexation towards the dark-eyed Mariana, who returned the glance by one equally expressive, and then suddenly stepping up to Adrian she said—

"But, Signor, if I should still keep my promise, if I should be able to satisfy thee of the health and safety of—Irene."

"Irene!" echoed Adrian in surprise, forgetful at the moment that he had before revealed the name of her he sought—"Irene, Irene di Gabrini, sister of the once renowned Rienzi."

"The same," replied Mariana quickly, "I knew her, as I told you. Nay, Signor, I do not deceive thee. It is true that I cannot bring thee to her; but better as it is,—she went away many days ago to one of the towns of Lombardy, which, they say, the scourge has not yet pierced. Now, noble sir, is not your heart lightened? and will you so soon be a deserter from the Court of Loveliness; and, perhaps," she added with a soft look from her large dark eyes, "of Love!"

"Dare I in truth believe you, lady!" said Adrian, all delighted, yet still half doubting.

"Would I deceive a true lover, as methinks you are! Be assured. Nay, I pray thee, Queen, receive your subject."

The Queen extended her hand to Adrian and led him to the group that still stood on the grass at a little distance. They welcomed him as a brother, and soon forgave his abstracted courtesies, in compliment to his good mien and illustrious name.

The Queen clapped her hands, and the party again ranged themselves on the sward. Each lady beside each gallant. "You, Mariana, if not fatigued," said the Queen, "shall take the lute and silence these noisy grasshoppers, which chirp about us with as much pretension as if they were nightingales. Sing, sweet subject, sing; and let it be the song our dear friend Signor Visdomini* made for a kind of inaugural anthem to such as we admitted to our court."

Mariana, who had reclined herself by the side of Adrian, took up the lute, and, after a short prelude, sung the words thus imperfectly translated.

THE SONG OF THE FLORENTINE LADY.

Enjoy the more the smiles of noon
If doubtful be the morrow,
And know the Fort of Life is soon
Betray'd to Death by Sorrow!

* I know not if this be the same Visdomini who, three years afterwards, with one of the Medici, conducted so gallant a reinforcement to Scarperia, then besieged by Visconti d'Oleggio.

Death claims us all—then, Grief, away!
We'll own no meaner master;
The clouds that darken round the day
But bring the night the faster.

Love—Feast—be merry while on earth,
Such Grave should be thy moral!
Ev'n Death himself is friends with Mirth,
And veils the tomb with laurel.*

While gazing on the eyes I love
New life to mine is given—
If joy's the lot of Saints above,
Joy fits us best for Heaven.

To this song, which was much applauded, succeeded those light and witty tales in which the Italian novelists furnished Voltaire and Marmontel with a model—each, in his or her turn, taking up the discourse, and with an equal dexterity avoiding every lugubrious image or mournful reflection that might remind those graceful idlers of the vicinity of death. At any other time the temper and accomplishments of the young lord di Castello would have fitted him to enjoy and to shine in that Arcadian court. But now he in vain sought to dispel the gloom from his brow and the anxious thought from his heart. He revolved the intelligence he had received, wondered, guessed, hoped, and dreaded still; and if for a moment his mind returned to the scene about him, his nature, too truly poetical for the false sentiment of the place, asked itself in what save the polished exterior and the graceful circumstance, the mirth he now so reluctantly witnessed differed from the brutal revels in the convent of Santa Maria—each alike in its motive, though so differing in the manner—equally callous and equally selfish, coining horror into enjoyment. The fair Mariana, whose partner had been reft from her as the Queen had related, was in no mind to lose the new one she had gained. She pressed upon him from time to time the wine-flask and the fruits; and in those unmeaning courtesies her hand gently lingered upon his. At length the hour arrived when the companions retired to the Palace, during the fiercer heats of noon—to come forth again in the declining sun, to sup by the side of the fountain, to dance, to sing, and to make merry by torch-light and the stars till the hour of rest. But Adrian, not willing to continue the entertainment, no sooner found himself in the apartment to which he was conducted, than he resolved to effect a silent escape, as under all circumstances the shortest, and not perhaps the least courteous, farewell left to him. Accordingly, when all seemed quiet and hushed in the repose common to the inhabitants of the south during that hour, he left his apartment—descended the stairs—passed the outer court, and was already at the gate, when he heard himself called by a voice that spake vexation and alarm. He turned to behold Mariana.

"Why, how now, Signor di Castello, is our company so unpleasing, is our music so jarring or our brows so wrinkled, that you should fly as the traveller flies from the witches he surprises at Benevento? Nay, you cannot mean to leave us yet?"

"Fair dame," returned the cavalier, somewhat disconcerted, "it is in vain that I seek to rally my mournful spirits or to fit myself for the court, to which nothing sad should come. Your laws hang about me like a culprit—better timely flight than harsh expulsion."

As he spoke he moved on, and would have passed the gate, but Mariana caught his arm.

"Nay," said she, softly, "are there no eyes of dark light, and no neck of wintry snow, that can compensate to thee for the absent one? Tarry and forget, as doubtless in absence even *thou* art forgotten!"

It is not for us to determine whether Adrian di Castello, true lover and loyal as he was, might at all times be insensible to the charms of others than Irene; for man—and the truth may as well be spoken—may have deep fidelity at his heart, and yet not be possessed, at all hours and against all temptations, of the rigid virtue of the exemplary Joseph, that male Susannah! (but then, by the way, it was the *elders* that tempted *her*, and many even of our inconstant sex might have been Susannah under a similar trial!) Nor did the tender and devoted Petrarch, tenderest and most devoted of all lovers and sonneteers, deem that the faith of the heart was impaired by the grosser aberration of the flesh, seeing that he diversified the intensity of his chaste and ill-fated passion, by producing, from time to time, little grand-children to his respected sire. Nei-

ther, I say, arrogating nor denying to the young Roman the all-immaculate purity of an Amadis, nor entering into those philosophical mysteries which separate the Eros from the Anteros, reserved for our privileged and sagacious sex, and neither to be divulged nor (Heaven forbid!) to be shared by the daughters of Eve, it is yet certain that at that time the advances of the gentle Mariana met with no gracious return. The terrors of the charnel-house still clung to Adrian's imagination, and the thought of the *stranger woman* seemed a revolting and unnatural intrusion upon the awful and solemn meditations proper to the time.

"Lady," he therefore answered with great gravity, not unmixed with an ill-suppressed disdain, "I have not sojourned long enough amidst the sights and sounds of woe, to blunt my heart and spirit into callousness to all around me. Enjoy if thou canst, and gather the rank roses of the sepulchre; but to me, haunted still by funeral mages, Beauty fails to bring delight, and Love—even *holy* love—seems darkened by the Shadow of Death. Pardon me, and farewell."

"Go, then," said the Florentine, stung and enraged at his coldness; "go and find your mistress amidst the associations on which it pleases your philosophy to dwell. I did but deceive thee, blind fool, as I had hoped for thine own good, when I told thee Irene (was that her name?) was gone from Florence. Of her I know nought, and heard nought, save from thee. Go back—and search the vault—and see whether thou lovest her still!"

CHAPTER IV.

WE OBTAIN WHAT WE SEEK, AND KNOW IT NOT.

In the fiercest heat of the day, and on foot, Adrian proceeded back to Florence. As he approached the city, all that festive and gallant scene he had quitted seemed to him like a dream; a vision of the gardens and bowers of an enchantress, from which he woke abruptly, as a criminal might wake on the morning of his doom to see the scaffold and the deathman;—so much did each silent and lonely step into the funeral city bring back his bewildered thoughts at once to life and to death. The parting words of Mariana sounded like a knell at his heart. And now as he paced on—the heat of the day, the lurid atmosphere, long fatigue, alternate exhaustion and excitement, combining with the sickness of disappointment, the fretting consciousness of precious moments irretrievably lost, and his utter despair of forming any systematic mode of search—fever began rapidly to burn through his veins. His temples felt oppressed as with the weight of a mountain; his lips parched with intolerable thirst; his strength seemed suddenly to desert him; and it was with pain and labour that he dragged one languid limb after the other.

"I feel it," thought he, with the loathing nausea, and shivering dread with which nature struggles ever against death, and now recoiled from such death—"I feel it upon me—the Devouring and the Viewless—I shall perish—and without saving her—nor shall even one grave contain us!"

But these thoughts served rapidly to augment the disease which began to prey upon him; and ere he reached the interior of the city, even thought itself forsook him. The images of men and houses grew indistinct and shadowy before his eyes; the burning pavement became unsteady and reeling beneath his feet; delirium gathered over him, and he went on his way muttering broken and incoherent words; and the few who met fled from him in dismay. Even the monks still continuing their solemn and sad processions, passed with a murmured *bene vobis* to the other side from that on which his steps swerved and faltered. And from a booth at the corner of a street, four Becchini, drinking together, fixed upon him from their black masks the gaze that vultures fix upon some dying wanderer of the desert. Still he crept on, stretching out his arms like a man in the dark, and seeking with the vague sense that yet struggled through the closing delirium, to find out the mansion in which he had fixed his home—though many as fair to live, and as meet to die in, stood with open portals before and beside his path.

"Irene, Irene!" he cried, sometimes in a muttered and low tone, sometimes in a wild and piercing shriek—"where art thou? where? I come to snatch thee from them, they shall not have thee, the foul and ugly fiends! pah! how the air smells of dead flesh! Irene, Irene, we will away to mine own palace and the heavenly lake—Irene!"

* At that time, in Italy, the laurel was frequently planted over the dead.

While thus benighted, and thus exclaiming, two females suddenly emerged from a neighbouring house, masked and mantled.

"Vain wisdom!" said the taller and sligher of the two, whose mantle, it is here necessary to observe, was of a deep blue, richly brodered with silver, of a shape and a colour not common in Florence, but usual in Rome, where the dress of ladies of the higher rank was singularly bright in hue, and ample in fold—thus differing from the simpler and more slender draperies of the Tuscan fashion—"Vain wisdom, to fly a relentless and certain doom!"

"Why, thou wouldst not have us hold the same home with three of the dead in the next chamber—strangers too to us—when Florence has so many empty halls? Trust me, we shall not walk far ere we suit ourselves with a safer lodgment."

"Hitherto, indeed, we have been miraculously preserved," sighed the other, whose voice and shape were those of extreme youth—"yet would that we knew where to fly—what mount, what wood, what cavern, held my brother and his faithful Nina! I am sick with horrors!"

"Irene, Irene! Well then, if thou art at Milan or some Lombard town, why do I linger here? To horse, to horse! Oh no! no!—not the horse with the bells! Not the death cart!" With a cry, a shriek, louder than the loudest of the sick man's, broke that young female away from her companion. It seemed as if a single step took her to the side of Adrian. She caught his arm—she looked in his face—she met his unconscious eyes bright with a fearful fire—"It has seized him!" (she then said in a deep but calm tone)—"the plague!"

"Away, away, are you mad?" cried her companion—"hence, hence,—touch me not now thou hast touched him—go! here we part!"

"Help me to bear him somewhere; see, he faints, he droops, he falls—help me, dear Signora, for pity, for the love of God."

But, wholly possessed by the selfish fear which overcame all humanity in that miserable time, the elder woman, though naturally kind, pitiful, and benevolent, fled rapidly away, and soon vanished. Thus left alone with Adrian, who had now, in the fierceness of the fever that preyed within him, fallen on the ground, the strength and nerve of that young girl did not forsake her. She tore off the heavy mantle which encumbered her arms, and cast it from her; and then, lifting up the face of her lover—for who but Irene was that weak woman, thus shrinking not from the contagion of death—she supported him on her breast, and called aloud and again for help. At length the Becchini, in the booth before noticed, (hardened in their profession, and who, thus hardened, better than the most cautious, escaped the pestilence,) lazily approached—"Quicker, quicker, for Christ's love," said Irene; "I have much gold; I will reward you well: help me to bear him under the nearest roof."

"Leave him to us, young lady; we have had our eye upon him," said one of the grave-diggers. "We'll do our duty by him, first and last."

"No—no! touch not his head—that is my care. There, I will help you; so—now then,—but be gentle!"

Assisted by these portentous officers, Irene, who would not release her hold, but seemed to watch over the beloved eyes and lips, (set and closed as they were,) as if to look back the soul from parting, bore Adrian into a neighbouring house, and laid him on a bed; from which Irene (preserving as only women do, in such times, the presence of mind and vigilant providence which make so sublime a contrast with their keen susceptibilities) caused them first to cast off the draperies and clothing, which might retain additional infection. She then despatched them for new furniture, and for whatsoever leech money might yet bribe to a duty, now chiefly abandoned to those heroic Brotherhoods who, however vilified in modern judgment by the crimes of some unworthy members, were yet, in the dark times, the best, the bravest, and the holiest agents, to whom God ever delegated the power to resist the oppressor—to feed the hungry—to minister to wo; and who, alone, amidst that fiery pestilence, (loosed, as it were a demon from the abyss, to shiver into atoms all that binds the world to Virtue and to Law,) seemed to awaken, as by the sound of an angel's trumpet, to that noblest Chivalry of the Cross—whose faith is the scorn of self—whose hope is beyond the Lazar house—whose feet, already winged for immortality, trample with a conqueror's march upon the graves of Death!

While this the ministry and the office of love,—along that street, in which Adrian and Irene had met at last—came, singing, reeling, roaring, the dissolute and abandoned crew, who had fixed their quarters in the Convent of Santa Maria dei Pazzi, their bravo chief at their head, and a nun (no longer in nun's garments) upon either arm.—"A health to the Plague!"

shouted the ruffian—"A health to the Plague!" echoed his frantic Bacchanals—

"A health to the Plague, may She ever, as now,
Loose the rogue from his chain, and the nun from her vow,
To the jailor a sword—to the captive a key,
Hurrah for Earth's Curse! 'tis a blessing to me."

"Hollo!" cried the chief, stopping; "here's Margaretta; here's a brave cloak for thee, my girl: silver enow on it to fill thy purse, if it ever grow empty; which it may, if ever the Plague grow slack."

"Nay," said the girl, who amidst all the havoc of debauch retained much of youth and beauty in her form and face. "Nay, Guidotto, perhaps it has infection."

"Pooh, child, silver never infects. Clap it on, clap it on. Besides, fate is fate, and when it is thine hour there will be other means besides the *gavoccio*."

So saying, he seized the mantle, threw it roughly over her half-bared shoulders, and dragged her on as before, half pleased with the finery, half frightened with the danger; while gradually died away, along the lurid air and the mournful streets, the chant of that most miserable mirth.

CHAPTER V.

THE ERROR.

FOR three days, the three fatal days, did Adrian remain bereft of strength and sense. But he was not smitten by the scourge which his devoted and generous nurse had anticipated. It was a fierce and dangerous fever, brought on by the great fatigue, restlessness, and terrible agitation he had undergone.

No professional mediciner could be found to attend him but a good friar, better perhaps skilled in the healing art than many who claimed its monopoly, visited him daily. And in the long and frequent absences to which his other and numerous duties compelled the monk, there was one ever at hand to smooth the pillow, to wipe the brow, to listen to the moan, to watch the sleep. And even in that dismal office, when, in the frenzy of the sufferer, her name, coupled with terms of passionate endearment, broke from his lips, a thrill of strange pleasure crossed the heart of the betrothed, which she chid as if it were a crime. But even the most unearthly love is selfish in the rapture of being loved! Words cannot tell, heart cannot divine, the mingled emotions that broke over her when, in some of these incoherent ravings, she dimly understood that *for her* the city had been sought, the death dared, the danger incurred. And as then bending passionately to kiss that burning brow, her tears fell fast over the idol of her youth, the fountains from which they gushed were those, fathomless and countless, which a life could not weep away. Not an impulse of the human and the woman heart that was not stirred; the adorning gratitude, the meek wonder thus to be loved, while deeming it so simple a merit thus to love;—as if all sacrifice in her were a thing of course,—to her, a virtue nature could not paragon, worlds could not repay! And there he lay, the victim to his own fearless faith, helpless—dependent upon her—a thing between life and death, to thank, to serve—to be proud of, yet to protect—to compassionate, yet reverent—the savior, to be saved! Never seemed one object to demand at once from a single heart so many and so profound emotions; the romantic enthusiasm of the girl—the fond idolatry of the bride—the watchful providence of the mother over her child.

And strange to say, with all the excitement of that lonely watch, scarcely stirring from his side, taking food only that her strength might not fail her,—unable to close her eyes—though, from the same cause, she would fain have taken rest, when slumber fell upon her charge—with all such wear and tear of frame and heart, she seemed wonderfully supported. And the holy man marvelled, in each visit, to see the cheek of the nurse still fresh, and her eye still bright. In her own superstition she thought and felt that Heaven gifted her with a preternatural power to be true to so sacred a charge; and in this fancy she did not wholly err;—for Heaven *did* gift her with that divine power, when it planted in so soft a heart the enduring might and energy of Affection! The friar had visited the sick man, late on the third night, and administered to him a strong sedative—"This night," said he to Irene, "will be the crisis—should he awaken, as I trust he may, with a re-

turning consciousness, and a calm pulse, he will live—if not, young daughter, prepare for the worst. But should you note any turn in the disease, that may excite alarm, or require my attendance, this scroll will inform you where I am if God spare me still, at each hour of the night and morning.”

The monk retired and Irene resumed her watch.

The sleep of Adrian was at first broken and interrupted—his features, his exclamations, his gestures, all evinced great agony whether mental or bodily—it seemed, as perhaps it was, a fierce and doubtful struggle between life and death for the conquest of the sleeper. Patient, silent, breathing but by long-drawn gasps, Irene sat at the bed-head. The lamp was removed to the further end of the chamber, and its ray, shaded by the draperies, did not suffice to give to her gaze more than the outline of the countenance she watched. In that awful suspense, all the thoughts that hitherto had stirred her mind lay hushed and mute. She was only sensible to that unutterable fear which few of us have been happy enough not to know. That crushing weight under which we can scarcely breathe or move, the avalanche over us, freezing and suspended, which we cannot escape from, with which, every moment, we may be buried and overwhelmed. The whole destiny of life was in the chances of that single night! It was just as Adrian at last seemed to glide into a deeper and serenest slumber, that the bells of the death-cart broke with their boding knell the palpable silence of the streets. Now hushed, now revived, as the cart stopped for its gloomy passengers, and coming nearer and nearer after every pause. At length she heard the heavy wheels stop under the very casement, and a voice deep and muffled calling aloud “Bring out the dead!” She rose, and with a noiseless step, passed to secure the door, when the dull lamp gleamed upon the dark and shrouded forms of the Becchini.

“You have not marked the door, nor set out the body,” said one gruffly, “but this is the *third night*! He is ready for us.”

“Hush, he sleeps—away, quick, it is not the Plague that seized him.”

“Not the Plague,” growled the Becchino in a disappointed tone, “I thought no other illness dared encroach upon the rights of the *gavocciolo*!”

“Go, here’s money, leave us.”

And the grisly carrier sullenly withdrew. The cart moved on, the bell renewed its summons, till slowly and faintly the dreadful larum died in the distance.

Shading the lamp with her hand, Irene stole to the bed-side, fearful that the sound and the intrusion had disturbed the slumberer. But his face was still locked, as in a vice, with that iron sleep. He stirred not—his breath scarcely passed his lips—she felt his pulse, as the hand lay on the coverlid—there was a slight heat—she was contented—removed the light, and, retiring to a corner of the room, placed the little cross suspended round her neck upon the table, and prayed—in her intense suffering—to Him who had known death, and who—Son of Heaven though he was, and Sovereign of the Seraphim—had also prayed, in his earthly travail, that the cup might pass away.

The morning broke, not, as in the north, slowly and through shadow, but with the sudden glory with which in those climates Day leaps upon earth—like a giant from his sleep. A sudden smile—a burnished glow—and night had vanished. Adrian still slept; not a muscle seemed to have stirred; the sleep was even heavier than before; the silence became a burthen upon the air. Now, in that exceeding torpor so like unto death, the solitary watcher became alarmed and terrified. Time passed—morning glided to noon—still not a sound nor motion. The sun was midway in heaven—the friar came not. And now again touching Adrian’s pulse, she felt no flutter—she gazed on him, appalled and confounded; surely nought living could be so still and pale. “Was it indeed sleep, might it not be—” She turned away, sick and frozen; her tongue clove to her lips. Why did the father tarry—she would go to him—she would learn the worst—she could forbear no longer. She glanced over the scroll the monk had left her: “From sunrise,” it said, “I shall be at the Convent of the Dominicans. Death has stricken many of the brethren.” The convent was at some distance, but she knew the spot, and fear would wing her steps. She gave one wistful look at the sleeper, and rushed from the house. “I shall see thee again presently,” she murmured. Alas! what hope can calculate beyond the moment. And who shall claim the tenure of “*The Again*!”

It was not many minutes after Irene had left the room, ere, with a long sigh, Adrian opened his eyes—an altered and another man; the fever was gone, the reviving pulse beat low

indeed, but calm. His mind was once more master of his body, and, though weak and feeble, the danger was past, and life and intellect regained.

“I have slept long,” he muttered—“and oh such dreams—and methought I saw Irene, but could not speak to her, and while I attempted to grasp her, her face changed, her form dilated, and I was in the clutch of the foul grave-digger. It is late—the sun is high—I must be up and stirring. Irene is in Lombardy. No, no; that was a lie, a wicked lie, she is at Florence, I must renew my search.”

As this duty came to his remembrance, he rose from the bed—he was amazed at his own debility—at first he could not stand without support from the wall—by degrees, however, he so far regained the mastery of his limbs, as to walk, though with effort and pain. A ravening hunger preyed upon him, he found some scanty and light food in the chamber, which he devoured eagerly. And with scarce less eagerness laved his enfeebled form and haggard face with the water that stood at hand. He now felt refreshed and invigorated, and began to indue his garments, which he found thrown on a heap beside the bed. He gazed with surprise and a kind of self-compassion upon his emaciated hands and shrunken limbs, and began now to comprehend that he must have had some severe but unconscious illness. “Alone too,” thought he, “no one near to tend me! Nature my only nurse! But alas! alas! how long a time may thus have been wasted, and my adored Irene—quick, quick, not a moment more will I lose.”

He soon found himself in the open street; the air revived him; and that morning, the first known for weeks, had sprung up the blessed breeze. He wandered on very slowly and feebly till he came to a broad square, from which, in the vista, might be seen one of the principal gates of Florence, and the fig-trees and olive-groves beyond. It was then that a pilgrim of tall stature approached towards him as from the gate; his hood was thrown back, and gave to view a countenance of great but sad command; a face, in whose high features, massive brow, and proud, unshrinking gaze, shaded by an expression of melancholy more stern than soft, Nature seemed to have written majesty, and Fate disaster. As in that silent and dreary place, these two, the only tenants of the street, now encountered, Adrian stopped abruptly, and said in a startled and doubting voice: “Do I dream still, or do I behold Rienzi?”

The pilgrim paused also, as he heard the name, and gazing long on the attenuated features of the young lord, said: “I am he that was Rienzi! and you, pale shadow, is it in this grave of Italy that I meet with the gay and high Colonna? Alas, young friend,” he added, in a more relaxed and kindly voice, “hath the Plague not spared the flower of the Roman nobles? Come, I, the cruel and the harsh Tribune, I will be thy nurse: he who might have been my brother, shall yet claim from me a brother’s care.”

With these words, he wound his arm tenderly round Adrian; and the young noble, touched by his compassion, and agitated by the surprise, leant upon Rienzi’s breast in silence.

“Poor youth,” resumed the Tribune, for so since rather fallen than deposed he may yet be called; “I ever loved the young; (my brother died young!) and you more than most. What fatality brought thee hither?”

“Irene!” replied Adrian falteringly.

“Is it so, really? Art thou a Colonna, and yet prize the fallen? The same duty has brought me also to the City of Death. From the farthest south—over the mountains of the robber—through the fastnesses of my foes—through towns in which the herald proclaimed in my ear the price of my head—I have passed hither, on foot and alone, safe under the wings of the Almighty One. Young man, thou shouldst have left this task to one who bears a wizard’s life, and whom Heaven and Earth yet reserve for an appointed end!”

The Tribune said this in a deep and inward voice; and in his raised eye and solemn brow might be seen how much his reverses had deepened his fanaticism, and added even to the sanguineness of his hopes.

“But,” asked Adrian, withdrawing gently from Rienzi’s arm, “thou knowest, then, where Irene is to be found, let us go together. Lose not a moment in this talk, time is of inestimable value, and a moment in this city is often but the border to eternity.”

“Right,” said Rienzi, awakening to his object. “But fear not, I *have dreamt* that I shall save her, the gem and darling of my house. Fear not, I have no fear.”

“Know you where to seek?” said Adrian, impatiently; “the convent holds far other guests.”

“Ha! so said my dream!”

“Talk not now of dreams,” said the lover, “but if you have

no other guide, let us part at once in quest of her; I will take yonder street, you take the opposite, and at sunset let us meet in the same spot."

"Rash man," said the Tribune, with great solemnity, "scoff not at the visions which Heaven makes a parable to its Chosen. Thou seekest council of thy human wisdom; I, less presumptuous, follow the hand of the mysterious Providence, moving even now before my gaze as a pillar of light, through the wilderness of dread. Ay, meet we here at sunset, and prove whose guide is the most unerring. If my dream tell me true, I shall see my sister living, ere the sun reach yonder hill, and by a church dedicated to St. Mark."

The grave earnestness with which Rienzi spoke, impressed Adrian with a hope his reason would not acknowledge. He saw him depart with that proud and stately step to which his sweeping garments gave a yet more imposing dignity, and then passed up the street to the right hand. He had not got half way when he felt himself pulled by the mantle. He turned and saw the shapeless mask of a Becchino.

"I feared you were sped, and that another had cheated me of my office," said the grave-digger, "seeing that you returned not to the old prince's palace. You don't know me from the rest of us I see, but I am the one you told to seek—"

"Irene!"

"Yes, Irene di Gabrini, you promised ample reward."

"You shall have it."

"Follow me."

The Becchino strode on, and soon arrived at a mansion. He knocked twice at the porter's entrance, an old woman cautiously opened the door; "Fear not, good aunt," said the grave-digger, "this is the young lord I spoke to thee of. Thou sayest thou hadst two ladies in the palace, who alone survived of all the lodgers, and their names were Bianca di Medici, and—what was the other?"

"Irene di Gabrini, a Roman lady. But I told thee this was the fourth day they left the house, terrified by the deaths within it."

"Thou didst so—and was there anything remarkable in the dress of the Signora di Gabrini?"

"Yes, I have told thee, a blue mantle, such as I have rarely seen, wrought with silver."

"Was the broiery that of stars, silver stars," exclaimed Adrian, "with a sun in the centre?"

"It was!"

"Alas! alas! the arms of the Tribune's family! I remember how I praised the mantle the first day she wore it—the day on which we were betrothed!" And the lover at once conjectured the secret sentiment which had induced Irene to retain so careful a robe so endeared by association.

"You know no more of your lodgers?"

"Nothing."

"And is this all you have learnt, knave?" cried Adrian.

"Patience. I must bring you from proof to proof, and link to link, in order to win my reward. Follow, Signor."

The Becchino then passing through the several lanes and streets, arrived at another house of less magnificent size and architecture. Again he tapped thrice at the parlour door, and this time came forth a man withered, old and palsied, whom death seemed to disdain to strike.

"Signor Astuccio," said the Becchino, "pardon me; but I told thee I might trouble thee again. This is the gentleman who wants to know, what is often best unknown—but that's not my affair. Did a lady—young and beautiful—with dark hair, and of a slender form, enter this house, stricken with the first symptom of the plague, three days since?"

"Ay, thou knowest that well enough—and thou knowest still better—that she has departed these two days; it was quick work with her, quicker than with most!"

"Did she wear anything remarkable?"

"Yes, troublesome man, a blue cloak with stars of silver."

"Couldst thou guess aught of her previous circumstances?"

"No, save that she raved much about the nunnery of Santa Maria dei Pazzi, and bravos, and sacrilege."

"Are you satisfied, Signor?" asked the grave-digger, with an air of triumph, turning to Adrian. "But no, I will satisfy thee better, if thou hast courage. Wilt thou follow?"

"I comprehend thee; lead on. Courage! what is there on earth now to fear?"

Muttering to himself—"Ay, leave me alone. I have a head worth something; I ask no gentleman to go by my word; I will make his own eyes the judge of what my trouble is worth," the grave-digger now led the way through one of the gates a little out of the city. And here under a shed sat six of his ghastly and ill-omened brethren, with spades and pick-axes at their feet.

His guide now turned round to Adrian, whose face was set and resolute in despair.

"Fair Signor," said he, with some touch of lingering compassion, "wouldst thou really convince thine own eyes and heart; the sight may appal, the contagion may destroy, thee,—if, indeed, as it seems to me, Death has not already written 'mine' upon thee."

"Raven of bode and wo," answered Adrian, "seest thou not that all I shrink from is thy voice and aspect? Show me her I seek, living or dead."

"I will show her to you, then," said the Becchino, sullenly, "such as two nights since she was committed to my charge. Line and lineament may already be swept away, for the Plague hath a rapid besom; but I have left that upon her by which you will know the Becchino is no liar. Bring hither the torches, comrades, and lift the door. Never stare; it's the gentleman's whim, and he'll pay it well."

Turning to the right, while Adrian mechanically followed his conductors,—a spectacle whose dire philosophy crushes as with a wheel all the pride of mortal man—the spectacle of that vault in which earth hides all that on earth flourished, rejoiced, exulted—awaited his eye!

The Becchini lifted a ponderous grate, lowered their torches (scarcely needed, for through the aperture rushed, with a hideous glare, the light of the burning sun,) and motioned to Adrian to advance. He stood upon the summit of the abyss and gazed below.

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It was a large deep and circular space, like the bottom of an exhausted well. In niches cut into the walls of earth around, lay, duly confined, those who had been the earliest victims of the plague, when the Becchino's market was not yet glutted, and priest followed, and friend mourned, the dead. But on the floor below, there was the loathsome horror! Huddled and matted together,—some naked, some in shrouds already black and rotten,—lay the later guests, the unshriven and unblest! The torches, the sun, streamed broad and red over corruption in all its stages, from the pale blue tint and swollen shape, to the moistened undistinguishable mass, or the riddled bones, where yet clung, in strips and tatters, the black and mangled flesh. In many the face remained almost perfect, while the rest of the body was but bone; the long hair, the human face, surmounting the grisly skeleton. There, was the infant, still on the mother's breast; there, was the lover stretched across the dainty limbs of his adored! The rats (for they clustered in numbers to that feast,) disturbed, not scared, sate up from their horrid meal as the light glimmered over them, and thousands of them lay round, stark and dead, poisoned by that they fed on! There, too, the wild satire of the grave-diggers had cast, though stripped of their gold and jewels, the emblems that spoke of departed rank;—the broken wand of the Councillor; the General's baton; the Priestly Mitre! The foul and livid exhalations gathered like flesh itself, fungous and putrid, upon the walls, and the—

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But who shall detail the ineffable and unimaginable horrors that reigned over the Palace where the Great King received the prisoners whom the sword of the Pestilence had subdued!

But through all that crowded court—crowded with beauty and with birth, with the strength of the young and the honours of the old, and the valour of the brave, and the wisdom of the learned, and the wit of the scorner, and the piety of the faithful—one only figure attracted Adrian's eye. Apart from the rest, a late comer—the long locks streaming far and dark over arm and breast—lay a female, the face turned partially aside, the little seen not recognizable even by the mother of the dead,—but wrapped round in that fatal mantle, on which, though blackened and tarnished, was yet visible the starry heraldry assumed by those who claimed the name of the proud Tribune of Rome. Adrian saw no more—he fell back in the arms of the grave-diggers: when he recovered, he was still without the gates of Florence—reclined upon a green mound—his guide stood beside him—holding his steed by the bridle as it grazed patiently on the neglected grass. The other brethren of the axe had resumed their seat under the shed.

"So you have revived; ah! I thought it was only the effluvia; few stand it as we do. And so, as your search is over, deeming you would now be quitting Florence if you have any sense left to you, I went for your good horse. I have fed him since your departure from the palace. Indeed I fancied he would be my perquisite, but there are plenty as good. Come,

young Sir, mount. I feel a pity for you, I know not why, except that you are the only one I have met for weeks who seem to care for another more than for yourself. I hope you are satisfied now that I showed some brains, eh! in your service, and as I have kept my promise, you'll keep yours."

"Friend," said Adrian, "here is gold enough to make thee rich; here too is a jewel that merchants will tell thee princes might vie to purchase. Thou seemest honest, despite thy calling, or thou mightest have robbed and murdered me long since. Do me one favour more."

"By my poor mother's soul, yes."

"Take you—yon clay from that fearful place. Inter it in some quiet and remote spot—apart—alone! You promise me—you swear it—it is well. And now help me on my horse."

"Farewell Italy, and if I die not with this stroke, may I die as befits at once honour and despair—with trumpet and banner round me—in a well-fought field against a worthy foe!—save a knightly death nothing is left to live for!"

BOOK VII.

THE PRISON.

Fu rinchiuso in una torre grossa e larga;—avea libri assai suoi Tito Livio, sue storie di Roma, la Bibbia, &c.

Vit. di COLA DI RIENZI, lib. ii. c. xiii.

CHAPTER I.

AVIGNON—THE TWO PAGES—THE STRANGER BEAUTY.

THERE is this difference between the drama of Shakspeare, and that of almost every other master of the same art; that in the first, the catastrophe is rarely produced by one single cause—one simple and continuous chain of events. Various and complicated agencies work out the final end. Unfettered by the rules of time and place, each time, each place depicted, presents us with its appropriate change of action, or of actors. Sometimes the interest seems to halt, to turn aside, to bring us unawares upon objects hitherto unnoticed, or upon qualities of the characters, hitherto hinted at, not developed. But, in reality, the pause in the action is but to collect, to gather up, and to grasp, all the varieties of circumstance that conduce to the Great Result: and the vulgar art of fiction is only deserted for the nobler fidelity of history. Whoever seeks to place before the world the true representation of a man's life and times, and, enlarging the Dramatic into the Epic, extends his narrative over the vicissitudes of years, will find himself unconsciously, in this, the imitator of Shakspeare. New characters, each conducive to the end—new scenes, each leading to the last, rise before him as he proceeds, sometimes seeming to the reader to delay, even while they advance, the dread catastrophe. The sacrificial procession sweeps along, swelled by new comers, losing many that first joined it; before, at last, the same as a whole, but differing in its components, the crowd reach the fated bourne of the Altar and the Victim!

It is five years after the date of the events I have recorded, and my story conveys us to the Papal Court at Avignon—that tranquil seat of power, to which the successors of St. Peter had transplanted the luxury, the pomp, and the vices, of the Imperial City. Secure from the fraud or violence of a powerful and barbarous nobility, the courtiers of the See surrendered themselves to a holiday of delight—their repose was devoted to enjoyment, and Avignon presented, at that day, perhaps the gayest and most voluptuous society of Europe. The elegance of Clement VI. had diffused an air of literary refinement over the sensualities of the spot, and the penetrative spirit of Petrarch still continued to work its way through the councils of faction, and the orgies of debauch.

Innocent VI. had lately succeeded Clement, and whatever his own claims to learning, he at least appreciated knowledge and intellect in others—and the graceful pedantry of the time

continued to mix itself with the pursuit of pleasure. The corruption which reigned through the whole place was too confirmed to yield to the example of Innocent, himself a man of simple habits and exemplary life. Though, like his predecessor, obedient to the policy of France, Innocent possessed a hard and an extended ambition. Deeply concerned for the interests of the Church, he formed the project of confirming and re-establishing her shaken dominion in Italy—and he regarded the tyrants of the various states as the principal obstacles to his ecclesiastical ambition. Nor was this the policy of Innocent VI. alone. With such exceptions as peculiar circumstances necessarily occasioned—the Papal See was upon the whole friendly to the political liberties of Italy. The Republics of the middle of ages grew up under the shadow of the Church; and there, as elsewhere, it was found, contrary to a vulgar opinion, that Religion, however prostituted and perverted—served for the general protection of civil freedom—raised the lowly and resisted the oppressor.

At this period, there appeared at Avignon, a lady of singular and matchless beauty. She had come with a slender but well appointed retinue from Florence, but declared herself of Neapolitan birth; the widow of a noble of the brilliant court of the unfortunate Jane. Her name was Cæsarini. Arrived at a place, where even in the citadel of Christianity, Venus retained her ancient empire, where Love made the prime business of life, and to be beautiful was to be of power; the Signora Cæsarini had scarcely appeared in public before she saw at her feet half the rank and gallantry of Avignon. Her female attendants were beset with bribes and billets; and nightly beneath her lattice was heard the plaintive serenade. She entered largely into the gay dissipation of the town, and her charms shared the celebrity of the hour with the verse of Petrarch. But though she frowned on none, none could claim the monopoly of her smiles. Her fair fame was as yet unblemished; but if any might presume beyond the rest, she seemed to have selected rather from ambition than love, and Giles, the warlike Cardinal D'Albornoz, all powerful at the sacred court, already foreboded the hour of his triumph.

It was late noon, and in the ante-chamber of the fair Signora waited two of that fraternity of pages, fair and richly clad, which, at that day, furnished the favourite attendants to rank of either sex.

"By my troth," cried one of these young servitors, pushing from him the dice with which himself and his companion had sought to beguile their leisure, "this is but dull work! and the best part of the day is gone. Our lady is late."

"And I have donned my new velvet mantle. Daylight will be over before it has its opportunity of admiration!" replied the other, compassionately eyeing his finery.

"Chut, Giacomo," said his comrade, yawning; "a truce with thy conceit.—What news abroad, I wonder. Has his Holiness come to his senses yet?"

"His senses, what is he mad then!" quoth Giacomo, in a serious and astonished whisper.

"I think he is; if being Pope, he does not discover that he may at length lay aside mask and hood. 'Continent Cardinal—lewd Pope,' is the motto, you know; something must be the matter with the good man's brain, if he continue to live like a hermit."

"Oh, I have you! But faith, his Holiness has proxies eno'. The bishops take care to prevent women, Heaven bless them, going out of fashion; and his eminence of Albornoz does not maintain your proverb, touching the Cardinals."

"True, but Giles is a warrior,—a cardinal in the church, but a soldier out of it."

"Will he carry the fort here, think you, Angelo?"

"Why, fort is female, but—"

"But what?"

"That brow of the Signora's is made for power, rather than love, fair as it is. She sees in Albornoz the prince, and not the lover. With what a step she sweeps the floor, it disdains even the cloth of gold."

"Hark!" cried Giacomo, hastening to the lattice, "hear you the hoofs below? Ah, a gallant company!"

"Returned from hawking, a foreign sport, but a gentle," answered Angelo, regarding wistfully the cavalcade, as it swept the narrow street. "Plumes waving, steeds curvetting—see how yon handsome cavalier presses close to that dame!"

"His mantle is the colour of mine," sighed Giacomo.

As the gay procession paced slowly on, till hidden by the winding street, and as the sound of laughter and the tramp of horses was yet faintly heard, there gloomed right before the straining gaze of the pages, a dark massive tower of the mighty masonry of the eleventh century: the sun gleamed on

its vast and dismal surface, which was only here and there relieved by loop-holes and narrow slits, rather than casements. It was a striking contrast to the gaiety around, the glittering shops, and the gaudy train that had just filled the space below. This contrast the young men seemed involuntarily to feel; they drew back, and looked at each other.

"I know your thoughts, Giacomo," said Angelo, the handsomer and elder of the two; "you think yon tower affords but a gloomy lodgement?"

"And I thank my stars that made me not high enough to require so grand a cage," rejoined Giacomo.

"Yet," observed Angelo, "it holds one, who in birth was not our superior."

"Do tell me something of that strange man," said Giacomo, regaining his seat; "you are Roman and should know."

"Yes!" answered Angelo, haughtily drawing himself up. "I am Roman! and I should be unworthy my birth, if I had not already learned what honour is due to the name of Cola di Rienzi."

"Yet your fellow-Romans nearly stoned him, I fancy," muttered Giacomo. "Honour seems to lie more in kicks than money. Can you tell me," continued the page in a louder key—"can you tell me if it be true, that Rienzi appeared at Prague before the emperor, and prophesied that the late Pope and all the Cardinals should be murdered, and a new Italian Pope elected, who should endue the Emperor with a golden crown, as Sovereign of Sicilia, Calabria, and Apulia,* and himself with a crown of silver, as king of Rome, and all Italy? And—"

"Hush!" interrupted Angelo, impatiently. "Listen to me, and you shall know the exact story. On last leaving Rome (thou knowest that after his fall, he was present at the Jubilee in disguise) the Tribune—" here Angelo, pausing, looked round, and then with a flushed cheek and raised voice resumed, "Yes, the *Tribune*, that was and shall be—travelled in disguise, as a pilgrim, over mountain and forest, night and day, exposed to rain and storm, no shelter but the cave,—he who had been, they say, the very spoilt one of luxury. Arrived at length in Bohemia, he disclosed himself to a Florentine in Prague, and through his aid obtained audience of the Emperor Charles."

"A prudent man, the Emperor!" said Giacomo, "close fist as a miser. He makes conquests by bargain, and goes to market for laurels,—as I have heard my brother say, who was under him."

"True—but I also have heard that he likes bookmen and scholars—is wise and temperate, and much is yet hoped from him in Italy! Before the Emperor, I say, came Rienzi. 'Know great Prince,' said he, 'that I am that Rienzi to whom God gave to govern Rome, in peace, with justice, and to freedom. I curbed the nobles, I purged corruption, I amended law. The powerful persecuted me—pride and envy have chased me from my dominions. Great as you are, fallen as I am, I too have wielded the sceptre and might have worn a crown. Know too, that I am illegitimately of your lineage; my father the son of Henry VII;† the blood of the Teuton rolls in my veins; mean as were my earlier fortunes and humble my earlier name! From you, O king, I seek protection, and I demand justice.'"

"A bold speech, and one from equal to equal," said Giacomo; "surely you swell us out the words."

"Not a whit; they were written down by the Emperor's scribe, and every Roman who has once heard knows them by heart: once every Roman was the equal to a king, and Rienzi maintained our dignity in asserting his own."

Giacomo, who discreetly avoided quarrels, knew the weak side of his friend; and though in his heart he thought the Romans as good for nothing as a set of turbulent dastards as all Italy might furnish, he merely picked a straw from his mantle, and said in rather an impatient tone, "Humph! proceed! did the Emperor dismiss him?"

"Not so—Charles was struck with his bearing and his spirit, received him graciously, and entertained him hospitably. He remained some time at Prague, and astonished all the learned with his knowledge and eloquence."‡

"But if so honoured at Prague, how comes he a prisoner at Avignon?"

"Giacomo," said Angelo, thoughtfully, there are some men whom we of another mind and mould can rarely comprehend and never fathom. And of such men I have observed that a supreme confidence in their own fortune or their own souls, is the most common feature. Thus impressed, and thus buoyed, they rush into danger with a seeming madness, and from danger soar to greatness, or sink to death. So with Rienzi; dissatisfied with empty courtesies and weary of playing the pedant, since once he had played the prince;—some say of his own accord, (though others relate that he was surrendered to the Pope's legate by Charles,) he left the Emperor's court, and without arms, without money, betook himself at once to Avignon!"

"Madness indeed!"

"Yet, perhaps his only course, under all circumstances," resumed the elder page. "Once before his fall, and once during his absence from Rome, he had been excommunicated by the Pope's legate. He was accused of heresy—the ban was still on him. It was necessary that he should clear himself. How was the poor exile to do so? No powerful friend stood up for the friend of the people. No courtier vindicated one who had trampled on the neck of the nobles. His own genius was his only friend; on that only could he rely. He sought Avignon to free himself from the accusations against him; and, doubtless, he hoped that there was but one step from his acquittal to his restoration. Besides, it is certain that the Emperor had been applied to, formally to surrender Rienzi. He had the choice before him; for to that sooner or later it must come—to go free, or to go in bonds—as a criminal, or as a Roman. He chose the latter. Wherever he passed along, the people rose in every town, in every hamlet. The name of the great Tribune was honoured throughout all Italy. They besought him not to rush into the very den of peril—they implored him to save himself for that country he had sought to raise. 'I go to vindicate myself, and to triumph,' was the Tribune's answer. Solemn honours were paid him in the cities through which he passed; and I am told that never ambassador, prince, or baron, entered Avignon with so long a train as that which followed into these very walls the path of Cola di Rienzi."

"And on his arrival?"

"He demanded an audience that he might refute the charges against him. He flung down the gage to the proud cardinals who had excommunicated him. He besought a trial."

"And what said the pope?"

"Nothing—by word. Yon tower was his answer!"

"A rough one!"

"But there have been longer roads than that from the prison to the palace, and God made not men like Rienzi for the dungeon and the chain."

As Angelo said this with a loud voice, and with all the enthusiasm with which the fame of the fallen Tribune had inspired the youth of Rome, he heard a sigh behind him. He turned in some confusion, and at the door which admitted to the chamber occupied by the Signora Cesarini, stood a female of noble presence. Attired in the richest garments, gold and gems were dull to the lustre of her dark eyes, and as she now stood, erect and commanding, never seemed brow more made for the regal crown—never did human beauty more fully consummate the ideal of a heroine and a queen.

"Pardon me, Signora," said Angelo, hesitatingly; "I spoke loud, I disturbed you; but I am Roman, and my theme was—"

"Rienzi!" said the lady, approaching; "a fit one to stir a Roman heart. Nay—no excuses—they would sound ill on thy generous lips. Ah, if—" the Signora paused suddenly and sighed again; then in an altered and graver tone she resumed—"If fate restore Rienzi to his proper fortunes, he shall know what thou deemest of him."

"If you, lady, who are of Naples," said Angelo, with meaning emphasis, "speak thus of a fallen exile, what must I have felt who acknowledged a sovereign!"

"Rienzi is not of Rome alone—he is of Italy—of the world," returned the Signora. "And you, Angelo, who have had the boldness to speak thus of one fallen, have proved, with what loyalty you can serve those who have the fortune to own you."

As she spoke, the Signora looked at the Page's downcast and blushing face long and wistfully, with the gaze of one accustomed to read the soul in the countenance.

"Men are often deceived," said she sadly, yet with a half smile; "but women rarely,—save in love. Would that Rome were filled with such as you. Enough! Hark! Is that the sound of hoofs in the court below?"

"Madam," said Giacomo, bringing his mantle gallantly over

* An absurd fable adopted by certain historians.

† Uncle to the Emperor Charles.

‡ His Italian contemporary delights in representing this remarkable man as another Crichton. "Disputava," he says of him when at Prague, "disputava con Mastri di teologia; molto diceva, parlava cose meravigliose, lingua diserta . . . abbair fea ogni persona."

his shoulder, "I see the servitors of his Eminence the Cardinal D'Albornoz.—It is his Eminence himself."

"It is well!" said the Signora, with a brightening eye. "I await his Eminence!" With these words she withdrew by the door, through which she had surprised the Roman page.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHARACTER OF A WARRIOR PRIEST—AN INTERVIEW—THE INTRIGUE AND COUNTER INTRIGUE OF COURTS.

GILES, (or Egidio,) Cardinal D'Albornoz, was one of the most remarkable men of that remarkable time, so prodigal of genius. Boasting his descent from the royal house of Arragon and Leon, he had early entered the church, and, yet almost a youth, attained the archbishopric of Toledo. But no peaceful career, however brilliant, sufficed to his ambition. He could not content himself with the honours of the church unless they were the honours of a church militant. In the war against the Moors, no Spaniard had more highly distinguished himself, and Alphonzo XI. king of Castile, had insisted on receiving from the hand of the martial priest the badge of knighthood. After the death of Alphonzo, who was strongly attached to him, Albornoz repaired to Avignon, and obtained from Clement VI. the cardinal's hat. With Innocent he continued in high favour, and now, constantly in the councils of the Pope, rumours of warlike preparation, under the banners of Albornoz, for the recovery of the papal dominions from the various tyrants that usurped them, were already circulated through the court. Bold, sagacious, enterprising, and cold-hearted,—with the valour of the knight, and the cunning of the priest,—such was the character of Giles, Cardinal D'Albornoz.

Leaving his attendant gentlemen in the ante-chamber, Albornoz was ushered into the apartment of the Signora Cesarini. In person about the middle height, the dark complexion of Spain had faded, by thought and the wear of ambitious schemes, into a sallow, but hardly hue. His brow was deeply furrowed, and though not yet passed the prime of life, Albornoz might seem to have entered age, but for the firmness of his step, the slender elasticity of his frame, and an eye which had acquired calmness and depth from thought without losing any of the brilliancy of youth.

"Beautiful Signora," said the Cardinal, bending over the hand of the Cesarini with a grace which betokened more of the prince than of the priest; "the commands of his holiness have detained me, I fear, beyond the hour in which you vouchsafed to appoint my homage, but my heart has been with you since we parted."

"The Cardinal D'Albornoz," replied the Signora, gently withdrawing her hand, and seating herself, "has so many demands on his time, from the duties of his rank and renown, that methinks to divert his attention for a few moments to less noble thoughts is a kind of treason to his fame."

"Ah, lady," replied the Cardinal, "never was my ambition so nobly directed as it is now. And it were a prouder lot to be at thy feet than on the throne of St. Peter."

A momentary blush passed over the cheek of the Signora, yet it seemed the blush of indignation as much as of vanity; it was succeeded by an extreme paleness. She paused before she replied, and then fixing her large and haughty eyes on the enamoured Spaniard, she said, in a low voice,

"My Lord Cardinal, I do not affect to misunderstand your words: neither do I place them to the account of a general gallantry. I am vain enough to believe you imagine you speak truly when you say you love me."

"Imagine!—as well might I imagine I believed in the sanctity of the Cross," answered the priest.

"Listen to me," returned the Signora. "She whom the Cardinal Albornoz honours with his love has a right to demand of him its proofs. In the papal court, whose power like his!—I require you to exercise it for me."

"Speak, dearest lady, have your estates been seized by the barbarians of these lawless times? Hath any dared to injure you? Lands and titles, are these thy wish?—my power is thy slave."

"Cardinal, no! there is one thing dearer to an Italian and a woman, than wealth or station—it is revenge!"

The Cardinal drew back from the flashing eye that was bent upon him, but the spirit of her speech touched a congenial chord.

"There," said he, after a little hesitation, "there, spake high descent. Revenge is the luxury of the well-born. Let serfs and churls forgive an injury. Proceed, lady."

"Hast thou heard the last news from Rome?" said the Signora.

"Surely," replied the Cardinal, in some surprise, "we were poor statesmen to be ignorant of the condition of the capital of the papal dominions. And my heart mourns for that unfortunate city; but wherefore wouldst thou question me of Rome!—thou art!"

"Roman! know, my lord, that I have a purpose in calling myself of Naples. To your discretion I entrust my secret—I am of Rome! Tell me of her state."

"Fairest one," returned the Cardinal, "I should have known that that brow and presence were not of the light *Campania*. My reason should have told me that they bore the stamp of the empress of the world. The state of Rome," continued Albornoz, in a graver tone, "is briefly told. Thou knowest that after the fall of the able but insolent Rienzi, Pepin Count of Minorbino, (a creature of Montreal's,) who had assisted in expelling him, would have betrayed Rome to Montreal,—but he was neither strong enough nor wise enough—and the Barons chased him as he had chased the Tribunes. Some time afterwards a new demagogue, John Cerroni, was installed in the Capitol. He once more expelled the nobles; new revolutions ensued—the barons were recalled. The weak successor of Rienzi summoned the people to arms—in vain—in terror and despair he abdicated his power, and left the city a prey to the interminable feuds of the Orsini, the Colonna, and the Savelli."

"Thus much I know, my Lord; but when his Holiness succeeded to the chair of Clement VI."

"Then," said Albornoz—and a slight frown darkened his sallow brow—"then came the blacker part of the history. Two senators were elected in concert by the Pope."

"Their names?"

"Bertoldo Orsini, and one of the Colonna. A few weeks afterwards, the high price of provisions stung the rascal stomachs of the mob—they rose, they clamoured, they armed, they besieged the Capitol—"

"Well, well," cried the Signora, clasping her hands, and betokening in every feature her interest in the narration.

"Colonna only escaped death by a wild disguise, Bertoldo Orsini was stoned."

"Stoned!—there fell one!"

"Yes, lady, one of a great house; the least drop of whose blood were worth an ocean of plebeian puddle. At present all is disorder, misrule, anarchy at Rome. The contests of the nobles shakes the city to the centre; and prince and people, wearied of so many experiments to establish a government, have now no governor but the fear of the sword. Such, fair madam, is the state of Rome. Sigh not, it occupies now our care. It shall be remedied, and I, madam, may be the happy instrument of restoring peace to your native city."

"There is but one way of restoring peace to Rome," answered the Signora, abruptly, "and that is—The restoration of Rienzi!"

The Cardinal started. "Madam," said he, "do I hear aright—are you not nobly born—can you desire the rise of a plebeian? Did you not speak of revenge, and now you ask for mercy?"

"Lord Cardinal," said the beautiful Signora, earnestly, "I do not ask for mercy, such a word is not for the lips of one who demands justice. Nobly born I am—ay, and from a stock to whose long descent from the patricians of ancient Rome, the high line of Arragon itself would be of yesterday. Nay, I would not offend your Eminence; your greatness is not borrowed from pedigrees and tombstones—your greatness is your own achieving; would you speak honestly, my Lord, you would own that you are proud only of *your own* laurels, and that, in your heart, you laugh at the stately fools who trick themselves out in the mouldering finery of the dead!"

"Muse! prophetess! you speak aright," said the high-spirited Cardinal, with unwonted energy; "and your voice is like that of the Fame I dreamt of in my youth. Speak on, speak ever!"

"Such," continued the Signora, "such as your pride, is the just pride of Rienzi. Proud that he is the workmen of his own great renown. In such as the Tribune of Rome we acknowledge the founders of noble lineage. Ancestry makes not them—they make ancestry. Enough of this. I am of noble race, it is true, but my house, and those of many, have been crushed and broken beneath the yoke of the Orsini and Colonna—it is against them I desire revenge. But I am better than an Italian lady—I am a Roman woman—I weep tears

of blood for the disorders of my unhappy country. I mourn that even you, my Lord,—yes, that a barbarian, however eminent and however great, should mourn for Rome. I desire to restore her fortunes."

"But Rienzi would only restore his own."

"Not so, my Lord Cardinal, not so. Vain, ambitious, proud he may be—great souls are so—but he has never had one wish divorced from the welfare of Rome. But put aside all thought of his interest—it is not of these I speak. You desire to re-establish the papal power in Rome. Your senators have failed to do it. Demagogues fail—Rienzi alone can succeed; he alone can command the turbulent passions of the barons—he alone can sway the capricious and fickle mob. Release, restore Rienzi, and through Rienzi the Pope regains Rome!"

The Cardinal did not answer for some moments. Buried as in a reverie, he sat motionless, shading his face with his hand. Perhaps he secretly owned there was a wiser policy in the suggestions of the Signora than he cared openly to confess. Lifting his hand, at length, from his bosom, he fixed his eyes upon the Signora's watchful countenance, and, with a forced smile, said,

"Pardon me, madam; but while we play the politicians, forget not that I am thy adorer. Sagacious may be thy counsels, yet wherefore are they urged? Why this anxious interest for Rienzi? If by releasing him the church may gain an ally, am I sure that Giles d'Albornoz will not raise a rival?"

"My Lord," said the Signora, half rising, "you are my suitor, but your rank does not tempt me—your gold cannot buy. If you love me, I have a right to command your services to whatsoever task I would require—it is the law of chivalry. If ever I yield to the addresses of mortal lover, it will be to the man who restores to my native land her hero and her saviour."

"Fair patriot," said the Cardinal, "your words encourage my hope, yet they half damp my ambition, for fain would I desire that love and not service should alone give me the treasure that I ask. But hear me, sweet lady; you over-rate my power, I cannot deliver Rienzi—he is accused of rebellion, he is excommunicated for heresy. His acquittal rests with himself."

"You can procure his trial—"

"Perhaps, lady—"

"That is his acquittal!—and, a private audience of his Holiness!"

"Doubtless."

"That is his restoration. Behold all I ask!"

"And then, sweet Roman, it will be *mine* to ask," said the Cardinal, passionately, dropping on his knee, and taking the Signora's hand. For one moment, that proud lady felt that she was woman—she blushed, she trembled; but it was not (could the Cardinal have read that heart) with passion or with weakness, it was with terror and with shame. Passively she surrendered her hand to the Cardinal, who covered it with kisses.

"Thus inspired," said Albornoz, rising, "I will not doubt of success. To-morrow I wait on thee again."

He pressed her hand to his heart—the lady felt it not. He sighed his farewell—she did not hear it. Lingeringly he gazed; and slowly he departed. But it was some moments, before recalled to herself, the Signora felt that she was alone.

"Alone!" she cried, half-aloud, and with wild emphasis—"alone! Oh, what have I undergone—what have I said! Unfaithful, even in thought, to *him*! Oh, never! never! I, that have felt the kiss of his hallowing lips—that have slept on his kingly heart—I!—holy mother, befriend and strengthen me!" she continued, as weeping bitterly, she sunk upon her knees; and for some moments she was lost in prayer. Then, rising composed but deadly pale, and with the tears rolling heavily down her cheeks, the Signora passed slowly to the casement; she threw it open, and leant forward; the air of the declining day came softly on her temples; it cooled, it mitigated, the fever that prayed within. Dark and huge before her, frowned in its gloomy shadow, the tower, in which Rienzi lay a prisoner and a criminal, she gazed at it long and wistfully; and then, turning away, drew from the folds of her robe a small and sharp dagger. "Let me save him for glory!" she murmured; "and *this* shall save me from dishonour!"

CHAPTER III.

HOLY MEN—SAGACIOUS DELIBERATIONS—JUST RESOLVES—AND SORDID MOTIVES TO ALL.

ENAMoured of the beauty, and almost equally so of the lofty spirit, of the Signora Cesarini, as was the warlike Cardinal of Spain, love with him was not so master a passion as that ambition of complete success in all the active designs of life, which had hitherto animated his character, and signalized his career. Musing, as he left the Signora, on her wish for the restoration of the Roman Tribune, his experienced and profound intellect ran swiftly through whatever advantages might result from that restoration to his own political designs. We have already seen that it was the intention of the new pontiff to attempt the recovery of the Patrimonial territories, now torn from him by the gripe of able and disaffected tyrants. With this view, a military force was already in preparation, and the Cardinal was already secretly nominated the chief. But the force was very inadequate to the enterprise; and Albornoz depended much upon the moral strength of the cause in bringing recruits to his standard in his progress through the Italian states. The wonderful rise of Rienzi had excited an extraordinary enthusiasm in his favour through all the free populations of Italy. And this had been yet more kindled and inflamed by the influential eloquence of Petrarch, who, at that time possessed of a power greater than ever before or since, (not even excepting the sage of Ferney,) wielded by a single literary man—had put forth his boldest genius in behalf of the Roman Tribune. Such a companion as Rienzi in the camp of the Cardinal might be a magnet of attraction to the youth and enterprise of Italy. On nearing Rome, he might himself judge how far it would be advisable to reinstate Rienzi as a delegate of the papal power. And, in the meanwhile, the Roman's influence might be serviceable, whether to awe the rebellious nobles, or conciliate the stubborn people. On the other hand, the Cardinal was shrewd enough to perceive that no possible good could arise from Rienzi's present confinement. With every month it excited deeper and more universal sympathy. To his lonely dungeon turned half the hearts of republican Italy. Literature had leagued its new and sudden, and therefore mighty and even disproportioned power, with his cause; and the Pope, without daring to be his judge, incurred the odium of being his jailor. "A popular prisoner," said the sagacious Cardinal to himself, "is the most dangerous of guests. Restore him as your servant, or destroy him as your foe! In this case, I see no alternative, but acquittal or the knife!" In these reflections, that able plotter, deep in the Machiavelism of the age, divorced the lover from the statesman.

Recurring now to the former character, he felt some disagreeable and uneasy forebodings at the earnest interest of his mistress. Fain would he have attributed either to some phantasy of patriotism, or some purpose of revenge, the anxiety of the Cesarini; and there was much in her stern and haughty character which favoured that belief. But he was forced to acknowledge to himself some jealous apprehension of a sinister and latent motive, which touched his vanity and alarmed his love. "Howbeit," he thought, as he turned from his unwilling fear, "I can play with her at her own weapons; I can obtain the release of Rienzi, and claim my reward. If denied, the hand that opened the dungeon, can again rivet the chain. In her anxiety is my power."

These thoughts the Cardinal was still revolving in his palace, when he was suddenly summoned to attend the Pontiff.

The pontifical palace no longer exhibited the gorgeous, yet graceful luxury of Clement VI., and the sarcastic Cardinal smiled to himself at the quiet gloom of the antechambers. "He thinks to set an example—this poor native of Limoges!" thought Albornoz, "and has but the mortification of finding himself eclipsed by the poorest bishop. He humbles himself, and fancies that the humility will be contagious."

His Holiness was seated before a small and rude table, strewn with papers, his face buried in his hands, the room was simply furnished, and, in a small niche beside the casement, was an ivory crucifix; below, the death's head and crossbones, which most monks then introduced with a purpose similar to that of the ancients by the like ornaments,—mementoes of the shortness of life, and therefore admonitions to make the best of it! On the ground lay a map of the Patrimonial territory, with the fortresses in especial, distinctly and prominently marked. The Pope gently lifted his head as the Cardinal was announced, and discovered a plain, but sensible and somewhat interesting, countenance. "My son!" said he, with a kindly courtesy, to the lowly salutation of the proud

Spaniard, "scarcely wouldst thou imagine, after our long conference this morning, that new cares would so soon demand the assistance of thy counsels. Verily, the wreath of thorns stings sharp under the triple crown; and I sometimes long for the quiet abode of my old professor's chair in Toulouse: my station is of pain and toil."

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," observed the Cardinal with pious and compassionate gravity.

Innocent could scarcely refrain a smile as he replied, "The lamb that carries the cross must have the strength of a lion. Since we parted, my son, I have had painful intelligence; our couriers have arrived from the Campagna—the heathen rage furiously—the force of John di Vico has augmented fearfully, and the most redoubted adventurer of Europe has enlisted under his banner."

"Does his Holiness," cried the Cardinal anxiously, "speak of Frà Moreale, the Knight of St. John?"

"Of no less a warrior," returned the Pontiff, "I dread the vast ambition of that wild adventurer."

"Your holiness hath cause," said the Cardinal drily.

"Some letters of his have fallen into the hands of the servant of the Church; they are here: read them, my son."

Albornoz received and deliberately scanned the letters—this done, he replaced them on the table, and remained for a few moments silent and absorbed.

"What think you, my son," said the Pope, at length, with an impatient and even peevish tone.

"I think that with Montreal's hot genius and John di Vico's frigid villany, your Holiness may live to envy, if not the quiet, at least the revenue, of the professor's chair."

"How, Cardinal!" said the pope, hastily, and with an angry flush on his pale brow. The Cardinal quietly proceeded.

"By these letters it seems that Montreal has written to all the commanders of free lances throughout Italy, offering the highest pay of a soldier to every man that will join his standard, combined with the richest plunder of a brigand. He meditates great schemes then!—I know the man!"

"Well,—and our course?"

"Is plain," said the Cardinal loftily, and with an eye that flashed with a soldier's fire. "Not a moment is to be lost! Thy son should at once take the field. Up with the banner of the church."

"But are we strong enough? our numbers are few. Zeal slackens! the piety of the Baldwins is no more!"

"Your Holiness knows well," said the Cardinal, "that for the multitude of men there are two watchwords of war—Liberty and Religion. If religion begin to fail, we must employ the profaner word. 'Up with the banner of the church—and down with the tyrants!' We will proclaim equal laws, and free government, and, God willing, our camp shall prosper better with those promises than the tents of Montreal with the more vulgar shout of 'Pay and Rapine.'"

"Giles D'Albornoz," said the Pope, emphatically, and warmed by the spirit of the Cardinal, he dropped the wonted etiquette of phrase, "I trust implicitly to you. Now the right hand of the church, hereafter perhaps its head. Too well I feel that the lot has fallen on a lowly place. My successor must requite my deficiencies."

No changing hue, no brightening glance, betrayed to the searching eye of the Pope whatever emotion these words had called up in the breast of the ambitious Cardinal. He bowed his proud head humbly as he answered, "Pray heaven that Innocent VI. may long live to guide the church to glory. For Giles D'Albornoz, less priest than soldier, the din of the camp, the breath of the war-steed, present the only aspirations which he ever dares indulge. But has your holiness imparted to your servant all that—"

"Nay," interrupted Innocent, "I have yet intelligence equally ominous. 'This John di Vico,—pest go with him! who still styles himself (the excommunicated ruffian!) Prefect of Rome, has so filled that unhappy city with his emissaries, that we have well nigh lost the seat of the Apostle. Rome, long in anarchy, seems now in open rebellion. The nobles—sons of Belial—it is true, are once more humbled; but how!—one Baroncelli, a new demagogue, the fiercest—the most bloody that the fiend ever helped—has arisen—is invested by the mob with power, and uses it to butcher the people and insult the Pontiff. Wearied of the crimes of this man, (which are not even decorated by ability,) the shout of the people day and night, along the streets, is for 'Rienzi the Tribune!'"

"Ha!" said the Cardinal, "Rienzi's faults then are forgotten in Rome, and there is felt for him the same enthusiasm in that city as in the rest of Italy."

"Alas! it is so."

"It is well, I have thought of this, Rienzi can accompany my progress—"

"My son! the rebel, the heretic—"

"By your Holiness's absolution will become quiet subject and orthodox Catholic," said Albornoz. "Men are good or bad as they suit our purpose. What matters a virtue that is useless, or a crime that is useful, to us? The army of the church proceeds against tyrants—it proclaims everywhere the restoration to the papal towns of their popular constitutions. Sees not your Holiness, that the acquittal of Rienzi, the popular darling, will be hailed an earnest of your sincerity—sees not your Holiness that his name will fight for us!—sees not your Holiness that the great demagogue Rienzi must be used to extinguish the little demagogue Baroncelli. We must regain the Romans, whether of the city or whether in the seven towns of John di Vico. When they hear Rienzi is in our camp, trust me, we shall have a multitude of deserters from the tyrants—trust me we shall hear no more of Baroncelli!"

"Ever sagacious," said the Pope musingly; "it is true, we can use this man; but with caution. His genius is formidable,—"

"And therefore must be conciliated, if we acquit, we must make him ours. My experience has taught me this, when you cannot slay a demagogue by law, crush him with honours. He must be no longer Tribune of the People. Give him the Patrician title of *Senator*, and he is then the Lieutenant of the Pope!"

"I will see to this, my son—your suggestions please, but alarm me: he shall at least be examined;—but if found a heretic—"

"Should, I humbly advise, be declared a saint."

The Pope bent his brow for a moment, but the effort was too much for him, and after a moment's struggle, he fairly laughed aloud.

"Go to, my son," said he, affectionately patting the Cardinal's sallow cheek. "Go to. If the world heard thee, what would it say?"

"That Giles D'Albornoz had just got enough religion to remember that the State is a Church, but not too much to forget that the Church is a State."

With these words the conference ended. That very evening the Pope decreed that Rienzi should be permitted the trial he had demanded.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LADY AND THE PAGE.

It wanted three hours of midnight, when Albornoz, resuming his character of gallant, despatched to the Signora Cesarini the following billet.

"Your commands are obeyed. Rienzi will receive an examination on his faith. It is well that he should be prepared. It may suit your purpose, of which I am so faintly enlightened, to appear to the prisoner what you are—the obtainer of this grace? See how implicitly one noble heart can trust another! I send by the bearer an order that will admit one of your servants to the prisoner's cell. Be it, if you will, your task to announce to him, the new crisis of his fate. Ah! madam, may fortune be as favourable to me, and grant me the same intercessor—from thy lips my sentence is to come."

As Albornoz finished this epistle, he summoned his confidential attendant, a Spanish gentleman, who saw nothing in his noble birth that should prevent his fulfilling the various hests of the Cardinal.

"Alvarez," said he, "these to the Signora Cesarina by another hand. Thou art unknown to her household; repair to the state tower, this to the governor admits thee. Mark who is admitted to the prisoner Cola di Rienzi! Know his name, examine whence he comes. Be keen, Alvarez. Learn by what motive the Cesarini interests herself in the prisoner's fate. All too of herself, birth, fortunes, lineage would be welcome intelligence. Thou comprehendest me. It is well. One caution—thou hast no mission from, no connexion with, me. Thou art an officer of the prison, or of the Pope,—what thou wilt. Give me the rosary; light the lamp before the crucifix; place yon hair shirt beneath those arms. I would have it appear as if meant to be hidden! Tell Gomez that the Dominican preacher is to be admitted."

"Those friars have zeal," continued the Cardinal, to himself, as, after executing his orders, Alvarez withdrew. "They would

burn a man,—but only on the Bible! They are worth conciliating, if the triple crown be really worth the winning; were it mine, I would add the eagle's plume to it."

And plunging into the aspiring future, this bold man forgot even the object of his passion. In real life, after a certain age, ambitious men love indeed; but it is only as an interlude. And indeed with most men, life has more absorbing though not more frequent concerns than those of love. Love is the business of the idle, but the idleness of the busy.

The Cæsari was alone when the Cardinal's messenger arrived, and he was scarcely dismissed with a few lines, expressive of a gratitude which seemed to bear down all those guards with which the coldness of the Signora usually fenced her pride, before the page Angelo was summoned to her presence.

The room was dark with the shades of the gathering night when the youth entered, and he discerned but dimly the outline of the Signora's stately form; but by the tone of her voice, he perceived that she was deeply agitated.

"Angelo," said she, as he approached—"Angelo"—and her voice failed her. She paused as for breath, and again proceeded. "You alone have served us faithfully; you alone shared our escape, our wanderings, our exile—you alone know my secret—you of my train alone are Roman!—Roman! it was once a great name. Angelo, the name has fallen; but it is only because the nature of the Roman Race fell first. Haughty they are, but fickle; fierce, but dastard; vehement in promise, but rotten in their faith. You are a Roman, and though I have proved your truth, your very birth makes me afraid of falsehood."

"Madam," said the page, "I was but a child when you admitted me of your service, and I am yet only on the verge of manhood. But boy though I yet be, I would brave the stoutest lance of knight, or freebooter, in defence of the faith of Angelo Villani, to his liege Lady and his native land."

"Alas! alas!" said the Signora bitterly. "Such have been the words of thousands of thy race. What have been their deeds! But I will trust thee, as I have trusted ever. I know that thou art covetous of honour, that thou hast youth's comely and bright ambition;"

"I am an orphan and a bastard," said Angelo, bluntly. "And circumstance stings me sharply on to action; I would win my own name."

"Thou shalt," said the Signora. "We shall live yet to reward thee. And now be quick. Bring hither one of thy page's suits, mantle and head-gear. Quick, I say, and whisper not to a soul what I have asked of thee."

CHAPTER V.

THE INMATE OF THE TOWER.

THE night slowly advanced, and in the highest chamber of that dark and rugged tower which fronted the windows of the Cæsari's palace, sate a solitary prisoner. A single lamp burnt before him on a table of stone, and threw its rays over an open Bible; and those stern but fantastic legends of the prowess of ancient Rome, which the genius of Livy has dignified into history. A chain hung pendent from the vault of the tower, and confined the captive; but so as to leave his limbs at sufficient liberty to measure at will the greater part of the cell. Green and damp were the mighty stones of the walls, and through a narrow aperture, high out of reach, came the moonlight, and slept in long shadow over the rude floor. A bed at one corner, completed the furniture of the room. Such for months had been the abode of the conqueror of the haughtiest barons, and the luxurious dictator of the stateliest city of the world!

Care, and travel, and time, and adversity, had wrought their change in the person of Rienzi. The proportions of his frame had enlarged from the compact strength of earlier manhood, the clear paleness of his cheek was bespread with a hectic and deceitful glow. Even in his present studies, intent as they seemed, and genial though the lecture to a mind enthusiastic even to fanaticism, his eyes could not rivet themselves as of yore steadily to the page. The charm was gone from the letters. Every now and then he moved restlessly, started, resettled himself, and muttered broken exclamations like a man in an anxious dream. Anon, his gaze impatiently turned upward, about, around, and there was a strange and wandering

fire in those large deep eyes, which might have thrilled the beholder with a vague and unaccountable awe.

Angelo had in the main correctly narrated the latter of the adventures of Rienzi after his fall. He had first with Nina and Angelo betaken himself to Naples, and found a fallacious and brief favour with Louis King of Hungary; that harsh but honourable monarch had refused to yield his illustrious guest to the demands of Clement, but had plainly declared his inability to shelter him in safety. Maintaining secret intercourse with his partisans at Rome, the fugitive then sought a refuge with the Eremites, sequestered in the lone recesses of the Monte Maiella, where in solitude and thought he had passed a whole year, save the time consumed in his visit to and return from Florence. Taking advantage of the Jubilee in Rome, he had then, disguised as a pilgrim, traversed the vales and mountains still rich in the melancholy ruins of ancient Rome, and entering the city, his restless and ambitious spirit indulged in new but vain conspiracies. Excommunicated a second time by the Cardinal di Ceccano, and again a fugitive, he shook the dust from his feet as he left the city, and raising his hand towards those walls in which are yet traced the witness of the Tarquins, cried aloud, "Honoured as thy prince—persecuted as thy victim—Rome, Rome, thou shalt yet receive me as thy conqueror!"

Still disguised as a pilgrim, he passed unscathed through Italy into the court of the Emperor Charles of Bohemia, where the page, who had probably witnessed, had rightly narrated, his reception. It is doubtful, however, whether the conduct of the Emperor had been as chivalrous as appears by Angelo's relation, or whether he had not delivered Rienzi to the Pontiff's emissaries. At all events it is certain, that from Prague to Avignon, the path of the fallen Tribune had been as one triumph. The lapse of years—his strange adventures—his unbroken spirit—the disorders of Rome, when relieved from his inflexible justice—the new power that Intellect daily and wonderfully excited over the minds of the rising generation—the eloquence of Petrarch, and the common sympathy of the vulgar for fallen greatness,—all conspired to make Rienzi the hero of the age. Not a town through which he passed which would not have risked a siege for his protection—not a house that would not have sheltered him—not a hand that would not have struck in his defence. Refusing all offers for aid, disdaining all occasion of escape, inspired by his indomitable hope, and his unalloyed belief in the brightness of his own destinies, the Tribune sought Avignon—and found a dungeon!

These, his external adventures, are briefly and easily told, but who shall tell what passed within?—who narrate the fearful history of the heart?—who paint the rapid changes of emotion and of thought—the indignant grief—the stern dejection—the haughty disappointment that saddened while it never destroyed the resolve of that great soul? Who can say what must have been endured, what meditated, in the hermitage of Maiella;—on the lonely hills of the perished empire it had been his dream to restore;—in the courts of barbarian kings;—and above all, on returning obscure and disguised, amidst the crowds of the Christian world, to the seat of his former power! What elements of memory, and in what a wild and fiery brain! What reflections to be coned in the dungeons of Avignon, by a man who had pushed into all the fervour of fanaticism—four passions, a single one of which has, in excess, sufficed to wreck the strongest reason—passions, which in themselves it is most difficult to combine,—the dreamer—the aspirant—the very nymphet of freedom, yet of power—of knowledge, yet of religion!

"Ay," muttered the prisoner, "ay, these texts are comforting—comforting. The righteous are not always oppressed." With a long sigh he deliberately put aside the Bible, kissed it with great reverence, remained silent, and musing for some minutes, and then as a slight noise was heard at one corner of the cell, said softly, "Ah, my friends, my comrades, the rats! it is their hour—I am glad I put aside the bread for them!" His eyes brightened, as it now detected those strange and unsocial animals, venturing forth through a hole in the wall and,—darkening the moonshine on the floor,—steal fearlessly towards him. He flung some fragments of bread to them, and for some moments watched their gambols with a smile. "Manchino, the white-faced rascal! he beats all the rest—ha, ha! he is a superior wretch—he commands the tribe, and will venture the first into the trap. How will he bite against the steel, the fine fellow! while all the ignobler herd will gaze at him afar off, and quake and fear, and never help. Yet if united, they might gnaw the trap and release their leader! Ah, ye are base vermin, and while ye eat my bread, if death come upon me, and I were clay, ye would riot on my carcass.

Away!" and clapping his hands, the chain round him clanked harshly, and the noisome co-mates of his dungeon vanished in an instant.

That singular and eccentric humour which marked Rienzi, and which had seemed a boffoonery to the stolid sullenness of the Roman nobles, still retained its old expression in his countenance, and he laughed loud as he saw the vermin hurry back to their hiding place.

"A little noise and the clank of a chain—fie, how ye imitate mankind!" Again he sank into silence, and then heavily and listlessly drawing towards him the animated tales of Livy, said, "An hour to midnight!—waking dreams are better than sleep. Well, history tells us how men have risen—ay, and nations too—after wilder falls than that of Rienzi or of Rome!"

In a few minutes, he was apparently absorbed in the lecture; so intent indeed was he in the task, that he did not hear the steps which wound the spiral stairs that conducted to his cell, and it was not till the wards harshly grated beneath the huge key, and the door creaked on its hinges, that Rienzi, in amaze at intrusion at so unwonted an hour, lifted his eyes. The door had reclosed on the dungeon, and by the lonely and pale lamp, he beheld a figure leaning, as for support, against the wall. The figure was wrapt from head to foot in the long cloak of the day, and aided by a broad hat, shaded by plumes, concealed even the features of the visitor.

Rienzi gazed long and wistfully.

"Speak," he said at length, putting his hand to his brow. "Methinks either long solitude has bewildered me, or, sweet sir, your apparition dazzles. I know you not—am I sure!—" and Rienzi's hair bristled while he slowly rose—"Am I sure that it is living man who stands before me!—Angels have entered the prison-house before now. Alas! an angel's comfort never was more needed."

The stranger answered not, but the captive saw that his heart heaved even beneath his cloak; loud sobs choked his voice; at length, as by a violent effort, he sprang forward, and sunk at the Tribune's feet. The disguising hat, the long mantle fell to the ground—it was the face of a woman that looked upward through passionate and glazing tears—the arms of a woman that clasped the prisoner's knees! Rienzi gazed mute and motionless as stone. "Powers and saints of heaven!" he murmured at last, "do ye tempt me further!—is it! no, no—yet speak!"

"Beloved—adored!—do you not know me?"

"It is—it is!" shrieked Rienzi, wildly, "it is my Nina—my wife—my—" His voice forsook him. Clapsed in each other's arms, the unfortunates for some moments seemed to have lost even the sense of delight at their re-union. It was as an unconscious and deep trance, through which something like a dream only faintly and indistinctly stirs.

At length recovered—at length restored, the first broken exclamations, the first wild caresses of joy over—Nina lifted her head from her husband's bosom, and gazed sadly on his countenance—"Oh, what thou hast known since we parted!—what, since that hour, when borne on by thy bold heart and wild destiny, thou didst leave me in the Imperial court, to seek again the diadem and find the chain! Ah! why did I heed thy commands—why suffer thee to depart alone? How often, in thy progress hitherward, in doubt, in danger, might this bosom have been thy resting-place, and this voice have whispered comfort to thy soul! Thou art well, my lord—my Cola! Thy pulse beats quicker than of old—thy brow is furrowed. Ah! tell me thou art well!"

"Well!" said Rienzi, mechanically. "Methinks so!—the mind diseased blunts all sense of bodily decay. Well!—yes! And, you,—you, at least, are not changed, save to maturer beauty. The glory of the laurel-wreath has not faded from thy brow. Thou shalt yet—" then breaking off abruptly—"Rome—tell me of Rome! And thou—how camest thou hither? Ah! perhaps my doom is set, and in their mercy they have vouchsafed that I should see thee once more before the deathman blinds me. I remember, it is the grace vouchsafed to malefactors. When I was a lord of life and death, I too permitted the meanest criminal to say farewell to those he loved."

"No—not so, Cola!" exclaimed Nina, putting her hand before his mouth. "I bring thee more auspicious tidings. To-morrow thou art to be heard. The favour of the court is propitiated. Thou wilt be acquitted."

"Ha! speak again."

"Thou wilt be heard, my Cola—thou must be acquitted!"

"And Rome be free!—Great God, I thank thee!"

The Tribune sank on his knees, and never had his heart, in his youngest and purest hour, poured forth thanksgiving more

fervent, yet less selfish. When he rose again, the whole man seemed changed. His eye had resumed its earlier expression of deep and serene command. Majesty sate upon his brow. The sorrows of the exile were forgotten. In his sanguine and rapid thoughts, he stood once more the guardian of his country, —and its sovereign!

Nina gazed upon him with that intense and devoted worship, which, for Rienzi, the hero of her youth, steeped her vainer, and her harder qualities, in all the fondness of the softest woman. "Such," thought she, "was his look seven years ago, when he left my maiden chamber, full of the mighty schemes which liberated Rome—such his look, when at the dawning sun he towered amidst the crouching barons, and the kneeling population, of the city he had made his throne!"

"Yes, Nina!" said Rienzi, as he turned and caught her eye. "My soul tells me that my hour is at hand. If they try me openly, they dare not convict—if they acquit me, they dare not but restore. To-morrow, saidst thou, to-morrow!"

"To-morrow, Rienzi; be prepared!"

"I am—for triumph! But tell me what unhappy chance brought thee to Avignon?"

"Chance, Cola!" said Nina, with reproachful tenderness. "Could I know that thou wert in the dungeons of the Pontiff, and linger in idle security at Prague! Even at the Emperor's court thou hadst thy partisans and favourers. Gold was easily procured. I repaired to Florence—disguised my name—and came hither to plot, to scheme, to win thy liberty, or to die with thee. Ah! did not thy heart tell thee that morning and night the eyes of thy faithful Nina gazed upon this gloomy tower; and that one friend, humble though she be, never could forsake thee?"

"Sweet Nina! Yet—yet—at Avignon power yields not to beauty without reward. Remember, there is a worse death than the pause of life."

Nina turned pale. "Fear not," she said, with a low but determined voice; "fear not, that men's lips should say Rienzi's wife delivered him. None in this corrupted court know that I am thy wife."

"Woman," said the Tribune, sternly; "thy lips elude the answer I would seek. In our degenerate time and land, thy sex and ours forget too basely what foulness writes a leprosy in the smallest stain upon a matron's honour. That thy heart would never wrong me, I believe; but if thy weakness, thy fear of my death should wrong me, thou art a bitterer foe to Rienzi than the swords of the Colonna. Nina, speak!"

"Oh, that my soul could speak," answered Nina. "Thy words are music to me, and not a thought of mine but echoes them. Could I touch this hand, could I meet that eye, and not know that death were dearer to thee than shame? Rienzi, when last we parted, in sadness, yet in hope, what were thy words to me?"

"I remember them well," returned the Tribune:—"I leave thee," I said, 'to keep alive at the Emperor's court, by thy genius, the Great Cause. Thou hast youth and beauty—and courts have lawless and ruffian suitors. I give thee no caution; it were beneath thee and me. But I leave thee the power of death.' And with that, Nina—"

"Thy hands tremblingly placed in mine this dagger, I live—need I say more?"

"My noble and beloved Nina, it is enough. Keep the dagger yet."

"Yes; till we meet in the Capitol of Rome!"

A slight tap was heard at the door, Nina regained, in an instant, her disguise.

"It is on the stroke of midnight," said the jailor, appearing at the threshold.

"I come," said Nina.

"And thou hast to prepare thy thoughts," she whispered to Rienzi: "arm all thy glorious intellect. Alas! is it again we part. How my heart sinks!"

The presence of the jailor at the threshold broke the bitterness of parting by abridging it. The false page pressed her lips on the prisoner's hand, and left the cell.

The jailor, lingering behind for a moment, placed a parchment on the table. It was the summons from the court appointed for the trial of the Tribune.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SCENT DOES NOT LIE—THE PRIEST AND THE SOLDIER.

On descending the stairs, Nina was met by Alvarez.

"Fair page," said the Spaniard, gaily, "thy name, thou

tellest me, is Villani!—Angelo Villani—why I know thy kinsman, methinks. Vouchsafe, young master, to enter this chamber, and drink a night-cup to thy lady's health; I would fain learn tidings of my old friends."

"Another time," answered the false Angelo, drawing the cloak closer round her face; "it is late—I am hurried."

"Nay," said the Spaniard, "you escape me not so easily;" and he caught firm hold of the page's shoulder.

"Unhand me, sir," said Nina, haughtily, and almost weeping, for her strong nerves were yet unstrung. "Jailor, at thy peril—unbar the gates."

"So hot," said Alvarez, surprised at so great a waste of dignity in a page; "nay, I meant not to offend thee. May I wait on thy pageship to-morrow?"

"Ay, to-morrow," said Nina, eager to escape.

"And meanwhile," said Alvarez, "I will accompany thee home—we can confer by the way."

So saying, without regarding the protestations of the supposed page, he passed with Nina into the open air. "Your lady," said he, carelessly, "is wondrous fair; her lightest will is law to the greatest noble of Avignon,—methinks she is of Naples—is it so? Art thou dumb, sweet youth?"

The page did not answer, but with a step so rapid that it almost put the slow Spaniard out of breath, hastened along the narrow space between the tower and the palace of the Signora Cæsarina, nor could all the efforts of Alvarez draw forth a single syllable from his reluctant companion, till they reached the gates of the palace, and he found himself discourteously and discomfited left without the walls.

"A plague on the boy!" said he, biting his lips; "if the Cardinal thrive as well as his servant, by're lady, his Eminence is a happy man!"

By no means pleased with the prospect of an interview with Alborno, who, like most able men, valued the talents of those he employed exactly in proportion to their success, the Spaniard slowly returned home. With the license accorded to him, he entered the Cardinal's chamber somewhat abruptly, and perceived him in earnest conversation with a Cavalier, whose long moustache curled upward, and the bright cuirass he wore underneath his mantle, seemed to betoken him of martial profession. Pleased with the respite, Alvarez hastily withdrew; and in fact, the Cardinal's thoughts at that moment, and for that night, were bent upon other subjects than those of love.

The interruption served, however, to shorten the conversation between Alborno and his guest. The latter rose.

"I think," said he, buckling on a short and broad rapier, which he had laid aside during the interview, "I think, my Lord Cardinal, that your Eminence encourages me to consider that our negotiation stands a fair chance of a prosperous close. Ten thousand florins, and my brother quits Viterbo, and launches the thunderbolt of the Company on the lands of Rimini. On your part—"

"On my part it is agreed," said the Cardinal, "that the army of the Church interferes not with the course of your brother's arms—there is peace between us. One warrior understands another!"

"And the word of Giles D'Alborno, son of the royal race of Arragon, is a guarantee for the faith of a Cardinal," replied the Cavalier with a smile. "It is, my Lord, in your former quality that we treat."

"There is my right hand," answered Alborno, too politic to heed the insinuation. The Cavalier raised it respectfully to his lips, and his armed tread was soon heard descending the stairs.

"Victory!" cried Alborno, tossing his arms aloof; "Victory, now thou art mine."

With that he rose hastily—deposited his papers in an iron chest—and opening a concealed door behind the arras, entered a chamber that rather resembled a monk's cell than the apartment of a prince. Over a mean pallet hung a sword, a dagger, and a rude image of the Virgin. Without summoning Alvarez, the Cardinal unrobed, and in a few moments was asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

VAUCLUSE AND ITS GENIUS LOCI—OLD ACQUAINTANCE RENEWED.

THE next day at early noon the Cavalier, whom our last chapter presented to the reader, was seen mounted on a strong Norman horse, winding his way slowly along a green and

pleasant path some miles from Avignon. At length he found himself in a wild and romantic valley through which wandered that delightful river whose name the verse of Petrarch has given to so beloved a fame. Sheltered by rocks—and in this part winding through the greenest banks, enamelled with a thousand wild flowers and water-weeds—went the crystal Sorgia. Advancing farther, the landscape assumed a more sombre and sterile aspect. The valley seemed enclosed or shut in by fantastic rocks of a thousand shapes—down which dashed and glittered a thousand rivulets. And, in the very wildest of the scene, the ground suddenly opened into a quiet and cultivated garden, through which, amidst a profusion of foliage, was seen a small and lowly mansion,—the hermitage of the place. The horseman was in the valley of the Vaucluse;—and before his eye lay the garden and the house of PETRARCH! Carelessly, however, his eye scanned the consecrated spot—and unconsciously it rested, for a moment, upon a solitary figure seated musingly by the margin of the river. A large dog at the side of the noonday idler barked at the horseman as he rode on.—"A brave animal and a deep bay!" thought the traveller; to him the dog seemed an object much more interesting than his master! And so,—as the crowd of little men pass, unheeded and unmoved, those whom posterity acknowledges the landmarks of their age,—the horseman turned his glance from the Poet!

Thrice blessed name! Immortal Florentine! not as the lover, nor even as the poet, do I bow before thy consecrated memory—venerating thee as one it were sacrilege to introduce in this unworthy page—save by name and as a shadow; but as the first who ever asserted to people and to prince, the august majesty of Letters; who claimed to genius the prerogative to influence states, to control opinion, to hold an empire over the hearts of men, and prepare events by animating passion, and guiding thought! What, (though, but feebly felt and dimly seen)—what do we yet owe to Thee if Knowledge be now a Power; if MIND be a Prophet, and a Fate, fore-telling and fore-doing the things to come! From the greatest to the least of us, to whom the pen is at once a sceptre and a sword, the low-born Florentine* has been the archmessenger to smooth the way and prepare the welcome. Yes! even the meanest of the aftercomers—even he who now vents his gratitude,—is thine everlasting debtor! Thine, how largely is the honour, if his labours, humble though they be, find an audience wherever literature is known—preaching in remotest lands the moral of forgotten revolutions, and scattering in the palace and the market-place the seeds that shall ripen into fruit when the hand of the sower shall be dust, and his very name, perhaps, be lost! For few, alas! are they, whose names may outlive the grave; but the thoughts of every man who writes, are made undying;—others appropriate, advance, exalt them, and millions of minds unknown, undreamt of, are required to produce the immortality of one!

Indulging meditations very different from those which the idea of Petrarch awakens in a later time, the Cavalier pursued his path.

The valley was long left behind, and the way grew more and more faintly traced, until it terminated in a wood, through whose tangled boughs the sunlight broke playfully. At length, the wood opened into a wide glade, from which rose a precipitous ascent crowned with the ruins of an old castle. The traveller dismounted, led his horse up the ascent, and, gaining the ruins, left his steed within one of the roofless chambers, overgrown with the longest grass, and a profusion of wild shrubs; and ascending, with some toil, a narrow and broken staircase, found himself in a small room, less decayed than the rest, of which the roof and floor were yet whole.

Stretched on the ground in his cloak, and leaning his head thoughtfully on his hand, was a man of tall stature, and middle age. He lifted himself on his arm with great alacrity as the Cavalier entered.

"Well, Brettone, I have counted the hours—what tidings?"

"Alborno consents."

"Glad news! Thou givest me new life. *Pardieu*, I shall breakfast all the better for this, my brother. Hast thou remembered that I am famishing?"

Brettone drew from beneath his cloak a sufficiently huge flask of wine, and a small panier, tolerably well filled; the inmate of the tower threw himself upon the provant with great devotion. And both the soldiers, for such they were, stretched at length on the ground, regaled themselves with

* I need scarcely say that it is his origin, not his actual birth, which entitles us to term Petrarch a Florentine.

considerable zest, talking hastily and familiarly between every mouthful.

"I say, Brettone, thou playest unfairly; thou hast already devoured more than half the pasty: push it hitherward. And so the Cardinal consents! What manner of man is he! Able as they say!"

"Quick, sharp, and earnest, with an eye of fire, few words, and comes to the point."

"Unlike a priest then;—a good brigand spoilt. What hast thou heard of the force he heads? Ho, not so fast with the wine."

"Scanty at present. He relies on recruits throughout Italy."

"What his designs for Rome? There, my brother, there tends my secret soul! As for these petty towns and petty tyrants, I care not how they fall, or by whom. But the Pope must not return to Rome. Rome must be mine. The city of a new empire, the conquest of a new Attila! There, every circumstance combines in my favour!—The absence of the Pope, the weakness of the middle class, the poverty of the populace, the imbecile though ferocious barbarism of the Barons, have long concurred to render Rome the most facile, while the most glorious conquest."

"My brother, pray heaven, your ambition do not wreck you at last; you are ever losing sight of the land. Surely with the immense wealth we are acquiring, we may—"

"Aspire to something greater than free companions, generals to-day and adventurers to-morrow. Rememberest thou, how the Norman sword won Sicily, and how the bastard William converted on the field of Hastings his baton into a sceptre. I tell thee, Brettone, that this loose Italy has crowns on the hedge for every one who can lead men to carry off at the point of the lance. My course is taken, I will form the fairest army in Italy, and with it I will win a throne in the Capitol. Fool that I was six years ago!—Instead of deputing that mad dolt Pepin, of Minorbino, had I myself deserted the Hungarian, and repaired with my soldiery to Rome, the fall of Rienzi would have been followed by the rise of Montreal. Pepin was outwitted, and threw away the prey after he had hunted it down. The lion shall not again trust the chase to the jackall!"

"Walter, thou speakest of the fate of Rienzi, let it warn thee!"

"Rienzi!" replied Montreal; "I know the man! in peaceful times or with an honest people, he would have founded a great dynasty. But he dreamt of laws and liberty, for men who despise the first and will not protect the last. We of a harder race, know that a new throne must be built by the feudal and not the civil system. And in the city we must but transport the camp. It is by the multitude that the proud Tribune gained power,—by the multitude he lost it; it is by the sword that I will win it, and by the sword will I keep it."

"Rienzi was too cruel, he should not have incensed the Barons," said Brettone, about to finish the flask, when the strong hand of his brother plucked it from him, and anticipated the design.

"Pooh," said Montreal, finishing the draught with a long sigh, "he was not cruel enough. He sought only to be just, and not to distinguish between noble and peasant. He should have distinguished! He should have exterminated the nobles root and branch. But this no Italian can do. This is reserved for me."

"Thou wouldst not butcher all the best blood of Rome?"

"Butcher! No, but I would seize their lands, and endow with them a new nobility, the hardy and fierce nobility of the north, who well know how to guard their prince, and will guard him, as the fountain of their own power. Enough of this now. And talking of Rienzi—rots he still in the dungeon!"

"Why, this morning, ere I left, I heard strange news. The town was astir—groups in every corner. They said that Rienzi's trial was to be to-day, and from the names of the judges chosen, it is suspected that acquittal is already determined on."

"Ha! thou shouldst have told me of this before."

"Should he be restored to Rome, would it militate against thy plans?"

"Humph! I know not—deep thought and dexterous management would be needed. I would fain not leave this spot till I hear what is decided on."

"Surely, Walter, it would have been wiser and safer to have stayed with thy soldiery, and entrusted me with the absolute conduct of this affair."

"Not so," answered Montreal; "thou art a bold fellow enough, and a cunning—but my head in these matters is bet-

ter than thine. Besides," continued the Knight, lowering his voice, and shading his face, "I had vowed a pilgrimage to the beloved river, and the old trysting place. Ah, me!—But all this, Brettone, thou understandest not—let it pass. As for my safety, since we have come to this amnesty with Alborno, I fear but little danger, even if discovered: besides, I want the florins. There are those in this country, Germans, who could eat an Italian army at a meal, whom I would fain engage, and their leaders want earnest money—the griping knaves! how are the Cardinal's florins to be paid?"

"Half now—half when thy troops are before Rimini!"

"Rimini! the thought whets my sword. Rememberest thou how that accursed Malatesta drove me from Aversa, broke up my camp, and made me render to him all my booty! There fell the work of years! But for that, my banner now would be floating over St. Angelo. I will pay back the debt with fire and sword, ere the summer hath shed its leaves."

The fair countenance of Montreal grew terrible as he uttered these words; his hands gripped the handle of his sword, and his strong frame heaved visibly; tokens of the fierce and unsparing passions, by the aid of which a life of rapine and revenge had corrupted a nature originally full no less of mercy than the courage of Provençal chivalry.

Such was the fearful man who now (the wildness of his youth sobered, and his ambition hardened and concentrated) was the rival with Rienzi for the mastery of Rome.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CROWD—THE TRIAL—THE VERDICT—THE SOLDIER AND THE PAGE.

It was on the following evening that a considerable crowd had gathered in the streets of Avignon. It was the second day of the examination of Rienzi, and with every moment was expected the announcement of the verdict. Amongst the foreigners of all countries assembled in that seat of the papal splendour, the interest was intense. The Italians, even of the highest rank, were in favour of the Tribune, the French against. As for the good townspeople of Avignon themselves, they felt but little excitement in anything that did not bring money into their pockets; and if it had been put to the secret vote, no doubt there would have been a vast majority for burning the prisoner, as a marketable speculation!

Amongst the crowd was a tall man in a plain and rusty suit of armour, but with an air of knightly bearing, which somewhat belied the coarseness of his mail; he wore no helmet, but a small morion of black leather, with a long projecting shade, much used by wayfarers in the hot climates of the south. A black patch covered nearly the whole of one cheek, and altogether he bore the appearance of a grim soldier, with whom war had dealt harshly, both in purse and person.

Many were the jests at the shabby swordsman's expense, with which that lively population amused their impatience; and though the shade of the morion concealed his eyes, an arch and merry smile about the corner of his mouth showed that he could take a jest at himself.

"Well," said one of the crowd, (a rich Milanese,) "I am of a state that *was* free, and I trust the people's man will have justice shown him."

"Amen," said a grave Florentine.

"They say," whispered a young student from Paris, to a learned doctor of laws with whom he abode, "that his defence has been a master-piece."

"He hath taken no degrees," replied the doctor doubtingly. "Ho, friend, why dost thou push me so! thou hast rent my robe."

This was said to a minstrel, or jongleur, who, with a small lute slung round him, was making his way with great earnestness through the throng.

"I beg pardon, worthy sir," said the minstrel; "but this is a scene to be sung of! Centuries hence, ay, and in lands remote, legend and song, will tell the fortunes of Cola di Rienzi, the friend of Petrarch and the Tribune of Rome!"

The young French student turned quickly round to the minstrel, with a glow on his pale face; not sharing the general sentiments of his countrymen against Rienzi, he felt that it was an era in the world when a minstrel spoke thus of the heroes of intellect—not of war.

At this time the tall soldier was tapped impatiently on the back.

"I pray thee, great sir," said a sharp and imperious voice, "to withdraw that tall bulk of thine a little on one side—I cannot see through thee; and I would fain my eyes were among the first to catch a glimpse of Rienzi as he passes from the court."

"Fair sir page," replied the soldier good-humouredly, as he made way for Angelo Villani, "thou wilt not always find that way in the world is won by commanding the strong. When thou art older thou wilt beard the weak, and the strong thou wilt wheedle."

"I must change my nature then," answered Angelo, (who was of somewhat small stature, and not yet come to his full growth,) trying still to raise himself above the heads of the crowd.

The soldier looked at him approvingly; and as he looked he sighed, and his lips worked with some strange emotion.

"Thou speakest well," said he, after a pause. "Pardon me the rudeness of the question; but art thou of Italy?—thy tongue savours of the Roman dialect; yet I have seen lineaments like thine on this side the Alps!"

"It may be, good fellow," said the page haughtily; "but I thank heaven that I am of Rome."

At this moment a loud shout burst from that part of the crowd nearest the court. The sound of trumpets hushed the throng again into deep and breathless silence, while the Pope's guards, ranged along the space conducting from the court, drew themselves up more erect, and fell a step or two back upon the crowd.

As the trumpet ceased, the voice of a herald was heard, but it did not penetrate within several yards of the spot where Angelo and the soldier stood; and it was only by a mighty shout that in a moment circled through and was echoed back by, the wide multitude—by the waving of kerchiefs from the windows—by broken ejaculations, that were caught up from lip to lip, that the page knew that Rienzi was acquitted!

"I would I could see his face," sighed the boy querulously.

"And thou shalt," said the soldier; and he caught up the boy in his arms, and pressed on with the strength of a giant, parting the living stream from right to left, as he took his way to a place near the guards, and by which Rienzi was sure to pass.

The page half-pleased, half-indignant, struggled a little, but finding it in vain, consented tacitly to what he felt an outrage on his dignity.

"Never mind," said the soldier, "thou art the first I ever willingly raised above myself; and I do it now for the sake of thy fair face, that reminds me of one I loved."

But these last words were spoken low, and the boy in his anxiety to see the hero of Rome did not hear, or heed, them. Presently Rienzi came by! two gentlemen, of the Pope's own following, walked by his side. He moved slowly, amidst the gratulations of the crowd, looking neither to the right nor left. His bearing was firm and collected, and, save by the flush of his cheek, there was no external sign of joy or excitement. Flowers dropped from every balcony on his path; and just when he came to a broader space, where the ground was somewhat higher, and where he was in fuller view of the houses around, he paused—and, uncovering, acknowledged the homage he had received, with a look—a gesture—which each who beheld never forgot. It haunted even that gay and thoughtless court, when the last tale of Rienzi's life reached their ears. And Angelo, clinging then round that soldier's neck, recalled—but we must not anticipate.

It was not, however, to the dark tower that Rienzi returned. His home was prepared at the palace of the Cardinal D'Albornoz. The next day he was admitted to the Pope's presence, and on the evening of that day he was proclaimed Senator of Rome.

Meanwhile the soldier had placed Angelo on the ground; and as the page filtered out no courteous thanks, he interrupted him in a sad and kind voice, the tone of which struck the page forcibly, so little did it suit the rough and homely appearance of the man.

"We part," he said, "as strangers, fair boy; and since thou sayest thou art of Rome, there is no reason why my heart should have warmed to thee as it has done; yet if ever thou wantest a friend,—seek him"—and the soldier's voice sunk into a whisper—"in Walter de Montreal."

Ere the page recovered his surprise at that redoubted name, which his earliest childhood had been taught to dread, the Knight of St. John had vanished among the crowd.

CHAPTER IX.

ALBORNOS AND NINA.

BUT the eyes which, above all others, thirsted for a glimpse of the released captive, were forbidden that delight. Alone in her chamber, Nina awaited the result of the trial. She heard the shouts, the exclamations, the tramp of thousands along the streets; she felt that the victory was won; and, her heart long overcharged, she burst into passionate tears. The return of Angelo soon acquainted her with all that had passed; but it somewhat chilled her joy to find Rienzi was the guest of the dreaded Cardinal. That shock, in which certainty, however happy, replaces suspense, had so powerful an effect on her frame, joined to her loathing fear of a visit from the Cardinal, that she became for three days alarmingly ill; and it was only on the fifth day from that which saw Rienzi endowed with the rank of Senator of Rome, that she was recovered sufficiently to admit Albornoz to her presence.

The Cardinal had sent daily to inquire after her health, and his inquiries, to her alarmed mind, had appeared to insinuate a pretension to the right to make them. Meanwhile Albornoz had had enough to divert and occupy his thoughts. Having bought off the formidable Montreal from the service of John di Vico, one of the ablest and fiercest enemies of the Church, he resolved to march to the territories of that tyrant as expeditiously as possible, and so not to allow him time to obtain the assistance of any other band of mercenary adventurers, who found Italy the market for their valour. Occupied with raising troops, procuring money, corresponding with the various free states, and establishing alliances in aid of his ulterior and more ambitious projects at the court of Avignon, the Cardinal waited with tolerable resignation the time when he might claim from the Signora Cesarini the reward to which he deemed himself entitled. Meanwhile he had held his first conversations with Rienzi, and, under the semblance of courtesy to the acquitted Tribune, Albornoz had received him as his guest, in order to make himself master of the character and disposition of one in whom he sought a minister and a tool. That miraculous and magic art, attested by all the historians of the time, which Rienzi possessed over every one with whom he came into contact, however various in temper, views, or station, had not deserted him in his audience of the Pontiff. So faithfully had he described the true condition of Rome, so logically had he traced the causes and the remedies of the evils she endured, so sanguinely had he spoken of his own capacities for administering her affairs, and so brilliantly had he painted the prospects which that administration opened to the weal of the Church, and the interests of the Pope, that Innocent, though a keen and shrewd, and somewhat sceptical, calculator of human chances, was entirely fascinated by the eloquence of the Roman.

"Is this the man," he is reported to have said, "whom for twelve months we have treated as prisoner and a criminal? Would that it were on his shoulders only that the Christian empire reposed!"

At the close of the interview he had, with every mark of favour and distinction, conferred upon Rienzi the rank of Senator, which, in fact, was that of Viceroy over Rome, and had willingly acceded to all the projects which the enterprising Rienzi had once more formed—not only for recovering the territories of the Church, but for extending the dictatorial sway of the Seven Hilled City, over the old dependencies of Italy.

Albornoz, to whom the Pope retailed this conversation, was somewhat jealous of the favour the new Senator had so suddenly acquired, and immediately on his return home sought an interview with his guest. In his heart, the Lord Cardinal, emphatically a man of action and business, regarded Rienzi as one rather cunning than wise—rather fortunate than great—a mixture of the pedant and the demagogue. But after a long and scrutinizing conversation with the new senator, even he yielded to the spell of his enchanting and master intellect. Reluctantly Albornoz confessed to himself that Rienzi's rise was not the thing of chance, yet more reluctantly he perceived that the senator was one whom he might treat with as an equal, but could not rule as a minion. And he entertained serious doubts whether it would be wise to reinstate him in a power which he evinced the capacity to wield and the genius to extend. Still however he did not repent the share he had taken in Rienzi's acquittal. His presence in a camp so thinly peopled was a matter greatly to be desired. And through his influence, the Cardinal more than ever trusted to enlist the Romans in favour of his enterprise for the recovery of the territory of St. Peter!

Rienzi, who panted once more to behold his Nina, endeared to him by trial and absence, as by a fresh bridal, was not however able to discover the name she had assumed at Avignon; and his residence with the Cardinal, closely but respectfully watched as he was, forbade Nina all opportunity of corresponding with him. Some half and bantering hints which Alborno had dropped upon the interest taken in his welfare by the most celebrated beauty of Avignon had filled him with a vague alarm which he trembled to acknowledge even to himself. But the *volto sciolto*, which, in common with all Italian politicians, concealed whatever were his *pensieri stretti*—enabled him to baffle completely the jealous and lynxlike observation of the Cardinal. Nor had Alvarez been better enabled to satisfy the curiosity of his master. He had indeed sought the page Villani, but the short and imperious manner of that wayward and haughty boy had cut short all attempt at cross examination. And all he could ascertain was, that the real Angelo Villani was not the Angelo Villani who had visited Rienzi.

Trusting at last that he should learn all, and inflamed, by such passion and such hope as he was capable of feeling, Alborno now took his way to the Cæsarini's palace.

He was ushered with due state into the apartment of the Signora. He found her pale, and with the traces of illness upon her noble and statue-like features. She rose as he entered; and when he approached, she half bent her knee, and raised his hand to her lips. Surprised and delighted at a reception so new, the Cardinal hastened to prevent the condescension; retaining both her hands, he attempted gently to draw them to his heart.

"Fairer!" he whispered, "couldst thou know how I have mourned thy illness—and yet it has but left thee more lovely, as the rain only brightens the flower. Ah! happy if I have promoted thy lightest wish, and if in thine eyes I may henceforth seek at once an angel to guide me and a paradise to reward."

Nina, releasing her hand, waved it gently, and motioned the Cardinal to a seat. Seating herself at a little distance, she then spoke with great gravity and downcast eyes.

"My Lord, it is your intercession, joined to his own innocence, that has released from yonder tower the elected governor of the people of Rome. But freedom is the least of the generous gifts you have conferred; there is a greater in a fair name vindicated, and rightful honours re-bestowed. For this I rest ever your debtor; for this, if I bear children, they shall be taught to bless your name; for this the historian who recalls the deeds of this age, and the fortunes of Cola di Rienzi, shall add a new chaplet to the wreaths you have already won. Lord Cardinal, I may have erred. I may have offended you—you may accuse me of woman's artifice. Speak not, wonder not, hear me out. I have but one excuse, when I say that I held justified any means short of dishonour, to save the life and restore the fortunes of Cola di Rienzi. Know, my Lord, that she who now addresses you is his wife."

The Cardinal remained motionless and silent. But his sallow countenance grew flushed from the brow to the neck, and his thin lips quivered for a moment, and then broke into a withering and bitter smile. At length he rose from his seat, very slowly, and said in a voice trembling with passion,

"It is well, madam. Giles D'Alborno has been, then, a puppet in the hands, a stepping-stone in the rise, of the plebeian demagogue of Rome. You but played upon me for your own purposes; and nothing short of a Cardinal of Spain, and a prince of the royal blood of Arragon, was meet to be the instrument of a mountebank's juggle. Madam, yourself and your husband might justly be accused of ambition—"

"Cease, my Lord," said Nina, with unspeakable dignity: "whatever offence has been committed against you, was mine alone. Till after our last interview, Rienzi knew not even of my presence at Avignon."

"At our last interview, lady, (you do well to recall it!) methinks there was a hinted and implied contract. I have fulfilled my part—I claim yours. Mark me! I do not forego that claim. As easily as I rend this glove can I rend the parchment which proclaims thy husband 'the Senator of Rome.' The dungeon is not death, and its door will open twice."

"My Lord—my lord!" cried Nina, sick with terror, "wrong not so your noble nature, your great name, your sacred rank, your chivalric blood. You are of the knightly race of Spain, yours not the sullen, low, and inexorable vices that stain the petty tyrants of this unhappy land. You are no Visconti—no Castracani—you cannot stain your laurels with revenge upon a woman. Hear me," she continued, and she fell abruptly at his feet; "men dupe, deceive our sex—and for selfish purposes—they are pardoned—even by their victims. Did I de-

ceive you with a false hope! Well—what my object?—what my excuse? My husband's liberty—my land's salvation. Woman,—my Lord, alas, your sex too rarely understand her weakness or her greatness! Erring—all human as she is to others—God gifts her with a thousand virtues to the one she loves! It is from that love that she alone drinks her noble nature. For the hero of her worship she has the meekness of the dove—the devotion of the saint; for his safety in peril, for his rescue in misfortune, her vain sense imbibes the sagacity of the serpent—her weak heart, the courage of the lioness! It is this, which in absence, made me mask my heart in smiles, that the friends of the houseless exile might not despair of his fate—it is this which brought me through forests beset with robbers, and less gentle chiefs, to watch the stars upon yon solitary tower—it was this that led my steps to the revels of your hated court—this which made me seek a deliverer in the noblest of its chiefs—it is this which has at last opened the dungeon door to the prisoner now within your halls: and this, Lord Cardinal," added Nina, rising, and folding her arms upon her heart;—"this, if your anger seeks a victim, will inspire me to die without a groan,—but without dishonour!"

Alborno remained rooted to the ground. Amazement—emotion—admiration—all busy at his heart. He gazed at Nina's flashing eyes and heaving bosom as a warrior of old upon a prophetic that is inspired. His eyes were rivetted to hers as by a spell. He tried to speak, but his voice failed him. Nina continued:

"Yes, my lord; these are no idle words! If thou seekest revenge, it is in thy power. Undo what thou hast done. Give Rienzi back to the dungeon, or to disgrace, and you are avenged; but not on *him*. All the hearts of Italy shall become to him a second Nina! I am the guilty one, and I the sufferer. Hear me swear—in that instant which sees new wrong to Rienzi, this hand is my executioner.—My Lord, I supplicate you no longer!"

Alborno continued deeply moved. Nina but rightly judged him, when she distinguished the aspiring Spaniard from the barbarous and unrelenting voluptuaries of Italy. Despite the profligacy that stained his sacred robe—despite all the acquired and increasing callousness of a hard, scheming, and sceptical man, cast amidst the worst natures of the worst of times—there lingered yet in his soul much of the chivalric honour of his race and country. High thoughts and daring spirits touched a congenial string in his heart, and not the less, in that he had but rarely met them in his experience of camps and courts. For the first time in his life, he felt that he had seen the woman, that could have contented him even with wedlock, and taught him the proud and knightly love of which the minstrels of Spain had sung. He sighed—and still gazing on Nina, approached her, almost reverentially,—he knelt and kissed the hem of her robe. "Lady," he said, "I would I could believe that you have altogether read my nature aright, but I were indeed lost to all honour, and unworthy of gentle birth, if I still harboured a single thought against the peace and virtue of one like thee. Sweet heroine"—he continued—"so lovely, yet so pure—so haughty, and yet so soft—thou hast opened to me the brightest page these eyes have ever scanned in the blotted volume of mankind. Mayest thou have such happiness as life can give; and souls such as thine make their nest like the eagle, upon rocks and amidst the storms. Fear me no more—think of me no more—unless hereafter, when thou hearest men speak of Giles D'Alborno, thou mayest say in thine own heart,"—and here the Cardinal's lip curled with scorn—"he did not renounce every feeling worthy of a man, when Ambition and Fate endued him with the surplice of the priest."

The Spaniard was gone before Nina could reply.

BOOK VIII.

THE GRAND COMPANY.

"Montreal—nourrissoit de plus vastes projets... il donnoit à sa compagnie un gouvernement régulier... Par cette discipline il faisoit regner l'abondance dans son camp, les gens de guerre ne parloient, en Italie, que des richesses qu'on acquéroit à son service."

SIMONDI HIST. DES REPUBLIQUES ITALIENNES,
tom. vi. c. xlii.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

It was a most lovely day, in the very glow and meridian of an Italian summer, when a small band of horsemen was seen winding a hill which commanded one of the fairest landscapes of Tuscany. At their head was a cavalier in a complete suit of chain armour, the links of which were so fine, that they resembled a delicate and curious net work, but so strongly compacted, that they would have resisted spear or sword no less effectually than the heaviest corselet, while adapting themselves exactly and with ease to every movement of the light and graceful shape of the rider. On his head he wore a hat of dark green velvet shaded by long plumes, while of two squires behind, the one bore his helmet and lance, the other led a strong war-horse, completely cased in plates of mail, which seemed, however, scarcely to encumber its proud and agile paces. The countenance of the cavalier was comely, but strongly marked, and darkened by long exposure to the suns of many climes to a deep bronze hue: a few raven ringlets escaped from beneath his hat down a cheek closely shaven. The expression of his features was grave and composed even to sadness; nor could all the loveliness of the unrivalled scene before him, dispel the quiet and settled melancholy of his eyes. Besides the squires, ten horsemen armed *cap-a-pie*, attended the knight; and the low and murmured conversation they carried on at intervals, as well as their long fair hair, large stature, thick short beards, and the studied and accurate equipment of their arms and steeds, bespoke them of a harder and more warlike race than the children of the south. The cavalcade was closed with two men almost of gigantic height, each bearing a banner richly decorated, wherein was wrought a column, with the inscription, "ALONE AMIDST RUINS." Fair indeed was the prospect which with every step, expanded yet more widely its various beauty. Right before, stretched a long vale, now covered with green woodlands glittering in the yellow sunlight, now opening into narrow plains bordered by hillocks, from whose mosses of all hues grew fantastic and odorous shrubs; while winding amidst them, a broad and silver stream broke into light at frequent intervals, snatched by wood and hillock from the eye, only to steal upon it again, in sudden and bright surprise: the opposite slope of gentle mountains, as well as that which the horsemen now descended, was covered with vineyards, trained in allies and arcades. And the clustering grape laughed from every leafy and glossy covert, as gaily as when the Fauns held a holiday in the shade. The eye of the cavalier roved listlessly over this enchanting prospect, sleeping in the rosiest light of a Tuscan heaven, and then became fixed with a more earnest attention on the gray and frowning walls of a distant castle, which, high upon the steepest of the opposite mountains, overlooked the valley.

"Behold," he muttered to himself, "how every Eden in Italy hath its curse! Wherever the land smiles fairest, be sure to find the brigand's tent and the tyrant's castle!"

Scarce had these thoughts passed his mind, ere the shrill and sudden blast of a bugle that sounded close amongst the vineyards by the side of the path startled the whole group. The cavalcade halted abruptly. The leader made a gesture to the squire that led his war-horse. The noble and practised animal remained perfectly still, but champing its bit restlessly, and moving its quick ear to and fro, as aware of a coming danger,—while the squire, unencumbered by the heavy armour of the Germans, plunged into the thicket and disappeared. He returned in a few minutes, already heated and breathless.

PART I.—NO. 23.

"We must be on our guard," he whispered, "I see the glimmer of steel through the vine leaves."

"Our ground is unhappily chosen," said the knight, hastily bracing on his helmet and leaping on his charger; and waving his hand towards a broader space in the road, which would permit the horsemen more room to act in union, with his small band he made hastily to the spot—the armour of the soldiers rattling heavily as two by two they proceeded on.

The space to which the cavalier had pointed, was a green semicircle of several yards in extent, backed by tangled copses of brushwood sloping down to the vale below. They reached it in safety; they drew up breast to breast, in the form of a crescent: every visor closed, save that of the knight, who looked anxiously and keenly round the landscape.

"Hast thou heard, Giulio," he said, to his favourite squire, (the only Italian of the band,) "whether any brigands have been seen lately in these parts?"

"No, my Lord; on the contrary, I am told that every lance hath left the country to join the Grand Company of Fra Moreale. The love of his pay and plunder has drawn away the mercenaries of every Tuscan signor."

Scarce had he spoke, before the bugle sounded again from nearly the same spot as before; it was answered by a brief and martial note from the very rear of the horsemen. At the same moment from the thickets behind, broke the gleam of mail and spears. One after another—rank after rank—from the copse behind them, emerged men-at-arms, while suddenly from the vines in front, still greater numbers poured down with loud and fierce shouts.

"For God—for the Emperor—and for the Colonna!" cried the knight, closing his visor, and the little band, closely serried, the lance in every rest, broke upon the rush of the enemy in front. Some score borne to the ground by the charge, cleared a path for the horsemen, and without waiting the assault of the rest, the knight wheeled his charger, and led the way down the hill, almost at full gallop, despite the roughness of the descent: a flight of arrows despatched after them fell idly on their iron mail.

"If they have no horse," cried the Knight, "we are saved!"

And indeed the enemy seemed scarcely to think of pursuing them; but (gathered on the brow of the hill) appeared contented to watch their flight.

Suddenly a curve in the road brought them before a broad and wide patch of waste land, which formed almost a level surface, interrupting the descent of the mountain. On the commencement of this waste—drawn up in still array—the sun-light broke on the breast-plates of a long line of horsemen, whom the sinuosities of the road had hitherto concealed from the Knight and his party.

The little troop halted abruptly—retreat—advance alike cut off;—gazing first at the foe before them, that remained still as a cloud, every eye was then turned towards the Knight.

"An thou wouldst, my Lord," said the leader of the Northmen, perceiving the irresolution of their chief, "we will fight to the last. You are the only Italian I ever knew, whom I would willingly die for!"

This rude profession was received with a sympathetic murmur from the rest—and the soldiers drew closer around the Knight. "Nay, my brave fellows," said the Colonna, lifting his visor, "it is not in so inglorious a field, after such various fortunes, and against such ignoble foes, that we are doomed to perish. If these be brigands, as we must suppose, we can yet purchase our way. If the troops of some signor, we are strangers to the feud in which he is engaged. Give me yon banner—I will ride on to them."

"Nay, my Lord," said Giulio; "such marauders do not always spare a flag of truce. There is danger—"

"For that reason your leader braves it. Quick—"

The Knight took the banner, and rode deliberately up to the horsemen. On approaching, his warlike eye could not but admire the perfect comparison of their arms, the strength and beauty of their steeds, and the steady discipline of their long and glittering line.

As he rode up, and his gorgeous banner gleamed in the noon-light, the soldiers saluted him. It was a good omen, and he hailed it as such. "Fair sirs," said the Knight, "I come, at once herald and leader of the little band who have just escaped the unlooked for assault of armed men on yonder hill—and, claiming aid, as knight from knight, and soldier from soldier, I place my troop under the protection of your leader. Suffer me to see him."

"Sir Knight," answered one, who seemed the captain of the

band, "sorry am I to detain one of your gallant bearing, and still more so, on recognizing the device of one of the most potent Houses of Italy. But our orders are strict, and we must bring all armed men to the camp of our General."

"Long absent from my native land, I knew not," replied the Knight, that there was war in Tuscany. Permit me to crave the name of the general whom you speak of, and that of the foe against whom ye march."

The Captain smiled slightly.

"Walter de Montreal is the General of the Great Company, and Florence his present foe."

"We have fallen, then, into friendly, if fierce hands," replied the Knight, after a moment's pause. "To Sir Walter de Montreal I am known of old. Permit me to return to my companions, and acquaint them that if accident has made us prisoners, it is, at least, only to the most skillful warrior of his day that we are condemned to yield."

The Italian then turned his horse to join his comrades.

"A fair Knight and a bold presence," said the Captain of the Companions to his neighbour, "though I scarce think it is the party we are ordered to intercept. Praised be the Virgin, however, his men seem from the north. Them, perhaps, we may hope to enlist—"

The Knight now, with his comrades, rejoined the troop. And, on receiving their parole not to attempt escape, a detachment of thirty horsemen were despatched to conduct the prisoners to the encampment of the Great Company.

Turning from the main road the Knight found himself conducted into a narrow defile between the hills, which, succeeded by a gloomy tract of wild forest-land, brought the party, at length, into a full and abrupt view of a wide plain, covered with the tents of what, for Italian warfare, was considered a mighty army. A stream, over which rude and hasty bridges had been formed from the neighbouring timber, alone separated the horsemen from the encampment.

"A noble sight!" said the captive Cavalier with enthusiasm, as he reined in his steed, and gazed upon those wild and warlike streets of canvass, traversing each other in vistas broad and regular.

One of the captains of the Great Company, who rode beside him, smiled complacently.

"There are few masters of the martial art that equal Fra Moreale," said he; "and, wild, reckless, and gathered from all parts and all countries—from cavern and from marketplace, from prison and from palace, as are his troops, he has reduced them already into a discipline which might shame even the soldiery of the Empire."

The Knight made no reply; but, spurring his horse over one of the rugged bridges, soon found himself amidst the encampment. But that part at which he entered, little merited the praises bestowed upon the discipline of the army. A more unruly and disorderly array, the cavalier, accustomed to the stern regularity of English, French, and German discipline, thought he had never beheld: here and there, fierce, unshaven, half-naked brigands might be seen, driving before them the cattle, which they had just collected by predatory excursions. Sometimes a knot of dissolute women stood—chattering, scolding, gesticulating—collected round groups of wild shagged Northmen, who, despite the bright purity of the summer-noon, were already engaged in deep potations. Oaths, and laughter, and drunken merriment, and fierce brawl, rang from side to side, and ever and anon some hasty conflict with drawn knives, was begun and finished by the fiery and savage bravoes of Calabria or the Appennines, before the very eyes, and almost in the very path of the troop. Tumblers and mountebanks and jugglers and jew pedlars, were exhibiting their tricks or their wares, at every interval, apparently well inured to the lawless and turbulent market in which they exercised their several callings. Despite the protection of the horsemen who accompanied them, the prisoners were not allowed to pass without molestation. Groups of urchins, squalid, fierce, and ragged, seemed to start from the ground, and surrounded their horses like swarms of bees, uttering the most discordant cries, and with the gestures of savages, rather demanding than beseeching money, which, when granted, seemed only to render them more insatiable. While, sometimes mingled with the rest, were seen the bright eyes and olive cheek, and half-pleading, half-laughing smile of girls, whose extreme youth scarce emerged from childhood, rendered doubly striking their utter and unredeemed abandonment.

"You did not exaggerate the decorum of the Grand Company!" cried the knight gravely to his new acquaintance.

"Signor," replied the other; "you must not judge of the kernel by the shell. We are scarcely yet arrived at the

camp. These are the outskirts, occupied rather by the rabble than the soldiers. Twenty thousand men from the sink, it must be owned, of every town in Italy, follow the camp, to fight if necessary, but rather for plunder, and for forage:—such you now behold. Presently you will see those of another stamp."

The knight's heart swelled high. "And to such men is Italy given up!" thought he. His reverie was broken by a loud burst of applause from some convivialists hard by. He turned, and under a long tent, and round a board covered with wine and viands, sate some thirty or forty bravoes. A ragged minstrel, or jongleur, with an immense beard and mustachios, was tuning with no inconsiderable skill, a lute which had accompanied him in all his wanderings—and suddenly changing its note into a wild and warlike melody, he commenced in a loud and deep voice the following song:—

THE PRAISE OF THE GRAND COMPANY.

1.

Ho, dark one from the golden South—ho, fair one from the North
Ho, coat of mail and spear of sheen—ho, wherefore ride ye forth?
'We come from mount, we come from cave, we come across the

sea,

In long array, in bright array—to Montreal's Companié.'

Oh, the merry, merry band,

Light heart, and heavy hand—

Oh, the Lances of the Free!

2.

Ho, Princes of the castled height—ho, Burghers of the town;
Apulia's strength, Romagna's pride, and Tusca's old renown!
Why quail ye thus? why pale ye thus? what spectre do ye see?
'The blood-red flag, and trampling march, of Montreal's Companié.'

Oh, the sunshine of your life—

Oh, the thunders of your strife!

Wild Lances of the Free!

3.

Ho, scutcheons o'er the vaulted tomb where Norman valour sleeps,
Why shake ye so? why quake ye so? what wind the trophy sweeps?

'We shake without a breath—below the dead are stirred to see,
The Norman's fame revived again in Montreal's Companié.'

Who, since Roger won his crown,

Ever equalled your renown,

Brave Lances of the Free?

4.

Ho, ye who seek to win a name, where deeds are bravest done—
Ho, ye who wish to pile a heap, where gold is lightest won;
Ho, ye who loathe the stagnant life, or shun the law's decree,
Belt on the brand, and spur the steed to Montreal's Companié.

And the maid shall share her rest,

And the miser share his chest,

With the Lances of the Free!

The Free!

The Free!

Oh! the Lances of the Free!

Then suddenly, as if inspired to a wilder flight by his own minstrelsy, the jongleur, sweeping his hand over the chords, broke forth into an air admirably expressive of the picture, that his words running into a rude, but lively and stirring doggerel, attempted to paint.

THE MARCH OF THE GRAND COMPANY.

Tira, tirala—trumpet and drum—

Rising bright o'er the height of the mountain they come!

German, and Hun, and the Islandrie,

Who routed the Frenchman at famed Cressié,

When the rose changed its hue with the *fleur de lis*;

With the Roman and Lombard, and Piedmontese,

And the dark-haired son of the southern seas.

Tira, tirali—more near and near!

Down the steep—see them sweep;—rank by rank they appear!

With the cloud of the crowd hanging dark at their rear—

Serried, and steadied, and orderlie,

Like the course—like the force—of a marching sea!

Open your gates, and out with your gold,

For the blood must be spilt, or the ransom be told!

Woe—Burghers—woe! Behold them led

By the stoutest arm, and the wisest head,

With the snow-white cross on the cloth of red;—

With the eagle eye, and the lion port,

His barb for a throne, and his camp for a court;—

Sovereign and scourge of the land is he—
The kingly Knight of the Companie!
Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!
Hurrah for the army—hurrah for its Lord—
Hurrah for the gold that is got by the sword—
Hurrah—hurrah—hurrah!
For the Lances of the Free!

Shouted by the full chorus of those desperate boon companions, and caught up and re-echoed from side to side, near and far, as the familiar and well known words of the burthen reached the ears of more distant groups or stragglers, the effect of this fierce and licentious minstrelsy was indescribable. It was impossible not to feel the zest which that daring life imparted to its daring followers, and even the gallant and stately knight who listened to it, reprov'd himself for an involuntary thrill of sympathy and pleasure.

He turned with some impatience and irritation to his companion, who had taken a part in the chorus, and said, "Sir—to the ears of an Italian noble, conscious of the miseries of his country, this ditty is not welcome. I pray you, let us proceed."

"I humbly crave your pardon, Signor," said the Free Companion; "but really so attractive is the life led by free lances, under *Fra Moreale*, that sometimes we forget the—; but pardon me—we will on."

A few moments more, and bounding over a narrow circunvallation, the party found themselves in a quarter, animated indeed, but of a wholly different character of animation. Long lines of armed men were drawn up on either side of a path, conducting to a large marquee, placed upon a little hillock, surmounted by a blue flag, and up this path armed soldiers were passing to and fro with great order, but with a pleased and complacent expression upon their swarthy features. Some that repaired to the marquee were bearing packets and bales upon their shoulders—those that returned seemed to have got rid of their burthens, but every now and then, impatiently opening their hands, appeared counting and recounting to themselves the coins contained therein.

The knight looked inquiringly at his companion.

"It is the marquee of the merchants," said the captain; "they have free admission to the camp, and their property and persons are rigidly respected. They purchase each soldier's share of the plunder at fair prices, and each party is contented with the bargain."

"It seems, then, that there is some kind of rude justice observed amongst you," said the Knight.

"Rude! Diavolo! Not a town in Italy but would be glad of such even justice, and such impartial laws. Yonder lie the tents of the judges, appointed to try all offences of soldier against soldier. To the right, the tent with the golden ball contains the treasurer of the army. *Fra Moreale* incurs no arrears with his soldiery. All within is like the wheels of a machine; but the machine itself, I allow, occasions disorder enough without."

It was, indeed, by these means that the Knight of St. John had collected the best equipped, and the best contented force in Italy. Every day brought him recruits. Nothing was spoken of amongst the mercenaries of Italy but the wealth acquired in his service, and every warrior in the pay of Republic or of Tyrant, sighed for the lawless standard of *Fra Moreale*. Already had exaggerated tales of the fortunes to be made in the ranks of the Great Company passed the Alps; and, even now, the Knight penetrating farther into the camp, beheld from many a tent the proud banners and armorial blazon of German nobility, and Gallic knighthood.

"You see," said the Free Companion, pointing to these insignia, "we are not without our different ranks in our wild city. And while we speak, many a golden spur is speeding hitherward from the North!"

All now in the quarter they had entered was still and solemn; only afar came the mingled hum, or the sudden shout, of the pandemonium in the rear, mellowed by distance to a not unpleasant sound. An occasional soldier, crossing their path, stalked silently and stealthily to some neighbouring tent, and seemed scarcely to regard their approach.

"Behold! we are before the General's pavilion," said the free Lance.

Blazoned with purple and gold, the tent of Montreal lay a little apart from the rest. A brooklet from the stream they had crossed, murmured gratefully on the ear, and a tall and wide-spreading beech cast its shadow over the gorgeous canvass.

While his troop waited without, the Knight was conducted at once to the presence of the formidable adventurer.

CHAPTER II.

ADRIAN ONCE MORE THE GUEST OF MONTREAL.

MONTREAL was sitting at the head of a table, surrounded by men, some military, some civil, whom he called his councillors, and with whom he apparently debated all his projects. These men, drawn from various cities, were intimately acquainted with the internal affairs of the several states to which they belonged. They could tell to a fraction the force of a Signor, the wealth of a merchant, the power of a mob. And thus, in his lawless camp, Montreal presided, not more as a general than a statesman. Such knowledge was invaluable to the chief of the Great Company. It enabled him to calculate exactly the time to attack a foe, and the sum to demand for a suppression of hostilities. He knew what parties to deal with—where to importune—where to forbear. And it usually happened that by some secret intrigue, the appearance of Montreal's banner before the walls of a city was the signal for some sedition, or some broil within. It may be that he thus also promoted an ulterior as well as his present policy.

The divan were in full consultation when an officer entered, and whispered a few words in Montreal's ear. His eyes brightened. "Admit him," he said hastily. "Messires," he added to the councillors, rubbing his hands, "I think our net has caught our bird. Let us see."

At this moment the drapery was lifted and the Knight admitted.

"How!" muttered Montreal, changing colour, and in evident disappointment. "Am I ever to be thus balked?"

"Sir Walter de Montreal," said the prisoner, "I am once more your guest—in these altered features you perhaps scarcely recognize Adrian di Castello."

"Pardon me, noble Signor," said Montreal, rising with great courtesy; "the mistake of my varlets disturbed my recollection for a moment—I rejoice once more to press a hand that has won so many laurels since last we parted. Your renown has been grateful to my ears. Ho!" continued the chieftain, clapping his hands, "see to the refreshment and repose of this noble cavalier and his attendants. Lord Adrian, I will join you presently."

Adrian withdrew. Montreal, forgetful of his councillors, traversed his tent with hasty strides—then summoning the officer who had admitted Adrian, he said, "Count Landau still keeps the pass?"

"Yes, General!"

"Hie thee fast back, then—the ambuscade must tarry till nightfall. We have trapped the wrong fox."

The officer departed, and shortly afterwards Montreal broke up the divan. He sought Adrian, who was lodged in a tent beside his own.

"My Lord," said Montreal, "it is true, that my men had orders to stop every one on the roads towards Florence. I am at war with that city. Yet I expected a very different prisoner from you. Need I add, that you and your men are free?"

"I accept the courtesy, noble Montreal, as frankly as it is rendered. May I hope hereafter to repay it? Meanwhile permit me, without any disrespect, to say, that had I learned the Grand Company was in this direction, I should have altered my course. I had heard that your arms were bent (somewhat to my mind more nobly) against Malatesta, the tyrant of Rimini!"

"They were so. He *was* my foe. He *is* my tributary. We conquered him. He paid us the price of his liberty. We marched by Asciano upon Sienna. For sixteen thousand florins we spared that city, and we now hang like a thunderbolt over Florence, which dared to send her puny aid to the defence of Rimini. Our marches are forced and rapid, and our camp in this plain but just pitched."

"I hear that the Grand Company is allied with Alborno, and that its general is secretly the soldier of the church. Is it so?"

"Ay—Alborno and I understand one another," replied Montreal carelessly, "and not the less so, that we have a mutual foe—whom both are sworn to crush, in Visconti—the Archbishop of Milan."

"Visconti! the most potent of the Italian princes. That he has justly incurred the wrath of the church, I know—and I can readily understand that Innocent has revoked the pardon which the intrigues of the Archbishop purchased from Clement VI. But I see not so clearly why Montreal should willingly provoke so dark and terrible a foe."

Montreal smiled sternly. "Know you not," he said, the vast ambition of that Visconti? By the holy sepulchre, he is

precisely the enemy my soul leaps to meet. He has a genius worthy to cope with Montreal's. I have made myself master of his secret plans—they are gigantic! In a word, the Archbishop designs the conquest of all Italy. His enormous wealth purchases the corrupt—his dark sagacity ensnares the credulous—his daring valour awes the weak. Every enemy he humbles—every ally he enslaves. This is precisely the Prince whose progress Walter de Montreal must arrest. For this, (he said in a whisper as to himself,) is precisely the Prince who, if suffered to extend his power, will frustrate the plans and break the force of Walter de Montreal."

Adrian was silent, and for the first time a suspicion of the real nature of the Provençal's designs crossed his breast.

"But give me, noble Montreal," resumed the Colonna—"give me, if your knowledge serves, as no doubt it does, give me the latest tidings of my native city. I am a Roman, and Rome is ever in my thoughts."

"And well she may," replied Montreal quickly. "Thou knowest that Alborno, as Legate of the Pontiff, led the army of the church into the Papal Territories. He took with him Cola di Rienzi. Arrived at Monte Fiascone, crowds of Romans of all ranks hastened thither to render homage to the Tribune. The Legate was forgotten in the popularity of his companion. Whether or no, Alborno grew jealous—for he is proud as Lucifer—of the respect paid to the Tribune, or whether he feared the restoration of his power, I know not. But he detained him in his camp, and refused to yield him to all the solicitations and all the deputations of the Romans. Artfully, however, he fulfilled one of the real objects of Rienzi's release. Through his means he formally regained the allegiance of Rome to the church, and by the attraction of his presence, swelled his camp with Roman recruits. Marching to Viterbo, Rienzi distinguished himself greatly in deeds of arms against the tyrant,* John di Vico. Nay, he fought, as one worthy of belonging to the Grand Company. This increased the zeal of the Romans; and the city disgorged half its inhabitants to attend the person of the bold Tribune. To the entreaties of these worthy citizens—(perhaps the very men who had before shut up their darling in St. Angelo)—the crafty Legate merely replied, 'Arm against John di Vico—conquer the tyrants of the Territory—re-establish the patri-mony of St. Peter, and Rienzi shall then be proclaimed Senator, and return to Rome.'

"These words inspired the Romans with so great a zeal that they willingly lent their aid to the Legate. Aquapendente, Bolzena yielded, John di Vico was half reduced and half terrified into submission—and Gabrielli, the tyrant of Agobbio, has since succumbed. The glory is to the Cardinal—but the merit with Rienzi."

"And now?"

"Alborno continued to entertain the Senator-Tribune with great splendour and fair words, but not a word about restoring him to Rome. Wearied with this suspense, I have learnt by secret intelligence, that Rienzi has left the camp, and betaken himself with few attendants to Florence, where he has friends, who will provide him with arms and money to enter Rome."

"Ah then! now I guess," said Adrian with a half smile; "for whom I was mistaken?"

Montreal blushed slightly. "Fairly conjectured!" said he. "Meanwhile, at Rome," continued the Provençal—"at Rome, your worthy House, and that of the Orsini, being elected to the supreme power, quarrelled among themselves, and could not keep it. Francesco Baroncelli, a new demagogue, a humble imitator of Rienzi, rose upon the ruins of the peace broken by the nobles, obtained the title of Tribune, and carried about the very insignia used by his predecessor. But less wise than Rienzi, he took the anti-papal party. And the Legate was thus enabled to play the papal demagogue against the usurper. Baroncelli was a weak man, his sons committed every excess in mimicry of the high-born tyrants of Padua and Milan. Virgins violated and matrons dishonoured, somewhat contrasted the solemn and majestic decorum of Rienzi's rule;—in fine, Baroncelli fell massacred by the people. And now if you ask what rules Rome, I answer, 'It is the hope of Rienzi.'"

"A strange man, and various fortunes. What will be the end of both?"

"Swift murder to the first, and eternal fame to the last," answered Montreal, calmly. "Rienzi will be restored, that brave phenix will wing its way through storm and cloud to its own funeral pyre; I foresee, I compassionate, I admire.—And then," added Montreal, "I look beyond!"

"But wherefore feel you so certain that if restored, Rienzi must fall?"

"Is it not clear to every eye, save his, that ambition blinds? How can mortal genius, however great, rule that most depraved people by popular means? The Barons—you know the indomitable ferocity of your Roman order—wedded to abuse, and loathing every semblance to law; the Barons, humbled for a moment, will watch their occasion, and rise. The people will again desert. Or else, grown wise in one respect by experience, the new Senator will see that popular favour has a loud voice, but a recreant arm. He will, like the Barons, surround himself by foreign swords. A detachment from the Grand Company will be his courtiers; they will be his masters! to pay them the people must be taxed. Then the idol is execrated. No Italian hand can govern these hardy demons of the north; they will mutiny and fall away. A new demagogue will lead on the people, and Rienzi will be the victim. Mark my prophecy!"

"And then, the 'beyond' to which you look!"

"Utter prostration of Rome—for new and long ages; God makes not two Rienzis: or" said Montreal proudly, "the infusion of a new life into the worn-out and diseased frame,—the foundation of a new dynasty. Verily, when I look around me, I believe that the Ruler of nations designs the restoration of the South by the irruptions of the North; and that out of the old Franc and Germanic race will be built up the thrones of the Future world!"

As Montreal thus spoke, leaning on his great war-sword, with his fair and heroic features, so different, in their frank, bold, fearless expression, from the dark and wily intellect that characterizes the lineaments of the South—eloquent at once with enthusiasm and thought—he might have seemed no unfitting representative of the genius of that northern chivalry of which he spake. And Adrian half fancied that he saw before him one of the old gothic scourges of the Western World.

Their conversation was here interrupted by the sound of a trumpet, and presently an officer entering, announced the arrival of ambassadors from Florence.

"Again you must pardon me, noble Adrian," said Montreal, "and let me claim you as my guest at least for to-night. Here you may rest secure, and on parting, my men shall attend you to the frontiers of whatsoever territory you design to visit."

Adrian, not sorry to see more of a man so celebrated, accepted the invitation.

Left alone, he lent his head upon his hand, and soon became lost in his reflections.

CHAPTER III.

FAITHFUL AND ILL-FATED LOVE—THE ASPIRATIONS SURVIVE THE AFFECTIONS.

SINCE that fearful hour in which Adrian Colonna had gazed upon the lifeless form of his adored Irene, the young Roman had undergone the usual vicissitudes of a wandering and adventurous life in those exciting times. His country seemed no longer dear to him. His very rank precluded him from the post he once aspired to take in restoring the liberties of Rome; and he felt that if ever such a revolution could be consummated, it was reserved for one in whose birth and habits the people could feel sympathy and kindred, and who could lift his hand in their behalf with becoming the apostate of his order, and the judge of his own House. He had travelled through various courts, and served with renown in various fields. Beloved and honoured wheresoever he fixed a temporary home—no change of scene had removed his melancholy—no new ties had chased away the memory of the Lost. In that era of passionate and poetical romance which Petrarch represented rather than created, love had already begun to assume a more tender and sacred character than it had hitherto known—it had gradually imbibed the divine spirit which it derives from Christianity, and which associates its sorrows on earth with the visions and hopes of heaven. To him who relies upon immortality, fidelity to the dead is easy, because death cannot extinguish hope; and the soul of the mourner is already half in the world to come. It is an age which depends of a future life—representing death as an eternal separation—in which men may grieve indeed for the dead, but hasten to reconcile themselves to the living. For true is

* Vit di Col. Rienzi.

the old aphorism, that love exists not without hope. And all that romantic worship which the Hermit of Vaucluse felt, or feigned, for Laura, found its temple in the desolate heart of Adrian Colonna. He was emphatically the Lover of *his time*! Often as, in his pilgrimage from land to land, he passed the walls of some quiet and lonely convent, he seriously meditated the solemn vows, and internally resolved that the cloister at least should receive his maturer age. The absence of years had, however, in some degree restored the dimmed and shattered affection for his father-land, and he desired once more to behold the city in which he had first beheld Irene. "Perhaps," he thought, "time may have wrought some unlooked-for change; and I may yet assist to restore my country."

But with this lingering patriotism no ambition was mingled. In that heated stage of action, in which the desire of power seemed to stir through every breast, and Italy had become the El Dorado of wealth or the Utopia of empire, to thousands of valiant arms and plotting minds, there was at least one breast that felt the true philosophy of the Hermit. Adrian's nature, though gallant and masculine, was singularly imbued with that elegance of temperament, which recoils from rude contact, and to which a lettered and cultivated idleness is the supremest luxury. His education, his experience, and his intellect, had placed him far in advance of his age, and he looked with a high contempt at the coarse villainies and base tricks by which Italian ambition sought its road to power. The rise and fall of Rienzi, who, whatever his failings, was at least the purest and most honourable of the self-raised princes of the age, had conspired to make him despond of the success of noble, as he recoiled from that of selfish, aspirations. And the dreary melancholy which resulted from his ill-starred love yet more tended to wean him from the stale and hacknied pursuits of the world. His character was full of beauty and of poetry—not the less so in that it found not a vent for its emotions in the actual occupation of the poet! Pent within, those emotions diffused themselves over all his thoughts and coloured his whole soul. Sometimes in the blessed abstraction of his visions, he pictured to himself the lot he might have chosen had Irene lived, and fate united them—far from the turbulent and vulgar roar of Rome—but amidst some yet unpolluted solitude of the bright Italian soil. Before his eye there arose the lovely landscape—the palace by the borders of the waveless lake—the vineyards in the valley—the dark forests waving from the hill—and that home, the resort and refuge of all the minstrelsy and love of Italy, brightened by the "Lampeggior dell'angelico riso," that makes a paradise in the face we love. Often, seduced by such dreams to complete oblivion of his loss, the young wanderer started from the ideal bliss, to behold around him the solitary waste of way—or the moonlit tents of war—or, worse than all, the crowds and revels of a foreign court.

Whether or not such fancies now for a moment allured his meditations, conjured up perhaps by the name of Irene's brother, which never sounded in his ears but to awaken ten thousand associations, the Colonna remained thoughtful and absorbed, until he was disturbed by his own squire, who, accompanied by Montreal's servitors, ushered in his solitary but ample repast. Flasks of the richest Florentine wines—viands prepared with all the art which, alas, Italy has now lost!—goblets and salvers of gold and silver prodigally wrought with barbaric gems—attested the princely luxury which reigned in the camp of the Grand Company. But Adrian saw in all but the spoliation of his degraded country, and felt the splendour almost as an insult. His lonely meal soon concluded, he became impatient of the monotony of his tent; and, tempted by the cool air of the descending eve, sauntered carelessly forth. He bent his steps by the side of the brooklet that curved snake-like and sparkling by Montreal's tent; and finding a spot somewhat solitary and apart from the warlike tenements around, flung himself by the margin of the stream.

The last rays of the sun quivered on the wave that danced musically over its stony bed; and amidst a little copse on the opposite bank broke the brief and momentary song of such of the bolder habitants of that purple air as the din of the camp had not scared from their green retreat. The clouds lay motionless to the west, in that sky so darkly and intensely blue, never seen but over the landscapes that a Claude or a Rosa loved to paint; and dim and delicious rosebuds gathered over the gray peaks of the distant Apennines. From afar floated the hum of the camp, broken by the neigh of returning steeds—the blast of an occasional bugle—and at regular intervals by the armed tramp of the neighbouring sentry. And opposite to the left of the copse—upon a rising ground,

matted with reeds, moss, and waving shrubs—were the ruin of some old Etruscan wall or building, whose name had perished, whose very uses were unknown.

The scene was so calm and lovely, as Adrian gazed upon it, that it was scarcely possible to imagine it at that very hour the haunt of fierce and banded robbers, among most of whom the very soul of man was embroiled, and to whom murder or rapine made the habitual occupation of life.

Still buried in his reveries, and carelessly dropping stones into the noisy rivulet, Adrian was aroused by the sound of steps.

"A fair spot to listen to the lute and the ballads of Provence," said the voice of Montreal, as the Knight of St. John threw himself on the turf beside the young Colonna.

"You retain then, your ancient love of your national melodies," said Adrian.

"Ay, I have not yet survived *all* my youth," answered Montreal, with a slight sigh. "But somehow or other, the strains that once pleased my fancy now go too directly to my heart. So though I still welcome jongleur and minstrel, I bid them sing their *newest* conceits. I don't wish ever again to hear the poetry I heard when *I was young*."

"Pardon me," said Adrian, with great interest, "but fain would I have dared—but a secret apprehension prevented me hitherto—fain would I have dared to question you of that lovely lady, with whom, seven years ago, we gazed at moonlight upon the odorous orange-groves and rosy waters of Terracina."

Montreal turned away his face; he laid his hand on Adrian's arm, and murmured in a deep and hoarse tone—"I am alone now!"

Adrian pressed his hand in silence. He felt no light shock at thus learning the death of one so gentle, so lovely, and so ill-fated.

"The vows of my knighthood," continued Montreal, "which precluded Adeline the rights of wedlock—the shame of her house—the angry grief of her mother—the wild vicissitudes of my life, so exposed to peril—the loss of her son—all preyed silently on her frame. She did not die—(die is too harsh a word!)—but she drooped away, and glided into heaven. Even as on a summer's morn some soft dream fleets across us, growing less and less distinct, until it fades, as it were, into light, and we awaken—so faded Adeline's parting spirit, till the day-light of God broke upon it.

Montreal paused a moment, and then resumed—"These thoughts make the boldest of us weak sometimes, and we Provençals are foolish in these matters!—God's wot; she was very dear to me!"

The Knight bent down and crossed himself devoutly, his lips muttered a prayer: Strange as it may seem to our more enlightened age, so martial a garb did morality then wear, that this man, at whose word towns had blazed and torrents of blood had flowed, neither adjudged himself nor was adjudged by the majority of his cotemporaries, a criminal. His order, half monastic, half warlike, was emblematic of himself. He trampled upon man, yet humbled himself to God, nor had all his acquaintance with the refining scepticism of Italy shaken the sturdy and simple faith of the bold Provençal. So far from recognizing any want of harmony between his calling and his creed, he held (like a true northman) that man no true chevalier who was not as devout to the Cross as relentless with the sword.

"And you have no child save the one you lost?" asked Adrian, when he observed the wonted composure of Montreal once more returning.

"None!" said Montreal, as his brow again darkened. "No love-begotten heir of mine will succeed to the fortunes I trust yet to build. Never on earth shall I see upon the face of her child the likeness of Adeline! yet, at Avignon, I saw a boy I would have claimed—for methought she must have looked her soul into his eyes, they were so like her's. Well, well; the Province tree hath other branches; and some unborn nephew must be—what!—the stars have not yet decided! But ambition is now the only thing in the world left me to love."

"So differently operates the same misfortune upon different characters," thought the Colonna. "To me crowns became valueless when I could no longer dream of placing them on Irene's brow!"

The similarity of their fates, however, attracted Adrian strongly towards his host, and the two Knights conversed together with more friendship and unreserve than they had hitherto done. At length Montreal said, "By the way, I have not inquired your destination."

"I am bound to Rome," said Adrian; "and the intelligence I have learnt from you incites me thitherward yet more ea-

gerly. If Rienzi return I may mediate successfully, perchance, between the Tribune-Senator and the nobles; and if I find my cousin, young Stefanello, now the head of our house, more tractable than his sires, I shall not despair of conciliating the less powerful barons. Rome wants repose; and whoever governs, if he govern but with justice, ought to be supported both by prince and plebeian!"

Montreal listened with great attention, and then muttered to himself, "No, it cannot be!" He mused a little while, shading his brow with his hand, before he said aloud, "To Rome you are bound. Well, we shall meet soon amidst its ruins. Know, by the way, that my object here is already won: these Florentine merchants have acceded to my terms; they have purchased a two years' peace; to-morrow the camp breaks up, and the Grand Company march to Lombardy—there, if my schemes prosper, and the Venetians pay my price, I league the rascals (under Landau, my Lieutenant,) with the Sea City, in defiance of the Visconti, and shall pass my autumn in peace, amidst the pomps of Rome."

"Sir Walter de Montreal," said Adrian, "your frankness perhaps makes me presumptuous: but when I hear you talk, like a huxtering trader, of selling alike your friendship and your forbearance, I ask myself, 'Is this the great Knight of St. John; and have men spoken of him fairly, when they assert the sole stain on his laurels to be his avarice!'"

Montreal bit his lip; nevertheless, he answered calmly, "My frankness has brought its own penance, Lord Adrian. However, I cannot wholly leave so honoured a guest under an impression that I feel to be plausible, but not just. No, brave Colonna; report wrongs me. I value Gold, for Gold is the Architect of Power! It fills the camp—it storms the city—it buys the market-place—it raises the palace—it founds the throne. I value Gold,—it is the means necessary to my end!"

"And that end—"

"Is—no matter what," said the Knight coldly. "Let us to our tents, the dew's fall heavily, and the *malaria* floats over these houseless wastes."

The pair rose, yet, fascinated by the beauty of the hour, they lingered for a moment by the brook. The earliest stars shone over its crisping wavelets, and a delicious breeze murmured gently amidst the glossy herbage.

"Thus gazing," said Montreal softly, "we reverse the old Medusan fable the poets tell us of, and look and muse ourselves out of stone. A little while, and it was the *sunlight* that gilded the wave—it now shines as brightly and glides as gaily beneath the *stars*; even so rolls the stream of time, one luminary succeeds the other, equally welcomed—equally illumining—equally evanescent! You see the poetry of Provence still lives beneath my mail!"

Adrian early sought his couch; but his own thoughts and the sounds of loud mirth that broke from Montreal's tent where the chief feasted the captains of his band, a revel from which he had the delicacy to excuse the Roman noble, kept him long awake; and he had scarcely fallen into an unquiet slumber, when yet more discordant sounds again invaded his repose. At the earliest dawn the wide armament was astir—the creaking of cordage—the tramp of men—loud orders and louder oaths—the slow rolling of baggage-wains—and the clank of the armourers, announced the removal of the camp, and the approaching departure of the Grand Company!

Ere Adrian was yet attired, Montreal entered his tent.

"I have appointed," he said, "five score lances, under a trusty leader, to accompany you, noble Adrian, to the borders of Romagna; they wait your leisure. In another hour I depart; the on-guard are already in motion."

Adrian would fain have declined the proffered escort; but he saw that it would offend the pride of the chief, who soon retired. Hastily Adrian endued his arms—the air of the fresh morning, and the glad sun lifting himself gorgeously from the hills, revived his wearied spirit. He repaired to Montreal's tent, and found him alone, with the implements of writing before him, and a triumphant smile upon his countenance.

"Fortune showers new favours on me!" he said gaily. "Yesterday the Florentines spared me the trouble of a siege; and to-day (even since I last saw you—a few minutes since) puts your new Senator of Rome into my power."

"How! have your bands then arrested Rienzi?"

"Not so—better still! The Tribune changed his plan, and repaired to Perugia, where my brothers now abide—sought them—they have supplied him with money and soldiers enough to brave the perils of the way, and to defy the swords of the Barons. So writes my good brother Arimbardo, a man of letters, whom the Tribune thinks rightly he has decoyed

with old tales of Roman greatness, and mighty promises of grateful advancement. You find me hastily expressing my content at the arrangement. My brothers themselves will accompany the Senator-Tribune to the walls of the Capitol."

"Still, I see not how this places Rienzi in your power."

"No! his soldiers are my creatures—his comrades my brothers—his creditor myself! Let him rule Rome then—the time soon comes when the Vice-Regent must yield to—"

"The chief of the Grand Company," interrupted Adrian, with a shudder, which the bold Montreal was too engrossed with the unconcealed excitement of his own thoughts to notice. "No, Knight of Provence, basely have we succumbed to domestic tyrants; but never, I trust, shall Romans be so vile as to wear the yoke of a foreign usurper."

Montreal looked hard at Adrian, and smiled sternly.

"You mistake me," said he; "and it will be time enough for you to play the Brutus when I assume the *Cæsar*. Meanwhile we are but host and guest. Let us change the theme."

Nevertheless this, their latter conference, threw a chill over both during the short time the Knights remained together, and they parted with a formality which was ill-suited to their friendly intercourse of the night before. Montreal felt he had incautiously revealed himself, but caution was no part of his character, whenever he found himself at the head of an army, and at the full tide of fortune; and at that moment, so confident was he of the success of his wildest schemes, that he recked little whom he offended—or whom alarmed.

Slowly, with his strange and ferocious escort, Adrian renewed his way. Winding up a steep ascent that led from the plain,—when he reached the summit, the curve in the road showed him the whole army on its march;—the gonfalons waving—the armour flashing in the sun, line after line, like a river of steel, and the whole plain bristling with the array of that moving war;—while the solemn tread of the armed thousands fell subdued and stifled at times by martial and exulting music. As they swept on, Adrian descried at length the stately and towering form of Montreal, upon a black charger, distinguished even at that distance from the rest, not more by his gorgeous armour than his lofty stature. So swept he on in the pride of his array—in the flush of his hopes—the head of a mighty armament—the terror of Italy—the hero that was—the monarch that might be!

Three little months afterwards, and six feet of ground sufficed for all that greatness!

BOOK IX.

THE RETURN.

"Allora la sua venuta fu a Roma Sentita, Romani si appa rechiano, a ricervelo con letizia, furo fatti archi trionfali," &c. &c.

VITA DI COLA DI RIENZI, lib. ii. c. xvii.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE.

ALL Rome was astir!—from St. Angelo to the Capitol, windows, balconies, roofs, were crowded with animated thousands. Only here and there, in the sullen quarters of the Colonna, the Orsini, and the Savelli, reigned a death-like solitude and a dreary gloom. In those fortifications, rather than streets, was not even heard the accustomed tread of the barbarian sentinel. The gates closed—the casements barred—the grim silence around attested the absence of the Barons. They had left the city so soon as they had learnt of the certain approach of Rienzi. In the villages and castles of the Campagna, surrounded by their mercenaries, they awaited the hour when the people, weary of their idol, should welcome back even these ferocious Iconoclasts.

With these exceptions, all Rome was astir! Triumphant arches of drapery, wrought with gold and silver, raised at every principal vista, were inscribed with mottos of welcome and rejoicing. At frequent intervals stood youths and maidens

with baskets of flowers and laurels. High above the assembled multitudes—from the proud tower of Hadrian—from the turrets of the Capitol—from the spires of the sacred buildings dedicated to Apostle and to Saint—floated banners as for a victory. Rome once more opened her arms to receive her Tribune!

Mingled with the crowd—disguised by his large mantle—hidden by the pressure of the throng—his person, indeed, forgotten by most—and, in the confusion of the moment, heeded by none—stood Adrian Colonna! He had not been able to conquer his interest for the brother of Irene. Solitary amidst his fellow-citizens, he stood—the only one of the proud race of Colonna who witnessed the triumph of the darling of the people.

"They say he has grown large in his prison," said one of the bystanders,—"he was lean enough when he came by day-break out of the Church of St. Angelo!"

"Ay," said another, a little man with a shrewd, restless eye; "they say truly; I saw him take leave of the Legate."

Every eye was turned to the last speaker; he became at once a personage of importance. "Yes," continued the little man with an elated and pompous air,—"as soon, d'y'e see, as he had prevailed on Messere Brettone, and Messere Arimbald, the brothers of Fra Moreale, to accompany him from Perugia to Monte Fiascone, he went at once to the Legate D'Albornoz, who was standing in the open air conversing with his captains. A crowd followed. I was one of them; and the Tribune nodded at me—ay, that did he!—and so, with his scarlet cloak and his scarlet cap, he faced the proud Cardinal with a pride greater than his own. 'Though your Eminence,' said he, 'accords me neither money nor arms, to meet the dangers of the road, and brave the ambush of the Barons, I am prepared to depart. Senator of Rome, his Holiness hath made me; according to custom, I demand your Eminence forthwith to confirm the rank.' I would you could have seen how the proud Spaniard stared, and blushed, and frowned; but he bit his lip, and said little."

"And confirmed Rienzi Senator?"

"Yes; and blessed him, and bade him depart."

"Senator!" said a stalwart but gray-haired giant with folded arms:—"I like not a title that has been borne by a patrician. I fear me, in the new title he will forget the old."

"Fie, Cecco del Vecchio, you were always a grumbler!" said a merchant of cloth, whose commodity the ceremonial had put in great request;—"fie!—for my part, I think Senator a less new-fangled title than Tribune. I hope there will be feasting enow, at least. Rome has been long dull. *Deh!* a bad time for trade, I warrant me!"

The artisan grinned scornfully. He was one of those who distinguished between the middle class and the working, and he loathed a merchant as much as he did a noble. "The day wears," said the little man; "he must be here anon. The Senator's lady, and all his train, have gone forth to meet him these two hours."

Scarce were these words uttered, when the crowd to the right swayed restlessly; and presently a horseman rode rapidly through the street. "Way there—keep back!—way!—make way for the Most Illustrious the Senator of Rome!"

The crowd became hushed—then murmuring—then hushed again. From balcony and casement stretched the neck of every gazer. The tramp of steeds was heard at a distance—the sound of clarion and trumpet;—then gleaming through the distant curve of the streets, was seen the wave of the gonfalons—then the glitter of spears—and then from the whole multitude, as of one voice, arose the shout,—"He comes! he comes!"

Adrian shrunk yet more backward amongst the throng; and leaning against the walls of one of the houses, contemplated the approaching pageant.

First came, six abreast, the procession of Roman horsemen who had gone forth to meet the Senator, bearing bows of olive in their hands: each, hundred preceded by banners, inscribed with the words, "Liberty and Peace restored." As these passed the group by Adrian, each more popular citizen of the cavalcade was recognised and received with loud shouts. By the garb and equipment of the horsemen, Adrian saw that they belonged chiefly to the traders of Rome, a race who, he well knew, unless strangely altered, valued liberty only as a commercial speculation.—"A vain support these," thought the Colonna;—"what next?" On, then, came in glittering armour the German mercenaries, hired by the gold of the Brothers of Provence, in number two hundred and fifty, and previously in the pay of Malatesta of Rimini;—tall, stern, sedate, disciplined,—eyeing the crowd, with a look, half of barbarian wonder, half of insolent disdain. No shout of gratulation

welcomed these sturdy strangers; it was evident that their aspect cast a chill over the assembly.

"Shame!" growled Cecco del Vecchio audibly. "Has the people's friend need of the swords which guard an Orsini or a Malatesta?—shame!"

No voice this time silenced the huge malcontent.

"His only real defence against the Barons," thought Adrian, "if he pay them well! But their number is not sufficient!"

Next came two hundred fantassins, or foot soldiers, of Tuscany, with the corslets and arms of the heavy-armed soldiery—a gallant company, and whose cheerful looks and familiar bearing appeared to sympathize with the crowd. And in truth they did so,—for they were Tuscans, and therefore lovers of freedom. In them, too, the Romans seemed to recognise natural and legitimate allies,—and there was a general "Viva" for the brave Tuscans!

"Poor defence!" thought the more sagacious Colonna:—"the Barons can awe, and the mob corrupt them."

Next came a file of trumpeters and standard-bearers;—and now the sound of the music was drowned by shouts, which seemed to rise simultaneously as from every quarter of the city:—"Rienzi! Rienzi!—welcome, welcome! Liberty and Rienzi! Rienzi and the good State!" Flowers dropped on his path, kerchiefs and banners waved from every house;—tears might be seen coursing, unheeded, down bearded cheeks;—youth and age were kneeling together, with uplifted hands, invoking blessings on the head of the Restored. On he came, the Senator-Tribune—"the Phoenix to his pyre!"

Robed in crimson, that literally blazed with gold, his proud head bared in the sun, and bending to the saddle bow, Rienzi passed slowly through the throng. Not in the flush of that hour were visible, on his glorious countenance, the signs of disease and care: the very enlargement of his proportions gave a greater majesty to his mien. Hope sparkled in his eye—triumph and empire sat upon his brow. The crowd could not contain themselves; they pressed forward, each upon each, anxious to catch the glance of his eye, to touch the hem of his robe. He himself was deeply affected by their joy. He halted; with faltering and broken words, he attempted to address them. "I am repaid," he said,—"repaid for all;—may I live to make you happy!"

The crowd parted again—the Senator moved on—again the crowd closed in. Behind the Tribune, to their excited imagination seemed to move the very goddess of ancient Rome.

Upon a steed, caparisoned with cloth of gold;—in snow-white robes, studded with gems that flashed back the day,—came the beautiful and regal Nina. The memory of her pride, her ostentation, all forgotten in that moment, she was scarce less welcome—scarce less idolized than her lord. And her smile all radiant with joy—her lip quivering with proud and elate emotion,—never had she seemed at once so born alike for love and for command;—a Zenobia passing through the pomp of Rome,—not a captive, but a queen.

But not upon that stately form rivetted the gazed of Adrian—pale, breathless, trembling, he clung to the walls against which he leant. Was it a dream? Had the dead revived? Or was it his own—his living Irene—whose soft and melancholy loveliness shone sadly by the side of Nina—a star beside the moon? The pageant faded from his eyes—all grew dim and dark. For a moment he was insensible. When he recovered, the crowd was hurrying along, confused and blent with the mighty stream that followed the procession. Through the moving multitude he caught the graceful form of Irene, again snatched by the closing standards of the procession from his view. His blood rushed back from his heart through every vein. He was as a man who for years had been in a fearful trance, and who is suddenly awakened to the light of heaven.

One man only of that mighty throng remained motionless with Adrian. It was Cecco del Vecchio.

"He did not see me," muttered the smith to himself; "old friends are forgotten now. Well, well, Cecco del Vecchio hates tyrants still—no matter what their name, or how smoothly they are disguised. He did not see me!—Umph!"

CHAPTER II.

THE MASQUERADE.

THE acute reader has already learned, without the absolute intervention of the author as narrator, the incidents occurring

to Rienzi in the interval between his acquittal at Avignon and his return to Rome. As the impression made by Nina upon the softer and better nature of Albornoz died away, he naturally began to consider his guest—as the profound politicians of that day ever consider men—a piece upon the great Chess Board, to be moved, advanced, or sacrificed, as best suited the scheme in view. His purpose accomplished, in the recovery of the Patrimonial territory, the submission of John di Vico, and the fall and massacre of the Demagogue Baroncelli, the Cardinal deemed it far from advisable to restore to Rome, and with so high a dignity, the able and ambitious Rienzi. Before the daring Roman, even his own great spirit quailed; and he was wholly unable to conceive or to calculate the policy that might be adopted by the new Senator when once more lord of Rome. Without affecting to detain, he therefore declined to assist in restoring him. And Rienzi thus saw himself within an easy march of Rome, without one soldier to protect him against the Barons by the way. But Heaven had decreed that no *single* man, however gifted, or however powerful, should long counteract or master the destinies of Rienzi. And perhaps in no more glittering scene of his life did he ever evince so dexterous and subtle an intellect as he now did in extricating himself from the wiles of the Cardinal. Repairing to Perugia, he had, as we have seen, procured, through the brothers of Montreal, men and money for his return. But the Knight of St. John was greatly mistaken, if he imagined that Rienzi was not thoroughly aware of the perilous and treacherous tenure of the support he had received. His keen eye read at a glance the aims and the characters of the brothers of Montreal—he knew that while affecting to serve him, they designed to control—that, made the debtor of the grasping and aspiring Montreal, and surrounded by the troops conducted by Montreal's brethren, he was in the midst of a net which, if not broken, would soon involve fortune and life itself in its fatal and deadly meshes. But, confident in the resources and promptitude of his own genius, he yet sanguinely trusted to make those *his* puppets, who dreamt that he was their own; and with empire for the stake, he cared not how crafty the antagonists he was compelled to engage.

Meanwhile, uniting to all his rasher and all his nobler qualities, a profound dissimulation, he appeared to trust implicitly to his Provençal companions, and his first act on entering the Capitol, after the triumphal procession, was to reward with the highest dignities in his gift Messere Arimbaldio and Messere Brettone de Montreal!

High feasting was there that night in the halls of the Capitol; but dearer to Rienzi than all the pomp of the day were the smiles of Nina. Her proud and admiring eyes, swimming with delicious tears, fixed upon his countenance, she but felt that they were re-united, and that the hours, however brilliantly illumined, were hastening to that moment, when, after so desolate and dark an absence, they might once more be alone.

Far other the thoughts of Adrian Colonna, as he sat alone in the dreary palace in the yet more dreary quarter of his haughty race. Irene then was alive, he had committed some strange error,—she had escaped the devouring pestilence; and something in the pale sadness of her gentle features, even in that day of triumph, told him he was still remembered. But as his mind by degrees calmed itself from its first wild and tumultuous rapture, he could not help asking himself the question, whether they were not still to be divided? Stefanello Colonna, the grandson of the old Stephen, and (by the death of his sire and brother) the youthful head of that powerful House, had already raised his standard against the Senator. Fortifying himself in the almost impregnable fastness of Palestrina, he had assembled around him all the retainers of his family, and his lawless soldiery now ravaged the neighbouring plains far and wide.

Adrian foresaw that the lapse of a few days would suffice to bring the Colonna and the Senator to open war. Could he take part against those of his own blood? The very circumstance of his love for Irene would yet more rob such a proceeding of all appearance of disinterested patriotism, and yet more deeply and irremediably stain his knightly fame, wherever the sympathy of his equals was enlisted with the cause of the Colonna. On the other hand, not only his love for the Senator's sister, but his own secret inclinations and honest convictions, were on the side of one who alone seemed to him possessed of the desire and the genius to repress the disorders of his fallen city. Long meditating, he perceived no alternative but in the same cruel neutrality to which he had been before condemned; but he resolved at least to make the attempt—rendered favourable and dignified by his birth and re-

putation—to reconcile the contending parties. To effect this, he saw that he must begin with his haughty cousin. Were it known that he had first obtained an interview with Rienzi—did it appear as if he were charged with overtures from the Senator—he was well aware that if even Stefanello were himself inclined to yield to his representations, the insolent and ferocious Barons who surrounded him would not deign to listen to the envoy of the People's chosen one; and that instead of being honoured as an intercessor, he should be suspected as a traitor. He determined, then, with the next day to depart for Palestrina; but (and his heart beat audibly!) would it not be possible first to obtain an interview with Irene? It was no easy enterprize, surrounded as she was,—but he resolved to adventure it. He summoned Giulio.

"The Senator holds a festival this evening—know you if the assemblage is numerous?"

"I hear," answered Giulio, "that the banquet given to the Ambassadors and Signors to-day, is to be followed to-morrow by a mask, to which all ranks are admitted. By Bacchus,* if the Tribune only invited Nobles, the smallest closet in the Capitol would suffice to receive his maskers. I suppose a mask has been resolved on in order to disguise the quality of the visitors."

Adrian mused a moment, and the result of his reverie was a determination to take advantage of the nature of the revel, and to join the masquerade.

That species of entertainment, though unusual at that season of the year, had been preferred by Rienzi, partly and ostensibly because it was one in which all his numerous and motley supporters could be best received; but chiefly, and secretly, because it afforded himself, and his confidential friends, the occasion to mix unsuspected amongst the throng, and learn more of the real anticipations of the Romans with respect to his policy and his strength, than could well be gathered from the enthusiasm of a public spectacle. This resolution delayed for another sun Adrian's journey to Palestrina.

The following night was beautifully serene and clear. The better to accommodate the numerous guests, and to take advantage of the warm and moonlit freshness of the air, the open court of the Capitol, with the Place of the Lion, (as well as the state apartments within,) was devoted to the festival.

As Adrian entered the festive court with the rush of the throng, it chanced that in the eager impatience of some maskers, more vehement than the rest, his vizard was deranged. He hastily replaced it, but not before one of the guests had recognised his countenance.

From courtesy, Rienzi and his family remained at first unmasked. They stood at the head of the stairs to which the old Egyptian Lion gave the name. The lights shone over that colossal monument—which torn from its antique home—had witnessed, in its grim repose, the rise and lapse of countless generations, and the dark and stormy revolutions of avenging fate. It was an ill omen, often afterwards remarked, that the place of that state festival was the place also of the state executions. But at that moment, as group after group pressed forward, to win smile and word from that celebrated man, whose fortunes had been the theme of Europe—or to bend in homage to the lustrous loveliness of Nina—no omen and no warning clouded the universal gladness.

Behind Nina, well contented to shrink from the gaze of the throng, and to feel her softer beauty eclipsed by the dazzling and gorgeous charms of her brother's wife, stood Irene. Amidst the crowd, on her alone Adrian fixed his eyes. The years which had flown over the fair brow of the girl of sixteen—then animated by, yet trembling beneath, the first wild breath of Love;—youth in every vein—passion and childish tenderness in every thought, had not marred, but it had changed the character of Irene's beauty. Her cheek, no longer varying with every instant, was settled into a delicate and thoughtful paleness—her form, more rounded to the proportions of Roman beauty, had assumed an air of dignified and calm repose. No longer did the restless eye wander in search of some imagined object; no longer did the lip quiver into smiles at some untold hope or half unconscious recollection. A grave and mournful expression gave to her face, (still how sweet!) a gravity beyond her years. The bloom, the flush, the April of the heart was gone; yet neither time, nor sorrow, nor blighted love, had stolen from her countenance its rare and angelic softness—nor that inexpressible and virgin modesty of form and aspect, which, contrasting the bolder

* Still a common Roman expletive.

beauties of Italy, had more than aught else, distinguished to Adrian, from all other women, the dream and idol of his heart. And feeding his gaze upon those dark, deep eyes, which spoke of thought far away and busy with the past, Adrian felt again and again that he was not forgotten! Hovering near her, but suffering the crowd to press, one after another, before him, he did not perceive that he had attracted the eagle eye of the Senator.

In fact, as one of the maskers passed Rienzi, he whispered, "Beware, a Colonna is among the masks! beneath the reveller's domino has often lurked the assassin's dagger. Yonder stands your foe—mark him!"

These words were the first sharp and thrilling intimation of the perils into which he had rushed, that the Tribune-Senator had received since his return. He changed colour slightly, and for some minutes the courtly smile and ready gratulation with which he had hitherto delighted every guest, gave way to a moody abstraction.

"Why stands you strange man so mute and motionless?" whispered he to Nina. "He speaks to none—he approaches us not—a churl, a churl—he must be seen to."

"Doubtless, some German or English barbarian," answered Nina. "Let not, my Lord, so slight a cloud dim your merriment."

"You are right, dearest—we have friends here—we are well girt. And by my father's ashes, I feel that I must accustom myself to danger. Nina, let us move on; methinks we might now mix among the maskers—masked ourselves."

The music played loud and cheerily as the Senator and his party mingled with the throng. But still his eye turned ever towards the gray domino of Adrian, and he perceived that it followed his steps. Approaching the private entrance of the Capitol, he, for a few moments, lost sight of his unwelcome pursuer: but just as he entered, turning abruptly, Rienzi perceived him close at his side—the next morning the stranger had vanished amidst the throng. But that moment had sufficed to Adrian, he had reached Irene. "Adrian Colonna (he whispered) waits thee beside the Lion."

In the absorption of his own reflections Rienzi fortunately did not notice the sudden paleness and agitation of his sister. Entered within his palace, he called for wine—the draught revived his spirits—he listened smilingly to the sparkling remarks of Nina, and enduring his mask and disguise, said with his wonted cheerfulness, "Now for Truth—strange that in festivals it should only speak behind a vizard! My sweet sister, thou hast lost thine old smile, and I would rather see that than—Ha! has Irene vanished?"

"Only, I suppose, to change her dress, my Cola, and mingle with the revellers," answered Nina. "Let my smile atone for hers."

Rienzi kissed the bright brow of his wife as she clung fondly to his bosom. "Thy smile is the sunlight," said he, "but this girl disturbs me! Methinks now, at least, she might wear a gladder aspect."

"Is there nothing of love beneath my fair sister's gloom?" answered Nina. "Do you not call to mind how she loved Adrian Colonna?"

"Does that fantasy hold still?" returned Rienzi musingly. "Well, and she is fit bride for a monarch."

"Yet it were an alliance that would, better than one with monarchs, strengthen thy power at Rome!"

"Ay,—were it possible—but that haughty race!—Perchance this very masker, that so haunted our steps, was but her lover. I will look to this. Let us forth, my Nina. Am I well cloaked?"

"Excellently well—and I!"

"The sun behind a cloud."

"Ah, let us tarry not long; what hour of revel like that when, thy hand in mine,—this head upon thy bosom—we forget the sorrows we have known, and even the triumphs we have shared!"

Meanwhile, Irene, confused and lost amidst a transport of emotion, already disguised and masked, was threading her way through the crowd, back to the staircase of the Lion. With the absence of the Senator, that spot had become comparatively deserted. Music and the dance attracted the maskers to another quarter of the wide space. And Irene now approaching, beheld the moonlight fall over the statue, and a solitary figure leaning against the pedestal. She paused, the figure approached, and again she heard the voice of her early love.

"Oh Irene! recognized even in this disguise," said Adrian, seizing her trembling hand; "have I lived to gaze again upon that form—to touch this hand! Did not these eyes behold thee lifeless in that fearful vault, which I shudder to

recall? By what miracle wert thou raised again? By what means did Heaven spare to this earth, one; that it seemed already to have placed amongst its angels?"

"Was this indeed thy belief?" said Irene, falteringly, but with an accent eloquent of joy. "Thou didst not then willingly desert me? Unjust that I was, I wronged thy noble nature, and deemed that my brother's fall, my humble lineage thy brilliant fate, had made thee renounce Irene."

"Unjust indeed," answered the lover. "But surely I saw thee amongst the dead!—thy cloak, with the silver stars—who else wore the arms of the Roman Tribune?"

"Was it but the cloak then which, dropped in the streets, was probably assumed by some more ill-fated victim; was it that sight alone, that made thee so soon despair? Ah! Adrian," continued Irene tenderly, but with reproach; "Not even when I saw thee seemingly lifeless on the couch by which I had watched three days and nights, not even then did I despair!"

"What, then my vision did not deceive me; it was you who watched by my bed in that grim hour, whose love guarded, whose care preserved me. And I, wretch that I was!"

"Nay," answered Irene, "your thought was natural.—Heaven seemed to endow me with supernatural strength whilst I was necessary to thee. But judge of my dismay. I left thee to seek the good friar who attended thee as thy leech; I returned, and found thee not. Heart-sick and terrified, I searched the desolate city in vain. Strong as I was while hope supported me, I sunk beneath fear. And my brother found me senseless, and stretched on the ground, by the church of St. Mark."

"The church of St. Mark! so foretold his dream!"

"He had told me he had met thee; we searched for thee in vain: at length we heard that thou hadst left the city, and—and—I rejoiced, Adrian, but I repined!"

For some minutes the young lovers surrendered themselves to the delight of reunion, while new explanations called forth new transports.

"And now," murmured Irene, "now that we have met—" she paused, and her mask concealed her blushes.

"Now that we have met," said Adrian, filling up the silence, "wouldst thou say farther that we should not part! Trust me, dearest, that is the hope that animates my heart. It was but to enjoy these brief bright moments with thee, that I delayed my departure to Palestrina. Could I but hope to bring my young cousin into amity with thy brother, no barrier would prevent our union. Willingly I forget the past—the death of my unhappy kinsmen; (victims, it is true, to their own faults;) and perhaps, amidst all the crowds that hailed his return, none more appreciated the great and lofty qualities of Cola di Rienzi, than did Adrian Colonna."

"If this be so," said Irene, "let me hope the best; meanwhile it is enough of comfort and of happiness to know, that we love each other as of old. Ah, Adrian, I am sadly changed; and often have I thought it a thing beyond my dreams, that thou shouldst see me again and love me still."

"Fairer art thou and lovelier than ever," answered Adrian, passionately; "and time, which has ripened thy bloom, has but taught me more deeply to feel thy value. Farewell, Irene, I linger here no longer; thou wilt, I trust, hear soon of my success with my House, and ere the week be over I may return to claim thy hand in face of day."

The lovers parted; Adrian lingered on the spot, and Irene hastened to bury her emotion and her raptures in her own chamber.

As her form vanished, and the young Colonna slowly turned away, a tall mask strode abruptly towards him.

"Thou art a Colonna—" it said, "and in the power of the Senator. Dost thou tremble?"

"If I be a Colonna, rude masker," answered Adrian coolly, "thou shouldst know that a Colonna never trembles."

The stranger laughed aloud, and then lifting his mask, Adrian saw that it was the Senator who stood before him. "My Lord Adrian di Castello," said Rienzi, resuming all his gravity, "is it as friend or foe, that you have honoured our revels this night?"

"Senator of Rome," answered Adrian with equal stateliness, "I partake of no man's hospitality but as a friend. A foe, at least to you, I trust never justly to be esteemed."

"I would," rejoined Rienzi, "that I could apply to myself unreservedly that most flattering speech. Are these friendly feelings entertained towards me as the Governor of the Roman people, or as the brother of the woman who has listened to your vows?"

Adrian, who when the Senator had unmasked had followed

his example, felt at these words that his eye quailed beneath Rienzi's. However, he recovered himself with the wonted readiness of an Italian, and replied laconically,—"As both."

"Both!" echoed Rienzi, "then, indeed, noble Adrian, you are welcome hither. And yet methinks, if you conceived there was no cause for enmity between us, you would have wooed the sister of Cola di Rienzi in a guise more worthy of your birth; and permit me to add, of that station, which God, destiny, and my country, have accorded unto me. You dare not, young Colonna, meditate dishonour to the sister of the Senator of Rome. High born as you are, she is your equal."

"Were I the Emperor, whose simple knight I but am, your sister were my equal," answered Adrian, warmly. "Rienzi, I grieve that I am discovered to you yet. I had trusted that as a mediator between the Barons and yourself, I might first have won your confidence, and then claimed my reward. Know that with to-morrow's dawn, I depart for Palestrina, seeking to reconcile my young cousin to the choice of the People and the Pontiff. Various reasons, which I need not now detail, would have made me wish to undertake this heraldry of peace without previous communication with you. But since we have met, entrust me with any terms of conciliation, and I pledge you the right-hand, not of a Roman noble—alas! the *prisca fides* has departed from that pledge!—but of a knight of the imperial court, that I will not betray your confidence."

Rienzi, accustomed to read the human countenance, had kept his eyes intently fixed upon Adrian while he spoke: when the Colonna concluded, he pressed the proffered hand, and said with that familiar and winning sweetness, which at times was so peculiar to his manner, "I trust you, Adrian, from my soul. You were mine early friend in calmer, perchance happier, years. And never did river reflect the stars more clearly, than your heart then mirrored back the truth. I trust you!"

While thus speaking, he had mechanically led back the Colonna to the statue of the Lion; there pausing, he resumed.

"Know that I have this morning despatched my delegate to your cousin Stefanello. With all due courtesy, I have apprised him of my return to Rome, and invited hither his honoured presence. Forgetting all ancient feuds, mine own past exile, I have assured him, here, the station and dignity due to the head of the Colonna. All that I ask in return, is obedience to the law. Years and reverses have abated my younger pride, and though I may yet preserve the sternness of the Judge, none shall hereafter complain of the insolence of the Tribune."

"I would," answered Adrian, "that your mission to Stefanello had been delayed a day; I would fain have forestalled its purport. Howbeit, you increase my desire of departure, should I yet succeed in obtaining an honourable and peaceful reconciliation, it is not in disguise that I will woo thy sister."

"And never did Colonna," replied Rienzi loftily, "bring to his House a maiden whose alliance more gratified ambition. I yet see, as I have seen ever, in mine own projects, and mine own destinies, the chart of the new Roman Empire!"

"Be not too sanguine yet, brave Rienzi," replied Adrian; "bethink thee on how many scheming brains this dumb image of stone hath looked down from its pedestal—schemes of sand, and schemers of dust. Thou hast enough at present, for the employ of all thine energy; not to extend thy power, but to preserve thyself. For, trust me, never stood human greatness on so wild and dark a precipice!"

"Thou art honest," said the Senator, "and these are the first words of doubt, and yet of sympathy, I have heard in Rome. But the people love me—the Barons have fled from Rome—the Pontiff approves—and the swords of the Northmen guard the avenues of the Capitol. But these are nought: in mine own honesty are my spear and buckler. Oh, never," continued Rienzi, kindling with his enthusiasm, "never since the days of the old Republic, did Roman dream a purer and a brighter aspiration, than that which animates and supports me now. Peace restored—law established—art, letters, intellect, dawning upon the night of time; the patricians, no longer bandits of rapine, but the guard of order, the people ennobled from a mob, brave to protect, enlightened to guide, themselves. Then, not by the violence of arms, but by the majesty of her moral power, shall the Mother of Nations claim the obedience of her children. Thus dreaming and thus hoping shall I tremble or despond? No. Adrian Colonna, come weal or wo, I abide, unshrinking and unawed, by the chances of my doom!"

So much did the manner and the tone of the Senator exalt his language, that even the sober sense of Adrian was en-

chanted and subdued. He kissed the hand he held, and said earnestly,

"A doom that I will deem it my boast to share—a career that it will be my glory to smooth. If I succeed in my present mission—"

"You are my brother!" said Rienzi.

"If I fail!"

"You may equally claim that alliance. You pause—you change colour."

"Can I desert my House?"

"Young lord," said Rienzi, loftily, "say rather can you desert your country? If you doubt my honesty, if you fear my ambition, desist from your task, rob me not of a single foe. But if you believe that I have the will and the power to serve the State—if you recognize, even in the reverses and calamities I have known and mastered, the protecting hand of the Saviour of Nations—if those reverses were but the mercies of Him who chasteneth—necessary, it may be, correct my earlier daring and sharpen yet more my intellect—if, in a word, thou believest me one whom, whatever be his faults, God hath preserved for the sake of Rome, forget that you are a Colonna—remember only that you are a Roman!"

"You have conquered me—strange and commanding spirit," said Adrian in a low voice, completely carried away. "And whatever the conduct of my kindred, I am yours and Rome's—Farewell!"

CHAPTER III.

ADRIAN'S ADVENTURES AT PALESTRINA.

It was yet noon when Adrian beheld before him the lofty mountains that shelter Palestrina, the *Praneste* of the ancient world. Back to a period before Romulus existed, in the earliest ages of that mysterious civilization, which in Italy preceded the birth of Rome, could be traced the existence and the power of that rocky city. Eight dependent towns owned its sway and its wealth; its position, and the strength of those mighty walls, in whose ruins may yet be traced the masonry of the remote Pelasgi, had long braved the ambition of the neighbouring Rome. From that very citadel, the Mural Crown* of the mountain, had waved the standard of Marius; and up the road which Adrian's scanty troop slowly wound, had echoed the march of the murderous Sylla, on his return from the Mithridatic war. Below, where the city spread towards the plain, were yet seen the shattered and roofless columns of the once celebrated Temple of Fortune,—and still the immemorial olives clustered grey and mournfully around the ruins.

A more formidable hold the Barons of Rome could not have selected; and as Adrian's military eye scanned the steep ascent and the rugged walls, he felt that with ordinary skill it might defy for months all the power of the Roman Senator. Below, in the fertile valley, dismantled cottages and trampled harvests attested the violence and rapine of the insurgent Barons; and at that very moment were seen in the old plain of the warlike Hernici, troops of armed men, driving before them herds of sheep and cattle, collected in their lawless incursions. In sight of that *Praneste*, which had been the favourite retreat of the luxurious Lords of Rome in its most polished day, the Age of Iron seemed renewed.

The banner of the Colonna, borne by Adrian's troop, obtained ready admittance at the Porta del Sole. As he passed up the irregular and narrow streets that ascended to the citadel, groups of foreign mercenaries,—half ragged, half tawdry knots of abandoned women,—mixed here and there with the liveries of the Colonna, stood loitering amidst the ruins of ancient fane and palaces, or basked lazily in the sun, upon terraces, through which, from amidst weeds and grass, glowed the imperishable hues of the rich mosaics, which had made the pride of that lettered and graceful nobility, of whom savage freebooters were now the heirs.

The contrast between the Past and the Present forcibly occurred to Adrian, as he passed along; and despite his order, he felt as if civilization itself were enlisted against his House upon the side of Rienzi.

* Hence, apparently, its Greek name of *Stephane*. Palestrina is yet one of the many proofs which the vicinity of Rome affords of the old Greek civilization of Italy.

Leaving his train in the court of the citadel, Adrian demanded admission to the presence of his cousin. He had left Stefanello a child on his departure from Rome, and there could therefore be but a slight and unfamiliar acquaintance betwixt them, despite their kindred.

Peals of laughter came upon his ear, as he followed one of Stefanello's gentlemen through a winding passage that led to the principal chamber. The door was thrown open, and Adrian found himself in a rude hall, to which some appearance of hasty state and attempted comfort had been given. Costly arras imperfectly clothed the stone walls, and the rich seats and decorated tables, which the growing civilization of the northern cities of Italy had already introduced in the palaces of Italian nobles, strangely contrasted the rough pavement, spread with heaps of armour negligently piled around. At the farther end of the apartment, Adrian shudderingly perceived, set in due and exact order, the implements of torture.

Stefanello Colonna, with two other Barons, indolently reclined on seats drawn around a table, in the recess of a deep casement, from which might be still seen the same glorious landscape, bounded by the dim spires of Rome, which Hannibal and Pyrrhus had ascended that very citadel to survey!

Stefanello himself, in the first bloom of youth, bore already on his beardless countenance those traces usually the work of the passions and vices of maturest manhood. His features were cast in the mould of the old Stephen's;—in their clear, sharp, high-bred outline might be noticed that regular and graceful symmetry, which blood, in men as in animals, will sometimes entail through generations; but the features were wasted and meagre. His brows were knit in an eternal frown; his thin and bloodless lips wore that insolent contempt which seems so peculiarly cold and unlovely in early youth; and the deep and livid hollows round his eyes, spoke of habitual excess and premature exhaustion. By him sat, (reconciled by hatred to another,) the hereditary foes of his race: the soft, but cunning and astute features of Luca di Savelli, contrasted with the broad frame and ferocious countenance of the Prince of the Orsini.

The young head of the Colonna rose with some cordiality to receive his cousin. "Welcome," he said, "dear Adrian; you are arrived in time to assist us with your well-known military skill. Think you not we shall stand a long siege, if the insolent plebeian dare adventure it? You know our friends, the Orsini and the Savelli! Thanks to St. Peter, or St. Peter's delegate, we have now happily meaner throats to cut than those of each other!"

Thus saying, Stefanello again threw himself listlessly on his seat, and the shrill woman's voice of Savelli took part in the dialogue.

"I would, noble Signor, that you had come a few hours earlier—we are still making merry at the recollection—he, he, he!"

"Ah, excellent," cries Stefanello, joining in the laugh, "our cousin has had a loss. Know, Adrian, that this base fellow, whom the Pope has had the impudence to create Senator, dared but yesterday, to send us a varlet, whom he called, by our Lady!—his ambassador!"

"Would you could have seen his mantle, Signor Adrian," chimed in the Savelli: "purple velvet, as I live, decorated in gold, with the arms of Rome—we soon spoiled his finery."

"What!" exclaimed Adrian, "you did not break the laws of all nobility and knighthood; you offered no insult to a herald!"

"Herald, sayst thou?" cried Stefanello, frowning till his eyes were scarce visible. "It is for Princes and Barons alone to employ heralds. An I had had my will, I would have sent back the minion's head to the usurper."

"What did ye then?" asked Adrian coldly.

"Bade our swineherds dip the fellow in the ditch, and gave him a night's lodging in a dungeon to dry himself withal."

"And this morning—he, he, he!" added the Savelli, "we had him before us, and drew his teeth, one by one;—I would you could have heard the fellow mumble out for mercy!"

Adrian rose hastily, and struck the table fiercely with his gauntlet.

"Stefanello Colonna," said he, colouring with noble rage, "answer me: did you dare to inflict this indelible disgrace upon the name we jointly bear? Tell me, at least, that you protested against this foul treason to all the laws of civilization and of honour. You answer not. House of the Colonna, can such be thy representative?"

"To me these words!" said Stefanello, trembling with passion, "Beware! Methinks thou art the traitor, leagued perhaps with yon rascal mob. Well do I remember that thou, the betrothed of the Demagogue's sister, didst not join with my uncle

and my father of old, but didst basely leave the city to her plebeian tyrant."

"That did he," said the fierce Orsini, approaching Adrian menacingly, while the gentle cowardice of Savelli sought in vain to pluck him back by the mantle—"that did he, and but for thy presence, Stefanello—"

"Coward and blusterer," interrupted Adrian, fairly beside himself with indignation and shame, and dashing his gauntlet in the very face of the advancing Orsini—"wouldst thou threaten one who has maintained, in every list of Europe, and against the stoutest chivalry of the North, the honour of Rome, which thy deeds the while disgraced? By this gage, I spit upon and defy thee. With lance and with brand, on horse and on foot, I maintain against thee and all thy line, that thou art no knight to have thus maltreated, in thy strongholds, a peaceful and unarmed herald. Yes, even here, on the spot of thy disgrace, I challenge thee to arms."

"To the court below! Follow me," said Orsini sullenly, and striding towards the threshold. "What ho there, my helmet and breastplate!"

"Stay, noble Orsini," said Stefanello. "The insult offered to thee is my quarrel—mine was the deed—and against me speaks this degenerate scion of our line. Adrian di Castello, —sometimes called Colonna—surrender your sword—you are my prisoner!"

"Oh!" said Adrian, grinding his teeth; "that my ancestral blood did not flow through thy veins—else—but enough! Me! your equal, and the favoured Knight of the Emperor, whose advent now brightens the frontiers of Italy!—me—you dare not detain. For your friends, I shall meet them yet perhaps, ere many days are over, where none shall separate our swords. Till then, remember, Orsini, that it is against no unpractised arm that thou wilt have to redeem thine honour!"

Adrian, his drawn sword in his hand, strode towards the door, and passed the Orsini, who stood, lowering and irresolute, in the centre of the apartment.

Savelli whispered Stefanello. "He says, 'Ere many days be past! Be sure, dear Signor, that he goes to join Rienzi. Remember, the alliance he once sought with the Tribune's sister may be renewed. Beware of him! Ought he to leave the castle! The name of a Colonna, associated with the mob, would distract and divide half our strength.'"

"Fear me not," returned Stefanello, with a malignant smile. "Ere you spoke, I had determined!"

The young Colonna lifted the arras from the wall, opened a door, passed into a low hall, in which sate twenty mercenaries:

"Quick!" said he. "Seize and disarm yon stranger in the green mantle—but slay him not. Bid the guard below find dungeons for his train. Quick! ere he reach the gate."

Adrian had gained the open hall below—his train and his steed were in sight in the court—when suddenly the soldiery of the Colonna, rushing through another passage than that which he had past, surrounded and intercepted his retreat.

"Yield thee, Adrian di Castello," cried Stefanello from the summit of the stairs; "or your blood be on your own head."

Three steps did Adrian make through the press, and three of his enemies fell beneath his sword. "To the rescue!" he shouted to his band, and already those bold and daring troopers had gained the hall. Presently the alarm bell tolled loud—the court swarmed with soldiers. Oppressed by numbers, beat down rather than subdued, Adrian's little train were soon secured, and the flower of the Colonna, wounded, breathless, disarmed, but still uttering loud defiance, was a prisoner in the fortress of his kinsman.

CHAPTER IV.

THE POSITION OF THE SENATOR—THE WORK OF YEARS—THE REWARDS OF AMBITION.

THE indignation of Rienzi may readily be conceived, on the return of his herald mutilated and dishonoured. His temper, so naturally stern, was rendered yet more hard by the remembrance of his wrongs and trials; and the result which attended his overtures of conciliation to Stefanello Colonna, stung him to the soul.

The bell of the Capitol tolled to arms within ten minutes after the return of the herald. The great gonfalon at Rome was unfurled on the highest tower; and the very evening after Adrian's arrest, the forces of the Senator, headed by Rienzi in

person, were on the road to Palestrina. The troopers of the Barons had, however, made incursions as far as Tivoli with the supposed connivance of the inhabitants, and Rienzi halted at that beautiful spot to raise recruits, and receive the allegiance of the suspected, while his soldiers, with Arimbald and Brettone at their head, went in search of the marauders. The brothers of Montreal returned late at night with the intelligence, that the troopers of the Barons had secured themselves amidst the recesses of the wood of Pantano.

The red spot mounted to Rienzi's brow. He gazed hard at Brettone, who stated the news to him, and a natural suspicion shot across his mind.

"How—escaped!" he said. "Is it possible? Enough of such idle skirmishes with these lordly robbers. Will the hour ever come when I shall meet them, hand to hand? Brettone"—and the brother of Montreal felt the dark eye of Rienzi pierce to his very heart; "Brettone!" said he, with an abrupt change of voice, "are your men to be *trusted*? Is there no connivance with the Barons?"

"How!" said Brettone, sullenly, but somewhat confused.

"How me no hows!" quoth the Tribune-Senator, fiercely. "I know that thou art a valiant Captain of valiant men. Thou and thy brother Arimbald have served me well, and I have rewarded ye well! Have I not? Speak!"

"Senator," answered Arimbald, taking up the word; "you have kept your word to us. You have raised us the highest rank your power could bestow, and this has amply atoned our humble services."

"I am glad ye allow thus much," said the Tribune.

Arimbald proceeded somewhat more loftily, "I trust, my Lord, you do not doubt us."

"Arimbald," replied Rienzi, in a voice of deep, but half-suppressed emotion; "you are a lettered man, and you have seemed to share my projects for the regeneration of our common kind. You ought not to betray me. There is something in union between us. But, thide me not, I am surrounded by treason, and the very air I breathe seems poison to my lips."

There was a pathos mingled with Rienzi's words which touched the milder brother of Montreal. He bowed in silence. Rienzi surveyed him wistfully, and sighed. Then, changing the conversation, he spoke of their intended siege of Palestrina, and shortly afterwards retired to rest.

Left alone, the brothers regarded each other for some moments in silence. "Brettone," said Arimbald at length, in a whispered voice, "my heart misgives me. I like not Walter's ambitious schemes. With our own countrymen we are frank and loyal,—why play the traitor with this high-souled Roman?"

"Tush!" said Brettone. "Our brother's hand of iron alone can sway this turbulent people; and if Rienzi be betrayed, so also are his enemies, the Barons. No more of this! I have tidings from Montreal; he will be in Rome in a few days."

"And then—!"

"Rienzi, weakened by the Barons (for he must not conquer,—the Barons weakened by Rienzi,—our Northmen seize the Capitol, and the soldiery—now scattered throughout Italy—will fly to the standard of the Great Captain. Montreal must be first Podesta, then King, of Rome."

Arimbald moved restlessly in his seat, and the brethren conferred no more on their projects.

The situation of Rienzi was precisely that which tends the most to sour and harden the fairest nature. With an intellect capable of the grandest designs, a heart that beat with the loftiest emotions, elevated to the sunny pinnacle of power and surrounded by long-tongued adulators, he knew not among men a single breast in which he could confide. He was as one on a steep ascent, whose footing crumbles, while every bough at which he grasps seems to rot at his touch. He found the people more than ever eloquent in his favour, but while they shouted rapture as he passed, not a man was capable of *making a sacrifice for him*! The liberty of a state is never achieved by a single individual; if not the People—if not the greater number—a zealous and fervent minority, at least, must go hand in hand with him. Rome demanded sacrifices in all who sought the Roman regeneration—sacrifices of time, ease, and money. The crowd followed the procession of the Senator, but not a single Roman devoted his life, *unpaid*, to his standard; not a single coin was subscribed in defence of freedom. Against him were arrayed the most powerful, and the most ferocious Barons of Italy; each of whom could maintain, at his own cost, a little army of practised warriors. With Rienzi were traders and artificers, who were willing to enjoy the fruits of liberty, but not to labour at the soil, who demanded, in return for empty shouts, peace and riches; and

who expected that one man was to effect in a day what would be cheaply purchased by the struggle of a generation. All their dark and rude notion of a reformed state was to live unbutchered by the Barons, and untaxed by their governors. Rome—I say, gave to her Senator not a free arm, nor a voluntary florin. Well aware of the danger which surrounds the ruler who defends his state by foreign swords, the fondest wish, and the most visionary dream of Rienzi, was to revive amongst the Romans, in their first enthusiasm at his return, an organized and voluntary force, who, in protecting him, would protect themselves:—not as before, in his first power, a nominal force of twenty thousand men, who at any hour might yield (as they did yield) to one hundred and fifty; but a regular, well-disciplined, and trusty body, numerous enough to resist aggression, not numerous enough to become themselves the aggressors.

Hitherto all his private endeavours, his public exhortations, had failed; the crowd listened—shouted—saw him quit the city to meet their tyrants, and returned to their shops, saying to each other, "What a great man!"

The character of Rienzi has chiefly received for its judges men of the closet, who speculate upon human beings as if they were steam-engines—who gauge the great, not by their merit, but their success, and who have censured or sneered at the Tribune, where they should have condemned the People! Had but one-half the spirit been found in Rome which ran through a single vein of Cola di Rienzi,—the august Republic, if not the majestic Empire, of Rome, might be existing now! Turning from the People, the Senator saw his rude and savage troops accustomed to the license of a tyrant's camp, and under commanders in whom it was ruin really to confide—whom it was equal ruin openly to distrust. Hemmed in on every side by dangers, his character daily grew more restless, vigilant, and stern; and still, with all the aims of the patriot, he felt all the curses of the tyrant. Without the rough and hardening career which, through a life of warfare, had brought Cromwell to a similar power—with more of grace and intellectual softness in his composition, he resembled that yet greater man in some points of character—in his religious enthusiasm, his rigid justice often forced by circumstances into severity, but never wantonly cruel or blood-thirsty—in his singular pride of country—and his mysterious command over the minds of others. But he resembled the giant Englishman far more in circumstance than original nature, and that circumstance assimilated their characters at the close of their several careers. Like Cromwell, beset by secret or open foes, the assassin's dagger ever gleamed before his eyes. And his stout heart, unawed by real, trembled at imagined, terrors. The countenance changing suddenly from red to white—the restless eye, belying the composed majesty of mien—the muttering lips—the broken slumber—the secret corselet;—these to both were the rewards of Power!

The elasticity of youth had left the Tribune! His frame, which had endured so many shocks, had contracted a painful disease in the dungeon of Avignon—his high soul still supported him, but the nerves gave way. Tears came readily into his eyes, and often, like Cromwell, he was thought to weep from hypocrisy, when in truth it was the hysteric of overwrought and irritable emotion. In all his former life singularly temperate, he now fled from his goading thoughts to the beguiling excitement of wine. He drank deep, though its effects were never visible upon him except in a freer and wilder mood, and the indulgence of that racy humour, half-mirthful, half-bitter, for which his younger day had been distinguished. Now the mirth had more loudness, but the bitterness more gall.

Such were the characteristics of Rienzi at his return to power—made more apparent with every day. Nina he still loved with the same tenderness, and, if possible, she adored him more than ever; but, the zest and freshness of triumphant ambition gone, somehow or other, their intercourse together had not its old charm. Formerly they talked constantly of the *future*—of the bright days in store for them. Now, with a sharp and uneasy pang, Rienzi turned from all thought of that "gay to-morrow." There was no "gay to-morrow" for him! Dark and thorny as was the present hour, all beyond seemed yet less cheering and more ominous. Still he had some moments brief but brilliant,—when, forgetting the iron race amongst whom he was thrown, he plunged into scholastic reveries of the worshipped Past, and half-fancied that he was of a People worthy of his genius and his devotion. Like most men who have been preserved through great dangers, he continued with increasing fondness to nourish a credulous belief in the grandeur of his own destiny. He could not imagine that he had been so delivered, and for no end! He was the

Elected, and therefore the Instrument of Heaven. And thus, that Bible which in his loneliness, his wanderings, and his prison, had been his solace and support, was more than ever needed in his greatness.

It was another source of sorrow and chagrin to one who, amidst such circumstances of public emergence, required so peculiarly the support and sympathy of private friends, that he found he had incurred amongst his old coadjutors the common penalty of absence. Some were dead; others, wearied with the storms of public life, and chilled in their ardour by the turbulent revolutions to which, in every effort for amelioration, Rome had been subjected, had retired, some altogether from the city—some from all participation in political affairs. In his halls the Tribune-Senator was surrounded by unfamiliar faces, and a new generation. Of the heads of the popular party, most were animated by a stern dislike to the pontifical domination, and looked with suspicion and repugnance upon one who, if he governed for the People, had been trusted and honoured by the Pope. Rienzi was not a man to forget former friends, however lowly, and had already found time to seek an interview with Cecco del Vecchio. But that stern Republican had received him with coldness. His foreign mercenaries, and his title of Senator, were things that the artisan could not digest. With his usual bluntness he had said so to Rienzi.

"As for the last," answered the Tribune, affably, "names do not alter natures. When I forget that to be delegate to the Pontiff is to be the guardian of his flock, forsake me. As for the first, let me but see five hundred Romans sworn to stand armed day and night for the defence of Rome, and I dismiss the Northmen."

Cecco del Vecchio was unsoftened; honest, but uneducated—impracticable, and by nature a malcontent, he felt as if he were no longer necessary to the Senator, and this offended his pride. Strange as this may seem, the sullen artisan bore, too, a secret grudge against Rienzi, for not having seen and selected him from a crowd of thousands on the day of his triumphal entry. Such are the small offences which produce deep danger to the great!

The artisans still held their meetings, and Cecco del Vecchio's voice was heard loud in grumbling forebodings. But what wounded Rienzi yet more than the alienation of the rest, was the confused and altered manner of his old friend and familiar, Pandolfo di Guido. Missing that popular citizen among those who daily offered their homage at the Capitol, he had sent for him, and sought in vain to revive their ancient intimacy. Pandolfo affected great respect, but not all the condescension of the Senator could conquer his distance and his restraint. In fact, Pandolfo had learned to form ambitious projects of his own; and but for the return of Rienzi, Pandolfo di Guido felt that he might now, with greater safety, and indeed with some connivance from the Barons, have been the Tribune of the People. The facility to rise into popular eminence which a disordered and corrupt state, unblest by regular constitution, offers to ambition, breeds the jealousy and the rivalry, which destroy union, and rot away the ties of party.

Such was the situation of Rienzi, and yet wonderful to say, he seemed to be adored by the multitude; and law and liberty, life and death, were in his hands!

Of all those who attended his person, Angelo Villani was the most favoured—that youth who had accompanied Rienzi in his long exile, had also, at the wish of Nina, attended him from Avignon, through his sojourn in the camp of Alborno. His zeal, intelligence, and frank and evident affection, blinded the Senator to the faults of his character, and established him more in the gratitude of Rienzi. He loved to feel that one faithful heart beat near him, and the page, raised to the rank of his chamberlain, always attended his person, and slept in his ante-chamber.

Retiring that night at Tivoli, to the apartment prepared for him, the Senator sat down by the open casement, through which were seen waving in the starlight, the dark pines that crowned the hills, while the stillness of the hour gave to his ear the dash of the waterfalls, heard above the regular and measured tread of the sentinels below. Leaning his cheek upon his hand, Rienzi long surrendered himself to gloomy thought, and, when he looked up, he saw the bright blue eye of Villani fixed in anxious sympathy on his countenance.

"Is my Lord unwell?" asked the young chamberlain, hesitating.

"Not so, my Angelo; but somewhat sick at heart. Methinks, for a September night, the air is chill!"

"Angelo," resumed Rienzi, who had already acquired that uneasy curiosity which belongs to an uncertain power—"Angelo,—bring me hither yon writing implements—hast thou

heard aught what the men say of our probable success against Palestrina?"

"Would my Lord wish to learn all their gossip, whether it please or not?" answered Villani.

"If I studied only to hear what pleased me, Angelo, I should never have returned to Rome."

"Why, then, I heard a constable of the Northmen say, meaningly, that the place will not be carried."

"Humph! and what said the captains of my Roman Legion?"

"My Lord, I have heard it whispered that they fear defeat less than they do the revenge of the Barons, if they are successful."

"And with such tools the living race of Europe and misjudging posterity will deem that the workman is to shape out the Ideal and the Perfect. Bring me yon Bible."

As Angelo reverently brought to Rienzi the sacred book, he said,

"Just before I left my companions below, there was a rumour that the Lord Adrian Colonna had been imprisoned by his kinsman."

"I too heard, and I believe, as much," returned Rienzi; "these Barons would gibbet their own children in irons, if there were any chance of the shackles growing rusty for want of prey. But the wicked shall be brought low, and their strong places shall be made desolate."

"I would, my Lord," said Villani, "that our Northmen had other captains than these Provençals."

"Why?" asked Rienzi, abruptly.

"Have the creatures of the Captain of the Grand Company ever held faith with any man whom it suited the avarice or the ambition of Montreal to betray? Was he not, a few months ago, the right arm of John di Vico, and did he not sell his services to John di Vico's enemy, the Cardinal Alborno? These warriors barter men as cattle."

"Thou describest Montreal rightly, a dangerous and an awful man. But, methinks his brothers are of a duller and meaner kind; they dare not the crimes of the robber Captain. Howbeit, Angelo, thou hast touched a string that will make discord with sleep to-night. Fair youth, thy young eyes have need of slumber; withdraw, and when thou hearest men envy Rienzi, think that—"

"God never made Genius to be envied!" interrupted Villani, with an energy that overcame his respect.—"We envy not the sun, but rather the valleys that ripen beneath his beams."

"Verily, if I be the sun," said Rienzi, with a bitter and melancholy smile, "I long for night,—and come it will, to the human as to the celestial Pilgrim! Thank Heaven, at least, that our ambition cannot make us immortal!"

CHAPTER V.

THE BITTER BIT.

THE next morning when Rienzi descended to the room where his captains awaited him, his quick eye perceived that a cloud still lowered upon the brow of Messere Brettone. Arimbald, sheltered by the recess of the rude casement, shunned his eye.

"A fair morning, gentles," said Rienzi; "the sun laughs upon our enterprise. I have messengers from Rome betimes—fresh troops will join us ere noon."

"I am glad, Senator," answered Brettone, "that you have tidings which will counteract the ill of those I have to narrate to thee. The soldiers murmur loudly—their pay is due to them—and I fear me that without money they will not march to Palestrina."

"As they will," returned Rienzi, carelessly. "It is but a few days since they entered Rome; pay did they receive in advance—if they demand more, the Colonna and Orsini may outbid me:—Draw off your soldiers, Knight of Narbonne, and farewell."

Brettone's countenance fell—it was his object to get Rienzi more and more in his power, and he wished not to suffer him to gain that strength which would accrue to him from the fall of Palestrina; the indifference of the Senator foiled and entrapped him in his own net.

"That must not be," said the brother of Montreal, after a confused silence—"we cannot leave you thus to your enemies—the soldiers, it is true, demand pay—"

"And should have it," said Rienzi. "I know these mercenaries—it is ever with them, mutiny or money. I will throw myself on my Romans, and triumph—or fall, if so

Heaven decrees, with them. Acquaint your constables with my resolve."

Scarce were these words spoken, ere, as previously concerted with Brettone, the chief constable of the mercenaries appeared at the door. "Senator," said he, with a rough semblance of respect, "your orders to march have reached me, I have sought to marshal my men—but—"

"I know what thou wouldst say, friend," interrupted Rienzi, waving his hand—"Messere Brettone will give you my reply. Another time, Sir Captain, more ceremony with the Senator of Rome—you may withdraw."

The unforeseen dignity of Rienzi rebuked and abashed the constable; he looked at Brettone, who motioned him to depart. He closed the door, and withdrew.

"What is to be done?" said Brettone.

"Sir Knight," replied Rienzi gravely, "let us understand each other. Would you serve me or not? If the first, you are not my equal, but subordinate—and you must obey, and not dictate—if the last, my debt to you shall be discharged, and the world is wide enough for both."

"We have declared allegiance to you," answered Brettone, "and it shall be given."

"One caution before I re-accept your fealty," replied Rienzi, very slowly. "For an open foe, I have my sword—for a traitor, mark me, Rome has the axe;—of the first I have no fear, for the last no mercy."

"These are not words that should pass between friends," said Brettone, turning pale with suppressed emotion.

"Friends!—ye are my friends then!—your hands—Friends, so ye are!—and shall prove it! Dear Arimbardo, thou, like myself, art book-learned, a clerkly soldier. Dost thou remember how in the Roman history it is told that the Treasury lacked money for the soldiers. The Consul convened the Nobles. 'We,' said he, 'that have the offices and dignity, should be the first to pay for them.' Ye heed me, my friends—the nobles took the hint, they found the money—the army was paid. This example is not lost on you. I have made you the leaders of my force, Rome hath showered her honours on you. Your generosity shall commence the example which the Romans shall thus learn of strangers. Ye gaze at me, *my friends!* I read your noble souls—and thank ye beforehand. Ye have the dignity and the offices; ye have also the wealth!—pay the hirelings, pay them!"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Brettone, he could not have been more astounded than at the simple suggestion of Rienzi's. He lifted his eyes to the Senator's face, and saw there, that smile, which he had already, bold as he was, learned to dread. He felt himself fairly sunk in the pit he had dug for another. There was that in the Senator-Tribune's brow, that told him to refuse was to declare open war, and the moment was not ripe for that.

"Ye accede," said Rienzi; "ye have done well."

The Senator clapped his hands—his guard appeared.

"Summon the head constables of the soldiery."

The brothers still remained dumb.

The constables entered.

"My friends," said Rienzi, "Messere Brettone and Messere Arimbardo have my directions to divide amongst your force a thousand florins. This evening we encamp beneath Palestrina."

The constables withdrew in visible surprise. Rienzi gazed a moment on the brothers, chuckling within himself—for his sarcastic humour enjoyed his triumph. "You lament not your devotion, *my friends!*"

"No," said Brettone, rousing himself, "the sum but trivially swells our debt."

"Frankly said—your hands once more!—the good people of Tivoli expect me in the Piazza—they require some admonitions. Adieu till noon."

When the door closed on Rienzi, Brettone struck the handle of his sword fiercely—"The Roman laughs at us," said he. "But let Walter de Montreal once appear in Rome, and the proud jester shall pay us dearly for this."

"Hush!" said Arimbardo, "walls have ears, and that imp of Satan, young Villani, seems to me ever at our heels!"

"A thousand florins! I trust his heart hath as many drops," growled the chafed Brettone, unheeding his brother.

The soldiers were paid—the army marched—the eloquence of the Senator had augmented his force by volunteers from Tivoli, and wild and half armed peasantry joined his standard, from the Campagna and the neighbouring mountains.

Palestrina was besieged: Rienzi continued dexterously to watch the brothers of Montreal. Under pretext of imparting to the Italian volunteers the advantage of their military science, he separated them from their mercenaries, and assigned to them the command of the less disciplined Italians,

with whom, he believed, they could not venture to tamper. He himself assumed the lead of the Northmen—and, despite themselves, they were fascinated by the artful, yet dignified affability, and the personal courage he displayed in some sallies of the besieged Barons. But as the huntsmen upon all the subtlest windings of their prey,—so pressed the relentless and speeding Fate upon Cola di Rienzi!

CHAPTER VI.

THE EVENTS GATHER TO THE END.

WHILE this the state of the camp of the Besiegers, Luca di Savelli and Stefanello Colonna were closeted with a stranger, who had privately entered Palestrina on the night before the Romans pitched their tents beneath its walls. This visitor, who might have somewhat passed his fortieth year, yet retained, scarcely diminished, the uncommon beauty of form and countenance for which his youth had been remarkable. But it was no longer that character of beauty which had been described in his first introduction to the reader. It was no longer the almost woman delicacy of feature and complexion, or the high-born polish, and graceful suavity of manner, which distinguished, Walter de Montreal: a life of vicissitude and war had at length done its work. His bearing was now abrupt and imperious, as that of one accustomed to rule wild spirits, and he had exchanged the grace of persuasion for the sternness of command. His athletic form had grown more spare and sinewy, and instead of the brow half shaded by fair and clustering curls, his forehead, though yet but slightly wrinkled, was completely bald at the temples: and by its unwonted height, increased the dignity and manliness of his aspect. The bloom of his complexion was faded, less by outward exposure than inward thought, into a bronzed and settled paleness; and his features seemed more marked and prominent, as the flesh had somewhat sunk from the contour of the cheek. Yet the change suited the change of age and circumstance; and if the Provençal now less realized the idea of the brave and fair Knight errant, he but looked the more what the Knight errant had become—the sagacious councillor and the mighty leader.

"You must be aware," said Montreal, continuing a discourse which appeared to have made great impression on his companions, "that in this contest between yourselves and the Senator, I alone hold the balance. Rienzi is utterly in my power—my brothers, the leaders of his army, myself his creditor. It rests with me to secure him on the throne, or to send him to the scaffold. I have but to give the order, and the Grand Company enter Rome; but without their agency, methinks if you keep faith with me, our purpose can be effected."

"In the mean while, Palestrina is besieged by your brothers!" said Stefanello sharply.

"But they have my orders to waste their time before its walls. Do you not see, that by this very siege, fruitless, as, if I will, it shall be, Rienzi loses fame abroad, and popularity in Rome?"

"Sir Knight," said Luca di Savelli, "you speak as a man versed in the profound policy of the times, and under all the circumstances which menace us, your proposal seems but fitting and reasonable. On the one hand, you undertake to restore us and the other Barons to Rome; and to give Rienzi to the Staircase of the Lion."

"Not so, not so," replied Montreal quickly, "I will consent either so to subdue and cripple his power, as to render him a puppet in our hands, a mere shadow of authority—or, if his proud spirit chafe at its cage, to give it once more liberty amongst the wilds of Germany. I would fetter or banish him, but not destroy; unless (added Montreal, after a moment's pause) fate absolutely drives us to it. Power should not demand victims; but to secure it, victims may be necessary."

"I understand your refinements," said Luca di Savelli, with his icy smile, "and am satisfied. The Barons once restored, our palaces once more manned, and I am willing to take the chance of the Senator's longevity. This service you promise to effect!"

"I do."

"And in return, you demand our assent to your enjoying the rank of Podesta for five years?"

"You say right."

"I, for one, accede to the terms," said the Savelli: "there is my hand; I am wearied of these brawls, even amongst ourselves, and think that a Foreign Ruler may best enforce order: the more especially, if like you, Sir Knight, one whose birth and renown are such as to make him comprehend the difference between Barons and plebeians."

"For my part," said Stefanello, "I feel that we have but a choice of evils—I like not a foreign Podesta; but I like a plebeian Senator still less;—there too is my hand, Sir Knight."

"Noble Signors," said Montreal, after a short pause, and turning his piercing gaze from one to the other with great deliberation, "our compact is sealed; one word by way of codicil. Walter de Montreal is no Count Pepin of Minorbino! Once before, little dreaming, I own, that the victory would be so facile, I entrusted your cause and mine to a Deputy; your cause he promoted, mine he lost. He drove out the Tribune, and then suffered the Barons to banish himself. This time I see to my own affairs; and, mark you, I have learnt in the Grand Company one lesson; viz. never to pardon spy, or deserter of whatever rank. Your forgiveness for the hint. Let us change the theme. So ye detain in your fortress, my old friend the Baron di Castello."

"Ay," said Luca di Savelli; for Stefanello, stung by Montreal's threat, which he dared not openly resent, preserved a sullen silence; "Ay, he is one noble the less to the Senator's Council."

"You act wisely. I know his views and temper; noble, but dangerous to our interests. Use him well, I entreat you, he may hereafter serve us. And now, my Lords, my eyes are weary, suffer me to retire. Pleasant dreams of the New Revolution to us all!"

"By your leave, noble Montreal, we will attend you to your couch," said Luca di Savelli.

"By my troth, and ye shall not. I am no Tribune to have great Signors for my pages; but a plain gentleman, and a hardy soldier; your attendants will conduct me to whatever chamber your hospitality assigns to one, who could sleep soundly beneath the rudest hedge under your open skies."

Savelli, however, insisted on conducting the Podesta that was to be, to his apartment. He then returned to Stefanello, whom he found pacing the saloon with long and disordered strides.

"What have we done, Savelli?" said he quickly; "sold our city to a barbarian!"

"Sold!" said Savelli; "to my mind it is the other part of the contract in which we have played our share. We have bought, Colonna, not sold—bought our lives from yon army—bought our power—our fortunes—our castles, from the Demagogue Senator—bought, what is better than all, triumph and revenge. Tush, Colonna, see you not that if we had balked this great warrior, we had perished? Leagued with the Senator, the Grand Company would have marched to Rome, and whether Montreal assisted or murdered Rienzi, (for methinks he is a Romulus, who would brook no Remus,) we had equally been undone. Now, we have made our own terms, and our shares are equal. Nay, the first steps to be taken, are in our favour. Rienzi is to be snared, and we are to enter Rome."

"And then the Provencal is to be Despot of the city."

"Podesta, if you please. Podestas who offend the people are often banished and sometimes stoned—Podestas who insult the nobles, are often stilettoed and sometimes poisoned," said Savelli. "'Sufficient for the hour is the evil thereof.' Meanwhile say nothing to the bear Orsini. Such men mar all wisdom. Come, cheer thee, Stefanello."

"Luca di Savelli, you have not such a stake in Rome as I have," said the young Lord, haughtily; "no Podesta can take from you the rank of the first Signor of the Italian metropolis!"

"An you had said so to the Orsini, there would have been drawing of swords," said Savelli. "But cheer thee, I say; is not our first care to destroy Rienzi, and then, between the death of one foe and the rise of another, are there not such preventives as Eccelino Romano has taught to wary men? Cheer thee, I say; and next year, if we but hold together, Stefanello Colonna and Luca di Savelli will be joint Senators of Rome,—and these great men food for worms!"

While thus conferred the Barons, Montreal, ere he retired to rest, stood gazing from the open lattice of his chamber, over the landscape below, which slept in the autumnal moonlight, while at a distance gleamed, pale and steady, the lights round the encampment of the besiegers.

"Wide plains and broad valleys," thought the warrior, "soon shall ye repose in peace beneath a new sway, against

which no petty tyrant shall dare rebel. And ye, white walls of canvass, even while I gaze upon ye, admonish me how realms are won. Even as, of old, from the Nomad tents was built up the stately Babylon,* that 'was not till the Assyrian founded it for them that dwell in the wilderness'; so from the new Ishmaelites of Europe, shall a race undreamt of now, be founded; and the camp of yesterday, be the city of to-morrow. Verily, when, for one soft offence, the Pontiff thrust me from the bosom of the church, little guessed he what enemy he raised to Rome? How solemn is the night—how still the heavens and earth—the very stars are as hushed, as if intent on the events that are to pass below! So solemn and so still, feels mine own spirit, and an awe unknown till now, warns me that I approach the crisis of my daring fate!"

BOOK X.

THE LION OF BASALT.

*Ora voglio contare la morte del Tribuno,
VIT. DI COLA DI RIENZI, lib. ii. cap. xxiv.*

CHAPTER I.

THE CONJUNCTION OF HOSTILE PLANETS IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

On the fourth day of the siege, and after beating back to those almost impregnable walls, the soldiery of the Barons, headed by the Prince of the Orsini, whom Rienzi engaged, and wounded with his own hand, the Senator returned to his tent, where despatches from Rome awaited him. He ran his eye hastily over them till he came to the last; yet each contained news that might have longer delayed the eye of a man less injured to danger. From one he learned that Albornoz, whose blessing had confirmed to him the rank of Senator, had received with special favour the messengers of the Orsini and Colonna. He knew that the Cardinal, whose views connected him with the Roman Patricians, desired his downfall; but he feared not Albornoz: perhaps in his secret heart he wished that any open aggression from the Pontiff's legate, might throw him wholly on the people.

He learnt further, that, short as had been his absence, Pandolfo di Guido had twice addressed the populace, not in favour of the Senator, but in artful regrets of the loss to the trade of Rome in the absence of her wealthiest nobles.

"For this, then, he has deserted me," said Rienzi to himself. "Let him beware!"

The tidings contained in the next touched him home. Walter de Montreal had openly arrived in Rome. The grasping and lawless bandit, whose rapine filled with a robber's booty every bank in Europe—whose company was the army of a King—whose ambition, vast, unprincipled, and profound, he so well knew—whose brothers were in his camp—their treason already more than suspected;—Walter de Montreal was in Rome!

The Senator remained perfectly aghast at this new peril; and then said, setting his teeth as in a vice,

"Wild tiger, thou art in the Lion's den!" Then pausing, he broke out again, "One false step, Walter de Montreal, and all the mailed hands of the Grand Company shall not pluck thee from the abyss! But what can I do? Return to Rome—the plans of Montreal unpenetrated—no accusation against him! On what pretence can I with honour raise the siege! To leave Palestrina, is to give a triumph to the Barons—to abandon Adrian, to degrade my cause. Yet while away from Rome, every hour breeds treason and danger. Pandolfo, Albornoz, Montreal—all are at work against me. A keen and trusty spy, now;—ha, well thought of—Villani!—What ho—Angelo Villani!"

The young Chamberlain appeared.

* Isaiah, c. xxiii.

"I think," said Rienzi, "to have often heard, that thou art an orphan?"

"True, my Lord; the old Augustine nun who reared my boyhood, has told me again and again, that my parents are dead. Both noble, my Lord, but I am the child of shame. And I say it often, and think of it ever, in order to make Angelo Villani remember that he has a name to win."

"Young man; serve me as you have served, and if I live, you shall have no need to call yourself an orphan. Mark me! I want a friend—the Senator of Rome wants a friend—only one friend—gentle Heaven! only one!"

Angelo sank on his knee, and kissed the mantle of his Lord.

"Say a follower. I am too mean to be Rienzi's friend."

"Too mean!—go to!—there is nothing mean before God, unless it be a base soul under high titles. With me, boy, there is but one nobility, and nature signs its charter. Listen: thou hearest daily of Walter de Montreal, brother to these Provençals—Great captain of Great robbers."

"Ay, and I have seen him, my Lord."

"Well, then, he is at Rome. Some daring thought—some well-supported and deep-schemed villany, could alone make that bandit venture openly into an Italian city, whose territories he ravaged by fire and sword a few months back. But his brothers have lent me money—assisted my return;—for their own ends, it is true; but the seeming obligation gives them real power. These Northern swordmen would cut my throat if the Great Captain bade them. He counts on my supposed weakness. I know him of old. I suspect—nay I read, his projects; but I cannot prove them. Without proof I cannot desert Palestrina in order to accuse and seize him. Thou art shrewd, thoughtful, acute:—couldst thou go to Rome!—watch day and night his movements—see if he receive messengers from Alborno or the Barons—if he confer with Pandolfo di Guido;—watch his lodgment, I say, night and day. He affects no concealment: your task will be less difficult than it seems. Apprise the Signora of all you learn. Give me your news daily. Will you undertake this mission?"

"I will, my Lord."

"To horse, then, quick!—and mind—save the wife of my bosom, I have no confidant at Rome."

CHAPTER II.

MONTREAL AT ROME—HIS RECEPTION OF ANGELO VILLANI.

THE danger that threatened Rienzi by the arrival of Montreal was indeed formidable. The Knight of St. John, having led his army into Lombardy, had placed it at the disposal of the Venetian State in its war with the Archbishop of Milan. For this service he received an immense sum; while he provided winter-quarters for his troop, for whom he proposed ample work in the ensuing spring. Leaving Palestrina secretly and in disguise; with but a slender train, which met him at Tivoli, Montreal repaired to Rome. His ostensible object was, partly to congratulate the Senator on his return, partly to receive the moneys lent to Rienzi by his brother.

His secret object we have partly seen; but not contented with the support of the Barons, he trusted, by the corrupting means of his enormous wealth, to form a third party in support of his own ulterior designs. Wealth, indeed, in that age and in that land, was scarcely less the purchaser of diadems than it had been in the latter days of the Roman Empire. And in many a city torn by hereditary feuds, the hatred of faction rose to that extent, that a foreign tyrant, willing and able to expel one party, might obtain at least the temporary submission of the other. His after success was greatly in proportion as he could maintain his state by a force which was independent of the citizens, and a treasury which did not require the odious recruit of taxes. But more avaricious than ambitious, more cruel than firm, it was by griping exaction, or unnecessary bloodshed, that such usurpers usually fell.

Montreal, who had scanned such revolutions with a calm and investigating eye, trusted that he should be enabled to avoid both these errors: and as the reader has already seen, he had formed the vast and sagacious project of consolidating his usurpation by an utterly new race of nobles, who, serving him by the feudal tenure of the North, and ever ready to protect him, because in so doing they protected their own interests—should assist to erect, not the rotten and unsupported fabric of a single tyrant, but the strong fortress of a new,

hardy, and compact aristocratic state. Thus had the great dynasties of the North been founded; and the King, though seemingly curbed by the Barons, was in reality supported by a common interest, whether against a subdued population or a foreign invasion.

Such were the vast schemes—extending into yet wider fields of glory and conquest, bounded only by the Alps—with which the Captain of the Grand Company beheld the columns and arches of the Seven-hilled City.

No fear disturbed the long current of his thoughts. His brothers were the leaders of Rienzi's hireling army—that army were his creatures. Over Rienzi himself he assumed the right of a creditor. Thus against one party he deemed himself secure. For the friends of the Pope, he had supported himself with private, though cautious letters, from Alborno, who desired only to make use of him for the return of the Roman Barons; and with the heads of the latter we have already witnessed his negotiations. Thus was he fitted, as he thought, to examine, to tamper with all parties, and to select from each the materials necessary for his own objects.

The open appearance of Montreal excited in Rome no inconsiderable sensation. The friends of the Barons gave out that Rienzi was in league with the Grand Company; and that he was to sell the imperial city to the plunder and pillage of Barbarian robbers. The effrontery with which Montreal (against whom, more than once, the Pontiff had thundered his bulls) appeared in the metropolitan city of the Church,—was made yet more insolent by the recollection of that stern justice which had led the Tribune to declare open war against all the robbers of Italy: and this audacity was linked with the obvious reflection, that the brothers of the bold Provençal were the instruments of Rienzi's return. So quickly spread suspicion through the city, that Montreal's presence alone would in a few weeks have sufficed to ruin the Senator. Meanwhile, the natural boldness of Montreal silenced every whisper of prudence; and blinded by the dazzle of his hopes, the Knight of St. John, as if to give double importance to his coming, took up his residence in a sumptuous palace, and his retinue rivalled, in the splendour of garb and pomp, the display of Rienzi himself in his earlier and more brilliant power.

Amidst the growing excitement, Angelo Villani arrived at Rome. The character of this young man had been formed by his peculiar circumstances. He possessed qualities which often stamp the illegitimate as with a common nature. He was insolent—like most of those who hold a doubtful rank; and while ashamed of his bastardy, was arrogant of the supposed nobility of his unknown parentage. The universal ferment and agitation of Italy at that day rendered ambition the most common of all the passions, and thus ambition, in all its many shades and varieties, forces itself into our delineations of character in this history. Though not for Angelo Villani were the dreams of the more lofty and generous order of that sublime infirmity, he was strongly incited by the desire and resolve to rise. He had warm affections, and grateful impulses; and his fidelity to his patron had been carried to a virtue; but from his irregular and desultory education, and the reckless profligacy of those with whom, in antichambers and guard-rooms, much of his youth had been past, he had neither high principles nor an enlightened honour. Like most Italians, cunning and shrewd, he scrupled not any deceit that served a purpose or a friend. His strong attachment to Rienzi had been unconsciously increased by the gratification of pride and vanity—flattered by the favour of so celebrated a man. Both self-interest and attachment urged him to every effort to promote the views and safety of one at once his benefactor and patron; and on undertaking his present mission, his only thought was to fulfil it with the most complete success. Far more brave and daring than was common with Italians, something of the hardihood of an Ultra-Montone race gave nerve and vigour to his craft; and from what his art suggested, his courage never shrunk.

When Rienzi had first detailed to him the objects of his present task, he instantly called to mind his adventure with the tall soldier in the crowd at Avignon. "If ever thou wantest a friend, seek him in Walter de Montreal," were words that had often rung in his ear, and they now recurred to him with prophetic distinctness. He had no doubt that in it was Montreal himself whom he had seen. Why the Great Captain should have taken this interest in him, Angelo little troubled himself to consider. Most probably it was but a crafty pretence—one of the common means by which the Chief of the Grand Company attracted to himself the youths of Italy, as well as the warriors of the North. He only thought now how he could turn the Knight's promise to account. What more easy than to present himself to Montreal—remind him

of the words—enter his service—and thus effectually watch his conduct! The office of spy was not that which would have pleased every mind, but it shocked not the fastidiousness of Angelo Villani; and the fearful hatred with which his patron had often spoken of the avaricious and barbarian robber—the scourge of his native land,—had inoculated the young man, who had much of the arrogant and mock patriotism of the Romans, with a similar sentiment. More vindictive even than grateful, he bore too a secret grudge against Montreal's brothers, whose rough address had often wounded his pride; and, more than all, his early recollections of the fear and execration in which Ursula seemed ever to hold the terrible Frà Moreale, impressed him with a vague belief of some ancient wrong to himself or his race, perpetrated by the Provençal, which he was not ill-pleased to have the occasion to avenge. In truth, the words of Ursula, mystic and dark as they were in their denunciation, had left upon Villani's boyish impressions an unaccountable feeling of antipathy and vindictive hatred to the man it was now his object to betray. For the rest, every device seemed to him decorous and justifiable, so that it saved his master, served his country, and advanced himself.

Montreal was alone in his chamber when it was announced to him that a young Italian craved an audience. Professionally open to access, he forthwith gave admission to the applicant.

Montreal instantly recognized the page he had encountered at Avignon; and when Angelo Villani said, with easy boldness, "I have come to remind the Knight of St. John of a promise—"

Montreal interrupted him with cordial frankness—"Thou needst not—I remember it. Dost thou now require my friendship?"

"I do, noble Knight!" answered Angelo—"I know not where else to seek a patron."

"Canst thou read and write? I fear me not."

"I have been taught those arts," replied Villani.

"It is well. Is your birth gentle?"

"It is."

"Better still;—your name?"

"Angelo Villani."

"I take your blue eyes and low broad brow," said Montreal, with a slight sigh, "in pledge of your truth. Henceforth, Angelo Villani, you are in the list of my Secretaries. Another time thou shalt tell me more of thyself. Your service dates from this day. For the rest, no man ever wanted wealth who served Walter de Montreal; nor advancement, if he served him faithfully. My closet, through yonder door, is your waiting-room. Ask for, and send hither, Lusignan of Lyons; he is my chief scribe, and will see to thy comforts, and instruct thee in thy business."

Angelo withdrew—Montreal's eye followed him.

"A strange likeness!" said he, musingly and sadly; "my heart leaps to that boy!"

CHAPTER III.

MONTREAL'S BANQUET.

SOME few days after the date of the last chapter, Rienzi received news from Rome, which seemed to produce on him a joyous and elated excitement. His troops still lay before Palestrina, and still the banners of the Barons waved over its unconquered walls. In truth, the Italians employed half their time in brawls amongst themselves; the Velletretani had feuds with the people of Tivoli; and the Romans were still afraid of conquering the Barons;—"The hornet," said they, "stings worse after he is dead; and neither an Orsini, a Savelli, nor a Colonna, was ever known to forgive."

Again and again had the Captains of his army assured the indignant Senator that the fortress was impregnable, and that time and money were idly wasted upon the siege. Rienzi knew better, but he concealed his thoughts.

He now summoned to his tent the brothers of Provence, and announced to them his intention of returning instantly to Rome. "The mercenaries shall continue the siege under our Lieutenant, and you, with my Roman Legion, shall accompany me. Your brother Sir Walter, and I, both want your presence; we have affairs to arrange between us. After a few days I shall raise recruits in the city, and return."

This was what the brothers desired—they approved, with evident joy, the Senator's proposition.

Rienzi next sent for the Lieutenant of his body guard, the same Riccardo Annibaldi whom the reader will remember in the earlier part of this work, as the antagonist of Montreal's lance. This young man—one of the few nobles who espoused the cause of the Senator—had evinced great courage and military ability, and promised fair (should Fate spare his life*) to become one of the best Captains of his time.

"Dear Annibaldi," said Rienzi; "at length I can fulfil the project on which we have privately conferred. I take with me to Rome the two Provençal Captains—I leave you Chief of the army. Palestrina will yield now—eh!—ha, ha, ha!—Palestrina will yield now!"

"By my right hand, I think so, Senator," replied Annibaldi. "These men have hitherto only stirred up quarrels amongst ourselves, and if not cowards are certainly traitors!"

"Hush, hush, hush! Traitors! The learned Arimbald, the brave Brettone, traitors!—Fie on it! No, no; they are very excellent, honourable men, but not lucky in the camp;—not lucky in the camp—better speed to them in the city! And now to business."

The Senator then detailed to Annibaldi the plan he himself had formed for taking the town, and the military skill of Annibaldi at once recognized its feasibility.

With his Roman troop, and Montreal's brothers, one at either hand, Rienzi then departed at Rome.

That night Montreal gave a banquet to Pandolfo di Guido, and to certain of the principal citizens, whom one by one he had already sounded, and found hollow at heart to the cause of the Senator.

Pandolfo sat at the right-hand of the Knight of St. John; and Montreal lavished upon him the most courteous attentions.

"Pledge me in this—it is from the Vale of Chiana, near Monte Pulciano," said Montreal; "I think I have heard bookmen say (you know, Signor Pandolfo, we ought all to be bookmen now!) that the site was renowned of old. In truth the wine hath a racy flavour."

"I hear," said Bruttini, one of the lesser Barons, (a staunch friend to the Colonna,) "that in this respect the innkeeper's son has put his book-learning to some use: he knows every place where the vine grows richest."

"What! the Senator is turned wine-bibber," said Montreal, quaffing a vast goblet full; "that must unfit him for business—'tis a pity."

"Verily, yes," said Pandolfo; "a man at the head of a state should be temperate—I mix all my wine."

"Ah," whispered Montreal, "if your calm good sense ruled Rome, then indeed the metropolis of Italy might taste of peace. Signor Vivaldi,"—and the host turned towards a wealthy draper,— "these disturbances are bad for trade."

"Very, very," groaned the draper.

"The Barons are your best customers," quoth the minor noble.

"Much, much!" said the draper.

"'Tis a pity that they are thus roughly expelled," said Montreal, in a melancholy tone. "Would it not be possible, if the Senator (I drink his health) were less rash—less zealous, rather—to unite free institutions with the return of the Barons!—such should be the task of a truly wise statesman!"

"It surely might be possible," returned Vivaldi; "the Savelli alone spend more with me than all the rest of Rome."

"I know not if it be possible," said Bruttini, "but I do know that it is an outrage to all decorum that an innkeeper's son should be enabled to make a solitude of the palaces of Rome."

"It certainly seems to indicate too vulgar a desire of mob favour," said Montreal. "However, I trust we shall harmonize all these differences. Rienzi, perhaps—nay, doubtless, means well!"

"I would," said Vivaldi, who had received his cue, "that we might form a mixed constitution—plebeians and patricians, each in their separate order."

"But," said Montreal, gravely, "so new an experiment would demand great physical force."

"Why, true; but we might call in an umpire—a foreigner who had no interest in either faction—who might protect the new Buono Stato—a Podesta, as we have done before—Brancaleone, for instance. How well and wisely he ruled! that

* It appears that this was the same Annibaldi who was afterwards slain in an affray:—Petrarch lauds his valour and laments his fate.

was a golden age for Rome. A Podesta for ever!—that's my theory."

"You need not seek far for the president of your council," said Montreal, smiling at Pandolfo; "a citizen at once popular, well-born, and wealthy, may be found at my right hand."

Pandolfo hemmed, and coloured.

Montreal proceeded. "A committee of trades might furnish an honourable employment to Signor Vivaldi; and the treatment of all foreign affairs—the employment of armies, &c., might be left to the Barons, with a more open competition. Signor di Bruttini, to the Barons of the second order than has hitherto been conceded to their birth and importance. Sirs, will you taste the Malvoisie?"

"Still," said Vivaldi, after a pause—(Vivaldi anticipated at least the supplying with cloth the whole of the Grand Company) "still, such a moderate and well digested constitution would never be acceded to by Rienzi."

"Why should it? what need of Rienzi?" exclaimed Bruttini. "Rienzi may take another trip to Bohemia."

"Gently, gently," said Montreal; "I do not despair. All open violence against the Senator would strengthen his power. No, no, humble him—admit the Barons, and then insist on your own terms. Between the two factions you might then establish a fitting balance. And in order to keep your new constitution from the encroachment of either extreme, there are warriors and knights too, who for a certain rank in the great city of Rome would maintain horse and foot at its service. We Ultramontanes are often harshly judged; we are wanderers and Ishmaelites solely, because we have no honourable place of rest. Now if I—"

"Ay, if you, noble Montreal!" said Vivaldi.

The company remained hushed in breathless attention, when suddenly there was heard—deep, solemn, muffled—the great bell of the Capitol!

"Hark!" said Vivaldi, "the bell: it tolls for execution: an unwonted hour!"

"Sure, the Senator has not returned?" exclaimed Pandolfo di Guido, turning pale.

"No, no," quoth Bruttini, "it is but a robber, caught two nights ago in Romagna. I heard that he was to die to-night."

At the word "robber," Montreal changed countenance slightly. The wine circulated—the bell continued to toll—its suddenness over, it ceased to alarm. Conversation flowed again.

"What were you saying, Sir Knight?" said Vivaldi.

"Why, let me think on't;—oh, speaking of the necessity of supporting a new state by force, I said, that if I—"

"Ah, that was it," quoth Bruttini, thumping the table.

"If I were summoned to your aid—summoned, mind ye, and absolved by the Pope's Legate of my former sins—they weigh heavily on me, gentles,) I would myself guard your city from foreign foe and civil disturbance, with my gallant swordsmen. Not a Roman citizen should contribute a 'denaro' to the cost."

"Viva Fra Moreale!" cried Bruttini, and the shout was echoed by all the boon companions.

"Enough for me," continued Montreal, "to expiate my offences. Ye know, gentlemen, my order is vowed to God and the Church—a warrior-monk am I! Enough for me to expiate my offences, I say, in the defence of the Holy City. Yet I too have my private and more earthly views,—who is above them? I—the bell changes its note!"

"It is but the change that preludes execution—the poor robber is about to die!"

Montreal crossed himself, and resumed—"I am a knight and a noble," said he proudly; "the profession I have followed is that of arms; but—I will not disguise it—mine equals have regarded me as one who has stained his scutcheon by too reckless a pursuit of glory and of gain. I wish to reconcile myself with my order—to purchase a new name—to vindicate myself to the Grand Master and the Pontiff. I have had hints, gentles, hints, that I might best promote my interest by restoring order to the Papal metropolis. The Legate Albornoz (here is his letter) recommends me to keep watch upon the Senator."

"Surely," interrupted Pandolfo, "I hear steps below."

"The mob going to the robber's execution," said Bruttini; "proceed, Sir Knight!"

"And," continued Montreal, surveying his audience before he proceeded farther, "what think ye—(I do but ask your opinion, wiser than mine)—what think ye, as a fitting precaution against too arbitrary a power in the Senator—what think ye of the return of the Colonna, and the bold Barons of Palestrina?"

"Here's to their health," cried Vivaldi, rising.

As by a sudden impulse, the company rose. "To the health of the besieged Barons," was shouted loud.

"Next, what if—(I do but humbly suggest)—what if you gave the Senator a colleague? it is no affront to him. It was but as yesterday that one of the Colonna who was Senator received a colleague in Bertoldo Orsini."

"A most wise precaution," cried Vivaldi. "And where a colleague like Pandolfo di Guido?"

"Viva Pandolfo di Guido!" cried the guests, and again their goblets were drained to the bottom.

"And if in this case I can assist ye by fair words with the Senator, (ye know he owes me moneys—my brothers have served him,) command Walter de Montreal."

"And if fair words fail?" said Vivaldi.

"The Grand Company—(heed me, ye are the councillors)—the Grand Company is accustomed to forced marches!"

"Viva Fra Moreale," cried Bruttini and Vivaldi, simultaneously. "A health to all—my friends," continued Bruttini, "a health to the Barons, Rome's old friends; to Pandolfo di Guido, the Senator's new colleague; and to Fra Moreale,—Rome's new Podesta."

"The bell has ceased!" said Vivaldi, putting down his goblet.

"Heaven have mercy on the robber!" added Bruttini.

Scarce had he spoken, ere three taps were heard at the door—the guests looked at each other in dumb amazement.

"New guests!" said Montreal. "I asked some trusty friends to join us this evening. By my faith they are welcome! Enter!"

The door opened slowly—three by three entered in complete armour—the guards of the Senator. On they marched, regular and speechless. They surrounded the festive board—they filled the spacious hall, and the lights of the banquet were reflected upon their corselets as on a wall of steel.

Not a syllable was uttered by the feasters, they were as if turned to stone. Presently the guards gave way, and Rienzi himself appeared. He approached the table, and folding his arms, turned his gaze deliberately from guest to guest, till at last, his eyes rested on Montreal, who had also risen, and who alone of the party had recovered the amaze of the moment.

And there, as these two men, each so celebrated, so proud, able, and ambitious, stood, front to front—it was literally as if the rival Spirits of Force and Intellect, Order and Strife, of the Falchion and the Fasces—the Antagonist Principles by which empires are ruled and empires overthrown, had met together incarnate and opposed. They stood, both silent,—as if fascinated by each other's gaze,—loftier in stature, and nobler in presence than all around.

Montreal spoke first, and with a forced smile.

"Senator of Rome!—dare I believe that my poor banquet tempts thee, and may I trust that these armed men are a graceful compliment to one to whom arms have been a pastime?"

Rienzi answered not, but waved his hand to his guards. Montreal was seized on the instant. Again he surveyed the guests—as a bird from the rattle-snake shrunk Pandolfo di Guido, trembling, motionless, aghast, from the glittering eye of the Senator. Slowly Rienzi raised his fatal hand towards the unhappy citizen—Pandolfo saw,—felt his doom,—shrieked,—and fell senseless in the arms of the soldiers.

One other and rapid glance cast the Senator round the board, and then with a disdainful smile, as if anxious for no meaner prey, turned away. Not a breath had hitherto passed his lips—all had been dumb show—and his grim silence had imparted a more freezing terror to his unguessed-for apparition. Only, when he reached the door, he turned back, gazed upon the Knight of St. John's bold and undaunted face, and said, almost in a whisper, "Walter de Montreal!—you heard the death-knell!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE SENTENCE OF WALTER DE MONTREAL.

In silence the Captain of the Grand Company was borne to the prison of the Capitol. In the same building lodged the rivals for the government of Rome; the one occupied the prison, the other the palace. The guards forbore the ceremony of fetters, and leaving a lamp on the table, Montreal perceived he was not alone,—his brothers had preceded him.

"Ye are happily met," said the Knight of St. John; "we

have passed together pleasanter nights than this is likely to be."

"Can you jest, Walter," said Arimbardo, half weeping. "Know you not that our doom is fixed? Death scowls upon us."

"Death!" repeated Montreal, and for the first time his countenance changed; perhaps for the first time in his life he felt the thrill and agony of fear.

"Death!" he repeated again. "Impossible! He dare not—Brettone—the soldiers, the Northmen!—they will mutiny, they will pluck us back from the grasp of the headsman!"

"Cast from you so vain a hope," said Brettone, sullenly; "the soldiers are encamped at Palestrina."

"How! Dolt—fool! Came you then to Rome *alone*? Are we *alone* with this dread man?"

"You are the dolt. Why came you hither?" answered the brother.

"Why, indeed! but that I knew thou wast the Captain of the army; and—but you said right—the folly is mine, to have played against the crafty Tribune so unequal a brain as thine. Enough! Reproaches are idle. When were ye arrested?"

"At dusk—the instant we entered the gates of Rome. Rienzi entered privately."

"Humph! What can he know against me? Who can have betrayed me? My secretaries are tried—all trustworthy—except that youth, and he so seemingly zealous—that Angelo Villani!"

"Villani—Angelo Villani," cried the brothers in a breath. "Hast thou confided aught to him?"

"Why I fear he must have seen—at least in part—my correspondence with you, and with the Barons—he was among my scribes. Know you aught of him?"

"Walter—Heaven hath demented you," returned Brettone, "Angelo Villani is the favourite menial of the Senator."

"Those eyes deceived me, then," muttered Montreal, solemnly and shuddering; "and, as if *her* ghost had returned to earth, God smites me, from the grave!"

There was a long silence. At length Montreal, whose bold and sanguine temper was never long clouded, spoke again.

"Are the Senator's coffers full?—But that is impossible."

"Bare as a Dominican's."

"We are saved then. He shall name his price for our heads. Money must be more useful to him than blood."

And, as if with that thought all further meditation were rendered unnecessary, Montreal doffed his mantle, uttered a short prayer, and flung himself on a pallet in a corner of the cell.

"I have slept on worse beds," said the Knight, stretching himself; and in a few minutes he was fast asleep.

The brothers listened to his deep-drawn, but regular breathing, with envy and wonder, but they were in no mood to converse. Still and speechless, they set like statues beside the sleeper. Time passed on, and the first cold air of the hour that succeeds to midnight crept through the bars of their cell. The bolts crashed, the door opened, six men at arms entered, passed the brothers, and one of them touched Montreal.

"Ha!" said he, still sleeping, but turning round. "Ha!" said he, in the soft Provençal tongue, "sweet Adeline, we will not rise yet—it is so long since we met!"

"What says he?" muttered the guard, shaking Montreal roughly. The Knight sprang up at once, and his hand grasped the head of his bed as for his sword. He stared round bewildered, rubbed his eyes, and then gazing on the guard, became alive to the present.

"Ye are early risers in the Capitol," said he. "What want ye of me?"

"It waits you!"

"It! What?" said Montreal.

"The rack!" replied the soldier with a malignant scowl.

The Great Captain said not a word. He looked for one moment at the six swordsmen, as if measuring his single strength against theirs. His eye then wandered round the room. The rudest bar of iron would have been dearer to him than he had ever yet found the proofest steel of Milan. He completed his survey with a sigh, threw his mantle over his shoulders, nodded at his brethren, and followed the guard.

In a hall of the Capitol, hung with the ominous silk of white rays on a blood-red ground, sate Rienzi and his councillors. Over a recess was drawn a black curtain.

"Walter de Montreal," said a small man at the foot of the table; "Knight of the illustrious order of St. John of Jerusalem."

"And Captain of the Grand Company!" added the prisoner in a firm voice.

"You stand accused of divers counts:—robbery and murder, in Tuscany, Romagna, and Apulia—"

"For robbery and murder, brave men and belted Knights," said Montreal, drawing himself up, "would use the words 'war and victory.' To those charges I plead guilty!—Proceed."

"You are next charged with treasonable conspiracy against the liberties of Rome for the restoration of the proscribed Barons—and with traitorous correspondence with Stefanello Colonna at Palestrina."

"My accuser?"

"Step forth, Angelo Villani!"

"You are my betrayer, then?" said Montreal steadily. "I deserved this. I beseech you, Senator of Rome, let this young man retire. I confess my correspondence with the Colonna, and my desire to restore the Barons."

Rienzi motioned to Villani, who bowed and withdrew.

"There rests only then for you, Walter de Montreal, to relate fully and faithfully, the details of your conspiracy."

"That is impossible," replied Montreal carelessly.

"And why?"

"Because, doing as I please with my own life, I will not betray the lives of others."

"Bethink thee—thou wouldst have betrayed the life of thy judge!"

"Not betrayed—thou didst not trust me."

"The law, Walter de Montreal, hath sharp inquisitors—behold!"

The black curtain was drawn aside, and the eye of Montreal rested on the executioner and the rack! His proud breast heaved indignantly.

"Senator of Rome," said he, "these instruments are for serfs and villeins. I have been a warrior and a leader; life and death have been in my hands—I have used them as I listed; but to mine equal and my foe, I never proffered the insult of the rack."

A bright and approving expression settled on the lofty brow of the Senator.

"Sir Walter de Montreal," said he, gravely, but with some courteous respect, "your answer is that which rises naturally to the lips of brave men. But learn from me, whom fortune hath made thy judge, that no more for serf and villein, than for Knight and Noble, are such instruments the engines of law, or the criteria of truth. I yielded but to the desire of these reverend Councillors to test thy nerves. But wert thou the meanest peasant of the Campagna, before my judgment-seat, thou needst not apprehend the torture. Walter de Montreal, amongst the Princes of Italy thou hast known, amongst the Roman Barons thou wouldst have aided, is there one who could make that boast?"

"I desired only," said Montreal, with some hesitation, "to join the Barons *with* thee; nor did I intrigue against thy life!"

Rienzi frowned—"Enough," he said, hastily, "Knight of St. John, I *know* thy secret projects, subterfuge and evasion neither befit nor avail thee. If thou didst not intrigue against my life, thou didst intrigue against the life of Rome. Thou hast but one favour left to demand on earth, it is the manner of thy death."

Montreal's lip worked convulsively.

"Senator," said he, in a low voice, "may I crave audience with thee *alone* for one minute?"

The councillors looked up.

"My Lord," whispered the eldest of them, "doubtless he hath concealed weapons—trust him not."

"Prisoner," returned Rienzi, after a moment's pause; "if you seek for mercy your request is idle, and before my coadjutors I have no secret;—speak out what thou hast to say!"

"Yet listen to me," said the prisoner, folding his arms; "it concerns not my life, but Rome's welfare."

"Then," said Rienzi, in an altered tone, "thy request is granted. Thou mayest add to thy guilt the design of the assassin, but for Rome I would dare greater danger."

So saying, he motioned to the Councillors, who slowly withdrew by the door which had admitted Vallani, while the guards retired to the farthest extremity of the hall.

"Now, Walter de Montreal, be brief, thy time is short."

"Senator," said Montreal, "my life can but little profit you; men will say that you destroyed your creditor in order to cancel your debt. Fix a sum upon my life, estimate it at the price of a monarch's, every florin shall be paid to you, and your treasury will be filled for five years to come. If the '*Buono stato*' depends on your government, what I have asked, your solicitude for Rome will not permit you to refuse."

"You mistake me, bold robber," said Rienzi, sternly, "your treason I could guard against, and therefore forgive; your ambition, never. Mark me, I know you! Place your hand on your heart, and say whether, could we change places, you, as Rienzi, would suffer all the gold of earth to purchase the life of Walter de Montreal? For men's reading of my conduct, that must I bear; for mine own reading, mine eyes must be purged from corruption. I am answerable to God for the trust of Rome. And Rome trembles while the head of the Grand Company lives in the plotting brain and the daring heart of Walter de Montreal. Man, wealthy, great, and subtle as you are, your hours are numbered; with the rise of the sun you die!"

Montreal's eyes, fixed upon the Senator's face, saw hope was over; his pride and his fortitude returned to him.

"We have wasted words," said he. "I played for a great stake. I have lost, and must pay the forfeit! I am prepared. On the threshold of two worlds, the dark spirit of prophecy rushes into us. Lord Senator, I go before thee to announce—that in Heaven or Hell—ere many days be over, room must be given to one mightier than I am!"

As he spake, his form dilated, his eye glared; and Rienzi, cowering as never had he covered before, shrunk back, and shaded his face with his hand.

"The manner of your death?" he asked, in a hollow voice.

"The axe, it is that which befits knight and warrior. For thee, Senator, Fate hath a less noble death."

"Robber, be dumb!" cried Rienzi, passionately; "Guards, bear back the prisoner. At sunrise, Montreal—"

"Sets the sun of the scourge of Italy," said the Knight, bitterly. "Be it so. One request more; the Knights of St. John claim affinity with the Augustine order; grant me an Augustine confessor."

"It is granted; and in return for thy denunciations, I, who can give thee no earthly mercy, will implore the Judge of all for pardon to thy soul!"

"Senator, I have done with man's mediation. My brethren? Their deaths are not necessary to thy safety or revenge!"

Rienzi mused a moment: "No," said he, "dangerous tools they were, but without the workman they may rust unharmed. They served me once, too. Prisoner, their lives are spared."

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCOVERY.

THE Council was broken up—Rienzi hastened to his own apartments. He met Villani by the way—he pressed the youth's hand affectionately. "You have saved Rome and me from great peril," said he; "the saints reward you!" Without waiting Villani's answer, he hurried on. Nina, anxious and perturbed, awaited him in their chamber.

"Not a-bed yet?" said he: "fie, Nina, even thy beauty will not stand these vigils."

"I could not rest till I had seen thee. I hear, (all Rome has heard it ere this,) that thou hast seized Walter de Montreal, and that he will perish by the headsman."

"The first robber that ever died so brave a death," returned Rienzi, slowly unrobing himself.

"Cola, I have never crossed your schemes,—your policy, even by a suggestion. Enough for me to triumph in their success, to mourn for their failure. Now, I ask thee one request—spare me the life of this man."

"Nina—"

"Hear me,—for thee I speak! Despite his crimes, his valour and his genius have gained him admirers, even amongst his foes. Many a prince, many a state that secretly rejoices at his fall, will affect horror against his judge. Hear me farther: his brothers aided your return; the world will term you ungrateful. His brothers lent you moneys, the world—(out on it!)—will term you—"

"Hold!" interrupted the Senator. "All that thou sayest, my mind forestalled. But thou knowest me—to thee I have no disguise. No, compact can bind Montreal's faith—no mercy win his gratitude. Before his red right hand truth and justice are swept away. If I condemn Montreal I incur disgrace and risk danger—granted. If I release him, ere the first showers of April, the chargers of the Northmen will neigh in the halls of the Capitol. Which shall I hazard in this al-

ternative, myself or Rome? Ask me no more—to bed, to bed!"

"Couldst thou read my forebodings, Cola, mystic—gloomy—unaccountable!"

"Forebodings! I have mine," answered Rienzi sadly, gazing on space, as if his thoughts peopled it with spectres. Then raising his eyes to Heaven, he said with that fanatical energy which made much both of his strength and weakness—"Lord, mine at least not the sin of Saul! the Amalekite shall not be saved!"

While Rienzi enjoyed a short, troubled, and restless sleep, over which Nina watched unslumbering, anxious, tearful, and oppressed with dark and terrible forewarnings—the accuser was more happy than the judge. The last dim thoughts that floated before the young mind of Angelo Villani, ere wrapt in sleep, were bright and sanguine. He felt no honourable remorse that he had entrapped the confidence of another, he felt only that his scheme had prospered—that his mission had been fulfilled. The grateful words of Rienzi rang in his ears, and hopes of fortune and power, beneath the sway of the Roman Senator, lulled him into slumber, and coloured all his dreams.

Scarce, however, had he been two hours asleep, ere he was awakened by one of the attendants of the palace, himself half awake. "Pardon me, Messere Villani," said he, "but there is a messenger below from the good Sister Ursula—he bids thee haste instantly to the Convent—she is sick unto death, and has tidings that crave thy immediate presence."

Angelo, whose morbid susceptibility as to his parentage was ever excited by vague but ambitious hopes—started up, dressed hurriedly, and joining the messenger below, repaired to the Convent. In the court of the Capitol, and by the Staircase of the Lion, was already heard the noise of the workmen, and looking back, Villani beheld the scaffold, hung with black—sleeping cloudlike in the gray light of dawn—at the same time, the bell of the Capitol tolled heavily. A pang shot athwart him. He hurried on—despite the immature earliness of the hour, he met groups of either sex, hastening along the streets to witness the execution of the redoubted Captain of the Grand Company. The Convent of the Augustines was at the farthest extremity of that city, even then so extensive, and the red light upon the hill tops already heralded the rising sun, ere the young man reached the venerable porch. His name obtained him instant admittance.

"Heaven grant," said an old Nun, who conducted him through a long and winding passage, "that thou mayst bring comfort to the sick sister: she has pined for thee grievously since matins."

In a cell apportioned to the reception of visitors, (from the outward world,) to such of the Sisterhood as received the necessary dispensation, sat the aged Nun. Angelo had only seen her once since his return to Rome, and since then disease had made rapid havoc on her form and features. And now, in her shroudlike garments and attenuated frame, she seemed by the morning light, as a spectre whom day had surprised above the earth. She approached the youth, however, with a motion more elastic and rapid than seemed possible to her worn and ghastly form. "Thou art come," she said. "Well, well! This morning after matins, my confessor, an Augustine, who alone knows the secrets of my life, took me aside, and told me that Walter de Montreal had been seized by the Senator—that he was adjudged to die, and that one of the Augustine brotherhood had been sent for to attend his last hours—is it so?"

"Thou wert told aright," said Angelo, wonderingly. "The man at whose name thou wert wont to shudder—against whom thou hast so often warned me—will die at sunrise."

"So soon! so soon! Oh, Mother of Mercy!—fly! thou art about the person of the Senator, thou hast high favour with him; fly! down on thy knees—and as thou hopest for God's grace, rise not till thou hast won the Provençal's life."

"She raves," muttered Angelo with white lips.

"I rave not,—boy!" screamed the sister, wildly, "know that my daughter was his Leman. He disgraced our house,—a house haughtier than his own. Sinner that I was, I vowed revenge. His boy—they had only one!—was brought up in a robber's camp;—a life of bloodshed—a death of doom—a futurity of hell—were before him. I plucked the child from such a fate—I bore him away—I told the father he was dead—I placed him in the path to honourable fortunes. May my sin be forgiven me! Angelo Villani, thou art that child! Walter de Montreal is thy father. But now, trembling on the verge of death I shudder at the vindictive thought I once nourished. Perhaps—"

"Sinner and accursed!" interrupted Villani, with a loud shout:—"sinner and accursed thou art indeed! Know that

it was I betrayed thy daughter's lover!—by his son's treason dies the father!"

Not a moment more did he tarry: he waited not to witness the effect his words produced. As one frantic—as one whom a fiend possesses or pursues—he rushed from the convent—he flew through the desolate streets. The death-bell came, first indistinct, then loud upon his ear. Every sound seemed to him like the curse of God; on—on—he passed the more deserted quarter—crowds swept before him—he was mingled with the living stream—delayed, pushed back—thousands on thousands around, before him. Breathless, gasping, he still pressed on—he forced his way—he heard not—he saw not—all was like a dream. Up burst the sun over the distant hills!—the bell ceased! From right to left he pushed aside the crowd—his strength was as a giant's. He neared the fatal spot. A dead hush lay like a heavy air over the multitude. He heard a voice, as he prest along, deep and clear—it was the voice of his father!—it ceased—the audience breathed heavily—they murmured—they swayed to and fro. On, on, went Angelo Villani. The guards of the Senator stopped his way; he dashed aside their pikes—he eluded their grasp—he pierced the armed barrier—he stood on the place of the Capitol. "Hold, hold!" he would have cried—but his tongue clove to his lips. He beheld the gleaming axe—he saw the bended neck. Ere another breath passed his lips, a ghastly and trunkless face was raised on high—Walter de Montreal was no more!

Villani saw—swooned not—shrunk not—breathed not!—but he turned his eyes from that lifted head, dropping gore, to the balcony, in which, according to custom, sat, in solemn pomp, the Senator of Rome—and the face of that young man was as the face of a demon!

"Ha!" said he, muttering to himself, and recalling the words of Rienzi seven years before—"Blessed art thou, who hast no blood of kindred to avenge!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUSPENSE.

WALTER DE MONTREAL was buried in the church of St. Maria dell' Araceli. But the "evil that he did lived after him!" Although the vulgar had, until his apprehension, murmured against Rienzi for allowing so notorious a freebooter to be at large, he was scarcely dead, ere they compassionated the object of their terror. With that singular species of piety which Montreal had always cultivated, as if a decorous and natural part of the character of a warrior, no sooner was his sentence fixed, than he had surrendered himself to the devout preparation for death. With the Augustine Friar he consumed the brief remainder of the night in prayer and confession—comforted his brothers—and passed to the scaffold with the step of a hero, and the self acquittal of a martyr. In the wonderful delusions of the human heart, far from feeling remorse at a life of professional rapine and slaughter, almost the last words of the brave warrior were in proud commendation of his own deeds. "Be valliant like me," he said to his brothers, "and remember, that ye are now the heirs to the Humbler of Apulia, Tuscany, and La Marca." (A)

This confidence in himself continued at the scaffold. "I die," he said, addressing the Romans—"I die, contented, since my bones shall rest in the Holy City of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Soldier of Christ shall have the burial place of the Apostles. But I die unjustly. My wealth is my crime—the poverty of your state my accuser. Senator of Rome, thou mayst envy my last hour—men like Walter de Montreal perish not unavenged." So saying, he turned to the East, murmured a brief prayer, knelt down deliberately, and said as to himself, "Rome, guard my ashes!—Earth, my memory—Fate, my revenge;—and, now, Heaven receive my soul!—Strike!" At the first blow, the head was severed from the body.

His treason but imperfectly known, the fear of him forgotten, all that remained of the recollection of Walter de Montreal (a) in Rome, was admiration for his heroism, and compassion for his end. The fate of Pandolfo di Guido, which followed some days afterwards, excited a yet deeper, though more quiet sentiment against the Senator. "He was once Rienzi's friend!" said one man; "He was an honest, upright citizen!" muttered another; "He was an advocate of the

people!" growled Cecco del Vecchio. It had not been without extreme reluctance that Rienzi had signed the death-warrant of Pandolfo. With the bitterness of betrayed trust, the recollection of ancient affection wrestled strong. But Rienzi had wound himself up to a resolve, to be inflexibly just, and to regard every peril to Rome as became a Roman. In vain he sought excuses for Pandolfo—in vain he endeavoured to convince himself that his life might be spared without injury to the State; every investigation more convinced him of the extent of the prisoner's treason and the strength of his party—the very interest he excited in Rome was proof of the influence of his conspiracy. Rienzi remembered that he had never confided, but he had been betrayed—he had never forgiven, but to sharpen enmity. He was amidst a ferocious people, uncertain friends, wily enemies; and misplaced mercy would be but a premium to conspiracy. Yet when Pandolfo died, the Senator burst into an agony of tears. "Can I never again have the luxury to forgive?" said he. The coarse spectators of that passion deemed it, some imbecility, some hypocrisy. But the execution produced the momentary effect intended. All sedition ceased, terror crept throughout the city, order and peace rose to the surface, but beneath, in the strong expression of a cotemporaneous writer, "Lo Mornorio quetamente suonava."

On examining dispassionately the conduct of Rienzi at this awful period of his life, it is scarcely possible to condemn it of a single error in point of policy. Cured of his faults, he exhibited no unnecessary ostentation—he indulged in no exhibitions of intoxicated pride—that gorgeous imagination rather than vanity, which had led the Tribune into spectacle and pomp, was now lulled to rest, by the sober memory of grave vicissitudes, and the stern calmness of a maturer intellect. Frugal, provident, watchful, self collected, "never was seen," observes no partial witness, "so extraordinary a man. In him was concentrated every thought for every want of Rome. Indefatigably occupied, he inspected, ordained, regulated all things; in the city, in the army, for peace, or for war. But he was feebly supported, and those he employed seemed, beside the energy of their chief, lukewarm and lethargic." Still his arms prospered. Place after place, fortress after fortress, yielded to the Lieutenant of the Senator: and the cession of Palestrina itself was hourly expected. His art and address were always strikingly exhibited in difficult situations, and the reader cannot fail to have noticed how conspicuously they were displayed in delivering himself of the iron tutelage of his foreign mercenaries. Montreal executed, his brothers imprisoned (though their lives were spared,) a fear that induced respect, was stricken into the breasts of those bandit soldiers. Removed from Rome, and under Annibaldi, engaged against the Barons, constant action and constant success, withheld those necessary fiends from falling on their Master; while Rienzi, willing to yield to the natural antipathy of the Romans, thus kept the Northmen from all contact with the city; and as he boasted, was the only chief in Italy, who reigned in his palace guarded only by his citizens.

Despite his perilous situation—despite his suspicions, and his fears, no wanton cruelty stained his stern justice—Montreal and Pandolfo di Guido were the only state victims he demanded. If according to the dark Machiavelism of Italian wisdom, the death of those enemies was impolitic; it was not in the act, but the doing of it. A prince of Bologna or of Milan would have avoided the sympathy excited by the scaffold, and the drug or the dagger would have been the safer substitute for the axe. But with all his faults, real and imputed, no single act of that foul and murderous policy, which made the science of the more fortunate princes of Italy, ever advanced the ambition or promoted the security of the Last of the Roman Tribunes. Whatever his errors, he lived and died as became a man, who dreamt the vain but glorious dream, that in a corrupt and dastard populace, he could revive the genius of the old Republic.

Of all who attended on the Senator, the most assiduous and the most honoured was still Angelo Villani. Promoted to a high civil station, Rienzi felt it as a return of youth, to find one person entitled to his gratitude;—he loved and confided in the youth as a son. Villani was never absent from his side, except in intercourse with the various popular leaders in the various quarters of the city; and in this intercourse his zeal was indefatigable—it seemed even to prey upon his health; and Rienzi chid him fondly, whenever starting from his own reveries, he beheld the abstracted eye, and the livid paleness which had succeeded the sparkle and bloom of youth.

Such chiding the young man answered only by the same unvarying words.

"Senator, I have a great trust to fulfil!"—and at these words he smiled.

One day Villani, while with the Senator, said rather abruptly, "Do you remember, my Lord, that before Viterbo, I acquitted myself so in arms, that even the Cardinal d'Albornoz was pleased to notice me?"

"I remember your valour well, Angelo; but why the question?"

"My Lord, Bellini the Captain of the Guard of the Capitol is dangerously ill."

"I know it."

"Who can my Lord trust at the post?"

"Why, the Lieutenant."

"What!—a soldier that has served under the Orsini?"

"True. Well! there is Tommaso Filangieri."

"An excellent man; but is he not kin by blood to Pandolfo di Guido?"

"Ay—is he so? It must be thought of. Hast thou any friend to name?" said the Senator, smiling. "Methinks thy cavils point that way."

"My Lord," replied Villani, colouring; "I am too young, perhaps; but the post is one that demands fidelity more than it does years: shall I own it?—my tastes are rather to serve thee with my sword than with my pen."

"Wilt thou, indeed, accept the office? It is of less dignity and emolument than the one you hold; and you are full young to lead these stubborn spirits."

"Senator, I led taller men than they are to the assault at Viterbo. But, be it as seems best to your superior wisdom. Whatever you do, I pray you to be cautious. If you select a traitor to the command of the Capitol Guard!—I tremble at the thought!"

"By my faith, thou dost turn pale at it, dear boy; thy affection is a sweet drop in a bitter draught. Who can I choose better than thee?—thou shalt have the post, at least during Bellini's illness. I will attend to it to-day. The business too will less fatigue thy young mind than that which now employs thee. Thou art over-laboured in our cause!"

"Senator; I can but repeat my usual answer—I have a great trust to fulfil!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE TAX.

THESE formidable conspiracies quelled, the Barons nearly subdued, and three parts of the Papal territory re-united to Rome, Rienzi now deemed he might safely execute one of his favourite projects for the preservation of the liberties of his native city; and this was to raise and organize, in each quarter of Rome, a Roman Legion. Armed in the defence of their own institutions, he thus trusted to establish amongst her own citizens the only soldiery requisite for Rome.

But so base were the tools with which this great man was condemned to work out his noble schemes, that none could be found to serve their own country, without a pay equal to that demanded by foreign hirelings. With the insolence so peculiar to a race that has once been great, each Roman said, "Am I not better than a German?—pay me then accordingly."

The Senator smothered his disgust—he had learnt at last to know that the age of the Catos was no more. From a daring enthusiast, experience had converted him into a practical statesman. The Legions were necessary to Rome—they were formed—gallant their appearance and faultless their caparisons. How were they to be paid? There was but one means to maintain Rome—Rome must be taxed. A gabelle was put upon wine and salt.

The Proclamation ran thus:—

"Romans; raised to the rank of your Senator, my whole thought has been for your liberties and welfare; already treason defeated in the City, our banners triumphant without, attest the favour with which the Deity regards men who seek to unite liberty with law. Let us set an example to Italy and the world! Let us prove that the Roman sword can guard the Roman Forum! In each Rione of the City is provided a Legion of the citizens, collected from the traders and artisans of the town; they allege that they cannot leave their occupations without remuneration. Your Senator calls upon you willingly to assist in your own defence. He has given you liberty; he has restored to you peace: your oppressors are scattered over the earth. He asks you now to preserve

the treasures you have gained. To be free you must sacrifice something; for freedom, what sacrifice too great! Confident of your support, I at length, for the first time, exert the right entrusted to me by office—and for Rome's salvation I tax the Romans!"

Then followed the announcement of the gabelle.

The Proclamation was placed upon the public thoroughfares. Round one of the placards a crowd was assembled. Their gestures were vehement and unguarded—their eyes sparkled—they conversed low, but eagerly.

"He dares to tax us then! Why the Barons or the Pope could only do that!"

"Shame! shame!" cried a gaunt female; "we, who were his friends! How are our little ones to get bread?"

"He should have seized the Pope's money!" quoth an honest wine-vender.

"Ah! Pandolfo di Guido would have maintained an army at his own cost. He was a rich man. What insolence in the innkeeper's son to be a Senator!"

"We are not Romans if we suffer this!" said a deserter from Palestrina.

"Fellow-citizens!" exclaimed gruffly a tall man, who had hitherto been making a clerk read to him the particulars of the tax imposed, and whose heavy brain at length understood that wine was to be made dearer—"Fellow-citizens; we must have a new revolution! This is indeed gratitude! What have we benefited by restoring this man? Are we always to be ground to the dust? To pay—pay—pay! Is that all we are fit for?"

"Hark! to Cecco del Vecchio!"

"No, no; not now," growled the smith. "To night the artificers have a special meeting. We'll see—we'll see!"

A young man muffled in a cloak, who had not been before observed, touched the smith.

"Whoever storms the Capitol the day after to-morrow at the dawn," he whispered, "shall find the guards absent!"

He was gone before the smith could look round.

The same night Rienzi, retiring to rest, said to Angelo Villani—"A bold but necessary measure this of mine! How do the people take it?"

"They murmur a little; but seem to recognize the necessity. Cecco del Vecchio was the loudest grumbler,—but is now the loudest approver."

"The man is rough; he once deserted me;—but then that fatal excommunication! He and the Romans learned a bitter lesson in that desertion, and experience has, I trust, taught them to be honest. Well, if this tax be raised quietly, in two years Rome will be the master state of Italy;—her army manned—her Republic formed; and then—then—"

"Then what, Senator?"

"Why then, my Angelo, Cola di Rienzi may die in peace! There is a want which a profound experience of power and pomp brings at last to us—a want gnawing as that of hunger, wearying as that of sleep!—my Angelo, it is the want to die!"

"My Lord, I would give this right-hand," cried Villani, earnestly, "to hear you say you were attached to life!"

"You are a good youth, Angelo!" said Rienzi, as he passed to Nina's chamber; and in her smile and wistful tenderness, forgot for a while—that he was a great man!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THRESHOLD OF THE EVENT.

THE next morning the Senator of Rome held High Court in the Capitol. From Florence, from Padua, from Pisa, even from Milan, (the dominion of the Visconti), from Genoa, from Naples—came Ambassadors to welcome his return, or to thank him for having freed Italy from the freebooter de Montreal. Venice alone, who held in her pay the Grand Company, stood aloof. Never had Rienzi seemed more prosperous and more powerful, and never had he exhibited a more easy and cheerful majesty of demeanour.

Scarce was the audience over, when a messenger arrived from Palestrina. The town had surrendered, the Colonna had departed, and the standard of the Senator waved from the walls of the last hold of the rebellious Barons. Rome might now at length consider herself free, and not a foe seemed left to menace the repose of Rienzi.

The Court dissolved. The Senator, elated and joyous, repaired towards his private apartments, previous to the banquet given to the Ambassadors. Villani met him with his wonted sombre aspect.

"No sadness to-day, my Angelo," said the Senator, gaily; "Palestrina is ours!"

"I am glad to hear such news, and to see my Lord of so fair a mien," answered Angelo. "Does he not now desire life?"

"Till Roman virtue revives, perhaps—yes!—but thus are we fools of fortune—to-day glad—to-morrow dejected!"

"To-morrow," repeated Villani, mechanically: "Ay—to-morrow perhaps dejected!"

"Thou playest with my words, boy," said Rienzi, half angrily, as he turned away.

But Villani heeded not the displeasure of his Lord.

The banquet was thronged and brilliant; and Rienzi that day, without an effort, played the courteous host.

Milanese, Paduan, Pisan, Neapolitan, vied with each other in attracting the smiles of the potent Senator. Prodigal were their compliments—humble their promises of support. No monarch in Italy seemed more securely throned.

The banquet was over (as usual on state occasions) at an early hour; and Rienzi, somewhat heated with wine, strolled forth alone from the Capitol. Bending his solitary steps towards the Palatine, he saw the pale and veil-like mists that succeed the sunset, gather over the wild grass that waves above the Palace of the Cæsars. On a mound of ruins (column and arch overthrown) he stood, with folded arms, musing and intent. In the distance lay the melancholy tombs of the Campagna, and the circling hills, crested with the purple hues soon to melt beneath the starlight. Not a breeze stirred the dark cypress and unwavering pine. There was something awful in the stillness of the skies, hushing the desolate grandeur of the earth below. It was like the calm before a storm. Many and mingled were the thoughts that swept over Rienzi's breast: memory was busy at his heart. How often, in his youth, had he trodden the same spot!—what visions had he nursed, what hopes conceived! In the turbulence of his later life Memory had long slept; but at that hour she re-asserted her shadowy reign with a despotism that seemed prophetic. He was wandering—a boy, with his young brother, hand in hand, by the river-side at eve: anon he saw a pale face and gory side, and once more uttered his imprecations of revenge! His first successes,—his virgin triumphs,—his secret love,—his fame,—his power,—his reverses,—the hermitage of Maiella,—the dungeon of Avignon,—the triumphal return to Rome,—all swept across his breast with a distinctness as if he were living those scenes again!—and now!—he shrunk from the present, and descended the hill. The moon, already risen, shed her light over the Forum as he passed through its mingled ruins. By the Temple of Jupiter two figures suddenly emerged; the moonlight fell upon their faces, and Rienzi recognized Cecco del Vecchio and Angelo Villani. They saw him not; but, eagerly conversing, disappeared by the Arch of Trajan.

"Ever active in my service!" thought the Senator; "methinks this morning I spoke to him harshly—it was churlish in me!"

He re-entered the Place of the Capitol—he stood by the staircase of the Lion; there was a red stain upon the pavement, unobliterated since Montreal's execution, and the Senator drew himself aside with an inward shudder. Was it the ghastly and spectral light of the moon, or did the face of that old Egyptian sculpture wear an aspect that was as of life! The stony eyeballs seemed bent upon him with a malignant scowl; and as he passed on, and looked behind, they appeared almost preternaturally to follow his steps. A chill, he knew not why, sunk into his heart. He hastened to regain his palace. The sentinels made way for him.

"Senator," said one of them, doubtfully, "Messere Angelo Villani is our new captain—we are to obey his orders!"

"Assuredly," returned the Senator, passing on. The man lingered uneasily, as if he would have spoken, but Rienzi observed it not. Seeking his chamber, he found Nina and Irene waiting for him. His heart yearned to his wife. Care and toil had of late driven her from his thoughts, and he felt it remorsefully, as he gazed upon her noble face, softened by the solicitude of untiring and anxious love.

"Sweetest," said he, winding his arms around her tenderly; "thy lips never chide me, but thine eyes sometimes do. We have been apart too long. Brighter days dawn upon us, when I shall have leisure to thank thee for all thy care. And you, my fair sister, you smile on me!—ah, you have heard that your lover, ere this, is released by the cession of Palestrina,

and to-morrow's sun will see him at your feet. Despite all the cares of the day, I remembered thee, my Irene, and sent a messenger to bring back the blush to that pale cheek. Come, come, we shall be happy again!" And with that domestic fondness common to him, when harsher thoughts permitted, he sat himself beside the two dearest to his hearth and heart.

"So happy if we could have many hours like this!" murmured Nina, sinking on his breast. "Yet sometimes I wish!"

"And I too," interrupted Rienzi; for I read thy woman's thought—I too sometimes wish that fate had placed us in the lowlier valleys of life! But it may come yet! Irene wedded to Adrian—Rome married to Liberty—and then, Nina, methinks you and I would find some quiet hermitage, and talk over old gauds and triumphs, as of a summer's dream. Beautiful, kiss me. Couldst thou resign these pomps?"

"For a desert with thee, Cola!"

"Let me reflect," resumed Rienzi; "is not to-day the seventh of October? Yes! on the seventh, he it noted, my foes yielded to my power! Seven! my fated number, whether ominous of good or evil! Seven months did I reign as Tribune—seven (c) years was I absent as an exile; to-morrow, that sees me without an enemy, completes my seventh week of return!"

"And seven was the number of the crowns—the Roman Convents and the Roman Council awarded thee, after the ceremony which gave thee the knighthood of the *Santo Spirito*!" (d) said Nina, adding, with woman's tender wit, "the brightest association of all!"

"Follies seem these thoughts to others, and to philosophy, in truth, they are so," said Rienzi; "but, all my life long, omen and type, and shadow, have linked themselves to action and event: and the atmosphere of other men hath not been mine. Life itself a riddle, why should riddles amaze us? *The Future*!—what mystery in the very word! Had we lived all *through* the Past since Time was, our profoundest experience of a thousand ages could not give us a guess of the events that wait the very moment we are about to enter! Thus deserted by Reason, what wonder that we recur to the Imagination, on which, by dream and symbol, God sometimes paints the likeness of things to come! Who can endure to leave the Future all unguessed, and sit tamely down to groan under the fardel of the Present! No, no! that which the foolish-wise call Fanaticism, belongs to the same part of us as Hope. Each but carries us onward—from a barren strand to a glorious, if unbounded sea. Each is the yearning for the GREAT BEYOND, which attests our immortality. Each has its visions and chimeras—some false, but *some* true! Verily, a man who becomes great is often but made so by a kind of sorcery in his own soul—a Pythia which prophesies that he *shall* be great—and so renders the life one effort to fulfil the warning! Is this folly?—it were so, if all things stopped at the grave! But perhaps the very sharpening, and exercising, and elevating the faculties here—though but for a bootless end on earth—may be designed to fit the soul, thus quickened and ennobled, to some high destiny *beyond* the earth! Who can tell! not I!—Let us pray!"

While the Senator was thus employed, Rome in her various quarters presented less holy and quiet scenes.

In the fortress of the Orsini, lights flitted to and fro, through the gratings of the great court. Angelo Villani might be seen stealing from the postern-gate. Another hour, and the moon was high in heaven; toward the ruins of the Colosseum, men, whose dress bespoke them of the lowest rank, were seen creeping from lanes and alleys, two by two; from these ruins glided again the form of the son of Montreal. Later yet—the Moon is sinking—a gray light breaking in the East—and the gates of Rome, by St. John of Lateran, are open! Villani is conversing with the sentries! The Moon has set—the mountains are dim with a mournful and chilling haze—Villani is before the palace of the Capitol—the *only* soldier there! Where are the Roman legions that were to guard alike the freedom and the deliverer of Rome!—

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE CLOSE OF THE CHASE.

It was the morning of the 8th of October, 1354. Rienzi, who rose betimes, stirred restlessly, in his bed. "It is yet

early," he said to Nina, whose soft arm was round his neck, "none of my people seem to be astir. Howbeit, my day begins before theirs."

"Rest yet, my Cola; you want sleep."

"No; I feel feverish, and this old pain in my side torments me. I have letters to write."

"Let me be your secretary, dearest," said Nina.

Rienzi smiled affectionately as he rose: he repaired to his closet adjoining his sleeping apartment, and used the bath, as was his wont. Then dressing himself, he returned to Nina, who, already loosely robed, sat by the writing table, ready for her office of love.

"How still are all things!" said Rienzi. "What a cool and delicious prelude, in these early hours, to the toilsome day."

Leaning over his wife, he then dictated different letters, interrupting the task at times by such observations as crossed his mind.

"So, now to Annibaldi! By the way, young Adrian should join us to-day; how I rejoice for Irene's sake!"

"Dear sister—yes! she loves, if any, Cola, can love, as we do."

"Well, but to your task, my fair scribe. Ha! what noise is that? I hear an armed step—the stairs creak—some one shouts my name."

Rienzi flew to his sword; the door was thrown rudely open, and a figure in complete armour stood in the chamber.

"How! what means this!" said Rienzi, standing before Nina, with his drawn sword.

The intruder lifted his vizor—it was Adrian Colonna.

"Fly, Rienzi!—hasten, Signora! Thank Heaven, I can save ye yet! Myself and train released by the capture of Palestrina, the pain of my wound detained me last night at Tivoli. The town was filled with armed men—not *thine*, Senator. I heard rumours that alarmed me. I resolved to proceed onward—I reached Rome, the gates of the city were wide open!"

"How!"

"Your guard gone. Presently I came upon a band of the retainers of the Savelli. My insignia, as a Colonna, misled them. I learnt that this very hour some of your enemies are within the city, the rest are on their march—the people themselves arm against you. In the obscurer streets I passed through, the mob were already forming. They took me for thy foe, and shouted. I came hither—thy sentries have vanished. The private door below is unbarred and open. Not a soul seems left in thy palace. Haste—fly—save thyself!—Where is Irene?"

"The Capitol deserted!—impossible!" cried Rienzi. He strode across the chambers to the anteroom, where his night-guard waited—it was empty! He passed hastily to Villani's room—it was untenanted! He would have passed farther, but the doors were secured without. It was evident that all egress had been cut off, save by the private door below,—and that had been left open to admit his murderers!

He returned to his room—Nina had already gone to rouse and prepare Irene, whose chamber was on the other side, within one of their own.

"Quick, Senator," said Adrian. "Methinks there is yet time. We must make across to the Tiber. I have stationed my faithful squires and Northmen there. A boat waits us."

"Hark!" interrupted Rienzi, whose senses had of late been preternaturally quickened. "I heard a distant shout—a familiar shout, 'Viva 'l Popolo!' Why, so say I! These must be friends."

"Deceive not thyself; thou hast scarce a friend at Rome."

"Hist!" said Rienzi in a whisper; "save Nina—save Irene. I cannot accompany thee."

"Art thou mad?"

"No! but fearless. Besides, did I accompany, I might but destroy you all. Were I found with you, you would be massacred with me. Without me, ye are safe. Yes, even the Senator's wife and sister have provoked no revenge. Save them, noble Colonna. Cola di Rienzi puts his trust in God alone!"

By this time Nina had returned—Irene with her. Afar was heard the tramp—steady—slow—gathering—of the fatal multitude.

"Now, Cola," said Nina, with a bold and cheerful air, and she took her husband's arm, while Adrian had already found his charge in Irene.

"Yes, now, Nina!" said Rienzi; "at length we part. If this is my last hour—in my last hour I pray God to bless and shield thee; for, verily, thou hast been my exceeding solace—provident as a parent, tender as a child, the smile of my hearth, the—the—"

Rienzi was almost unmanned. Emotions, deep, conflicting, unspeakably fond and grateful, literally choked his speech.

"What!" cried Nina, clinging to his breast, and parting her hair from her eyes as she sought his averted face. "Part!—never! This is my place—all Rome shall not tear me from it."

Adrian, in despair, seized her hand, and attempted to drag her thence.

"Touch me not, sir," said Nina, waving her arm with angry majesty, while her eyes sparkled as a lioness, whom the huntsmen would sever from her young. "I am the wife of Cola di Rienzi, the Great Senator of Rome, and by his side will I live and die!"

"Take her hence; quick!—quick! I hear the crowd advancing."

Irene tore herself from Adrian, and fell at the feet of Rienzi—she clasped his knees.

"Come, my brother, come! Why lose these precious moments? Rome forbids you to cast away a life in which her very self is wound up."

"Right, Irene—Rome is bound up with me, and we will rise or fall together!—no more!"

"You destroy us all!" said Adrian, with generous and impatient warmth. "A few minutes more, and we are lost. Rash man! it is not to fall by an infuriated mob that you have been preserved from so many dangers."

"I believe it," said the Senator, as his tall form seemed to dilate as with the greatness of his own soul. "I shall triumph yet. Never shall mine enemies—never shall posterity say that a second time Rienzi abandoned Rome! Hark! 'Viva 'l Popolo!' still the cry of 'THE PEOPLE.' That cry scares none but tyrants! I shall triumph and survive."

"And I with thee!" said Nina, firmly.

Rienzi paused a moment, gazed on his wife, passionately clasped her to his heart, kissed her again and again, and then said, "Nina, I command thee,—Go!"

"Never."

He paused. Irene's face, drowned in tears, met his eyes. "We will all perish with you," said his sister; "you, only, Adrian, you leave us."

"Be it so," said the Knight, sadly; "we will all remain," and he desisted at once from further effort.

There was a dead but short pause, broken but by a convulsive sob from Irene. The tramp of the raging thousands sounded fearfully distinct. Rienzi seemed lost in thought—then lifting his head, he said calmly, "Ye have triumphed—I join ye—I but collect these papers, and follow you. Quick, Adrian—save them!" and he pointed meaningly to Nina.

"Waiting no other hint, the young Colonna seized Nina in his strong grasp—with his left hand he supported Irene, who with terror and excitement was almost insensible. Rienzi relieved him of the lighter load—he took his sister in his arms, and descended the winding stairs—Nina remained passive—she heard her husband's step behind, it was enough for her—she but turned once to thank him with her eyes. A tall Northman clad in armour stood at the open door. Rienzi placed Irene, now perfectly lifeless, in the soldier's arms, and kissed her pale cheek in silence.

"Quick, my Lord," said the Northman, "on all sides they come!" So saying he bounded down the descent with his burthen. Adrian followed with Nina; the Senator paused one moment, turned back, and was in his room ere Adrian perceived him vanish.

Hastily he drew the coverlid from his bed, fastened it to the casement bars, and by its aid dropped (at a distance of several feet) into the balcony below. "I will not die like a rat," said he, "in the trap they have set for me! The whole crowd shall at least see and hear me!"

This was the work of a moment.

Meanwhile Nina had scarcely proceeded six paces, before she discovered that she was alone with Adrian.

"Ha! Cola," she cried, "where is he! he has gone!"

"Take heart, Lady, he has returned but for some secret papers he has forgotten. He will follow us anon."

"Let us wait, then."

"Lady," said Adrian, grinding his teeth, "hear you not the crowd—on, on!" and he flew with a swifter step. Nina struggled from his grasp—Love gave her the strength of despair. With a wild laugh she broke from him. She flew back—the door was closed—but unbarred—her trembling hands lingered a moment round the spring. She opened it, drew the heavy bolt across the panels, and frustrated all attempt from Adrian to regain her. She was on the stairs,—she was in the room. Rienzi was gone! She fled, shrieking his name, through the State Chambers—all was desolate.

She found the doors opening on the various passages that admitted to the rooms below barred without. Breathless and gasping, she returned to the chamber. She hurried to the casement—she perceived the method by which he had descended below—her brave heart told her of his brave design;—she saw they were separated,—“But the same roof holds us,” she cried joyously, “and our fate shall be the same!” With that thought she sank in mute patience on the floor.

Forming the generous resolve not to abandon the faithful and devoted pair without another effort, Adrian had followed Nina, but too late—the door was closed against his efforts. The crowd marched on—he heard their cry change on a sudden—it was no longer “LIVE THE PEOPLE!” but “DEATH TO THE TRAITOR!” His attendant had already disappeared, and waking now only to the danger of Irene, the Colonna in bitter grief turned away, lightly sped down the descent, and hastened to the river side, where the boat and his band awaited him.

The balcony on which Rienzi had alighted was that from which he had been accustomed to address the people—it communicated with a vast hall used on solemn occasions for State festivals—and on either side were square projecting towers, whose grated casements looked into the balcony. One of these towers was devoted to the armoury, the other contained the prison of Brettone, the brother of Montreal. Beyond the latter tower was the general prison of the Capitol. For then the prison and the palace were in awful neighbourhood!

The windows of the Hall were yet open—and Rienzi passed into it from the balcony—the witness of the yesterday's banquet was still there—the wine, yet undried, crimsoned the floor, and goblets of gold and silver shone from the recesses. He proceeded at once to the armoury, and selected from the various suits that which he himself had worn when, nearly eight years ago, he had chased the Barons from the gates of Rome. He arrayed himself in the mail, leaving only his head uncovered; and then taking, in his right hand, from the wall the great Gonfalon of Rome, returned once more to the hall. Not a man encountered him. In that vast building—save the prisoners, and one faithful heart whose presence he knew not of—the Senator was alone.

On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream—from lane, from alley, from palace and from hovel—the raging sea received new additions. On they came—their passions excited by their numbers—women and men, children and malignant age—in all the awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath: “Death to the traitor—death to the tyrant—death to him who has taxed the people!”—“Mora! traditore che ha fatta la gabella!—Mora!” Such was the cry of the people—such the crime of the Senator! They broke over the low palisades of the Capitol—they filled with one sudden rush the vast space;—a moment before so desolate—now swarming with human beings athirst for blood!

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi—his face was bare, and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair grown gray, before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood—neither fear, nor anger, nor menace—but deep grief and high resolve upon his features! A momentary shame—a momentary awe seized the crowd.

He pointed to the Gonfalon, wrought with the Republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began:—

“I too am a Roman and a Citizen; hear me!”

“Hear him not, hear him not! his false tongue can charm away our senses!” cried a voice louder than his own; and Rienzi recognized Cecco del Vecchio.

“Hear him not; down with the tyrant!” cried a more shrill and youthful tone; and by the side of the artisan stood Angelo Villani.

“Hear him not; death to the death-giver!” cried a voice close at hand, and from the grating of the neighbouring prison glared near upon him, as the eye of a tiger, the vengeful gaze of the brother of Montreal.

Then from earth to heaven rose the roar—“Down with the tyrant—down with him who taxed the people!”

A shower of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator—still he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope; he stood collected in his own indignant, but determined, thoughts;—but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he should be heard; “and, doubtless,” says the contemporaneous biographer, “had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work been marred!”

PART I.—NO. 24.

The soldiers of the Barons had already mixed themselves with the throng—more deadly weapons than stones aided the wrath of the multitude—darts and arrows darkened the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking—“Way for the torches!” Red in the sunlight they tossed and waved, and danced to and fro, above the heads of the crowd, as if the fiends were let loose amongst the mob! And what place in hell *hath* fiends like those a mad mob can furnish! Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the great doors of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

Rienzi was no longer visible, an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall. He sat down;—and tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love,—tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved,—but *they changed*, his heart!

“Enough, enough,” he said, presently rising and dashing the drops scornfully away: “I have risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I will yet baffle their malice—I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy! Let Rome perish—I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice!”

With that feeling, Death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him; and he resolved, in very scorn of his ungrateful foes, in very defeat of their inhuman wrath, to make one effort for his life! He divested himself of his glittering arms; his address, his dexterity, his craft, returned to him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise—of escape;—he left the hall—passed through the humbler rooms, devoted to the servitors and menials—found in one of them a coarse working garb—indued himself with it—placed upon his head some of the draperies and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them; and said, with his old “*fantastico riso*”—“When all other friends desert me, I may well forsake myself!” With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the outer door below was already consumed; from the apartment he had deserted the fire burst out in volleys of smoke—the wood cracked the lead melted—with a crash fell the severed gates—the dreadful ingress was opened to all the multitude—the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall!—Now was the time!—he passed the flaming door—the smouldering threshold;—he passed the outer gate unscathed—he was in the middle of the crowd. “Plenty of pillage within,” he said to the bystanders, in the Roman patois, his face concealed by his load—“Suso suso a gliu traditore!” The mob rushed past him—he went on—he gained the last stair descending into the open streets—he was at the last gate—liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. “Pass not—where goest thou?”

“Beware, lest the Senator escape disguised!” cried a voice behind—it was Villani’s. The concealing load was torn from his head. Rienzi stood revealed.

“I am the Senator!” he said in a loud voice. “Who dare touch the Representative of the People?”

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and whirled along—the Senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. With the intense glare of the bursting flames, the gray image reflected a lurid light, and glowed—(that grim and solemn monument!)—as if itself of fire!

There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. Silent he stood, and turned his face around; nor could the squalor of his garb, nor the terror of the hour, nor the proud grief of detection, abate the majesty of his mien, or re-assure the courage of the thousands who gathered, gazing, round him. The whole Capitol wrapped in fire, lighted with ghastly pomp the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the fiery gleam and the serried throng, till the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colonna—the Orsini—the Savelli! Her true tyrants were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

“Die, tyrant!” cried Cecco del Vecchio: and he plunged his dagger in the Senator’s breast.

“Die, executioner of Montreal!” muttered Villani, “thus

the trust is fulfilled!" and his was the second stroke. Then as he drew back, and saw the artisan in all the drunken fury of his brute passion, tossing up his cap, shouting aloud, and spurning the fallen lion; the young man gazed upon him with a look of withering and bitter scorn, and said, while he sheathed his blade, and slowly turned to quit the crowd,

"Fool, miserable fool! *thou and these at least had no blood of kindred to avenge!*"

They heeded not his words, they saw him not depart; for, as Rienzi, without a word, without a groan fell to the earth,—as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him,—a voice, shrill, sharp, and wild, was heard above all the clamour. At the casement of the Palace, (the casement of her bridal chamber,) Nina stood!—through the flames, that burst below and around, her face and outstretched arms alone visible! Ere yet the sound of that thrilling cry passed from the air, down with a mighty crash thundered that whole wing of the Capitol,—a blackened and smouldering mass.

At that hour, a solitary boat was sailing swiftly down the Tiber. Rome was at a distance, but the lurid glow of the conflagration cast its reflection upon the placid and glassy stream: fair beyond description was the landscape; soft beyond all art of Painter and of Poet, the sunlight quivering over the autumnal herbage, and hushing into tender calm the waves of the golden Tiber!

Adrian's eyes were strained towards the towers of the Capitol, distinguished by the flames from the spires and domes around: senseless and clasped to his guardian breast, Irene was happily unconscious of the horrors of the time.

"They dare not, they dare not," said the brave Colonna, "touch a hair of that sacred head—if Rienzi fall, the liberties of Rome fall for ever!" (E) As those towers that surmount the flames, the pride and monument of Rome, he shall rise above the dangers of the hour. Behold, still unscathed amidst the raging element, the Capitol itself is his emblem!"

Scarce had he spoke, when a vast volume of smoke obscured the fires afar off, a dull crash (deadened by the distance) travelled to his ear, and the next moment, the towers on which he gazed had vanished from the scene, and one intense and sullen glare seemed to settle over the atmosphere,—making all Rome itself the funeral pyre of THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES!

NOTES TO BOOK X.

Note (A)—Page 469.

The words of Montreal in the original, are even yet stronger in self-commendation—"Pregovi che vi amiate e siate valorosi al mondo, come fui io, che mi feci fare obbedienza a la Puglia, Toscana, e a la Marca."—*Vit. di Cola di Rienzi*, lib. ii. cap. xxii.

Note (B)—Page 469.

The military renown and bold exploits of Montreal are acknowledged by all the Italian authorities. One of them declares that since the time of Cesar Italy had never known so great a captain. The biographer of Rienzi, forgetting all the offences of the splendid and knightly robber, seems to feel only commiseration for his fate. He informs us, moreover, that at Tivoli one of his servants hearing his death, died himself of grief the following day. Notable reason have I for conjecturing that this faithful servant was the rude and ferocious Rodolf of Saxony, and fain would I have painted that wild fidelity. But after Montreal's fall, no meaner death could be allowed to delay that death which is his revenge!

Note (C)—Page 471.

There was the lapse of one year between the release of Rienzi from Avignon, and his triumphal return to Rome: a year chiefly spent in the campaign of Albornoz.

Note (D)—Page 471.

This superstition had an excuse in strange historical coincidences; and the number seven was indeed to Rienzi what the 3d of September was to Cromwell. The ceremony of the

seven crowns which he received after his knighthood, and of the nature of which, ridiculous ignorance has been shown by many recent writers, was in fact principally a religious and typical donation, symbolical of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, conferred by the heads of convents—and that part of the ceremony which was political, was republican, not regal.

Note (E)—Page 474.

I said (in the preface to this work) that in some respects I differed from Gibbon in his view of the Character of Rienzi. I differ from him yet more as to the cause of Rienzi's fall. Whatever the Roman's faults, I repeat, that it was not by his faults he fell. The principal authority from which the history of the Tribune is composed, is a very curious biography, by some unknown contemporary. It was published, (and the errors of the former editions revised,) by Muratori in his great collection, and has lately been reprinted separately, accompanied by notes of much discrimination and scholastic taste, and a comment upon that celebrated poem of Petrarch. "Spirito Gentil," which the majority of Italian critics have concurred in considering addressed to Rienzi, and which no man less dull, and less conceited, than the Abbé de Sade, could possibly consider addressed to any one else.

This biography has been generally lauded for its rare impartiality. And the author does indeed praise and blame alike with a most singular appearance of solid candour. The work, in truth, is one of those not uncommon proofs, of which Boswell's Johnson is the most striking, that a very valuable book may be written by a very silly man. The biographer of Rienzi appears more like the biographer of Rienzi's clothes, so minute is he on all details of their colour and quality—so silent is he upon everything that could throw light upon the motives of their wearer. In fact, granting the writer every desire to be impartial, he is too foolish to be so. It requires some cleverness to judge accurately of a very clever man in very difficult circumstances, and the worthy biographer is utterly incapable of giving us any clew to the actions of Rienzi—utterly unable to explain the conduct of the man by the circumstances of the time. The weakness of his vision causes him, therefore, often to squint. We must add to this want of wisdom, a want of truth, which the Herodotus-like simplicity of his style frequently conceals. He describes things which had no witness as precisely and distinctly as those which he himself had seen. For instance, before the death of Rienzi, in those awful moments when the Senator was alone, unheard, unseen, he coolly informs us of each motion, and each thought of Rienzi's with as much detail as if Rienzi had lived to tell him all about it. And Gibbon, and others, have absolutely adopted these palpable inventions without at all appearing sensible of their own ridiculous cruelty. Still, however, to a patient and cautious reader, the biography may furnish a better notion of Rienzi's character, than we can glean from the historians who have borrowed from it piece-meal. Such a reader will discard all the writer's reasonings, will think little of his praise and blame, and regard only the facts he narrates, judging them true or doubtful, according as the writer had the opportunities of being himself the observer. Thus examining, the reader will find evidence sufficient of Rienzi's genius, and Rienzi's failings: carefully distinguishing the period of his power as Tribune, and that of his power as Senator, he will find the Tribune vain, haughty, fond of display—he will not recognise those faults in the Senator. On the other hand, he will notice the difference between youth and maturity;—hope and experience;—he will notice in the Tribune vast ambition, great schemes, enterprising activity—which sober into less gorgeous and more quiet colours in the portrait of the Senator. He will find that in neither instance did Rienzi fall from his own faults—he will find that the vulgar moral of ambition blasted by its own excesses, is not the true moral of the Roman's life; he will find that both in his abdication as Tribune, and his death as Senator, Rienzi fell from the vices of the people. The Tribune was a victim to ignorant cowardice—the Senator a victim to ferocious avarice. It is this which modern historians have failed to represent. Gibbon records rightly, that the Count of Minorbino entered Rome with one hundred and fifty soldiers, and barricaded the quarter of the Colonna—that the bell of the Capitol sounded—that Rienzi addressed the people—that they were silent and inactive—and that Rienzi then abdicated the government. But for this he calls Rienzi "pusillanimous." Is not that epithet to be applied to the people? Rienzi invoked them to move against the robber—the people refused to obey. Rienzi wished to fight—the people refused to stir. It was not the cause of Rienzi alone which demanded their exertions—it was the cause of the people—

theirs, not his, the shame, if one hundred and fifty foreign soldiers mastered Rome, overthrew their liberties, and restored their tyrants! Whatever Rienzi's sins—whatever his unpopularity—their freedom, their laws, their republic were at stake, and these they surrendered to one hundred and fifty hirelings! This is the fact that damns them! But Rienzi was not unpopular when he addressed and conjured them, they found no fault with him. "The sighs and the groans of the people," says Sismondi, "replied to his"—they could weep, but they would not fight. This strange apathy the modern historians have not accounted for, yet the principal cause was obvious—Rienzi was *excommunicated*! In stating the fact, these writers have seemed to think that excommunication in Rome in the fourteenth century, produced no effect!—the effect it did produce I have endeavoured in these volumes to convey.

The causes of the second fall and final massacre of Rienzi are equally misstated by modern narrators. It was from no fault of his—no injustice—no cruelty—no extravagance—it was not from the execution of Montreal—nor that of Pandolfo di Guido—it was from a gabelle on wine and salt that he fell. To preserve Rome from the tyrants, it was necessary to maintain an armed force; to pay the force a tax was necessary;—the tax was imposed—and the multitude joined with the tyrants, and their cry was "Perish the traitor who has made the gabelle!" This was their only charge—this the only crime that their passions and their fury could cite against him.

The faults of Rienzi were sufficiently visible, and I have not unsparingly shown them; but we must judge men, not according as they approach perfection, but according as their good or bad qualities preponderate—their talents or their weakness—the benefits they effected—the evil they wrought. For a man who rose to so great a power, Rienzi's faults were singularly few—*crimes* he committed none. He is almost the only man who ever rose from the rank of a citizen to a power equal to that of monarchs without a single act of violence or treachery. When *in* power, he was sometimes vain, ostentatious, and imprudent;—always an enthusiast—often a fanatic; but his very faults had greatness of soul, and his very fanaticism at once supported his enthusiastic daring and proved his earnest honesty. It is evident that no heinous charge could be brought against him even by his enemies, for all the accusations to which he was subjected, when excommunicated, exiled, fallen, were for two offences which Petrarch rightly deemed the proofs of his virtue and his glory: first, for declaring Rome to be free; secondly, for pretending that Romans had a right of choice in the election of the Roman Emperor.* Stern, just and inflexible, as he was, when Tribune, his fault was never that of *wanton* cruelty. Petrarch's accusation against him, indeed, was that he was not determined enough—that he did not consummate the revolution by exterminating the Patrician tyrants. When Senator, he was, without sufficient ground, accused of avarice in the otherwise just and necessary execution of Montreal.† It was natural enough that his enemies and the vulgar should suppose that he executed a debtor to get rid of a debt; but it was inexorable in later, and wiser, and fairer writers to repeat so grave a calumny, without at least adding the obvious suggestion, that the avarice of Rienzi could have been much better gratified by sparing than destroying the life of one of the richest subjects in Europe. Montreal, we may be quite sure, would have purchased his life at an unmeasurably higher price than that paltry sum lent to Rienzi by his brothers. And this is not even a probable hypothesis, but a certain fact, for we are expressly told, that Montreal, "knowing the Tribune was in want of money, offered Rienzi, that if he would let him go, he, Montreal, would furnish him not only with twenty thousand florins, (four times the amount of Rienzi's debt to him), but with as many soldiers and as much money as he pleased." This offer Rienzi did not attend to. Would he have rejected it had avarice been his motive! And what culpable injustice, to mention the vague calumny without citing the practical contradiction! When Gibbon tells us also that "the most virtuous citizen of Rome," meaning Pandolfo, or Pandolfaccio di Guido, was sacrificed to his jealousy, he

not only greatly exaggerates the expression bestowed upon Pandolfo, which is that of "virtuoso assai," and that, too, used by a man who styles the robber Montreal "eccellente uomo—di quale fama suono per tutta la Italia di virtude"—(so good a moral critic was the writer!) but he also altogether waves all mention of the probabilities that are sufficiently apparent, of the scheming of Pandolfo to supplant Rienzi, and obtain the "Signoria del Popolo."

Gibbon sneers at the military skill and courage of Rienzi. For the last there is no cause. His first attempts, his first rise, attested sufficiently his daring and brave spirit; in every danger he was present—never shrinking from a foe as long as he was supported by the people. He distinguished himself at Viterbo, when in the camp of Alborno, and his end was that of a hero. For the first, it would be excusable enough if Rienzi—the eloquent and gifted student, called from the closet and the rostrum to assume the command of an army—should have been deficient in military science; yet, somehow or other, upon the whole, his arms prospered. He defeated the chivalry of Rome at her gates; and if he did not, after his victory, march to Marino, for which his biographer* and Gibbon blame him, the reason is sufficiently clear—"Volea pecunia per soldati"—he wanted money for the soldiers! On his return as senator, it must be remembered that he had to besiege Palestrina, which was considered even by the ancient Romans almost impregnable by position; but during the few weeks he was in power, Palestrina yielded—all his open enemies were defeated—the tyrants expelled—Rome free; and this without support from any party, Papal or Popular, or, as Gibbon well expresses it, "suspected by the people—abandoned by the prince."

On regarding what Rienzi did, we must look to his means—to the difficulties that surrounded him—to the scantiness of his resources. We see a man without rank, wealth, or friends, raising himself to the head of a popular government in the metropolis of the Church—in the City of the Empire. We see him reject any title save that of a popular magistrate—establish at one stroke a free constitution—a new code of law. We see him first expel, then subdue, the fiercest aristocracy in Europe—conquer the most stubborn banditti—rule impartially the most turbulent people, embroiled by the violence, and sunk in the corruption, of centuries. We see him restore trade—establish order—create civilization as by a miracle—receive from crowned heads homage and congratulations—outwit, conciliate, or awe, the wildest priesthood of the Papal Diplomacy—and raise his native city at once to sudden yet acknowledged eminence over every other state, its superior in arts, wealth and civilization;—we ask what errors we are to weigh in the opposite balance, and we find an unnecessary ostentation and a certain insolent sternness. But what are such offences—what the splendour of a banquet, or the ceremony of knighthood, or a few arrogant words, compared with the vices of almost every Prince who was his cotemporary!—This is the way to judge character—we must compare men with men, and not with ideals of what men should be. We look to the amazing benefits Rienzi conferred upon his country. We ask his means, and see but his own abilities. His treasury becomes impoverished—his enemies revolt—the Church takes advantage of his weakness—he is excommunicated—the soldiers refuse to fight—the people refuse to assist—the Barons ravage the country—the ways are closed, the provisions are cut off from Rome.‡ A handful of banditti enter the city—Rienzi proposes to resist them—the people desert—he abdicates—Rape, Famine, Massacre ensues—they who deserted regret, repent—yet he is still unassisted, alone—now an exile, now a prisoner, his own genius saves him from every peril, and restores him to greatness. He returns, the Pope's Legate refuses him arms—the people refuse him money. He re-establishes law and order, expels the tyrants, renounces his former faults;—is prudent, wary, provident—reigns a few

* In this the anonymous writer compares him gravely to Hannibal, who knew how to conquer, but not how to use his conquest. † "Allora le strade furono chiuse, li massari de la terre non portavano grano, ogni die nasceva nuovo rumore."—Vit. di Col. di Rienzi, lib. i. c. xxxvii.

‡ This, the second period of his power, has been represented as that of his principal faults—and he is evidently at this time no favourite with his biographer—but looking to what he *did*, we find amazing dexterity, prudence, and energy in the most difficult crisis, and none of his earlier faults. It is true, that he does not show the same brilliant extravagance which, I suspect, dazzled his contemporaries, more than his sounder qualities; but we find that in a few weeks he had conquered all his powerful enemies—that his eloquence was as great as ever—his promptitude greater—his diligence indefatigable—his foresight unslumbering. "He alone car-

* The charge of heresy was dropped as without foundation.

† Gibbon, in mentioning the execution of Montreal, omits to state that Montreal was more than suspected of conspiracy and treason to restore the Colonna. Matthew Villani records it as a common belief that such truly was the offence of the Provençal. The biographer of Rienzi gives additional evidence of the fact. Gibbon's knowledge of this time was superficial. Strangely enough, he represents Montreal as the head of the *first* Free Company that desolated Italy.

‡ Matthew Villani speaks of him as a wise and good citizen of great repute among the people—and this it seems he really was.

weeks—taxes the people, in support of the people, and is torn to pieces! One day of the rule that followed, is sufficient to vindicate his reign and avenge his memory—and for centuries afterwards whenever that wretched and degenerate populace dreamt of glory or sighed for justice, they recalled the bright vision of their own victim, and deplored the fate of Cola di Rienzi.

I have said that the moral of the Tribune's life, and of this fiction, is not the stale and unprofitable moral, that warns the ambition of an individual:—More vast, more solemn, and more useful—it addresses itself to nations. If I judge not erringly, it proclaims that to be great and free, a people must trust not to individuals but themselves—that there is no sudden leap from servitude to liberty—that it is to institutions, not to men, that they must look for reforms that last beyond the hour—that their own passions are the real despots they should subdue, their own reason the true regenerator of abuses. With a calm and a noble people, the individual ambition of a citizen can never effect evil:—to be impatient of chains, is not to be worthy of freedom—to massacre a magistrate is not to ameliorate the laws.* The people write their own condemnation whenever they use characters of blood—and theirs alone the madness and the crime, if they crown a tyrant or butcher a victim.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS
OF
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

FROM
THE YEAR 1830 TO THE CLOSE OF 1835.

INCLUDING
PERSONAL SKETCHES OF THE LEADING MEMBERS OF ALL PARTIES—

BY ONE OF NO PARTY.

PREFACE.

THE author, during a very regular attendance in the House of Commons for several years past, has been in the habit of taking notes of what was most interesting in the proceedings, as well as of the personal and oratorical peculiarities of the leading members.

The notes, thus taken from time to time, have accumulated to a size sufficient to form the volume now presented to the public, to a large majority of whom much of its contents, it is presumed, will be novel and interesting.

ried on the affairs of Rome, but his officials were slothful and cold." This too, tortured by a painful disease—already—though yet young—broken and infirm. The only charges against him, as Senator, were the deaths of Montreuil and Pandolfo di Guido—the imposition of the gabelle, and the renunciation of his former habits of rigid abstinence, for indulgence in wine and feasting. Of the first charges, the reader has already been enabled to form a judgment. To the last, alas! the reader must extend indulgence, and for it he may find excuse. We must compassionate even more than condemn the man to whom excitement has become nature, and who resorts to the physical stimulus or the momentary lethe, when the mental exhilarations of hope, youth and glory, begin to desert him.

* Rienzi was massacred, because the Romans had been in the habit of massacring whenever they were displeased. They had very shortly before stoned one magistrate, and torn to pieces another. By the same causes and the same career, a people may be made to resemble the bravo whose hand wanders to his knife at the smallest affront, and if to-day he poignards the enemy who assaults him, to-morrow he strikes the friend who would restrain.

In his descriptions of the members it has been his earnest desire to be guided by the strictest impartiality; and he trusts that he has so far succeeded in his object as to betray no political bias in any of his sketches.

As has elsewhere, in the volume, been remarked, the author has selected for his subjects those members whose names are most frequently before the public. Hence it necessarily follows, that no mention is made of many members, of great weight and value as Legislators, and of even higher talents than several who are noticed, but who do not take a prominent part in the proceedings of the House.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE.

I SHALL not soon forget the disappointment which I experienced on the first sight of the interior of the House of Commons.* I had indeed been told that it but ill accorded with the dignity of what has been termed the first assembly of gentlemen in the world, or with the importance of the subjects on which they were convened to legislate, but I was not at all prepared for such a place as I then beheld. It was dark, gloomy and badly ventilated, and so small that not more than four hundred out of the six hundred and fifty-eight members could be accommodated in it with any measure of comfort. When an important debate occurred, but especially when that debate was preceded by a call of the House, the members were really to be pitied; they were literally crammed together, and the heat of the house rendered it in some degree a second edition of the Black Hole of Calcutta. On either side there was a gallery, every corner of which was occupied by legislators; and many, not being able to get even standing room, were obliged to lounge in the refreshment apartments adjoining St. Stephen's until the division,—when they rushed to the voting room in as much haste as if the place they had quitted had been on fire.

The ceiling, the sides, and ends of the house were lined with wainscot. The floor was covered over with a mat, and the seats of the members consisted of plain benches well cushioned, and covered with leather. From the floor backwards to the walls, each seat was from twelve to fourteen inches higher than the one fronting it. The front row of benches on either side was within three feet of the table. The row on the right of the Speaker was invariably occupied by the members of the Government and their most influential supporters, and that on the left by the leading individuals in the Opposition. The table of the house was within five or six feet from the chair: in length it measured six feet, and in breadth, four. At the end next the chair sat the clerks of the House; and when the members were in committee, on which occasion the Speaker vacated the chair, the Chairman of Committees invariably sat at the corner on the right hand of the clerks. The Speaker's chair was raised twelve or fourteen inches above the floor of the house, and measured nine feet in height. In form it somewhat resembled our modern easy chairs, but had solid sides, and was covered over at the top. It stood a few feet from the farthest end of the house, which was only seven or eight yards from the Thames. The Speaker always entered by a door exclusively appropriated to himself at the end of the house next the river, while all the members entered by a door at the other end, in a straight line with the chair. Immediately above the place where the members entered was the strangers' gallery, and underneath it were several rows of seats for friends of the members. To these seats there was no mode of admission except that of being taken in by one of the members. To the strangers' gallery, a note or order from a member, or the payment of half a crown to the door-keeper, would at once procure admission. At the farthest end of the passage, after you had entered the house, were several rows of benches which extended on either side from the walls to the passage. The other seats extended along the house, and hence these were called the cross benches. They were always occupied by members who professed to belong to no party—to be neither the friends nor

* This was of course the old House of Commons. The new House is much larger, better lighted, and in every respect much more comfortable than the old one; but what is said regarding the arrangement of seats, the places of members, and other matters of form, applies equally to the old and new houses.

opponents of Government, but who stood on perfectly neutral ground, judging of measures only by their abstract merits or defects. It was from one of these benches that Lord Stanley (then Mr. Stanley) made his celebrated "thimble-ig" speech, after he, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Rippon had seceded from the Administration of Earl Grey.

I have already mentioned, that the members of Government, and their leading friends, occupy the first row of benches on the right hand side of the Speaker's chair, and that the most influential of the Opposition occupy the first row on the left; the other supporters of each party range themselves on the benches behind their respective leaders; consequently when there is a change of Government, the quondam ministry and their supporters move over in a body from the right to the left side of the house, to make way for the new Administration and their friends. There are, however, a few members belonging to the extreme Radical party who never change their seats, whatever ministry may be in power, because no men sufficiently liberal for them have ever yet been in office. Among these are Hume, Cobbett,* Roebuck, and several others.† Their seats are therefore always on the Opposition benches, and when the Whigs have been in power, the circumstance has often led to strange associations. When Sir Charles Wetherell and the late Henry Hunt, men whose politics were wide as the poles asunder, were both in Parliament, it was no uncommon thing to see them sitting in close juxtaposition with each other, often, too, engaged in most earnest conversation together, as if the utmost cordiality and the most perfect unanimity of political feeling existed between them. In the Reformed Parliament might be seen Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Cobbett sitting cheek-by-jowl, while close by them were to be found Sir Robert Inglis, the great advocate of the Church of England and ecclesiastical establishments in general, and Mr. Gillon, the sworn foe of both, apparently as friendly together as if of one heart and one soul in such matters.

There are some members who not only never change from one side of the house to the other whatever alteration may take place in the Ministry, but who never change their identical seats; they invariably occupy the same twelve or fourteen inches of space. Mr. Hume is one of the most noted members in this respect; his seat in the old house was close to one of the posts which supported the side gallery on the left of the Speaker's chair; there he was constantly to be found. There is not, nor has there been since he was first returned to parliament, a single member whose attendance on his legislative duties has been so regular and close as that of Mr. Hume; the moment the doors were opened there was he, and never until the adjournment was his seat to be seen vacant. There were many other members who made a point of "looking in to see what's doing" almost every evening; but they soon left the house again. Not so Mr. Hume. He was there at all times and during every debate, however dry and uninteresting. He was looked on by "honourable gentlemen" as a sort of animated fixture. His contiguity to the post and the regularity of his attendance made a Tory baronet, who was in the house during the close borough régime, waggishly remark, "There is Joseph always at his post."‡ Whether Sir Charles Wetherell, or Sir William Canning, a Scotch baronet, is entitled to the credit of the witty observation, I have not been able to ascertain, as both graced the last Unreformed Parliament by their presence, and both were equally lavish of their waggeries. It has often been a matter of surprise how Mr. Hume's constitution could stand such close attendance in the house, especially when the unhealthy atmosphere he had to breathe, and the quantity of speaking he went through, were taken into account; and yet, excepting on one or two occasions, he was never heard to complain of illness. Can it be that there are any peculiarly salubrious qualities in pears? for, by his own admission he always filled his pockets with this species of fruit when it was to be had, and ate the pears in the house, making them answer as a substitute for dinner. Colonel Leith Hay, before he was a member of Government, as well as since; Mr. Warburton, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Ruthven, Mr. Poase the Quaker member, and many others, including men of all parties, whose names it is unnecessary to give, were also very regular in their attendance,§ though I am not aware that they patronized the consumption of pears in the house.

* Since this was written, Mr. Cobbett has died.

† Towards the end of last session several of the Radical members went over to the other side of the house.

‡ The last House of Commons was an extremely unhealthy place.

§ I speak here in the past tense, because my observations chiefly refer to the last House of Commons, both in respect to the place and the members. The same observations, as to those who are in the present Parliament, still apply with equal truth.

Members who wish to sit in any particular part of the house on a given evening, must go down at the time of prayers, and label the particular place with their name. If they neglect to do this, they cannot claim any particular seat as a right,—though it may be conceded to them by the courtesy of other members, if it be the place they usually filled. The seats occupied by members of the Government are, however, understood to be exceptions to this rule. Ministers, and those holding important Government offices, are not put to the trouble of placarding their names on the backs of their seats, as no other member, however crowded the house, would think of occupying their places. When an important debate is expected, almost all the seats, with the exception of those occupied by the members of the Government, are thus labelled the moment that prayers are over. At the time of the second reading of the Reform Bill, every member was naturally anxious to secure a seat in a good part of the house, and in order to make assurance doubly sure that none of his "honourable friends" should pre-engage the one which he had, in his own mind, fixed on, Mr. R. Fergusson went down one day during the adjourned debate at seven in the morning, that being the hour at which the servants cleaned the house. To his great surprise he found the discussion still proceeding which he had left the previous night at a little before twelve, under the impression the debate would be again adjourned. The feeling of the House had become general in favour of a division, and several of the Tories being determined, as the Reformers said, to embrace that as the last opportunity of singing the requiem of the Constitution, had protracted the discussion so long that Mr. Fergusson was just in time to vote, and thus got credit from his constituents and the country for having been in the house all night, in the plenitude of his devotion to the cause of Reform.

Of the strangers' gallery I have as yet said nothing. It was immediately above the door at which the members entered the house. It consisted of five seats, and could accommodate comfortably one hundred and twenty persons; but during important debates I have seen one hundred and fifty wedged into it. On such occasions, it was no uncommon thing to see Peers submitting to be jostled and jammed, and treated with as little ceremony by the "strangers," as the veriest plebeian in the gallery. They could have procured a comfortable seat in the house itself; not of course among the members, but on some of the benches under the gallery which are set apart for the friends of honourable gentlemen; but they rather preferred to encounter all the inconveniences of a seat in the gallery, where they could witness the proceedings *incognito*.

Strangers, as already mentioned, are admitted to the gallery either by an order from a member, or on paying half a crown to the door-keeper. No member is allowed to write more than one order for one day, and the day of the week and that of the month, the same as franking a letter, must be written on it, otherwise the door-keeper may refuse to admit the bearer. Perhaps, on an average, one half of those who go to the gallery pay half a crown each, and the other half are admitted by the orders of members. Taking one evening with another, it is probable the number of persons present in the gallery every day of the session is about one hundred. There is consequently a considerable sum to divide among the officers of the house connected with the gallery. They are six in number. They have, besides, certain fees on all bills which are brought into the House, and also receive gratuities from the members. Mr. Wright is the principal door-keeper, and has consequently some perquisites peculiar to himself. He is a venerable looking man, upwards of seventy years of age. He has held his present situation more than thirty years, and is said to have made by it a very handsome fortune.

The back seat of the strangers' gallery was exclusively appropriated to reporters. They paid nothing on entering, but the proprietors of the respective papers for which they were engaged paid three guineas for each every session; and as the reporters are from sixty to seventy in number, this alone is no inconsiderable source of revenue to the door-keepers. On the left hand side of the gallery, and immediately above the lobby, was a small room for the benefit of the reporters, in which they might put their hats, cloaks, great coats, &c. when going on duty, and where they might remain until their "turn," to use their own technical term, came. No ladies were admitted to the strangers' gallery, nor could any member take a female friend to one of the seats under it. The only possible way by which ladies could either see or hear what was going on, was by mounting above the ceiling of the house, and looking down through a large hole which was made immediately above the principal chandelier, for the purpose of ventilation. Not more than fourteen could, at once, see or hear what was going

on from this place, and even then but imperfectly. Besides, the smoke of the candles, and the heated atmosphere they inhaled, combined with the awkwardness of the position they were obliged to assume, made the situation so very unpleasant that few remained long in it. Those only who were anxious to hear their husbands, or brothers, or lovers, make some expected oration, had the fortitude to endure the semi-martyrdom of remaining many minutes in such a place.

On the left side of the lobby, or entrance to the house, was the voting room, the place where the votes were always taken on divisions, except when the House was in committee,—on which occasions, as I shall afterwards mention more fully, the votes were taken on the floor of the house, by the members changing sides. Immediately above the voting room was the smoking room, to which members retired from the house who were in the habit of smoking cigars. Here also the members repaired to write letters,—the necessary stationary, and every other convenience, being always kept in abundant supply for the purpose. Directly opposite, and only six or seven feet distant from the smoking room, was a letter bag for the reception of the letters of members. It may be said to have been a branch general post-office, as every person about the house, including the reporters, and even strangers in the gallery, were permitted to put letters and newspapers into it. It was always kept open till seven o'clock. Those of the reporters who had letters to write for country newspapers, found it extremely convenient, as they were by that means enabled to give the proceedings in the House up to within a minute or two of seven o'clock. But for it they must always have left the gallery by about twenty minutes after six, as the general post-office—none of the branch ones were then open later than five o'clock—was nearly two miles and a half distant.*

Near the door of the smoking-room, but a few feet higher, was the door of the library. The library was chiefly frequented by those members who were in the habit of speaking. To them it was very convenient, as it contained the leading works in history, politics, and general literature. Those not in the way of enlightening the House and the country by their eloquence, always preferred the smoking-room, or the refreshment apartments, to the legislative and literary *tomes* in the library.

There were so many passages and rooms in the old House of Commons, that it was with great difficulty strangers could find their way to the gallery. Sometimes they made very awkward mistakes. It was no uncommon thing for them to go in through the lobby and advance to the door by which the members entered, with the most perfect nonchalance; not taking the trouble to inquire whether they were right, because it never for a moment occurred to them that they were wrong. Judge of a stranger's surprise, when the first intimation made to him that he was treading on forbidden ground, was the being seized by the neck by one of the officers of the House, who on such occasions are as unceremonious, both in their words and actions, as if they were so many Great Moguls, and the hapless stranger the most degraded of slaves.† It was a wonder if the confusion consequent on the first blunder was not the parent of a second; and if, when told that the gallery was up-stairs, he did not, on the principle, in such a case, of taking the first open door, "drop in" among the M. P.'s in the smoking-room. Recollecting the treatment he had received from the officers in the lobby, he would, on discovering his mistake, resign himself to the expected calamity of being bundled down stairs, head or heels foremost, as the case might be,—running the imminent risk, of course, of having his neck broken in the descent. He would, however, soon find his fears happily dispelled, by being told, in the most civil and good-natured manner possible, by one of the officers—for those in that department were remarkable for their urbanity to strangers—that he had gone to the wrong place, and by being directed up seven or eight stairs to the passage leading to the gallery. If he was surprised at the roughness of his treatment in the lobby, he is now no less so at the attention shown him, and the readiness with which a merciful consideration is, in his case, extended to the very heinous sin of ignorance of the gallery's *locale*.

Some amusing mistakes from ignorance of the rules of the House occasionally occur. In the session of 1833, a Scotch

Highlander, newly arrived from his native hills, got, by some strange oversight of the officers, into the side gallery appropriated for members, on the right of the Speaker's chair. He knew no more of the rules or localities of the house than he did of the politics of Timbuctoo. Never suspecting that he was transgressing any law, human or divine, in entering the side gallery, or when there, taking the best place he could find, he at once advanced to one of the front benches, and there seated himself with the utmost imaginable coolness,—just as if about to "rest himself" on the brow of some of the heath-clad mountains of Caledonia. There were a few straggling members in the side gallery at the time, and perceiving at once from his Highland costume—he was dressed in tartan—that he did not belong to the fraternity of St. Stephen's legislators, they richly enjoyed the amusing blunder which Donald had committed. He, meanwhile, after gazing with boundless astonishment on the huge proportions of the Speaker's wig, and witnessing the bustle that was going on on the floor of the house, turned his eyes towards the strangers' gallery, and seemed quite amazed that so many persons should quietly submit to be so closely squeezed together—to the imminent hazard of their ribs—that they looked one solid mountain of mortality, while there were so many cushioned and comfortable unoccupied seats in the place where he had located himself. At this moment one of the members on an adjoining seat, seeing poor Donald had transgressed from ignorance, whispered to him to make himself scarce in a moment, or that otherwise he would be taken into custody. A word to the wise is enough: the mountaineer took the hint of the friendly M. P., and darted out of the house as well as the gallery in a twinkling. I am credibly assured that he ran at his full speed, not casting one "longing lingering look behind," till he reached Somerset House in the Strand, a distance of full one mile and a half.

On another occasion, during the session of 1834, a lady, the sister of one of the members, entered the side gallery by mistake, instead of going to the only place above the ceiling whence "the sex" were permitted to have a "peep," for it was nothing more, at the House. She immediately, to speak in parliamentary phraseology, "caught the eye of the Speaker," then Sir Charles Manners Sutton, whose visual organs were always allowed to be as acute in this respect as they were said by the Liberals to be in first recognizing a talented Tory, when a Tory and Reformer rose at the same time to address the House. The Speaker seemed quite delighted with the novelty of a politician in petticoats; he never withdrew his eye from the fair intruder an instant during the short time she remained in the house. She was infinitely more attractive than the eloquence of the orator who, for the time being, chanced to be addressing "the House." Until the lady vanished, Mr. Speaker was as inattentive to the arguments of the honourable member "on his legs," as was the wig on his head or the chair on which he sat. Had the intruder been of the masculine gender, he would, if observed, have been pounced on by the officer in a moment, but gallantry forbade taking a lady into custody; and therefore, as in the event of its being known that he had seen the transgressor in petticoats, and had failed to do his duty, he would have subjected himself to something more than reproof, he, unlike the Speaker, contrived to appear as if the lady had not caught his eye. After she had been in the prohibited place for nearly a minute, it occurred to her that she was in the wrong locality, and accordingly she made her exit forthwith.

But the most amusing mistake of this nature which occurred in my time, was in the case of a young gentleman from the north of Scotland. It happened in April, 1833. A member having taken him into the house, pointed him to a seat under the gallery, of which he immediately took possession; but he had not been above half an hour in it when he began to feel the inconvenience of which the reporters so often complain, namely, that of certain members being "totally inaudible," and as the orator who then addressed the house happened to speak from the third bench on the left of the Speaker's chair, the young Scotsman very naturally concluded that the best way to remedy the evil of not hearing at all, or hearing but very imperfectly, would be to place himself as nearly as possible in the vicinity of the orator; and as he had always taken it for granted that if introduced into the house by a member, he might take any of the back seats, if not occupied by the legislators themselves, he very deliberately walked himself to the bench immediately behind that whence the honourable member poured forth his eloquence. The house chanced to be pretty full at the time, and there he remained undiscovered upwards of two hours, when it adjourned, and he went out amidst the crowd of honourable and right honour-

* It is unnecessary to repeat, that as regards all matters of convenience of this kind, the same remarks equally apply to the present house.

† Let me not, however, be misunderstood here. In consequence of the number of strangers always lounging in the lobby, the officers are often obliged to be very unceremonious.

able gentlemen. Mr. Hume, who sat only about two yards distant, cast sundry very suspicious looks towards him, as if apprehending that he was some spy from the Tory camp on the opposite side. Had the House come to a division on the debate during part of which the young Scotchman was present, he would have made the discovery, to his cost, that there is all the difference in the world in the house itself, whatever there may be elsewhere, between a private individual and he whose name is graced by the appendage of an M. P.

CHAPTER II.

FORMS, RULES, REGULATIONS, &c. OF THE HOUSE.

At the time appointed for the meeting of a new Parliament, the King, attended by his officers and guards, goes in state to meet the members of both Houses. On his arrival and departure from the Lords (the only House he ever visits), he is greeted by royal salutes of twenty-one guns each, as well—especially if a popular monarch—as by the plaudits of a vast concourse of his subjects, who invariably, on such occasions, congregate in the immediate vicinity of both Houses. The first place his Majesty enters is an apartment exclusively devoted to himself, called the Prince's Chamber. Here he puts on his crown and robes, and then proceeds, conducted by the Lord Chamberlain, to the House of Lords, when, having taken his seat on the throne, and received the obeisance of the Lords spiritual and temporal, who all stand in their respective places clothed in their robes of state and office, he desires the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to order the Commons into his presence. On proceeding to the Lower House, that officer finds the members waiting his arrival, in order that they may promptly obey the commands of their Sovereign. He advances to the bar, making three low bows to the members, and then addressing them, says—"Gentlemen of the House of Commons, the King commands this Honourable House to attend him immediately in the House of Peers." Retiring backwards and again bowing three times, he withdraws.

The Commons forthwith proceed in a body to the bar of the House of Lords, where they make their obeisance both to the King and Peers. The Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper then commands them, in the King's name, to choose a Speaker for their House from among themselves, who shall be their chairman and the regulator of their proceedings during their sittings, and also the mouth-piece or channel of communication between them and the other branches of the Legislature, during the existence of that parliament. The Commons, after again making their obeisance to their Sovereign and the Peers, retire from the bar of the Upper House, and return to their own House, where, in obedience to the commands of the King, and agreeably to the Constitution, they immediately proceed to the choice of a Speaker. It is necessary, however, before choosing a Speaker, that the members present take the necessary oaths, which are administered by the Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household. The mace, which, during the proceedings in the House, except when it is in committee, always lies on the table, must, at the commencement of every new parliament, and on the death or resignation of the old Speaker, be put under the table. This being done, any honourable member rises and proposes that some other honourable member, whom he names, take the chair. This motion being seconded, if there be no opposition, the honourable member so named is declared to be duly elected, and is led by the mover and seconder of the motion from his seat to the bar of the house, whence they conduct him, bowing three times as they advance, to the chair. After they have seated him, he rises up and returns thanks for the honour they have conferred on him; expressing at the same time a sense of his unfitness for the situation in which they have placed him, and requesting that the House would choose some person more qualified to preside over its proceedings. His request being of course refused, he submits to the pleasure of the House, and, on receiving directions regarding the usual requests to be made on behalf of the House when he waits on the King, he adjourns it to a day appointed for that purpose.

When the choice of a Speaker is to be contested, and another honourable member has been proposed and seconded for the office, the choice is to be determined by what is called a question, namely, taking the votes of all present on the subject. The clerk of the House is the person who on such occasions is addressed by the members who speak in support

of the respective candidates, and when the debate is concluded, it is his duty to put the question and count the votes for each. This is done, as in divisions in committees of the whole House, by changing sides. When the contest is expected to be a close one,—as at the meeting of the present parliament when Sir Charles Manners Sutton and Mr. Abercromby were the opposing candidates,—the clerk of the House has a duty of some importance to discharge. Each candidate, as a matter of etiquette, votes for his opponent. Those who were not aware of this conventional arrangement, were surprised when they saw at the last election of Speaker, the name of Sir Charles Manners Sutton as voting for Mr. Abercromby, and that of Mr. Abercromby for Sir Charles. The House then adjourns for a few days, to give time to all the members to take the necessary oaths a second time. If they fail to do this they incur a penalty of £500, and are besides disqualified for voting on the answer to his Majesty's speech, or on any other question. It is not, however, necessary that the oaths be administered to the members separately. I have seen as many as eighteen or twenty members advance to the table and take the oaths at once.

The day appointed for the Speaker's appearance before the King on behalf of the Commons having arrived, the Usher of the Black Rod is again commanded by his Majesty, through the Lord Chamberlain, to summon the members of the Lower House into the presence of the King at the bar of the House of Peers. That officer enters the House of Commons in the same manner, and with the same ceremonies as before, only that he now addresses himself to the Speaker. The Commons, on hearing the King's pleasure announced, immediately proceed to the bar of the Upper House, headed by their Speaker, when they make their obeisance to his Majesty and the Peers as before. The Speaker then addresses himself in the following speech to the King:

"Most gracious Sovereign,

"The knights, citizens, and burgesses of your House of Commons, in obedience to your royal command, have proceeded to the choice of a Speaker. They have among them many worthy persons eminently qualified for so great a trust; yet, with too favourable an eye, have cast it upon me, who am really conscious to myself of many infirmities, rendering me much unfit for so great an employment. And although my endeavours of excusing myself before them have not been successful, yet they have been so indulgent as to permit me to continue my endeavours therein before your Majesty's most piercing and discerning judgment.

"The veneration due to Majesty which lodgeth in every loyal breast, makes it not an easy matter to speak before your Majesty at any time, or in any capacity. But to speak before your Majesty in your exaltation, thus gloriously supported and attended, and that as Speaker of your House of Commons, requires greater abilities than I can pretend to own.

"I am not also without fear that the public affairs, wherein your Majesty and your kingdom in this juncture of time are so highly concerned, may receive detriment through my weakness.

"I therefore, with a plain humble heart, prostrate at your royal feet, beseech that you will command them to review what they have done, and to proceed to another election."

To this address the Lord Chancellor, by direction of his Majesty, returns the following answer, mentioning at the beginning the name or title of the Speaker.

"The King hath very attentively heard your discreet and handsome discourse, whereby you endeavour to excuse and disable yourself for the place of Speaker: in answer whereof, his Majesty hath commanded me to say to you, that he doth in no sort admit of the same; for his Majesty hath had long experience of your abilities, good affection, integrity, and resolution, in several employments of great trust and weight. He knows you have been long a Parliament man, and therefore every way fitted and qualified for the employment. Besides, he cannot disapprove the election of this House of Commons, especially when they have expressed so much duty in choosing one so worthy and acceptable to him. And therefore the King doth allow of the election and admits you for Speaker."

On receiving this answer, the Speaker further addresses the King as follows:—

"Great Sir,

"Since it is your gracious pleasure not to accept of my humble excuse, but by your royal approbation to fix me under this great though honourable weight, and to think me fit to be invested with a trust of so high a nature as this is; I take it, in the first place, to be incumbent upon me, that I render your Majesty all possible thanks; which I now humbly do,

with a heart full of all duty, and offered with a deeper sense of gratitude than I can find words to express.

"Next, from your royal determination in this affair, whereby you have imprinted a new character upon me, I take courage against my own diffidence, and cheerfully bend myself, with such strength and abilities as God shall give, to the service so graciously assigned me; no way doubting that your Majesty will please to pardon my frailties, to accept of my faithful endeavours, and always to look favourably upon the work of your own hands.

"And now, Sir, my first entrance upon this service obliges me to make a few necessary, but humble petitions, on the behalf of your most loyal and dutiful House of Commons.

"1. That, for our better attendance on the public service, we and our servants may be free in our persons and estates from arrests and other disturbances.

"2. That, in our debates, liberty and freedom of speech be allowed to us.

"3. That, as occasion shall require, your Majesty, upon our humble suit, and at such times as your Majesty shall judge seasonable, will vouchsafe us access to your royal person.

"4. That all our proceedings may receive a favourable construction.

"That God, who hath brought you back to the throne of your fathers, and with you all our comforts, grant you a long and prosperous reign, and send you victory over all your enemies; and every good man's heart will say, Amen."

To this second address to his Majesty, the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's further directions, makes the following answer:—"Mr. Speaker, The King's Majesty hath heard and well weighed your short and eloquent oration, and, in the first place, much approves that you have introduced a shorter way of speaking on this occasion. His Majesty doth well accept of all those dutiful and affectionate expressions in which you have delivered your submission to his royal pleasure, and looks upon it as a good omen to his affairs, and as an evidence that the House of Commons have still the same at heart that have chosen such a mouth; the conjuncture of time and the King and kingdom's affairs require such a House of Commons, such a Speaker; for, with reverence to the Holy Scripture, upon this occasion, the King may say, 'He that is not with me is against me,' for he that doth not now put his hand and heart to support the King in the common cause of this kingdom, can hardly ever hope for such another opportunity, or find a time to make satisfaction for the omission of this.

"Next, I am commanded by his Majesty to answer your four petitions; whereof the first being the freedom of you and your servants, your persons and estates, without arrests or other disturbance, the King has graciously pleased to grant it as full as to any of your predecessors; the second for liberty and freedom of speech; the third for access to his royal person; and the fourth that your proceedings may receive a favourable construction, are all freely granted by his Majesty."

The above form or ceremony observed in the choosing and approving of a Speaker, was first used on the occasion of Sir Job Charlton's election to the chair of the House of Commons in the time of Charles the Second, since which period it has been invariably adopted.

The Speaker is elected, as already observed, not at the commencement of each session, but at the meeting of every new parliament. The title Speaker is given to him because he alone has the right to speak to or address the King in the name and on behalf of the House. In the chair, he sits chiefly in the capacity of a moderator of the assembly, never taking any part in the proceedings, or expressing any opinion on the subject-matter of discussion; all he does is to call on the different members, when the proper time arrives, to present the petitions or make the motions of which they have given notice, and to correct any member, who, either from ignorance of the rules and usages of the House, or in the heat of debate, is out of order. In calling on members to present petitions, addresses, &c. or make the motions of which they had previously given notice, the Speaker invariably takes their names in the order of time in which they had given their respective notices. His powers are very great. When he interposes his authority, no member must for a moment question it; if any member were to do so, he can order him at once into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. Hence it is that when he interferes, honourable members, in the midst of their angriest, and most violent altercations, at once express their readiness to bow to the decision and submit to the pleasure of the Chair. During his absence no business can be transacted, nor any other question proposed than that of an adjournment. When the House resolves itself into a Committee, he vacates the

chair, and takes his seat as a private member, when he has a right to speak to any question before the Committee if he is so inclined, which, however, he very rarely is.

The office of Speaker of the House of Commons is one of the most arduous kind; the amount of labour he has to perform is almost incredible. Not only must he be always present during the sittings of the House, but he must at all hours of the day, and on all occasions during the session, be accessible to every member who chooses to wait on him. He must sign all the records of the votes and proceedings of the House, and of course carefully read them over, lest there should be anything wrong in them before affixing his signature; he must be always ready to instruct members as to matters of form; in short, nearly all the business part of the House is transacted by him and his clerks. Not even Saturday, when no business, except on very urgent occasions, is done in the house, was formerly a day of recreation to him; for every Saturday during the session, before the meeting of the present Parliament, he was obliged to hold what are called Parliamentary Levees, and give splendid dinners to the members, to which they were invited, in certain numbers at a time, in rotation. His Saturdays are still in one way or other occupied with the duties of his office. It is doubtful even, with the labours of the week before him, whether the "Sabbath shines a day of rest to him," though of course he is protected on that hallowed day from the personal intrusion of honourable members on his retirement. His salary was formerly £5,000 a year, but in 1833 it was reduced to £4,000; in addition to his salary, however, he receives fees to the amount of £2,000, or £3,000, besides £1,000 of equipment money, and 2,000 ounces of plate, which are given him immediately on his election; he is also allowed two hogsheads of claret wine, and £100 for stationary every year; add to all this the circumstance of his having a handsome residence provided for him close to the House of Commons at the public expense, and the situation is worth at least £8,000 per annum. In point of rank the Speaker is next to the Peers of Great Britain, and he has the same precedence at the King's council table. The speaker never votes on any question except the numbers be equal, when his casting vote decides the majority.

After the form of the Speaker asking and receiving those privileges on behalf of the members of the House of Commons, already referred to, has been gone through, the King makes his speech to both Houses. What the usual character of such speeches is, every one already knows. The speech being delivered, the King withdraws, and returns home, and the Commons retire to their own house, where, as in the Lords, an address in answer to his Majesty's most gracious speech, warmly approving of it, thanking him for it, and echoing its every sentiment, is moved and seconded by some of the most zealous supporters of the existing Government. An amendment to the address is generally proposed by some member of the Opposition, but is almost invariably lost by a large majority; many of the most strenuous opponents of the existing Administration deeming it not only a want of courtesy to Ministers to oppose the Address, but a manifest mark of disrespect to the King. At the meeting of the present Parliament, however, the Opposition conceived that, in the extraordinary circumstances in which the country and parties were placed, they were bound to sacrifice all considerations of a merely conventional kind, and endeavour to overthrow the Government of Sir Robert Peel the very first moment they could come in collision with it. Hence an amendment to the Address to the King was proposed, and carried by a majority of seven, in one of the fullest Houses ever known, the number present being 611. I never knew a question which, during the discussion, excited greater interest than this, partly owing to the impression generally felt by both parties, that it would be decisive of the fate of the Government, and partly to the great uncertainty which existed as to the vote to which the House would come.

During the first two sessions of the Reformed Parliament, the House met at twelve o'clock for the purpose of presenting petitions and transacting business of minor importance. These sittings usually lasted till three, when the House again adjourned till five, at which time the most important business commenced. The morning sittings were generally but thinly attended, the number of members present scarcely ever exceeding fifty or sixty. It was soon found that the plan of having two sittings in one day would not answer, as it often happened that at the morning sitting, not a single member of Government was present to answer any question which honourable members might have to put to them. The arrangement was therefore abandoned, and the old practice resumed, on the meeting of the present Parliament. The usual hour for

the Speaker's now taking the chair is half-past three. An hour and a-half is generally spent in the presentation of petitions, and the debates on motions begin a little after five.

Immediately on the Speaker taking the chair, the chaplain reads prayers, after which the Speaker counts the House, when, if there be not forty members present, he declares it to stand adjourned till the following day, unless this happen on a Friday, when it stands adjourned till Monday. The Speaker always wears, during the sittings of the House, a large wig and gown, and so also do the clerks, but no member is allowed to appear in any other than his usual clothes, except on two occasions. One of these is the first day of a new Parliament, when the four members for the City of London wear scarlet gowns, and when they have the privilege of sitting together on the right of the chair. The other exception is in the case of the mover and seconder of the Address, in answer to the speech of his Majesty. These gentlemen must appear, on that occasion, in full court dress.

The members who chance to be in the House before the entrance of the Speaker generally remain covered, but the moment he appears they take off their hats as a mark of respect to him. They may, however, and generally do, immediately after replace them on their heads. The members who afterwards enter the house, severally take off their hats and make a bow to the chair as they pass the bar. They do the same on leaving the house; and even in moving from one part of the floor to another, though it were only one or two yards, they always take off their hats in testimony of respect for the Speaker.

On ordinary motions no member is allowed to speak more than once, except it be in the way of explanation; but the member who made the motion has, as in the case of counsel in the courts of law, the privilege of reply. It sometimes happens, however, that a member who has forgotten what he conceives some important point in his speech, or when something new occurs to him, rises a second time under the pretext of explanation, but he is in such cases generally put down with loud cries of "Spoke, spoke;"—meaning that he has spoken already. In Committees of the whole House, however, members are allowed to speak as often as they choose, the only limit set to their loquacity being that of the temper or impatience of the House. When the House is impatient for a division, or the member wishing to address it is unpopular, the most deafening uproar is purposely raised to cause him to desist by drowning his voice. I shall, in another part of the work, give some specimens of such interruptions.

One regulation of the House not generally known is, that any member making a motion cannot withdraw it without the consent of the gentleman who seconds it. Considerable inconvenience has sometimes arisen from this. To go no farther back than the middle of the last session, we have, in the case of Sir Samuel Whalley's motion on the Assessed Taxes, a striking instance. The motion having been seconded by a Tory, that party pressed it to a division, though Sir Samuel expressed his most anxious wish to withdraw it. They saw that at that moment the Reformers who were opposed to the Window Tax, could not vote for its repeal without embarrassing Government, and therefore thought the opportunity an excellent one for placing the Reform members, especially the representatives of large towns, in a false position with their constituents. In this they succeeded in several instances to their heart's content. Colonel Evans perilled his seat for Westminster by voting on that occasion with the Government in opposition to the wishes of his constituents, and several other members have also prejudiced their personal interests by their votes on the same question.

No bill can be brought into the house without a formal request of leave for that purpose having been made and agreed to. In the case of public bills, this leave is asked and obtained by means of a motion to that effect; on such occasions a short discussion usually takes place on the objects of the bill, before such leave is granted. The debate on the principle of the bill is almost invariably deferred till the second reading. It is a very unusual thing to refuse an honourable member leave to bring in any bill, however unpopular its principle may be with the House. It is conceived to be no more than common courtesy to the person asking leave to bring in the bill, to accord that leave to him, and also permission to read it a first time. If the measure be disliked, it is thrown out on a second reading. A striking instance, however, of the want of this usual courtesy occurred towards the end of last June, when Mr. Fox Maule, though a member of the Government, was refused leave to bring in a bill "for the better protection of tenants' crops in Scotland from the ravages committed on them by several kinds of game."

Before obtaining leave to bring in a bill whose object is to obtain relief of a private nature, it is necessary to present a petition embodying the facts on which the proposed measure is founded. If these facts be not disputed, leave to bring in the bill is granted as a matter of course; but if the facts are questioned, the petition is referred to a Select Committee, who inquire into the conflicting statements, and report their opinion to the House. Leave is granted or refused according to the opinion expressed by the Committee.

When a bill is ready to be brought in, leave having been previously obtained for that purpose, the member who asked such permission stands at the bar of the house, and on his name being called by the Speaker, says, "Bill, Sir." The Speaker then says, "Please to bring it up;" on which the member advances to the table of the house, and then handing it over to one of the Clerks, the title is read by him a first time as a matter of form, and the bill is ordered to stand for a second reading on any day which the member bringing it up may appoint for the purpose. When a bill has been read a second time, the question which the Speaker puts from the chair is, whether it shall be committed; that is, whether it shall be referred to the consideration of a Committee of the whole House, or to a Select Committee. If the bill be one of great and general importance, the usual practice is to refer it to a Committee of the whole House; if only of local or limited interest, it is referred to a Select Committee, any member naming, at pleasure, the persons who shall compose that committee. The names of the Select Committee being read by the Clerk, the Committee are ordered to meet in the Speaker's chamber to take the matter into consideration; and when they have made up their minds, to report their decision to the House. The Committee accordingly meet, and after having chosen their chairman, either proceed clause by clause with the bill, or adjourn to some other time. When they have gone through the bill, the Chairman, as the representative of the Committee, makes his report at the side bar of the house, reading all the alterations which have been made in the bill. If new clauses have been added by the Committee, they are marked alphabetically, and, as in the case of the alterations, are read by the Chairman. They are then handed to the Clerk, who reads all the amendments and new clauses. The Speaker then puts the question, whether the amendments and additional clauses shall be read a second time. If this is agreed to, he reads them himself, or if not all agreed to, as many of them as have been approved of. He next puts the question, whether the bill so amended shall be engrossed—which means, fairly written out on parchment—and read a third time on some other day. If the third reading be agreed to, a day is appointed for the purpose, and when read a third time, the Speaker puts the question "that the bill do pass." If this also is agreed to, the words "*Soit Baille aux Seigneurs*," are written on it by the Clerk; after which it is sent up to the Lords for their expected concurrence. If any new clauses are proposed and agreed to after a bill has been engrossed, they must be also written on parchment, like the bill, and are called riders.

In Committees of the whole House, the same discussions often take place on bills as on important motions.

When a message is announced from the Lords to the Commons, the persons charged with which are usually some of the Masters in Chancery, the messengers must wait until the business before the House is finished before they deliver it, unless it happens that the Commons are engaged in a lengthened debate, when from considerations of courtesy the Speaker intimates that the House is ready to receive the message. The member who happens to be addressing the House at the time, immediately sits down till the message is delivered and the bearers of it have retired, after which he resumes his speech, and the proceedings go on as usual. In advancing to the chair, the messengers, accompanied by the Sergeant-at-arms carrying the mace on his shoulder, make three profound reverences to the Speaker, when, after delivering the message, they withdraw backwards, making three low bows, as when they approached the chair.

The mace always lies on the table while the Speaker is in the chair, with the exception of those occasions, few and far between, on which it is sent to Westminster Hall, the Court of Requests, or the several Committee-rooms to summon the members to attend the House; or when the House has resolved itself into a Committee of the whole House, on which occasions it is laid under the table.

I have already mentioned, that before proceeding to business, the Speaker must count and see that there are forty members present. It is not necessary, however, that this number should continue in the House in order to enable it to proceed, unless,

indeed, any member, anxious to get rid of the motion before it, should move that it be counted. This the Speaker must do at the suggestion of any member, when, if it be found that there are not forty members present, the House is declared to stand adjourned till the following day. When government are apprehensive of being embarrassed by any question which is to be brought forward, and which does not press for an immediate settlement, they hint to their leading friends, who communicate it to the other members, their wish that their supporters should be absent, in order that the House may be counted out, and by that means get rid of the question for the session. Lest, however, their opponents should muster so strongly as to continue a House during the discussion, and come to a decision adverse to the known views of Government, it is always arranged that a certain number of the supporters of Ministers shall lounge about the House, carefully watching the progress of the question, and shaping their tactics accordingly. If they see that on a division Government would be in a minority, they immediately despatch messengers to all parts of the town for their friends, who hurry down to the House with an almost John Gilpin speed. In the mean time, some of those present prevent the House coming to a division before the arrival of the absentees, by speaking against time. A striking instance of this occurred in the beginning of last June, when Mr. Robinson, the member for Worcester, brought forward his motion respecting a Property-tax. Ministers and their friends had confidently expected that on that occasion the House would be counted out; and Mr. Ruthven and Mr. Brotherton, both celebrated for moving that the House be counted out or adjourned, were present for the purpose. It so happened, however, that though at three or four different times in the early part of the evening, there were only four or five more than the requisite number, they could not get their object accomplished. The only member of Government who chanced to be present during Mr. Robinson's speech, which lasted nearly two hours, was Mr. Spring Rice. About nine o'clock, however, when there was no longer any hope of counting out the House, and when it was uncertain how soon the question might be pressed to a division, messengers were despatched to Brookes, to the Westminster Club, at 24, George-street, and the other places of resort of the Liberal members; so that in the short space of half an hour the number of members in the house swelled from forty-eight or fifty, to about two hundred.

In a Committee of the whole House eight members are sufficient for the transaction of business. On such occasions, the members address themselves to the Chairman by name. When the Speaker is in the chair, he is always addressed by the term "Sir," and the members are supposed to direct their observations as exclusively to him as if he were the only individual present. Select Committees, and Committees of Privileges sit in rooms up stairs.

In choosing a Committee to try the question of disputed elections, the selection is by ballot. There must be one hundred members present before the ballot can be proceeded with. Thirty-three are ballotted for, and then each of the opposing parties are allowed to strike off eleven from the number, the remaining eleven forming the Committee. The members are sworn in the same as a jury in a court of law, before proceeding to try the question. It is singular what a disproportion there will sometimes appear in the number of Liberal and Tory members whose names are drawn. In the Committee chosen in June last to try the validity of Mr. O'Dwyer's second election for Drogheda, it so happened that the whole thirty-three were decided Tories; but three or four of them not being present when their names were mentioned, others were chosen in their places who chanced to be Liberals. These, however, were of course struck off by the agent of the Tory petitioner against Mr. O'Dwyer's return, and consequently the latter gentleman had a purely Tory Committee, with Mr. Goulburn for chairman, to decide on his right to his seat. He was unseated.

I have mentioned in the previous chapter, that when a division takes place while the House is in a Committee of the whole House, the practice is to change sides, the "Ayes" taking the right and the "Noes" the left of the Speaker's chair. Two members called Tellers are then appointed to count the numbers on each side of the question. Some ludicrous mistakes occasionally occur from members not taking the proper side in time, in which case their votes are numbered among the adverse party. In the session of 1834, Colonel Evans happened to be fast asleep in one of the side galleries during a division in Committee on a most important question, the nature of which, however, I now forget, when he was counted as voting with the Tories; nor were his slum-

bers disturbed, notwithstanding the noise and bustle consequent on the opposing parties changing sides, until the loud laughter and ironical cheers of the Tories wrested the gallant Colonel from the pleasant embraces of Morpheus. He looked the incarnation of foolishness on discovering the predicament and the company into which he had brought himself by a short, and as he, doubtless, under other circumstances, would have thought, a harmless nap.

When the House divides on any question without having been in Committee, the members go out of the house, as mentioned in the first chapter, to the lobby; strangers having been previously ordered to withdraw from the latter place. If the question on which the House is about to divide be whether any bill, petition, &c. is to be brought in, the "Ayes," or approvers of the motion, go out; but if the division is to be on any matter which the House was before possessed of, the "Noes," or opponents of the motion go out. The Speaker appoints four Tellers, two of whom are for and two against the motion, to take the respective numbers on every division. The Tellers first count those who remain in the house, and then placing themselves in the passage between the bar and the door, count those who were without as they re-enter. The two Tellers who have the majority, then take the right hand, and the other two the left, when they advance abreast towards the Speaker, making three bows or inclinations of the head as a testimony of their respect for him. When they reach the table they deliver the numbers written on a small piece of paper, saying: "The Ayes that went out are so many, the Noes who remained are so many," or otherwise as the case may happen. The numbers are repeated by the Speaker, who also declares the majority, and whether for or against the motion.

When the House divides the gallery is cleared of strangers, the Speaker saying at the full stretch of his voice, and looking up to the gallery, "Strangers must withdraw." The officers repeat the Speaker's orders, and in about half a minute the place is empty. The object of excluding strangers when a division takes place, is to prevent members being influenced when giving their votes, by their presence. The arrangement or regulation, however, is a very unnecessary one, as on every important question the names of the members who voted, and the way in which they voted, are given in the newspapers of the following day.

Though strangers are admitted into the gallery during the debates, it is only by sufferance. There is a standing order of the House against the presence of any other than the members; and a member has only to say to the Speaker, "I think I see strangers in the gallery," which is the phraseology employed in such a case, to have it cleared at once, the Speaker being bound to order strangers to withdraw that moment. When, in the session of 1833, Mr. O'Connell had his memorable quarrel with the Reporters, and they refused to report his speeches, he determined on preventing the publication of any other member's speeches, or any of the proceedings, by enforcing the regulations of the House for the exclusion of the public. He first looked up to the gallery, and then addressing the Speaker in the terms above quoted, the latter immediately ordered strangers to withdraw. The members then proceeded to deliberate and debate with closed doors; but the absence of strangers and reporters had a most paralyzing effect on their eloquence. There was no animation in their manner—scarcely any attempt at that wit and sarcasm at each other's expense so often made on other occasions. Their speeches were dull in the highest degree, and for the first time within my recollection they kept their word when, on commencing their orations, they promised not to trespass at any length on the patience of the House. Their speeches had certainly the merit of being short: I cannot say they were sweet. The secret of all this was, they knew their eloquence would not grace the newspapers of the following morning. The empty gallery gave the House a most melancholy appearance inside, and outside it was no better. A stray person was here and there to be seen in the stairs or passages leading to the house, which only served to make the general dullness of the place more striking. The lobby, which used to be so crowded, and to be the scene of so much bustle and animation, was altogether deserted. The door-keeper's office was a sinecure; there were no intruders to keep out of the house. He was a *solitaire*; but for the circumstance of a member at unusually long intervals making his exit and his entrance, he must have fancied himself a second Alexander Selkirk, the sole inhabitant of some desolate place.

The law which excludes strangers from the gallery, necessarily implies the illegality of publishing the proceedings of the House. But not only is such publication prohibited by implication, there is an express statute to that effect. The

reports therefore of the speeches of members, and of the proceedings of the House, are only by sufferance, like the admission of strangers to the gallery; and every journal in the kingdom which gives any such report is liable to be prosecuted, and punished, for a violation of the rules and a contempt of the authority of the House. The law, however, has been a dead letter in this respect, ever since newspapers began the practice of reporting the proceedings of Parliament.

It is one of the rules of the House, that no motion on any important question be brought forward without the member who is to submit it, having given due notice of such intention. The more important the question to which the motion refers, it is usual to give the longer notice. When the day arrives, the name of the member who gave notice of the motion is called by the Speaker, in the order of time in which it appears on the order-book, and if he do not answer when thus called on, the motion is of necessity indefinitely postponed. But a member may postpone his motion to any future day he pleases, by giving notice to the House to that effect. I have often known a motion to be postponed six or seven different times in the course of one session, owing to the altered circumstances of parties between the time of giving the notice and the day fixed for bringing it forward, and the necessity, at the same time, of not altogether in appearance dropping the subject, lest the honourable member should thereby compromise his interests with his constituents. The notice of a motion for a revision of the Pension List, given by Mr. Harvey on the meeting of the present Parliament, and postponed time after time, till at last the session ended without its being brought forward at all, is a case in point. Mr. Harvey gave notice of the motion when the Tories were in power, and when they were displaced by his own party, he was naturally anxious not to embarrass the latter by bringing it forward.

If a member make a motion and lose it, on any given subject, the same motion cannot be again made during the session, either by the member himself or by any other in the house; but the spirit of this regulation is sometimes evaded by honourable members bringing forward a motion substantially the same but differently framed. This, however, is not often done, as it is generally considered a proof of a factious opposition to the existing Government, if not of want of respect to the House itself.

It is a fact not generally known, that any person chosen as member by any constituency, though not only without his own consent, but contrary to his most positively expressed wishes, is bound by the laws of the House, which in such cases are the law of the land, to serve in Parliament, unless he is able to satisfy the House that he is disqualified for the duties of such a situation. If the House do not concur in the grounds which he pleads for exemption from the office of legislator, and he notwithstanding is not present when his name is called over, he is at once ordered into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, which subjects him to an expense of eight or ten guineas per day. From such custody the party is usually released on the motion of some friend, on making the necessary concessions, and paying the usual fees. On Wednesday, March the 17th, 1831, Lord F. L. Gower, and Messrs. Maberley and S. L. Stephens, were ordered into custody for not answering to their names when called. Lord F. L. Gower, being a knight of the shire, had to pay £10. 10s. before he was discharged, and the others, being only burgesses, paid £8. 8s. each.

A member, when duly elected, is not only compelled to serve in Parliament, but he cannot at any future period either resign his seat or be expelled from the house except by some legal disqualification. In order, therefore, to meet the views of those members who may wish to resign their seats, it has been the practice, ever since the year 1750, for such members to accept the office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, which being an appointment under the Crown, their seats are of necessity vacated. The office, however, is a merely nominal one. The stewards who accept it desire neither honour nor emolument from it, the only salary attached to the appointment being twenty shillings a-year. The Chiltern Hundreds are districts in Buckinghamshire, belonging to the Crown. The appointment to the office of Steward of these Hundreds is vested in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, as a matter of course, grants it to every member who applies for it.

Any member may at any time, and in the midst of any discussion, move the adjournment of the House. It is true that the mere moving of the adjournment does not compel the House to adjourn; but if the member so moving it persevere in his motion, he is sure to succeed. He can force the House to divide on the question whether it shall adjourn or not, and the moment the division is over he can again, if carried

against him, move it and compel a division as often as he pleases, thus completely putting an end to the transaction of any business. The celebrated Mr. Sheridan, on one occasion, moved the adjournment of the House nineteen successive times, and had nineteen divisions on the subject, the one following the other as fast as they could be taken. The House, seeing it was only wasting time to resist the adjournment any longer, at last reluctantly yielded. Mr. Sheridan's object was to prevent the House coming to some important resolution, the precise nature of which I do not at this moment recollect, respecting the war at that time going on with France, until the country should be apprized of it. He succeeded in his object.

CHAPTER III.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

WHEN a motion on any important question is fixed for a particular night, and it is understood that the member bringing it forward is anxious to proceed with it, honourable members who had other notices of less important motions on the order-book, generally give way in his favour. On such occasions the house, though usually not containing a hundred members, and often not half that number, when the Speaker takes the chair, soon gets filled, and generally continues crowded till the debate is finished, even though it should be adjourned for three or four successive nights. The time at which the house is usually thinnest is from eight to ten o'clock, when any members preferring the more solid qualities of a good dinner to "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," vacate their seats in Westminster that they may fill one at a well-furnished table in their own houses, or in those of some friend. Hence it very rarely happens that any of the best speakers address the House before ten o'clock,—not wishing, of course, to waste their eloquence on comparatively empty benches. A succession of fourth or fifth-rate orators will almost invariably be found "on their legs" from the meeting of the House until that hour. They know that after ten o'clock there is not the remotest chance of their getting an opportunity of delivering their sentiments; and hence, when one has finished his speech, they often rise in shoals of six or seven at once, each hoping he will be the fortunate person in catching the Speaker's eye. The other members in such a case shout the names of the honourable gentlemen who have risen whom they are severally anxious to see "in possession of the House;" but the word of the Speaker settles the question as to which of the candidates for senatorial fame is to proceed. He mentions aloud the name of the orator who first caught his eye, and the others immediately resume their seats, while he commences his speech.

The usual practice of the Speaker during any important debate is to "fix his eye" on a member from each side of the house, or on the opposite sides of the question, alternately; so that from the beginning of any discussion till the end, however many nights it may last, every successive speaker either answers, or is supposed to rise to answer, the speaker who immediately preceded him. Of course, in such cases, he may also answer those honourable gentlemen on the adverse side who may have spoken at any previous stage of the debate, and who he thinks has not been fully or triumphantly answered by those of his own party who preceded him. When the Speaker observes signs of impatience for a division to be general in the house, he makes it his invariable practice to single out from those members who simultaneously rise when the last speaker has sat down, the leading men on each side of the question. This brings the debate to a close, because the House would inevitably clamour down any person who would have the temerity to attempt to address it after the most influential members on both sides of the question had spoken. Were not this plan adopted, and were the Speaker to go on calling on the "little men," as they are termed, to proceed in their harangues, as they successively arise, discussions would often extend to as many weeks as they do days. Had the Speaker allowed every "minor member" who on the debate, last session, on the Irish Church Appropriation Bill endeavoured to "catch his eye," instead of lasting only four days, it would have been protracted for at least as many weeks.

After ten o'clock, the members who have been to dinner are to be seen trooping into the house, and by eleven they are

generally all returned, as after that hour it is uncertain, when there has been a protracted discussion, how soon a division may take place. However much improved otherwise by a good dinner and its accompaniments, it is hardly necessary to say that honourable members, on their return to the house, are not always in a better condition for the discharge of their legislative duties. However, there is little difficulty in uttering either of the monosyllables "Aye" or "No," and as their minds are, in almost every instance, made up before-hand as to which of the two words they will pronounce when it is their turn to vote, they contrive to acquit themselves tolerably well.

The practice of so many members leaving the house to go to dinner between seven and eight o'clock and generally not returning before ten, endangered the existence, on one occasion, of the Melbourne Ministry, soon after its re-accession to office. The measure before the House was one of great importance, and about nine o'clock there were only about two hundred and fifty members present, the great majority of whom were Tories. The latter saw the preponderance of their numbers, and accordingly shouted out "Divide, divide!" They also endeavoured, though without effect, to put down by clamour those members from the Ministerial side of the House who rose to prolong the discussion until their friends should return. The debate was kept up till half-past twelve, when the division took place. The number of members then present was upwards of six hundred, and the majority in favour of Ministers exceeded thirty.

The house has a very different appearance at different times. When there is no interesting question before it, its empty seats give it a cheerless aspect; and the extent to which it operates both on speakers and listeners is incredible. It is next to impossible, in such a case, to make a lively or eloquent speech, or even suppose it were both lively and eloquent, it always fails to produce an impression. Though the voting away of the public money, when the miscellaneous estimates are under consideration, is unquestionably one of the most important and responsible duties which devolve on a British legislator, it so happens that when this is being done, there is invariably a less number of members present than on any other occasion. The greatest number I have known in the house when the public money was in the act of being voted away, scarcely ever exceeded eighty or ninety; while from fifty to sixty is the usual number. On such occasions, especially after twelve o'clock, you see nothing but languor in the faces and manner of those honourable members who continue to sit in an upright position; while a considerable portion of them are either leaning with their heads on the benches, or stretched out at full length with their eyes, like those of Shakspeare's shipboy, "sealed up" by sleep, "Nature's soft nurse." The strangers in the gallery who chance to be there for the first time, are always amazed beyond measure at seeing any portion of their representatives thus enjoying their repose while matters of the deepest importance are transacting in the house. They are surprised to see those who were so bustling and animated on the hustings, and so prodigal of pledges to oppose every improper grant of the public money, not only dull and drowsy in the house, but "sleeping it out" while millions are voted away for all sorts of objects, good, bad, and indifferent. Strangers do not, of course, return home with any very exalted opinion either of the integrity or dignity of the legislators themselves, or of the qualities necessary to constitute a so-called representative of the people.* But when, as already stated, a question of commanding interest is to be discussed, the house is full soon after the Speaker takes the chair, and continues so, except from eight to ten o'clock, till it either divides or adjourns. There are no sleepers or slumbers then. In the old house there was not sitting room, far less room to recline in a horizontal position; in the present house, including the galleries, there are seats enough, but not more. When the house is full it has a very cheerful appearance, and greatly adds to the intrinsic interest of the proceedings. On such occasions, you will sometimes see fifty or sixty members standing at the bar at the same time. I have often seen it so blocked up that it was with the greatest difficulty a member could make his way either in or out. When this is the case, or when there is a great noise from hon. members speaking and laughing together, the Speaker and other members in different parts of the house, call out "Order at the bar!"—"Bar! bar! bar!"

* a fact which a sense of impartiality compels me to state, most flaming patriots are generally those who most frequently neglect their duty on these occasions.

There is nothing which more forcibly strikes a stranger who is in the house for the first time, than the noise and levity which almost invariably prevail in the House, except when some popular or talented member is addressing it. At these times, the Speaker's voice is drowned amidst the talking and laughing which are going on in all parts of the house. I have known members speak for half an hour at the time, without one single sentiment they uttered being known to one out of ten in the house. The house on such occasions is a scene of perfect confusion, and the noise is sometimes so great as to be heard distinctly in the street outside, a distance of forty of fifty yards, and this, too, though the doors are all shut.

I recollect, when I first entered the house, being struck with the great number of bald-headed members. The number is greater in this Parliament than in any previous one within my remembrance. I have sometimes had occasion to calculate the number of bald heads in the house at once, and have found them to be nearly a third of all present. Taking the whole six hundred and fifty-eight, I should think that perhaps a fourth part are more or less bald-headed.

The dress of honourable members varies with the season. In the spring months, the prevailing colour is black from head to foot; but in the summer season the great majority wear light-coloured inexpressibles and waistcoats. The last two sessions were remarkable for the number of white hats in the house. Considerably more than a majority of the members, I am sure, wore white hats last session.

The number of red heads in the house is also remarkable. I should think they are hardly less numerous than the bald heads. When I come to advert to individual members of distinction, it cannot fail to strike the reader how many of them are red-headed.

I have spoken of the noise and confusion that often prevail in the house when a fourth or fifth-rate speaker is addressing it. When a popular member belonging to either party is on his legs, he, again, is sure, especially if speaking on a party question, to be applauded to the echo by those who hold the same principles as himself. For example, Sir Robert Peel may at all times rely on the vociferous applause of the Tories; Lord John Russell on that of the Whigs; and Mr. O'Connell on that of the Radical or Movement party. In applauding their respective favourites, honourable members give full play to their lungs. Their cheers are sometimes deafening in the house, and are often distinctly heard at a great distance from it. In the new houses, which are near each other, the cheers given in the Commons often disturb the more grave deliberations of the Lords. But it is on an important division that the Stentorian capabilities of the Commons are heard to most advantage. I have often heard the triumphant party give such rounds of applause on the Speaker's announcing the numbers, as literally made the ears of honourable members ring again. When Sir Robert Peel was last session defeated on the Church Appropriation question, such was the exultation of the Liberal party, that some of them, not content with hurraing at the top of their voice, actually took off their hats and whirled them in the air.

Of other kinds of sounds which are often to be heard in the house, I shall have occasion to say something in the following chapter.

There are several naval members in the house, who, though they have as large an allowance of good judgment—in some instances more—as those members who have spent all their days in polished society,—yet have lost much of their earlier literary acquirements. There is more than one of these—and there are several members who have chiefly spent their time in rural retirement in the same predicament—who have forgotten the first rudiments of their orthography. I could mention several amusing instances of such blunders committed by M. P.'s; but let one suffice. A worthy Welch baronet, distinguished for his maritime exploits, was lately asked by one of his constituents who chanced to be in town at the time, for an order of admission into the house. With his characteristic disposition to oblige, Sir — immediately complied with the request, and wrote an order in the usual terms, and addressed it thus—"To the Door Ceepor of the House of Commons." The person for whom it was intended, discovered the error in the spelling after he had gone ten or twelve yards from the worthy baronet, and turning back and running up to him said, "Oh, Sir — there is a mistake in the word 'keeper;' you have spelt it with a c instead of a k." "A mistake!" responded the baronet, taking the order into his hand, "Not a bit of a mistake is there in it, both ways are right—quite right my friend," at the same time returning the order uncorrected to his constituent.

Time after time have I been struck with the extraordinary

instances of a retentive memory, afforded by the ease and accuracy with which members repeat long speeches which they had previously learned by heart; but the most striking instance of this kind I ever witnessed—and I question if there be a parallel to it in the history of Parliamentary debates—was in the case of Mr. R. Tennant, the member for Belfast. This gentleman, on the occasion of Mr. O'Connell's motion for a repeal of the Union, in 1834, actually repeated a speech against the measure, without the least hesitation in a single instance, or the slightest mistake,—which occupied him three hours and a-half in the delivery; and—which renders the effort still more surprising—it was a speech which was full of minute calculations and figures. He mentioned the circumstance to some of his friends at the time, and was so confident of the trust-worthiness of his memory, that he sent the manuscript of his speech to the newspapers before he delivered it.

Those unacquainted with the secrets of the prison-house, would naturally infer that those members of opposite politics whom they see night after night so heartily abusing each other, were not on friendly terms together. There are some cases in which the conclusion would be just: in the great majority it would not. Before and after the dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's Government, the Right Honourable Baronet and Lord John Russell were often seen in most friendly conversation together. Some weeks after the meeting of the present Parliament, Mr. Hughes Hughes, the member for Oxford, made a most violent attack on Mr. O'Connell, pointedly referring among other things, to his ordering death's-heads and cross-bones to be painted over the doors of those electors who would not vote for his nominee in the county of Cork. Mr. O'Connell repelled the attack with equal violence, and retorted, as he did to Mr. Shaw, the member of the University of Dublin, on another occasion, that Mr. Hughes' head was a calf's head. Some nights afterwards both gentlemen were seen walking arm-in-arm up Parliament street, on their way home from the house.

CHAPTER IV.

SCENES IN THE HOUSE.

THERE are two kinds of scenes which occasionally take place in the house. The one chiefly consists in the personal altercations and mutual criminations which now and then occur between two particular members, who are almost invariably of opposite politics. The other description of scenes is of a more general nature, the performers being a large proportion of the members present. These latter scenes generally have their origin in the indisposition of the House to hear any further speeches on a particular question, except from some of the leading members. As a fair specimen of the first kind of scenes I give the following, because it is short, and also because it is of late occurrence. It took place in July last, when the House was in a Committee of Ways and Means. The immediate circumstance which gave rise to it, if I remember rightly, was a proposed grant of a certain sum to assist in defraying the expenses of the education of Roman Catholics in Maynooth College. Mr. Shaw, the member for the University of Dublin, contended, in opposing the grant, that the Established Church, and it alone, ought to be supported by the State. When he had concluded his speech,

Mr. O'Connell rose and said, "The honourable member (Mr. Shaw) has expressed his opinions in a manner which can do no good service to his cause. There was a determination about him amounting almost to a spiritual ferocity. He seems to think that the Protestant religion consists of pounds, shillings, and pence."

Mr. Shaw (with great vehemence)—"I deny that I said that the Protestant religion consists of pounds, shillings, and pence. But the Church establishment of any country must be supported by money, and that Church which the State endowed with money become the Established Church. In such a situation stands the Church which the honourable and learned member for Dublin has sworn not to subvert, and which he now attempts to subvert."

Loud cries of "Order! order!" now proceeded from the ministerial side of the House. The Irish members shouted the words with one voice.

Mr. O'Connell (with the greatest warmth and violence of

gesture)—"I call the honourable Recorder to order. He has made use of a false assertion."

Here Mr. O'Connell's voice was drowned amidst the deafening cries of "Order!" which proceeded from all parts of the Opposition side of the house. A number of honourable members rose at once, and accompanied the words with a corresponding violence of gesture. It is impossible to describe the confusion of the scene.

Mr. O'Connell resumed—"The honourable member has accused me of having sworn one thing and done another. It is quite out of order for a member to utter falsehoods."

Here the Opposition, almost in a body, shouted "Order! order!" at the full stretch of their voice, mingled with cries of "Chair, chair!" It was some time before any measure of order was restored. When the uproar had somewhat abated,

Mr. Finn said, "I pronounce the expression which has been uttered by the learned member for the Dublin University to be an atrocious calumny." The latter terms were pronounced with an emphasis, and were accompanied with a vehemence of gesture, that defy description.

The confusion and uproar which now ensued, owing to the cries of "Chair, Chair!" and "Order, order!" which burst from the Opposition side of the house, with the rising of many of the members from their seats, exceeded any thing which can be imagined. In vain did Mr. Bernal endeavour, as Chairman of the Committee, to restore order. His voice was lost amidst the deafening noise which prevailed. Some degree of quiet being at length restored,

Mr. Shaw rose, and with great warmth said, "The honourable member for Dublin knows that when he used the word falsehood—"

Here Mr. Shaw's voice was again drowned amidst renewed uproar and confusion, caused by the rising of seven or eight of the Irish members at once, each of them at the same time speaking in the loudest and most indignant tones. It would have been impossible to hear a single word either of them said, owing to so many persons speaking and shouting at the same instant; but that difficulty was greatly increased by the shouts of "Chair, Chair!" which burst from the Opposition side of the house.

When the uproar had again partially subsided, Mr. Bernal said, in a most vehement and impassioned manner, "If I cannot restore and preserve order, I must dissolve the Committee at once. It is impossible for me to maintain order, when seven or eight honourable members all get up and speak at once."

The determined manner and sharp rebuke of Mr. Bernal had, to a very great extent, the desired effect; when

Mr. Shaw, still labouring under great excitement, and speaking with much warmth of manner, said: "The honourable member (Mr. O'Connell) has charged me with being actuated by a spiritual ferocity; but my ferocity is not of that description which takes for its symbol a death's head and cross-bones. (Tremendous cheers from the Opposition, with uproar from the Irish members on the ministerial side of the house.)

Mr. O'Connell (addressing himself to Mr. Shaw personally, and not to the Chairman)—"Yours is a calf's head and jaw bones." (Deafening cheers from the ministerial side of the house, mingled with cries of "Order, order!" "Chair, Chair!" from the Opposition.)

Mr. Bernal again interposed his authority as Chairman, when having once more restored order, the business of the Committee proceeded without any further material interruption.

I come now to what are called general scenes. One of the richest of this kind which I have ever seen, occurred on the 17th of July last. The question before the House, was that the Municipal Corporations Bill be re-committed. Several of the leading members having delivered their sentiments on the subject, Mr. Hughes Hughes, the member for Oxford, rose to address the House. This gentleman, for what reason I am at a loss to guess, generally meets with a very unfavourable reception: on this occasion it exceeded anything I ever before witnessed. The moment he pronounced the word "Sir," addressing himself of course to the Speaker, he was assailed with the most tremendous uproar and confusion. Such a variety of sounds, and so discordant, hardly ever before greeted mortal ear. Mr. Hughes's voice was at once drowned amidst the babel of sounds. Lord Brougham (then Mr. Brougham) once compared the House to a menagerie; the application of the term would certainly have been most appropriate in this case. Had a blind person been that night conducted into the house, and not told what the place was, he would assuredly have supposed that he was in some zoological establishment. The Morning

Post of the following day thus described the scene:—"The most confused sounds, mysteriously blended, issued from all corners of the house. One honourable member near the bar repeatedly called out "Read" (to the member endeavouring to address the House) in an exceedingly bass and hoarse sound of voice. At repeated intervals a sort of drone-like humming, having almost the sound of a distant hand-organ or bagpipes, issued from the back benches;—coughing, sneezing, and ingeniously extended yawning, blended with the other sounds, and produced a *tout-ensemble* which we have never heard excelled in the house. A single voice from the ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kennelled hound." The most graphic description would fall short of the scene itself. At the farthest corner of the house, on the ministerial side, there was a constant movement of the persons as well as the tongues of honourable members. At one time you would have thought, from the rapidity with which they rose up and sat down again in their seats, that they had been trying some gymnastic experiments. The best performers, in another sense, were also chiefly in that part of the house. One honourable member imitated the crowing of a cock so admirably, that you could not have distinguished it from the performance of a real chanticleer. Not far from the same spot issued sounds marvellously resembling the bleating of a sheep,—blended occasionally with an admirable imitation of the braying of an ass by an honourable member a few yards distant. Then there were coughing, yawning, and other vocal performances, in infinite variety, and in most discordant chorus. There were yelpings worthy of any canine animal, and excellent imitations of the sounds of sundry instruments not mentioned by the *Morning Post*. The deafening uproar was completed by the cries of "Chair, Chair!" "Order, order!" groans, laughter, &c. which proceeded from all parts of the house. A more undeliberative assembly was never seen, than that which constituted the House of Commons at this moment. One fact will give as good an idea of the scene as the most lengthened description. Mr. Poulter, the member for Shaftesbury, succeeded Mr. Hughes, who had been obliged to sit down; and though the former, whose voice is one of the best in the house, exerted himself for at least ten minutes to make himself audible, there was not, as far as I was able to ascertain, one member who could make out a complete sentence of what he said. Very few heard even a single word. Mr. Hardy made the attempt after Mr. Poulter, but with no better success. He at once saw it would be hopeless; and accordingly sat down. Other members who wished to deliver their sentiments, shrunk from even an effort to procure a hearing. The House had determined on a division; and a division on the question before it accordingly took place immediately, which had the effect of restoring order.

As I was not present when the following scene occurred, I quote it from the *Morning Chronicle* of the day after it occurred, which was in June 1834. The question before the House was the admission of Dissenters to the Universities:—

"Mr. G. W. Wood rose to reply. (The laughing, jeering, shouting, and coughing, were such as we never before witnessed.) The hon. gentleman said, it had been declared that the Bill, in its present stage, was essentially different from what it was when he had the honour to introduce it to the house. (At this moment two hon. members 'o'er all the ills of life victorious,' suddenly entered from the smoking-room into the opposition gallery, and stretching themselves at full length on the seats, secure from the observation of the Speaker, commenced a row of the most discreditable character.) This he denied ('I say, can't you crow?' Laughter and uproar)—the provisions had not been altered ('Hear him, how he reads!')—the enactments were in every respect unaltered (Loud cheering, followed by bursts of laughter). The question was ('Read it—read it!' and great uproar)—the question was ('Just so, read it!')—the question was (great cheering and laughter) whether the universities should be open to all, or be for ever under the control of mere monopolists. ('Where's the man what crows?' Laughter and cries of 'Order!' from the Speaker.) Public opinion—('Order!' and great uproar, during which the Speaker, evidently excited, was loudly calling for order.) The scene here was indescribable."

The preceding quotation will give some idea of the scenes occasionally to be witnessed in the House of Commons. The general scenes have usually their origin in the impatience of honourable members to get away from the house for the night, but who dare not venture to leave before the division, lest the non-appearance of their names in the lists of the majority and minority the following morning, should lead to some unpleasant

questions from their respective constituents, if not to a requisition to resign their seats.

I shall allude to only one more scene of this kind. It occurred towards the close of last session. An honourable member, whose name I suppress, rose, amidst the most tremendous uproar, to address the House. He spoke, and was received, as nearly as the confusion enabled me to judge, as follows:—"I rise, Sir, (Ironical cheers, mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds), I rise, Sir, for the purpose of stating that I have ('Oh! oh!' 'Bah!' and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep, mingled with loud laughter). Hon. gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions, but I have a duty to perform to my con—(Ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning extending to an incredible length, followed by bursts of laughter). I say, Sir, I have constituents who on this occasion expect that I—(Cries of 'Should sit down,' and shouts of laughter). They expect, Sir, that on a question of such importance ('O-o-a-a-u' and loud laughter, followed by cries of 'Order! order!' from the Speaker). I tell honourable gentlemen who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I am not to be put down by—(Groans, coughs, sneezings, hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog, and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter). I appeal—('Cock-e-leeri-o-co!' The imitation, in this case, of the crowing of a cock was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly members in the house could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker's cries of 'Order! order!') I say, Sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself de—('Bow-wow-wow,' and bursts of laughter). Sir, may I ask, have honourable gentlemen who can—('Mew-mew,' and renewed laughter). Sir, I claim the protection of the Chair. (The Speaker here again rose and called out 'Order! order!' in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided.) If honourable gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once. (This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest.) I only beg to say, Sir, that I think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will therefore vote against it." The honourable gentleman then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause.

CHAPTER V.

THE LATE AND PRESENT SPEAKERS—SIR CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON AND MR. JAMES ABERCROMBY.

In presenting the reader with sketches of the leading members of all parties in the House, it will be expected that I begin with the late and present Speakers. The office of Speaker is one of such great importance, and is regarded with so much respect by the members, however differing from him in politics,—as to entitle Sir Charles Manners Sutton and Mr. Abercromby to a priority of notice.

SIR CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON filled the office of Speaker for eighteen years, having been chosen in 1817 in the room of the Right Honourable Charles Abbott, who then resigned from ill health. Sir Charles presided during five successive Parliaments. He was a great favourite with men of all parties in the House; indeed he could not have been otherwise, for a man of more conciliating, bland, and gentlemanly manners never crossed the threshold of St. Stephen's. He was at all times accessible, and to every member; the most inveterate and most unpopular Radical, though he himself was one of the most decided Tories in the House, was treated by him in the house, at his public dinners, and in the private interviews he was obliged frequently to have with men of all parties,—with the same courtesy and apparent respect as the most influential of his own party. He never suffered his political prejudices, strong as they were, to interfere with the amenities of gentlemanly intercourse. The perfect gentleman was visible in everything he said and did; nay, it was visible in his very person, whether you saw him walking the streets, or filling the chair in the House of Commons. There was a mildness and good-nature in his features, which could not fail to strike a stranger the moment he saw him, and which was certain of prepossessing every one in his favour. With these softer and more amiable features, there was blended a dignity and energy of character, which invariably insured the respect

of the members. No man knew better how to unite firmness and decision with the greatest urbanity of manner, in reproofing a member who had violated the rules of the House, or the usages which one gentleman ought to observe towards another.

He possessed great presence of mind. I have seen him time after time conduct himself, in scenes of the greatest confusion, and in cases of great difficulty, with as much coolness, self-possession, and judgment, as if he had been quietly deliberating on some point appertaining to the orders and usages of the House, in his own study. I do not recollect to have seen him so much disconcerted as on one occasion, when having, on a division, said he thought the "Ayes" had it.—Mr. Halcomb, the late member for Dover, got up and said with some tartness, though no one but himself had voted against the measure, "I say, sir, the 'Noes' have it." Sir Charles Manners Sutton did look confounded for a moment, and one loud shout of "Oh, oh!" burst simultaneously from all parts of the house. Sir Charles, on recovering himself, ordered a division; as the Speaker must always do if but one member demands it, when there appeared—how many "Noes" does the reader think! Just one, and that one was the property of Mr. Halcomb himself. The late Duke of Somerset, towards the close of the last century, divided the House of Lords on the question of this country going to war with France, when there only appearing himself in opposition to the motion, he caused a medal to be struck to the memory of "The Glorious Minority of One." Whether Mr. Halcomb took a similar method of perpetuating the remembrance of his "Glorious Minority," I have not the means of knowing.

Sir Charles Manners Sutton was intimately conversant with the usages, laws, and forms of the House. This was apparent soon after his appointment to the office; for immediately on getting into the chair he applied himself with the greatest assiduity and attention to the subject, until he made himself quite master of it. In no case of difficulty that ever occurred while I was present, did I ever see him at the least loss as to how it should be dealt with.

His voice was, without exception, the most sonorous, powerful, and melodious I ever heard. Its compass was surprising, when he called out, as he had too often occasion to do, "Order, order!" The sounds, even when he manifestly gave no play to his lungs, but spoke with as little effort as if he had been speaking in a whisper, fell on your ear,—it mattered not in what part of the house you were at the time,—with a loudness and depth of intonation which at once startled and delighted you. If very great noise and confusion prevailed in the house at the time, and he consequently uttered the words "Order, order!" with some energy, you would have supposed you heard the voice of a Boarnerges.

Sir Charles Manners Sutton generally received credit for great impartiality. The Liberals, however, maintain that although he was very impartial in allowing an equal number of speakers to address the House on each side of a question, he very often, when several speakers on the Liberal side rose at once to reply to a Tory speech of ability, "fixed his eye" on the least talented; and that on the other hand, he as frequently, when several Tories rose at once to reply to a speech of talent from a Liberal member, selected the ablest of the number.

Sir Charles hardly ever availed himself of his privilege of speaking in committee. The only instance in which he did so, that I can remember at this moment, was one morning in the session of 1834, at four o'clock, when some question affecting the privileges of the University of Cambridge, of which he was at the time the representative, was under discussion. His speech lasted about ten or fifteen minutes. It did not indicate a vigorous or comprehensive mind, but it was, in the delivery, as fine a specimen of correct elocution as one could wish to hear. His style was fluent but verbose. He excelled in making high-sounding sentences, as his speech on the election of Mr. Abercromby proved.

The late Speaker is tall and robust in person. His hair is black, and his complexion very dark. But for a strong squint in one of his eyes, his countenance would be remarkable for its handsomeness; as it is, it is pleasant. His features are small and regular. His age is fifty-five. He appears to be in excellent health.

OF MR. JAMES ABERCROMBY, the present Speaker, my notice will necessarily be short, as his occupation of the Chair has yet been but of little more than six months' duration. His voice is pleasant and clear, but not strong. His manner is dignified and solemn, mingled with urbanity. His articulation is slow and distinct. Like his predecessor, he is perfectly cool and calm in the midst of the scenes of uproar which occur

in the house. He is of a kindly disposition. Indeed, his extreme good nature has sometimes rendered him indulgent to a fault, to members who have transgressed the bounds of parliamentary order and courtesy. He possesses considerable talents, and had much influence in the House, especially with his own party, before his election to the Chair. He is a man of great straightforwardness in his conduct as a public as well as a private man. His integrity has never been questioned: it is above suspicion. His acquaintance with the forms and usages of the House is already intimate. He is much respected by those members who differ from, as well as by those who agree with him in his political opinions.

He is in his sixty-second year. His countenance is pale, and has a pensive expression. His hair is partly gray, with remains of its original dark-brown colour. He was in delicate health when he took possession of the Chair. It cannot have been improved by the last session, which was perhaps the longest since the revolution of 1688, whilst his duties, owing to the alteration in the hours of sitting, were more than commonly onerous. On one occasion, towards the close of the session, he sat upwards of twelve successive hours without quitting the Chair for a moment.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TORY PARTY.—LATE MEMBERS.

Sir Charles Wetherell—Mr. Croker—Mr. T. Michael Sadler.

THOUGH the Liberal party within the walls of Parliament had been gradually gaining in numbers for the previous twenty years, it was in the beginning of 1829 so inconsiderable, that had the Tories, as they all now admit, only played their cards with ordinary skill, the measure of Reform which passed in 1832, might have been deferred for a quarter of a century. It is true, that, throughout the country, the demand for Reform had become general; but so moderate were the people in their expectations, and so few were the friends of extensive Reform in the House of Commons, that a very limited amendment of the representation would have met the views of the nation. Had the elective franchise been only transferred from East Retford and Penryn, boroughs which have been convicted of bribery and corruption, to Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, or other large unrepresented places, and a few of the other most populous towns been enfranchised, the people would have been satisfied; and the Government conceding even that small modicum of Reform, would have become so popular, that they might have had a long tenure of office. But the Duke of Wellington, in an evil hour for himself and his party, pronounced the then existing representation of the country to be "the most perfect that human ingenuity could devise," and proclaimed his determination to resist the slightest alteration in that system. At the moment the noble Duke made this notable and ill-judged declaration, two-thirds, at least, of the members of the House of Commons, were decided Tories, or, at all events, had, before that time, identified themselves with that party; but so powerful was the sensation produced among the people by this announcement, and so loud was the demand for Parliamentary Reform, that a great many members of the House of Commons, seeing that they could not stem the torrent of public opinion, deemed it prudent to yield to it. A general election followed soon after, and such had in the meantime become the power of public opinion, that even under the then existing system of the close boroughs of England, and the close counties, as well as burghs, of Scotland,—there was only a majority of one in the House of Commons against the Reform Bill first proposed,—and which was, in many respects, more sweeping than the one which eventually passed. Thus, then, the number of the Tories was reduced to 329 in the House of Commons before the passing of the Reform Bill. In the first parliament after that measure had become the law of the land, their numbers were reduced to about 192. Since then, however, there has been a re-action in their favour. Their number now is estimated at 270; but they have often apparently mustered about 300, owing to their ranks having been, on several late occasions, reinforced by moderate reformers.

The most distinguished individuals of the Tory party who were members of the House immediately previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, have for the most part, still seats in it: Sir Charles Wetherell, Mr. Croker, the late Mr. T. Michael Sadler, and two or three others, are the exceptions.

Never was the exclusion of a member more generally regretted than was that of Sir CHARLES WETHERELL. He was a high Tory, and never was there a man who so uncompromisingly and zealously asserted his opinions. There were formerly many Tories, as there are now Liberals, who adopted a particular creed, simply because it paid best, and not from any very marked preference to one class of principles over another. Not so with Sir Charles. He believes most potently in the superior excellence of Toryism; he loves it for its own sake; it has no additional charms to him when associated with the loaves and fishes of power, nor does it lose any of its attractions when in Opposition. He is one of the most disinterested men, of any party, of the present day. His attachment to his principles was sorely tried in 1829; but he came through the ordeal in the most triumphant manner. It was well known that the Duke of Wellington on that occasion offered him one of the highest judicial situations in the country, on the condition of his supporting the Government in the measure of Catholic Emancipation; but he held fast his integrity, notwithstanding the strength of the temptation. In politics any more than in morals, he could not recognize the principle of expediency. His maxims then, as on all other occasions, was that honesty is the best policy. He is ready any day, should the necessity arise, of which happily there is little chance, to suffer any species of martyrdom which the opposite party may think best,—for his political principles.

But it was not because of the straightforward conduct and unimpeachable consistency of Sir Charles Wetherell, that his exclusion from Parliament was so generally regretted by the House. It was his peculiar manners and his rich humour that made him so great a favourite. He was generally very severe as well as witty on his opponents, but it was clearly at the principles of the men, and not at the men themselves, that he levelled his happy sarcasms. This is an important distinction: and the more so, because in a great many cases honourable members, under the pretext of attacking the principles and arguments of their opponents, do in reality indulge their personal animosities by attacking the men. Few members have had fewer personal enemies than Sir Charles. I hardly knew one that cherished any rooted aversion to him.

He never opened his mouth, but the House was sure to be convulsed with laughter. When he rose all eyes were invariably turned towards him: honourable members expected a profusion of jokes, and they were never disappointed. Sir Charles's personal appearance strikingly contrasted with his matter. Lavater would have pronounced him one of the dullest and most morose of human beings: a person meeting him in the streets, would at once infer, if any faith is to be put in physiognomy, that he was some Friar just escaped from a twenty or thirty years' seclusion in a convent. He usually looks sulky: his appearance is to a stranger's mind the *beau idéal* of a cynical philosopher. When lashing the Liberals, and denouncing what he terms revolutionary doctrines, his countenance darkens with an expression of supreme scorn. His face is deeply furrowed with wrinkles, though apparently not more than from fifty-five to sixty years of age. In person he is tall and athletic. His complexion is dark, and his features are large. Nothing can daunt him or put him out of countenance. He is impervious alike to the coarsest and most refined sarcasms which may be levelled at him,—and few men within the walls of Parliament have been the butts of so much ridicule; certainly none on account of their personal appearance. He was a target for every Liberal to shoot at. His clothes are always thread-bare. I never yet saw a suit on him for which a Jew old-clothes-man would give ten shillings. How or where he gets his wardrobe nobody knows, but every one has remarked that a new suit, or even a new hat, coat, waistcoat, or trowsers singly, was never yet seen to grace his person. I cannot think he has a tailor, or if he have, it is impossible Snip can ever take his measure. His clothes always look as if made by accident; they never fit him. They literally hang loosely about him. As for braces, he has an unconquerable aversion to them. Whether, like the elder Hannibal towards the Romans, he has sworn eternal hostility to what he calls "suspenders," is not known; but no one can doubt he would as soon that his neck were encircled in a halter, as that his breeches should be adjusted by means of braces.

Though the cause of so much laughter in others, I scarcely ever yet knew a smile play on Sir Charles' own countenance. I doubt much if he himself sees the wit and humour with which his speeches sparkle; certainly there is not the least appearance of an effort to be witty or humorous.

He is capable of undergoing great fatigue. His physical as well as mental exertions during the time the Reform Bill was in Committee, were extraordinary. Night after night—and this, too, after being busily and laboriously engaged all day in the discharge of his professional duties—did he oppose every successive clause of that measure. It was in a great degree owing to his pertinacious opposition and "much speaking," that the debate immediately before the memorable division at seven o'clock in the morning, was prolonged to that unseasonable and unprecedentedly late hour. That division was only one of several which had taken place in the course of the previous night. Sir Charles, on leaving the house at a quarter past seven, finding that it rained heavily, raised his eyes towards the clouds, as a wild duck, to use the phraseology of an Irish peasant, would do in a thunder storm, and exclaimed, "By G— if I had known this, we should have had a few more divisions."

Sir Charles is an excellent lawyer, but an indifferent politician. His mind is incapable of grappling with any great national question. He has no comprehensive views; improvement in the institutions of the country is, with him, synonymous with revolution. Established usages are everything in his eye. To question the wisdom of our ancestors is in his estimation treason, both against the Constitution and society, and could not be visited with too heavy a punishment. Hence all his speeches in Parliament consisted of denunciations of Liberalism, and eulogiums of "things as they are!" Had Sir Charles been in the house during the late discussions on the Church of Ireland, he would have made some rich exhibitions. After shedding an ocean of tears over the assumed destruction of the Irish Hierarchy, and seen in that destruction the extinction of Christianity all over the world,—he would have branded the Liberals with the epithets of "Atheists!" "Infidels!" &c., and then sent one and all of them, *en masse*, to a locality which shall be nameless, amidst jokes and witticisms, which, notwithstanding the seriousness of the charges, and the awfulness of the threatened doom, would have made the house ring with laughter; for he cannot open his mouth without giving utterance to something humorous. It is a ruling passion with him, which will, there can be no question, be strong in death.

The Reform Bill, which shut the doors of Parliament against Sir Charles Wetherell, was also the means of bringing to an abrupt termination the legislative career of Mr. CROKER. In his exclusion from the house, the Tory party lost the Parliamentary services of one of their most zealous and efficient friends. Nature, according to the representations of his opponents, intended him for a Tory, and education forwarded the purposes of Nature. He lived as strictly within the limits of the world of Toryism, as if it had constituted the only creed in the universe of mind. He not only hated the abstraction of Liberalism, but to have associated, even in the private relations of life, with men holding liberal principles, would have been in his view so enormous an offence against propriety, that he could never have forgiven himself had he committed it. Not only was it impossible, from the very constitution of his mind, that he could ever make a friend of any person entertaining liberal opinions, but when unavoidable circumstances brought him into personal contact with Reformers, he seemed like a fish out of its element, or like a person breathing a tainted atmosphere. Whatever therefore he knew of Liberalism, was rather from the reports of others than from his own experience or knowledge.

It is no fiction to state that Mr. Croker viewed the passing of the Reform Bill with very much the same feelings as if it had been a personal calamity of the first magnitude. His mind was filled with horror during the day at the bare contemplation of that measure becoming the law of the land, and it disturbed his slumbers at night. Many a sleepless night did he pass when, to use Sir Charles Wetherell's expression, "the close boroughs were, day after day, put up to be knocked down." His exertions to avert the catastrophe were almost superhuman. Few constitutions could have stood the amount of physical labour he went through while the several clauses of schedules A and B were being discussed. For some weeks he spoke every consecutive evening against particular clauses of the Reform Bill, upwards, on an average, of three hours. Some nights he made as many as twenty speeches; not under the impression that his eloquence would operate conviction on the minds of Reformers, or avert the impending destruction of the close boroughs, but merely for the purpose of gaining time. He had great faith in the chapter of accidents doing something for his party, and clung to the very last moment—till the Reform Bill received the Royal Assent—with a tenacity peculiar to himself, to the fond hope that something or other, he

knew not what, would occur, "to save the Constitution and the country."

In person, Mr. Croker is tall and well-made. He is full six feet in height. He is bald-headed, and has been so for ten or twelve years. He is about sixty years of age, nearly the one-half of which time he was in Parliament. He is a very fluent speaker; but his elocution is somewhat impaired by the circumstance of his not being able to pronounce the letter *r*. He is never at a loss for words; and when in Parliament was chiefly remarkable for the readiness and ingenuity with which he could reply to any opponent. He seldom, comparatively, made set speeches. He generally reserved himself until some political opponent of mark had addressed the House; he then rose and replied, usually with much effect. His *forte* chiefly lay in detecting and exposing the weak points of an adversary; and when these did not actually exist ready-made to his hand, he invariably contrived to make them for himself. He was one of the most unfair reasoners in the house; he never hesitated to misrepresent the arguments of his opponents, and though often interrupted in his speeches by honourable members rising up and complaining, frequently with great warmth of temper, of being totally misrepresented, no sooner had they resumed their seats, than he proceeded, demolishing, without mercy, as if no complaint of misrepresentation had been made, the positions which he had himself created and put into their mouths. A more dexterous special pleader than Mr. Croker never sat within the walls of Parliament. His manner was distinguished by an earnestness and animation which invariably commanded the attention of the House. His gesture was violent, often theatrically so. He made infinitely varied evolutions with his person. He could not remain many seconds in the same position. He was always wheeling his body round and round, and by that means managed to address, by turns, not only every part of the house, but almost every member in it. His manner, when speaking, was the most mercurial I ever saw. An Irishman in the gallery characteristically observed one evening, that he was like a hen on a hot girdle. He was an excellent actor; had he gone to the stage when he first took to politics, he could not fail to have earned for himself a distinguished reputation on the histrionic boards.

Mr. Croker felt particularly jealous of Mr. Jeffrey, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, on that learned lord's admission into Parliament. Hence he laboured with his utmost might to damage the Parliamentary reputation,—which, by the way, was never so great as was generally expected it would be,—of the Scotch Advocate. He invariably replied to his speeches when the rules of the House would allow him, thus affording an illustration of the old saying—two of a trade can never agree. For years they had been rival Reviewers: now they were rival orators and legislators. The Scotch Advocate spoke *Edinburgh Reviews*, and the Secretary to the Board of Admiralty replied to him in *Quarterly Reviews*.

Mr. Croker is quite an aristocrat in his notions. The most memorable thing he ever uttered in Parliament was an exclamation, on hearing some honourable member mention the name of Bedford-square, "Bedford-square! I know nothing of the geography of Bedford-square: I did not know there was such a place in the world!" This affected ignorance of every thing but the aristocratic squares of the West-end, drew down on him the deserved ridicule of the House.*

Mr. T. M. SADLER, the late member for Newark, was another able friend of the Tories, of whose services in Parliament they were deprived by the Reform Bill. He was the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle, and it was in reference to the influence of that nobleman over his tenants in Newark, in support of Mr. Sadler against Mr. Serjeant Wilde, the opposing Reform candidate,—that his Grace openly asserted his right to do what he liked with his own. Mr. Sadler was only in the House of Commons during the two short Parliaments immediately preceding the passing of the Reform Bill. He was quite unknown to fame when he entered the house: even the little local reputation he possessed, was made rather in the capacity of a banker in Leeds than as an orator or politician. His maiden speech, therefore, which was one of great eloquence and ability, and which occupied nearly three hours in the delivery, came like a peal of thunder on the ears of the House. Indeed, had he descended from the clouds, instead of emerging from the comparative obscurity of his banking-house in Leeds, his party could not have idolized him more. The

proudest of the aristocracy courted his company, and took every occasion of paying homage to him. The Duke of Newcastle derived much credit for penetration in discovering the light which Mr. Sadler had so long hid under a bushel. It was, however, soon found out, that though a man of great talent, and one who could be of much service to his party, he was vastly overrated. The speech, a splendid one undoubtedly, with which he had electrified the House, they supposed to have been extemporaneous, and that he had only any evening, and on any interesting occasion, to "get on his legs" and deliver another equally excellent. Here was their error. The speech which they had supposed to be spoken with very little, if any, premeditation, had been the result of weeks of most intense study, and every word, like the school-boy with his tasks, had been most carefully committed to memory. Night after night, and week after week, did the Tories look to the Opposition bench which he occupied, in the hope of his pouring out another such torrent of eloquence; but they looked in vain. He was as silent as the grave. When, some two or three months afterwards, he was compelled to say something in consequence of some pointed allusions both to himself and his patron, the Duke of Newcastle, the charm was in a great measure dissolved. He stuttered, and stammered, and floundered at almost every second sentence, in such a way as to be absolutely painful to the House. The fact was, that he was not an extempore speaker; he could not deliver two consecutive sentences, with any propriety or effect, on the spur of the moment. He was a man who might make five or six good speeches in the course of a Session, which would be allowing about a month for the preparation of each; but that was the utmost extent of his capabilities. Even on the hustings, where all the "silent members" are proverbially loquacious, he completely broke down. He could not reply to the attacks of a rival candidate. Nay, in his own committee-room, if he was, by an unexpected question or other interruption, diverted from his train of thought, the circumstance so disconcerted him as to make it difficult for him to add a single word more on the subject.

Mr. Sadler was fifty-six years of age when he died. He was of middle size. His head was quite gray. In his countenance there were such a seriousness and solemnity, that a stranger might have mistaken him for a clergyman. His features were strongly marked, and his elocution was in harmony with his staid and pensive appearance. His voice was full and distinct, but it had a species of twang about it very much resembling that which is so often heard in the pulpit. This, however, rather aided than impaired the effect of his celebrated maiden speech in St. Stephen's, inasmuch as its chief characteristics consisted of gloomy forebodings of the effects which, he alleged, would flow from the passing of the Reform Bill.

There was none of their party whose exclusion from the House, by the passing of that measure, was more generally regretted by the Tories than was Mr. Sadler's, and the greatest efforts were made to get him returned for Leeds. In the first election for that town, after the Reform Bill became the law of the land, there was little probability of a successful appeal to its constituency, both on account of the great popularity of his opponent, Mr. Macauley, and the intense enthusiasm which then existed in favour of reform measures; but when a vacancy occurred in the representation of the place, by Mr. Macauley's acceptance of an appointment in India, there was almost a moral certainty of his return, had not Mr. Foster, late proprietor and editor of the *Leeds Patriot*, suddenly started up,—because of some alleged private wrongs he had suffered at the hands of Mr. Sadler,—and made a detailed and pointed *exposé* of various circumstances in Mr. Sadler's history before unknown. The statements made were of a nature to create at once an overwhelming prejudice against him in the public mind. Many, even of his own party, withdrew their support from him, because, while they conceived the charges were of a character which imperiously demanded an immediate and complete disproof, he, acting on the advice of his committee, declined taking any notice of them. He lost his election by a majority of six to one, and was so mortified at the circumstance, that he formed a resolution, as was well understood by his friends, and, indeed, almost publicly stated by himself, to retire for ever into private life.

Mr. Sadler was one of the most benevolent men of the present day. His exertions, both in and out of Parliament, in favour of the factory children, were great and unwearied, and will endear his name to millions yet unborn. For a long time he laboured under great bodily indisposition, brought on, there can be no doubt, by the amount of his labours in the cause of suffering humanity.

* I have been credibly informed that in consequence of this observation of Mr. Croker, the houses in Bedford Square fell fifty per cent. in rental.

CHAPTER VII.

TORY PARTY.—PRESENT MEMBERS.

Sir Robert Peel—Mr. Goulburn—Sir Edward Knatchbull—Sir Henry Hardinge—Sir Robert Inglis—Lord Sandon—Mr. Praed—Mr. C. W. W. Wynn—Lord Mahon—Colonel Sibthorpe—Marquis of Chandos—Mr. F. Shaw—Sir Richard Vyvyan.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is now, as he has been since the death of Mr. Canning, the leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons. He is a remarkable good-looking man, rather above the usual size, and finely proportioned. He is of a clear complexion, full round face, and red-haired. His usual dress is a green surtout, a light waistcoat, and dark trousers. He generally displays a watch-chain on his breast, with a bunch of gold seals of unusually large dimensions and great splendour. He can scarcely be called a dandy, and yet he sacrifices a good deal to the graces. I hardly know a public man who dresses in better taste. He is in the prime of life, being forty-seven years of age. His whole appearance indicates health. His constitution is excellent, and his temperate habits have seconded the kindly purposes of nature. He is capable of undergoing great physical fatigue. I have known him remain in the house for three or four successive nights till one and two o'clock, not only watching with the most intense anxiety the progress of important debates, but taking an active part in the proceedings, and yet be in his office, transacting business of the greatest moment, by ten o'clock on the following morning. Sir Robert is possessed of business habits of the first order. He can descend, when there is a necessity for it, to the minutest circumstances in a great question, and master them all as fully as if he had never had a thought beyond the pale of such matters. He was never yet known to bungle any measure from ignorance of business details.

Sir Robert Peel is perhaps the best and most effective speaker in the House. He is always fluent, even in his most extemporaneous addresses. His language is uniformly correct, and generally eloquent. He is never at a loss for words. These he has almost invariably at his command in abundance, even when he is deficient in everything having the semblance of argument. He is remarkably dexterous in debate. I have often admired the wonderful expertness with which he has extricated himself from the awkward positions into which his opponents have thrust him. His self-possession, which scarcely ever forsakes him, is of vast importance to him; and, in conjunction with his singularly good tact, enables him to make the most of a bad cause. The only occasion on which I ever knew him break fairly down, was when, last session, attempting to vindicate the appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry as Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg. That was as signal a failure as was ever witnessed in the house. At one time he stuttered and stammered as if he had had an impediment in his speech; at another he made a dead pause, not being able for some time to utter a single word. He seemed to feel that he had undertaken a bad cause. The memorable declaration of the noble Marquis, that the Poles were a set of rebels, and that they ought to be compelled at any price to submit to the government of Nicholas, was pressed on the attention of the House by Mr. Shiel, Mr. C. Fergusson, and others, in strains of such indignant eloquence as to give rise to a burning enthusiasm among honourable members of all political opinions in favour of the Poles, such as I never before witnessed, and which must have destroyed the nerves of the strongest-minded man that ever existed, if he had had, like Sir Robert, to perform the ungracious task of vindicating the character of the man whose unfeeling and ungenerous expressions had caused this resistless burst of noble feeling in favour of the Poles.

There never was a more complete master of the plausibilities than Sir Robert Peel. He is apparently all candour and sincerity. He invariably appeals to his honour for the truth of what he says. He not only urges the best arguments which can be advanced in favour of the cause which he espouses, but there is such an appearance of honesty and fair-dealing about him, that it is with great difficulty those who are most opposed to his politics can guard against being led away by his winning manner. He is a most consummate special pleader: had he been destined for the bar, he would long since have been one of its most distinguished ornaments.

In his manner Sir Robert is highly dignified, and his delivery is generally graceful. He usually commences his most important speeches with his left hand resting on his side. His utterance on such occasions is slow and solemn in the outset; but when he advances to the heart of his subject he becomes

animated and speaks with some rapidity, but always with much distinctness. His enunciation is clear; and few speakers possess a greater power over their voice. He can modulate its soft and musical tones at pleasure. He is sometimes humorous, on which occasions his manner has an irresistibly comic effect. His jokes, when he does indulge in them, are almost invariably good, though often too refined to tell with effect on any other than an intellectual audience. It is, however, but comparatively seldom that he makes any effort at wit. His *forte* manifestly lies in the serious mode of address. He excels all men I ever knew in deep tragedy: in that he is quite at home. No man in the House can appeal with a title of the effect with which he can, to the fears of his audience; and he is too good a tactician not to know, that a great deal more may be accomplished by addressing in this strain an audience who have rank and property to lose, than by cold argumentative orations. Hence the staple of his principal speeches consists of a forcible and skilful exhibition of the alleged frightful consequences which will inevitably flow from the adoption of a course of policy different from that which he recommends. On such occasions his appearance and manner are as solemn as if he were commissioned to stand up and proclaim that the world had come to an end. And he usually produces a corresponding effect. The deepest stillness pervades the House while he is speaking. Even in the gallery, where there is generally a great deal of noise from the exits and the entrances of strangers, the falling of a pin might be heard. All eyes are fixed on Sir Robert. Honourable members, of all parties, are, for the time, spell-bound. Their reason is taken prisoner. The feelings obtain a temporary triumph over the understanding. The solemnity of the speaker is communicated to the hearers. No smile is seen to play on the countenances of even the most lively and strenuous of his opponents. All are as grave as if some question of the deepest importance to them individually were about to be decided. Sir Robert is a speaker whom one would never tire of hearing. I have often heard him speak for two or three hours at a time, but never knew an instance of an honourable member quitting the house because he felt Sir Robert's oration to be tedious. On the contrary, the regret always is that he does not continue longer. Sir John Hobhouse was, I am sure, only expressing the feeling entertained by every member in the House, when he said, immediately before the resignation of Sir Robert in April last, that if anything could reconcile him to the continuance in office of the right honourable Baronet, it would be the pleasure of hearing him speak.

Sir Robert's manners, both in and out of Parliament, are most conciliatory. He treats every person with whom he comes into contact with the utmost respect. He has a wonderful command of temper. I never yet knew him, even in the heat of debate, use a single irritating word to any opponent. And the same courtesy and respect with which he treats others, are, as it is right they should be, reciprocated by them. Sir Robert has not only no personal enemies, but is held in the highest esteem by the most virulent of his opponents. It is the abstraction—the particular class of opinions of which he is the most distinguished champion, and not himself, as an individual, against which the Liberal party direct their uncompromising hostility.

One feature in the oratory of Sir Robert, which every one who ever heard him must have observed, is the practice he has, when speaking on any great question, of striking the box which lies on the table, at regular intervals, with his right hand. On an average, he gives it two strokes a minute; and as these are given with great force, and the box is remarkable for its acoustic properties, the sound is distinctly heard in every part of the house, and considerably aids the effect which his speech would otherwise produce. Sir Robert has another feature in a great measure peculiar to himself when addressing the house on topics of engrossing interest; for when speaking on matters of comparatively trifling moment he makes no effort to produce an effect. I allude to his practice of turning his face round to his own party and his back on the Speaker, when he is urging any argument which appears to him particularly forcible, and which he thinks likely to be received by them with peculiar applause. And in most cases he is wonderfully happy in his guesses. In such instances he looks his party significantly in the face, and pauses for the expected cheer, which is scarcely ever refused him, and which, in the great majority of cases, is given with a strength of lungs and an evident cordiality which could not fail to satisfy the most ambitious of oratorical distinction. No man is more gratified with applause than Sir Robert; no one feels more mortified when it is withheld, or not given with that liberality which he thinks the speech deserved.

When hard pressed by an opponent, the right honourable Baronet usually sits with his left knee over the right, his left hand thrust into the breast of his waistcoat, and his hat down over his brow. In this position he sits staring his assailant in the face, rather, however, with a serious good-natured look, than with one expressive of anger.

The member for Tamworth, though a man of great talent, and consummate tact in adapting himself to the temper and prejudices of the House, has not the slightest pretensions to genius. No one ever knew him utter a great philosophical truth or sublime conception. He never startles or delights his audience by anything of striking originality; there is not a single passage in any of his speeches, which the auditor would wish to preserve in his memory as something of surpassing grandeur. He never descends below mediocrity; he is generally far above it—often on the precincts of genius; but never crosses the line which separates it from mere talent or ability.

I have spoken of the first-rate business habits of the right honourable Baronet, and of the surprising ease with which he can master the minutest details of any business question to which he applies his mind. He is not, however, by any means a man of extensive information; on the contrary, he is ignorant on some questions to an extent discreditable in a public man. The reader will have some difficulty in believing the statement, that when a number of gentlemen waited on him, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the subject of the Repeal of the Window Tax, he expressed his opinion that no landlord of a house, however large and however many windows it contained, was liable to be charged for the Window Tax, if the house was so let out as that no one lodger occupied apartments containing more than eight windows. But though ignorant at that particular time with regard to a very important fact connected with his office, he would have taken care, before submitting any statements on the subject to Parliament, to have made himself acquainted with all its details, and thus prevented any bungling in his financial measures.

Sir Robert Peel, though always disclaiming any anxiety for office, is most ambitious of that honour. He is quite uncomfortable in Opposition: he is only in his element when in place. In his speech in April last, on the Irish Church question, immediately before the division which sealed the fate of his Ministry, he declared he was quite indifferent about office, and was more than usually jocular. This indifference, however, was affected, not real; and his jokes were only jokes in words, not in spirit; for I chanced to see him on his way home after the division, and a more perfect picture of disappointed ambition I never saw in my life. Lavater was right in this instance, though he should be wrong in every other: the emotions of Sir Robert's mind were visibly expressed in his countenance.

There is not a man in the house more sensitive on the subject of honour than Sir Robert. You may apply to him epithets which are synonymous with fool, blockhead, &c. if you please, and he utters not a word of complaint: you may brand him with the name of bigot, either in politics or religion, or both, if you are so inclined, and he murmurs not a word of resentment; but charge him with anything, either in his private or public capacity, inconsistent with the character of a man of honour, and that moment he demands an explanation, which, if not satisfactory, and accompanied by a full retraction, will be followed up, before he quits the house, by a challenge to a hostile meeting on the ensuing morning.

Sir Robert Peel never speaks on any great question until immediately before the close of the debate, however often that debate may be adjourned. His object is two-fold—first, that he may hear all that may be urged on the opposite side; and, secondly, that he may have the benefit of the "last word." No man can be more conscious than he is of the advantage to the cause he espouses of a skilful reply, immediately before the division, to the principal arguments of the leading speakers on the adverse side; and certainly no man that ever sat within the walls of Parliament could display more consummate tact than he does in turning that advantage to account. Never was debater more acute in detecting the weak points of an adversary, nor more happy in exposing and placing them in the most prominent point of view. And all this he seems to do with the greatest ease; without any appearance of effort. What he does on the spur of the moment is as well and effectively done as if it had been the result of months of premeditation. In his replies to speeches which were delivered but a few hours before, there is a propriety of arrangement—a lucidness of manner—a vigour and closeness of reasoning—a purity and eloquence of style—a felicity in the delivery—and a fulness and completeness in the argument, which could not

have been surpassed had the speech cost him weeks of the most careful preparation.

Sir Robert is the idol of the Tory party. With the Conservatives in the House of Commons everything he says is oracular. He can do with them and make of them what he pleases. They are the mere creatures of his will—are as much under his control, and as ready to be formed and fashioned in any way he chooses, as is the clay in the hands of the potter. Never had the leader of a party a more complete ascendancy over that party than has this Tory Coryphæus over the Conservatives in the House of Commons.

Sir Robert's political character is not yet thoroughly understood, even by his most intimate friends. It is difficult to discriminate in him between what is real and what is assumed—between the opinions he entertains and the line of conduct he pursues from principle, and those opinions with which he identifies himself, and that course of action he follows, from considerations of expediency.

At bottom he is a decided Tory. He went on pretty comfortably under the dynasty of Eldon, Sidmouth, Castlereagh, &c., for they were kindred spirits. With them he had a fellow-feeling. But the extinction of that dynasty, and the progress of liberal principles, often induced him to make certain concessions to the spirit of the age. Hence he began to make a show of liberality, though his principles were unchanged. It was the principle of expediency which constrained him to consent to Catholic Emancipation. He did not concur in that measure from any sense of the justice of the claims of the Catholics: on the contrary, he admitted his opposition to their emancipation was overcome by considerations of irresistible expediency alone. Had he seen the possibility of preserving the tranquillity of Ireland, and yet refusing the demands of the Catholics for the removal of their civil disabilities, he would have opposed that removal till the last moment of his existence. The same principle has been his guiding star from that time down to the present hour. Had he contemplated the possibility of the Reform Bill passing, he would, in appearance, have thrown his Tory prejudices to the dogs, and concurred in the measure; but he clung till the very last to the hope that the House of Lords or the King, would strangle the "monster." On his accession to office at the close of last year, he publicly stated that he would not repeal the Reform Bill. Why? Because, in his heart, he loved or approved of that measure? No: but because he saw the attempt would be madness—that it would not only have thrown the country into confusion, but doubtless also himself from office. Again, in the case of the Dissenters, so long as he thought it could safely be done, he resisted their claims, as he previously opposed those of the Catholics; but when he saw that the further resistance of those claims was incompatible with the progress of public opinion, he yielded to circumstances, and brought in a bill for redressing the grievances of that class of his Majesty's subjects. It is the same with regard to Municipal Corporations. These were dear to him as the apple of his eye; but he saw that no Ministry could hold together for any length of time which resisted their reform. Hence, as his conduct on the bringing in of Lord John Russell's Bill clearly proved, he was prepared, had not his Ministry previously closed its career, to have granted a liberal measure of Corporation Reform.

Sir Robert Peel is a remarkably suspicious man; he reposes but little confidence, in public matters, even in his most intimate political friends. He is pre-eminently a man of his own counsels. He will take advice from no one. His princely fortune enables him to act with perfect independence, and no man can be more conscious of the ascendancy which that fortune, conjoined to his great talents, has given him over his party. He is well aware that the very existence of that party is bound up in him, and he is, moreover, sensible that they are equally conscious of the fact. Hence he knows that he may with impunity conceal from them what particular course he intends to pursue on any given question, and that, however much they may disapprove of that course, they will soon be compelled, by the necessity of the case, to feign, if they do not feel, a disposition to acquiesce in it. His conduct on the bringing in of Lord John Russell's Bill for the Reform of Municipal Corporations, afforded one out of many instances of the ignorance in which he keeps his political friends as to the course he intends to pursue with respect to particular measures. They all went down to the house that night under the decided impression that Sir Robert meant to proclaim his most uncompromising opposition not only to the bill itself, but to the very principle of the measure. Never shall I forget the surprise and horror which their countenances expressed when he rose, and after two or three introductory remarks,

avowed not only his approbation of the principle of the bill, but of the great majority of its details. Had the Tories read in the words of their chief, the immediate and utter extinction of their party, they could not have looked more confounded than they did on that occasion. They knew, however, that if with him resistance to Corporation Reform would at best be but a doubtful experiment, it would have been a piece of pure madness to attempt it without him. Hence they were one and all speechless: not a whisper of disapprobation of the measure was to be heard on the Tory benches.

During the short period that Sir Robert Peel was Prime Minister, there was no one among the Opposition he so much dreaded as Sir John Cam Hobhouse. Sir John knew his sore points, and took care to profit by his knowledge. Without making such allusions to Sir Robert as the latter could fairly consider as meant to be personally offensive, he heaped his taunts and sarcasms on the devoted head of the First Minister of the Crown so unsparingly, and with such effect, that Sir Robert literally writhed under them. On several occasions, during Sir John's attack on him, in reference to the appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry as our Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, I observed,—and every one who had an opportunity of seeing him must also have observed,—that his countenance became pale as death, and the cheers with which the most pointed passages of Sir John's speech were received, must have been as mortifying to him as the speech itself. When Sir John told him that he was the victim of the Stanley party, who amused themselves with him as they pleased, and could, by a single breath, extinguish his Government;—when he observed that the Opposition were, in point of fact, the Executive, inasmuch as they had a majority on all important questions;—when he reproached Sir Robert with a want of spirit, in retaining office after being defeated on all questions of importance;—and when he contrasted the professions of liberal principles which the right honourable Baronet had then made, with his strenuous opposition to them during the whole of his previous public life,—the deafening plaudits which followed, as well as the observations themselves, must have been gall and wormwood to Sir Robert's soul.

Mr. GOULBURN, member for the Cambridge University, holds a distinguished place among the Tory party. In person he is rather above the middle size. He may be considered a handsome man, though his head has, of late years, leaned a little to the left side. His countenance has a thoughtful aspect. His features are strongly marked. Incipient wrinkles, in several parts of his face, begin to show themselves. His complexion is fair, and his hair of a light brown colour. On the crown of his head there is a partial baldness. His appearance is much in his favour, and his manner of delivery is easy and graceful. He has a fine musical voice, and times his utterance with much judgment to the ear. Before, however, proceeding many sentences, the favourable impression created by his personal appearance and correct elocution must, in a great measure, be neutralized in the mind of a person of opposite opinions, by his extreme High Church and State notions. There are few more zealous or decided Tories in the House; and perhaps there are few men of any party who would make greater sacrifices for his principles. He would rather suffer a dozen martyrdoms than compromise the least iota of his creed. The sincerity of his opinions has never, so far as I am aware, been questioned. What he has chiefly distinguished himself for, is zealously defending the Established Church, and giving the most determined opposition to any concessions to Roman Catholics or Dissenters. It is admitted by his own most intimate friends, that he carries his hostility to the latter to a very unusual extent. On one occasion he publicly stated, that if Dissenters were admitted to the University of Oxford, he would not allow his son to remain in that institution; nor would he, in any other place, or under any other circumstances, allow that son to associate with Dissenters. He stands erect on the seven-leagued stilts of his High Church creed, and looks down with ineffable scorn on those of a different persuasion. He is most thoroughly persuaded in his own mind,—and it is but justice to him to add that he is not peculiar in his opinion,—that any civil concessions to the Dissenters would be incompatible with the existence of the Established Church. Hence, most probably, his very decided dislike of that body. The Whigs and Radicals he considers as being, for the most part, Jacobins and infidels, resolutely bent on the destruction of the throne and altar; and, as he is always open and honest in the expression of his opinions, he has repeatedly given utterance to words to this effect. He has great self-confidence in speaking, arising, in a great measure, from a very exalted opinion of his talents.

He is never at a loss for words. His language is faultless, but he wants stamina. He is, as Hamlet says, "words, words, words." He never, even by chance, stumbles on a single striking idea. His oratory leaves no impression; you forget everything he said the moment he resumes his seat. He chiefly delights in reply, and seldom makes a set speech on any subject. He does not appear to be a great favourite with the more liberal members of his own party. He is in his fifty-first year.

Sir EDWARD KNATCHBULL has in many respects a fellow feeling with Mr. Goulburn as regards religion and politics; but Sir Edward is constitutionally a better-tempered man; has a very humble estimate of his own powers, and is by no means offensive or flippant in his manner. Sir Edward is a venerable looking man, fifty-four years of age, and with a head of hair white as snow. He has small pleasant eyes, and one of the highest foreheads I ever saw. The principles of physiognomy do not hold good in him. I never saw a better natured or more mild and amiable expression of countenance, and yet he cannot endure opinions and principles which are opposed to his own. He is a tolerable speaker: his utterance is easy and on the whole natural. He does not use much gesture, though he occasionally becomes highly animated in his voice, which is in some degree musical, and of considerable compass. He does not speak often; when he does so, it is generally because of some personal allusions to himself. He bears the severest attacks with an edifying degree of calmness and good-nature; and yet when he rises to reply to them, does so with much spirit and effect. To say that he is brilliant, would be as remote from the truth as to describe him as the brainless personage which the Liberal journals generally represent him to be. He is in truth a man of very respectable talents, and would exercise some influence in the political world but for the high Toryism of his opinions, and his want of prudence in promulgating them.

Sir HENRY HARDINGE is a man of considerable importance in the estimation of the Tories. He is a person of gentlemanly appearance, rather above the middle stature, and well made. He is about fifty years of age. His hair is of a light brown colour, and his complexion fair. He lost one of his hands when serving under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. His forehead is prominent and has an intellectual cast. He is doubtless a man of highly respectable talents, but nothing more. He is not, in the strict sense of the term, an orator, but often makes effective speeches, and is always listened to by both sides of the House with attention and respect. He knows well how to repel an attack, and if he deems it personal, demands an explanation and apology, or hints pretty plainly that there is but one alternative. He is not pert or flippant in his manner, nor does he indulge in personalities; but he is easily irritated by the animadversions of others, and is apt to construe that into a personal insult which did not exceed the bounds of fair and temperate discussion. An instance of this, which but for the interference of the House and the Speaker, might have been attended with fatal consequences, occurred immediately before the dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry. Mr. Barron, one of the Irish members, accused Sir Robert's Administration of acting a most discreditable part in affecting Reform principles, though they had opposed them all their lives, for the sake of being able to hold office. Though this was the language of many, and though no individual allusion was made to Sir Henry, he immediately rose and heaped the most contemptuous epithets on Mr. Barron, which the latter gentleman, as being the person attacked, hurled back with the same contempt on Sir Henry's head. A violent altercation ensued; and as each in effect challenged the other, a hostile meeting must certainly have taken place between the parties on the following morning, had not the House and Speaker, as already intimated, interfered and demanded an apology from both parties.

Sir ROBERT INGLIS is a man of some consequence among the Tories. He is of middle size in personal height, but very corpulent. His complexion is fair, with a tendency to ruddiness. His hair is of a dark brown, but a considerable part of his head is bald. His features are rather large, and his face very full and round. He is remarkably peaceable in his disposition, and would not for the world make any observation respecting his opponents if he thought they would have any cause for personal complaint; and lest anything he says by way of animadversion on those on the opposite side of the house should be so construed, he is sure to preface his remarks by disclaiming all personal allusions, and very often by assuring the party to be animadverted on, that he does question the propriety of his conduct or his speech with great pain to himself. A rather amusing instance of this, in consequence of

the remarks which it called forth, occurred in June last, when he charged Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Shiel, and all the other Roman Catholic Members with perjury. He protested that nothing could cause him greater uneasiness of mind than to be called on to prefer such a charge; and those who knew the right honourable Baronet must give him credit for sincerity when he made such a protestation. He is a religious man; he belongs to the Evangelical party in the Church; and it was from religious considerations that he thought he was bound to admonish the Roman Catholic members of the spiritual peril they incurred by voting as they did on the Irish Church Appropriation clause, after they had solemnly sworn to do nothing that could affect the interests or stability of that Church. Mr. Shiel's reply was remarkable for its ability and severity. Mr. O'Connell's was not ostensibly so severe, but to a sensitive refined mind it must have been more galling; he characterised the right honourable Baronet as "fat, sleek, and contented," which is just Sir Robert's character to a nicety, and exclaimed, in his own peculiar style, amidst bursts of laughter loud and universal, "Oh! the misery of being taunted with perjury in such a drawing, hum-drum speech! Why, the whining manner in which the charge is made is worse than the charge itself!" Sir Robert does speak in a drawing, whining sort of way. His enunciation is distinct, and he talks with ease and fluency; but there is a peculiar tone in his pronunciation, which were much better adapted to the pulpit than it is to the senate. There is not a more upright or conscientious man in the house. He is accused of bigotry and a want of charity to those beyond the pale of the Established Church; but he never utters a sentiment which he does not sincerely entertain. There is, moreover, this redeeming quality in his alleged bigotry—he cordially pities those whom his creed obliges him to condemn. He is sorry to be compelled to doom you to what Byron calls "the zealot's ready hell," but he cannot help it. He abhors the very idea of expediency, and would not on any consideration yield to the spirit of the age, the march of intellect, or whatever else it may be termed, one single iota of his principles. His governing maxim is, "Let justice and right be done, though the heavens should fall." Sir Robert scarcely ever speaks except on questions which bear directly on the interests of the church. She is ever uppermost in his mind, and he is at all times forward to defend her to the best of his ability. He is a man of respectable talent, but nothing more. Both his matter and manner are always of the same order of merit. As he never intentionally wounds the feelings of any opponent, so he never resents any attack that may be made on him. In fact, he may be said to be impervious to attack. He bears, with the most perfect equanimity, sarcasms and ridicule which would make other honourable members, of more keen susceptibility of mind, agonize on their seats. Sir Robert is now in his forty-ninth year. It is his excellent and consistent character which makes him of the importance he is to his party. The best speech I ever heard him make was when, in the session of 1834, he resisted the proposed admission of the Dissenters to the University of Oxford. That speech was full of historical research, well digested, and brought to bear with effect on the question before the House. It was listened to with attention by honourable members generally, and was loudly applauded by his own party. With the exception of Sir Robert Peel's, it was undoubtedly the best speech delivered on the occasion from the Tory side of the house. The University of Oxford could not, were it to go on a tour of inquiry through the country for the purpose, find a more fitting member than Sir Robert Inglis.

Lord SANDON, member from Liverpool, has latterly been looked on by the Tories as a man of some mark. For some time before the passing of the Reform Bill, and during the time it was under discussion in the Lower House, he was generally supposed to be a nobleman of Liberal sentiments. So far as supporting the Reform measure as a whole, though opposing several of its most important clauses, entitled him to be so considered, the public, in this respect, did him no more than justice. For some time, too, after the Reform Bill became the law of the land, the frequency with which he supported, both by his speeches and votes, the measures of Lord Grey's Ministry, entitled him to at least the credit of being a moderate Reformer; but his opponents allege that his support of Liberal measures did not flow from his attachment to Liberal principles, but was rather the result of that shrewd, calculating prudence, which led him to swim with the torrent which he saw could not be stemmed. He is, they say, quite an expediency-man, and that no one knows better than he how to make a virtue of necessity. In support of this opinion, they point to his conduct on a recent occasion. The Ministry of

Lord Melbourne was ejected from office, and that of Sir Robert Peel was formed under circumstances which seemed to him to insure the permanent restoration of the Tories to power; and accordingly, no sooner had the new Parliament met, than he proclaimed himself, both by words and deeds, a Tory "of the right sort." He clung till the very last moment, as fondly as did Sir Robert Peel himself, to the hope of weathering the storm by which the Tory party found themselves overtaken. He soon saw, however, with infinite disappointment and mortification, that he had leaned on a broken reed: he saw the "Conservative Administration"—the name by which he delighted to call Sir Robert Peel's Ministry—dashed to pieces. Since that time, however, he has still identified himself with his Conservative friends.

Lord SANDON is a plain-looking man, with a rather serious cast of countenance. He is in his thirty-seventh year. He is somewhat above the middle size, and slenderly made. His face is slightly pitted with the small-pox. His voice is harsh and croaking in its tones. He is a miserable speaker: he is not only perfectly innocent of ever having given birth to an eloquent sentence, but he cannot even talk—notwithstanding his excessive fondness for talking—with tolerable fluency. He stammers at every second or third sentence; corrects his phraseology over and over again, and yet often leaves the sentence, with its latest amendment, as much in need of correction as at first. Nor is his manner in any degree redeemed by his matter. He never by chance rises above mediocrity, but is generally found grovelling below it. He is one of the many members who are under some obligations to the "gentlemen of the press." It is a much more agreeable task to read than to hear his Parliamentary orations.

Lord SANDON, notwithstanding his defects as a public speaker, is a nobleman of some weight in the house, especially, as already observed, with the Tory party. He belongs to a most respectable family. He is the eldest son of the Earl of Harrowby; is the representative of a large, populous, and influential place; is very exemplary in all the private relations of life: and these are circumstances and attributes which, when they centre in one individual, never fail to command respect both within and without the house.

Mr. PRAED, the member for Yarmouth, is, owing to accidental circumstances, deserving of a few words in speaking of the Tory party. He is a young man, being under thirty-five years of age. His violent denunciations of the Reform Bill, and his pertinacity in opposing it clause by clause when in Committee, together with his great self-confidence and a strong yet distinct and musical voice,—were circumstances which conspired together to make the Tories look on him as a youth of great promise. Some of them indeed thought, that in him their cause had found a host. These pleasing expectations, however, were soon doomed to be in a great measure disappointed. The Reform Bill passed, and, like Othello, he found his occupation gone. He has still a seat in Parliament, but his patron and party think he sits a great deal too much;—indeed he rarely speaks. He is undoubtedly a man of considerable talent; but is not qualified to speak on any abstruse or comprehensive question. His mind was never made to grapple with first principles. His *forte* lies in nibbling at the details of a measure. He is a good speaker, and has always an abundance of high-sounding words at command. In person he is tall and slender. I should think he stands full six-feet-two. His complexion is dark, and his features large and marked. When he now speaks, he generally gives the House a second edition, with alterations and additions, of some article which appeared the same or previous day in the *Morning Post*, to which journal he is well known to be a stated contributor of "leaders." Indeed, he is very generally supposed to be one of the salaried editors. He, however, denies it; and no one has a right, in the absence of contrary proof, to discredit his word.

Mr. C. W. W. WYNN, the member for Montgomeryshire, ought not to be passed over in a notice of the Tory party. In person he is of the middle size, rather, if anything, inclined to corpulency. He has a round face, is of dark complexion, and slightly pitted with the small-pox. His hair was formerly dark, but is now beginning to turn gray. He is in his sixtieth year. His voice is more extraordinary than that of any honourable member in the house. I shall never forget how singularly it sounded in my ears the first time I heard the right honourable gentleman speak. It is impossible to describe it. You would sometimes think that the sound proceeded from the back of his head, instead of from his mouth. He often falls into so screeching a tone as to impair the articulation of the word altogether; for he does not pitch his voice at a very high key. He has, besides an indescribable sort of lisp by

which he mars the correct pronunciation of almost every word. For example, if he were to commence his speech as follows—"I rise, Sir, for the purpose of asking the," &c. he would pronounce it thus:—"I rithe, ther, for the purpothe of atkhing the," &c. And yet, when once the ear is accustomed to his curious delivery, it is by no means unpleasant. He makes great professions of liberality; but he is at bottom a genuine Tory of the Ultra school. He has some intellect, though not so much as he takes credit for. He often takes the common-sense view of questions not immediately bearing on party objects; but at other times he is quite unintelligible. I have known him speak for an hour at a time, and would have defied any man to say which side of the question he was advocating. His speech, in 1834, on the question of the propriety of admitting Dissenters to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, was a case in point. On that occasion he seemed as much lost in history, religion, and politics, as Milton's angels were in the "wandering mazes" of "fixed-fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute." Several members inquired of each other, when he sat down, which side he was for. He is never at a loss for words, but his matter is insufferably prosy. His sentences are correctly constructed without the least glimmering of eloquence ever struggling through them. He speaks often, and is seldom listened to with much attention.

Lord MAHON is a young nobleman from whom the Tories expect great things. His Lordship is certainly a man of some promise, though not half so much as his party set him down for. He is member for Hertford. He is very young, being only in his thirty-third year. He is in person rather below the middle size, and is of slender make. He is of fair complexion, with something of a feminine cast of countenance. His manner when speaking is easy and unassuming. He makes no effort to shine as an orator. He has neither animation in his elocution, nor does he use any gesture. He pitches his voice at a certain key—neither too high nor too low; and goes through and finishes his speech in the same tone as he began. His manner is pleasant and his voice grateful to the ear. He excels in giving a statement of facts and turning them to the best account for his own view of a question. The best speech I have heard him make, was in the beginning of June this year, when he moved for the production of papers relative to the Order in Council authorizing the fitting out in this country of an expedition to Spain. Lord Mahon does not speak often, but when he does he is always listened to with much respect and attention. He is understood to be a personal favourite of the Duke of Wellington.

I now come to decidedly the most curious personage, all things considered, in the House—whether on the Tory, Neutral, Whig, or Radical side. Honourable members will guess who I mean. I think I hear them with one accord pronouncing the name of Colonel **SIBTHORPE**, the member for Lincoln. There is not a greater Tory than the gallant Colonel in the house; but the notoriety he possesses could never have been acquired by that circumstance alone; for though there are none greater, there are several as great. His eccentric manners have done a great deal to bring him into notice. He has all the singularity, all the horror of Liberal principles, much of the attachment to Toryism, and a great deal of the humour, of Sir Charles Wetherell, though without a particle of his talent. Even all this, however, would never have secured to him his surpassing notoriety. It is his physiognomy, embellished as it is by his whiskers and moustachios, that has clearly made him what he is. Denude him of these,—apply a razor or a pair of scissors to his face, commencing the operation at one ear and ending with the other,—and the gallant Colonel would be nothing—not even a personage at whose expense a joke might be innocently enjoyed. He would in that case be like Sampson shorn of his strength, when cropped by the Philistines.

Colonel Sibthorpe's countenance is altogether unique. It stands out in broad relief from the countenances of all the other members. Two or three other senators rejoice in tufts, and a few more in whiskers of decent proportions; but compared with the moustachios and whiskers of the gallant Colonel, one feels indignant that they should be dignified by the name. The lower section of his face, drawing a straight line from ear to ear, immediately under his nose, is one dense forest of hair. Had Dominic Sampson been fated to witness the whiskers and moustachios of the gallant Colonel, he would have exclaimed "Prodigious!" for hours together. You hardly know whether he has a mouth or not—it is so completely buried amidst the surrounding crop of hair—until he begins to speak. He is extremely proud of his whiskers and moustachios. He would do and suffer a great deal for his party and principles; but

rather than submit to be shaved, he would see Tories, Toryism, Constitution and all, scattered to the four winds. As already hinted, the gallant Colonel's countenance is not of the most prepossessing kind, and yet, in defiance of the maxim that "they who live in houses of glass should take care not to throw stones," he has a sort of *penchant* for finding fault with the countenances of others. Immediately after the dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, he let loose on the Ministerial side of the House in the following strain:—

"Those honourable gentlemen opposite (the new ministry) will require at least three months before they are what is called comfortable in their offices—(Cheers and laughter)—and before they could enter and sit upon their new and, as he trusted they would always be to them, thorny seats—(Renewed cheers and laughter). When he saw those twenty-three gentlemen now going to enter the lists like racing horses, but not like horses of true mettle, but like splintered, spavined, broken-winded racers—(Great laughter), with not a single sound one amongst them—(Renewed laughter); when he saw such a state of things, and the country in such a condition, he must protest against a motion in every respect so unjustifiable. He was no party man—he had never acted from party feelings; but he must say he did not like the countenances of honourable gentlemen opposite—(Loud laughter)—for he believed them to be the index to their minds—(Continued laughter). He would only say in conclusion, that he earnestly hoped that God would grant the country a speedy deliverance from such a band—(Shouts of laughter)."

Mr. O'Connell, in reply, said "He would not quarrel with the observations of the gallant Colonel; they were delivered with so much good humour, and were like everything that fell from him, couched in the language of gentlemanly politeness—(Laughter). But on one point at least he must differ from the gallant Colonel. They who sat on that (the ministerial side of the House) certainly had not such remarkable countenances as that of the gallant Colonel—(Peals of laughter). He would not abate the gallant Colonel a *single hair* (Renewed laughter) in point of good humour on that or any other occasion."

Considered as a speaker, it is no easy matter to describe the gallant Colonel. Sometimes he delivers himself in so low and indistinct a tone as to be inaudible to all but those immediately around him; at others, he makes himself heard in the remotest part of the house. Sometimes he is full of fun, calling into full play the risible faculties of his auditors; at others he has all the solemnity of a Daniel come to judgment. When in the former mood, he is remarkably well pleased with himself and his jokes; when in the latter, you would take it for granted that he fancies the world is come to an end. When in a funny humour his right arm is put into great requisition; he beats the air with it in all directions, but chiefly above his head. In his left hand there is always a roll of papers confusedly put together, just as if he had caught them floating in the water, when he was in the act of drowning. In his more pathetic moments he looks the very incarnation of seriousness, and puts himself into every conceivable variety of attitude. He turns his face from one part of the house to another, as if his body sat on a pivot, and were whirled round, not by a mere act of mental volition, but by some external application of force. A better specimen of the mock heroic you could not wish to see than that afforded by the gallant Colonel when in his graver moods. He is wofully deficient in judgment; if there be a right and a wrong side of any subject, he is sure to adopt the wrong one. Indeed there are some honourable members who seek no better proof of the right side of a question, than to know that the gallant Colonel is on its opposite. He has, as already hinted, little intellect. If he does stumble by accident on a tolerable idea, it is like an oasis in a desert of nonsense. His voice has a sort of unearthly shrillness about it which cannot be described by words. He scarcely ever opens his mouth without exciting the laughter of the House. Honourable members generally attempt to put him down when they expect from him a speech of any length, but seldom with effect. On such occasions he stands quite cool and collected, looking at the papers in his hand until the vociferations of hon. gentlemen opposite, as he always calls them, begin to die away from sheer exhaustion on the part of the performers. In his serious moods he is a bore to his own party, as well as an infliction on the House generally. They would give any price to purchase his silence, but it is not to be purchased. He *will* speak. He never makes a very long speech, because he cannot; a quarter of an hour is the utmost length of time I ever knew him occupy the Speaker's attention on any occasion; but then the mischief is, he speaks on every subject, and when the rules of the House

allow it,—in other words, when the House is in Committee,—it is no unusual thing for him to make fifteen or twenty speeches on one night.

It is but justice to the gallant Colonel to add, that he is good-tempered. He seems to have no personal resentments—no vindictive feelings towards any honourable member. His hostility is towards the principle, not towards the person holding it. Hence, he does not offend by any personalities, those on the opposite side of the house. I am sure the feeling in the house generally would be one of regret, were he to share the fate of his friend and prototype, Sir Charles Wetherell—that is, be excluded from it.

The Marquis of CHANDOS, member for Buckinghamshire, is a nobleman of very great influence among the agricultural members in the House, as well as among the farmers throughout the country. He is called, by way of eminence, the Farmer's Friend. He is worthy of the title. The interests of the agriculturists are ever uppermost in his mind. In many instances he has been known to sacrifice his own private interests and justifiable ambition, solely from a regard to the interests of the farmers as a body. It is well known to honourable members of all parties, though not generally known in the country, that rather than accept office when Sir Robert Peel's Administration was formed, on the condition of throwing the agriculturists overboard by putting off the motion which he had engaged to bring forward for a repeal of the Malt Tax, he preferred continuing a private member. This was a sacrifice to principle which few men of any party in the House would, under the circumstances, have made; for he could have had no difficulty of finding a pretext, from the state of parties, or something else, for postponing it from time to time until the session had come to a close. He, however, with his characteristic integrity and straightforwardness of conduct, refused to accept office on any terms of which his own conscience did not approve, though it was well known he would otherwise have been delighted to have been associated in office with a Conservative Ministry. He is chiefly known in the house and the country by his speeches in favour of the agricultural interest. He is a West-India proprietor, and before the emancipation of the slaves in our colonial possessions, took a distinguished part in all proceedings in the house bearing directly on the West-India question. The colonists, indeed, committed their interests in the house to him. He was their acknowledged representative, and displayed uncommon zeal, blended with considerable talent, in their favour. But since that question has been set at rest he has almost exclusively applied himself to the consideration of the best means of relieving the farmers from their burdens, and affording protection to the agricultural interest. He seldom speaks on any other subject, but never misses an opportunity of speaking on that when the question before the House will admit of it. A more vigilant, zealous, or faithful friend the farmers could not have. He is, as I have already said, a nobleman of considerable talent. He acquits himself, when addressing the house, in a very creditable manner. His voice is not strong, but it is audible and pleasant. He speaks with considerable fluency, and is always clear and forcible in his reasoning. No one can mistake his positions, or fail to perceive the arguments by which he endeavours to establish them. There is nothing ornamental or artificial in his style or manner. In fact, he has no ambition to shine as a mere stringer of rounded periods together: he quite forgets himself—I cannot say as much of many others, both of the Tory and Liberal party—in the intensity of the interest he feels in his subject. He does not usually speak long; but there is always a great deal of matter in what he does say.

In person, the Marquis of Chandos is a little above the usual stature. He is a handsome gentlemanly-looking man. His features are small and regular, and have a prepossessing appearance. His complexion is dark, and his hair black. He has a fine forehead, and an intelligent as well as agreeable expression of countenance. He is in his forty-first year, and is the only son of the Duke of Buckingham.

Of the Irish Tory members,—I mean those who are distinguished for the share they take in the discussion of measures bearing directly on the well-being of Ireland,—Mr. F. SHAW, the Recorder of Dublin, and member for the University of that city, stands not only foremost, but in a great measure alone. He is now in his thirty-sixth year. He has hardly realized the expectations which, on his first entrance on public life, his friends formed of the glory of his future career; still he has acquitted himself in a very creditable manner. He possesses more than respectable talents, though by no means talents of a high order. He invariably speaks on those occasions in which the conduct of the Orange or Protestant party,

is made the subject of debate in the house. Of that party he is, indeed, the accredited organ and advocate; nor could they have a more zealous champion. He always identifies his own opinions and interests with theirs. He is a voluble speaker—cold and monotonous on ordinary topics, but violent, both in matter and manner, in the highest degree, when the Clergy, the Church, or the Orangemen are attacked. Then his energy of manner verges on the ludicrous. One can hardly refrain from laughter when they see a man work himself into such a towering passion. Take his word for it, and the very being, not of religion only, but of the Constitution of this country, and the civilization of the world, are indissolubly bound up with the Irish Church and the Irish Clergy in their present state. Usually he is listened to with attention by the house; with the few Irish Tory members he is an oracle; but judging from the frequency and cordiality of Colonel Sibthorpe's cheers, no one appreciates his oratory more highly than the gallant member for Lincoln. His orations are much more remarkable for their party zeal than for their eloquence. The only speech I ever heard him make, in which there was anything like eloquence or superior talent, was one in defence of Baron Smith, in the Session of 1834, a few evenings after the house, by a majority of four, had censured the learned Baron for indulging in political party tirades when charging a jury previous to the trial of persons indicted for criminal offences. His speech was of an hour's duration. It commenced at half-past twelve, and finished at half-past one. The house was full at the time. The tide of feeling, both within and without doors, had turned in favour of the learned Baron, and Mr. Shaw had consequently a willing audience. The lateness of the hour added to the effect of his speech, for it well accorded with the solemn emphatic strain in which he dwelt on the virtues, the advanced age, and the long course of public service of the person he defended. Mr. Shaw's elocution was, on that occasion, unusually distinct and correct, and there was a depth and fullness of tone in his voice which I never before or since observed in any of his oratorical efforts. In the course of his speech he violently arraigned the character of Mr. O'Connell, through whose instrumentality the House had been induced to censure the conduct of Baron Smith; and I must say, that his castigation of the honourable member for Dublin, on that occasion, was decidedly the most effective I ever saw him receive in the house. The result of the discussion was that the House rescinded its own resolution respecting the learned Baron.

Mr. Shaw is, in person, considerably above the middle size. He is a handsome man, though there is something of a feminine expression in his countenance. He has a well-formed projecting forehead. His eyes, which are of a dark-blue colour, with large dark lashes, are full of fire and expression. His complexion is dark, and his hair jet black and bushy, like that of a negro. When he feels strongly in the way of disapprobation of anything any honourable member is saying, he throws his head backwards, and occasionally looks towards the ceiling with an air of supreme disdain.

"Sir RICHARD VYVYAN, the member for Bristol, was a great man among the Tories before the passing of the Reform Bill. Previous to that time he was hardly ever off his legs, when either the interests or the character of his party were involved; but since then he has hardly ever opened his mouth. The only speech, worthy the name, he made during the last session, was on the third reading of the Municipal Corporation Bill, which he most strenuously opposed. That speech revived the drooping spirits of the Tories. Sir Robert Peel's concession of the principle of the bill, coupled with his doubtful conduct on various questions for some time past, had well nigh caused them to resign themselves to despair, both as regarded their cause and their very existence as a party; and as matters had reached a crisis, they looked around for a new leader who "would go the whole hog." The speech of Sir Richard Vyvyan was of a character which, with his respectable debating talents, could not fail to make them turn their eyes towards him. He was for boldly and resolutely contesting every inch with the enemy. The smallest concession to them he denounced as treason to Constitution. Sir Robert Peel was always anxious to see his way clearly; Sir Richard was prepared to rush blindly forward, utterly regardless of consequences. The ultra Tories therefore, had, in the middle of July, come to the determination of enlisting themselves under the leadership of Sir Richard, and renouncing all connexion with Sir Robert when, all of a sudden, a new light broke in on the latter right hon. gentleman. He began to "guess," as an American would say, that the Lords would either so mangle the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, as to compel the Commons to reject it, or that the Tithes Bill,

tacked as the Appropriation Bill was to it, would be rejected altogether; and he saw, as the consequences, the resignation of Lord Melbourne's Ministry, the return of the Tories to power, and dissolution of Parliament. The card, therefore, which he had now to play, was again to right himself with his party, and, with this view, he once more affected a boundless zeal for them and their cause. His motion for the division of the Tithes and Appropriation Bills, and his speech on that occasion, of nearly four hours' duration, had the intended effect. Sir Richard was shelved, at least for a time, and Sir Robert again became the acknowledged champion of the Tory host.

Sir Richard Vyvyan is a man of middle size. He is slenderly and delicately made. His countenance has something of a pensive cast about it, and his complexion is rather sallow. He is only in his thirty-fourth year. He is a good speaker. His periods are rounded, and his voice and manner pleasant. He speaks with much fluency, and, occasionally, with considerable effect; but I doubt if he have the energy of character and versatility of talent necessary to constitute an efficient leader of his party.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEUTRAL PARTY.

Lord Stanley—Sir James Graham—Mr. F. G. Young—Mr. Robinson—Mr. Walter.

At the beginning of the last session the Neutral Party, or the "Section," as Mr. O'Connell facetiously termed it, in consequence of Lord Stanley having one evening spoken of the place whence he addressed the House, as a section of the House,—was one of considerable importance both as to talent and numbers. It was difficult to estimate its numbers with any degree of accuracy at the time, because some who belonged to it pretended to be the supporters of the Whigs; and others identified themselves with it only until they should see whether the Tory or Liberal interest would triumph in the House. By some it was supposed that, during the first four weeks of the session, the Neutral party numbered from thirty to forty adherents. Be this as it may, the number soon began to dwindle down to a mere handful, and before the end of July, though some hon. members still claimed the credit of strict neutrality between Whigs and Tories, the party was virtually extinct. The great body of them went openly over to the Tories, not by their speeches and votes only, but even as regarded their seats in the house. At first, and for three or four months, the majority of the Neutrals sat at the farthest end of the Ministerial side of the house—that part better known in the old house as the cross or neutral benches; but eventually they went over to the Tory or Opposition side, and, with one or two exceptions, took their seats amongst the most ultra of the Tory members. Still, two or three of them, on particular occasions, have since then voted with Government, and in opposition to their own party.

The leading members of the Neutral party are Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Mr. F. G. Young, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Walter.

LORD STANLEY, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, is a young man. He is only in his thirty-fifth year. In person he is rather above the middle size; his complexion is fair, and his hair red. There is something peculiar in the conformation of his face. His eyes are small and have a blinding appearance, but are full of expression. I forget which of the ancient philosophers it was who said that the eyes are the windows of the soul: the remark holds pre-eminently true in the case of Lord Stanley. His eyes indicate much of that mental acuteness and hot and hasty temperament which are so characteristic of the man. When rising to reply to some personal attack, I have often seen them flashing with such visible indignation, and so indicative of the tumultuous passions which agitated his bosom, that the dullest physiognomist could not have mistaken the nature of the speech about to be delivered. His face is round but small, and full of primness. There is nothing particularly intellectual in its general expression. He seems always out of temper, and his countenance does not in this respect do him injustice. The least thing excites and irritates him. I do not recollect that he ever made a single speech of any length, and on any subject of importance, without betraying more or less of that ill-temper by which he is

characterized. He cannot separate the person from his principles or arguments. In attacking the latter, he invariably attacks the former also. He possesses, however, this redeeming quality, that the moment he has resumed his seat he ceases to entertain any unfriendly feeling towards the person of whom he may have spoken so harshly. He is not vindictive; he does not cherish rooted resentments, excepting in cases of peculiar provocation. On the contrary, when the excitement of the moment is over, he is fully sensible of, and deeply regrets his infirmity of temper. It is well understood among the members of the House of Commons, that for weeks and months after his celebrated speech on his secession from the Grey Administration, when he accused the Government of which he had been four years a member, of thimble-rig, or legerdemain practices,—he most deeply regretted the indiscretion, and the wretched taste and still more reprehensible feeling which the language he then made use of evinced; and it is equally well-known, that, soon after, he wrote a letter to Earl Grey, expressive of his hearty concern that he should have given utterance to such language, and begging the noble Earl to accept his most sincere apology for it. As no man is more severe or pointed in his allusions to others, so no man smarts more sensibly, or is more impatient, under the castigation of an opponent. And when thus agonizing under the sarcasms or ridicule of an adversary, his usual practice is to sit with his head almost buried between his knees, under the pretext of reading some Parliamentary Papers. At intervals, when touched on some peculiarly sensitive part, he rises and interrupts the member who is speaking, even when strictly in order and using the most temperate language. This habit has grown much on him of late. Formerly it was confined to allusions to himself or to his arguments; now it is extended to anything contrary to his opinions, even though he has taken no part in the debate, if he chances to be in an unusually irascible mood at the time of these improper interruptions. He was often on this account called to order in the course of last session.

Lord Stanley is a most dexterous debater. He is remarkably quick in detecting the weak points of an adversary, and equally happy and effective in exposing them. He is one of the most fluent speakers in the house; always correct, often eloquent in his language. His great defect as a debater, is a frequent repetition of the same thing. I have known him in the course of eight or ten minutes, repeat the same argument three or four times. If he does not reach the highest flights of genius; if there be nothing in his ideas which startle you by their originality or brilliancy, or which, whether right or wrong, carries you away captive wherever he chooses to lead you, so, on the other hand, he never descends to common-places. You are always pleased with him: you cannot but admire his acuteness, and though not perhaps convinced that he is on the right side of the question, yet you cannot satisfactorily and immediately answer him. His *forte* lies in reply. He does not appear to advantage in making a set and carefully prepared speech; in that case, he is deficient in his usual animation and energy of manner. He acquits himself best when he rises on the spur of the moment, and under strong feelings of excitement; for it singularly enough happens, that the more he is excited, the acuter and happier does he become in his replies. His voice is clear and sweet: it has something of a tenor tone. His enunciation is correct and pleasing, though unusually rapid. He never hesitates, and very seldom recalls a word to replace it by a better. His ideas flow on him much faster than he can give them utterance. He does not use much gesticulation. He has generally a roll of paper in his right hand, with which, at short intervals, after raising it as high as his head, he pats the palm of his left.

I never knew a man who fell in the estimation of the House so rapidly as Lord Stanley has lately done. When a member of Earl Grey's Ministry, he commanded the respect and homage of all parties. His influence and popularity, even with those who differed from him in political opinion, were very great. Though he spoke much more frequently than any other member, with the single exception, perhaps, of Lord Althorp and Mr. Hume, the house never showed the least indisposition to hear him; on the contrary, all was anxiety and attention whenever he rose. The same feeling was entertained to him for some time after his secession from Lord Grey's Government, because he got credit for being actuated by conscientious scruples in taking that step. The first thing that damaged him was the "thimble-rig" speech, as it has since been called, to which I have already alluded. Since then he has been gradually losing his importance, and is now comparatively nothing. How different the Lord Stan-

ley of 1835, from the Mr. Stanley of 1833! "Oh, how fallen!"

Sir JAMES GRAHAM is in much the same position as Lord Stanley. He seceded from Lord Grey's Government at the same time, and from the same cause, and has adopted the same line of conduct ever since, as Lord Stanley. They not only share in each other's sentiments on political questions, and have of late pursued the same line of conduct, but they are bosom friends. They are always to be seen together when in the house—generally speak on the same questions—and, however, many nights the debate may chance to be adjourned, they also, in most cases, speak on the same night. They are brothers in adversity; and seem resolved to stick close to each other in their reverses. Sir James Graham is one of the stoutest men in the house. Washington Irving might have applied to him, with great propriety, the epithet of "stout gentleman." I should think he must weigh a full half stone more than any other member in the house. He is well-made; has a fine full round face, and appears in excellent health. His complexion is ruddy, and his hair dark. His apostasy from his former principles is more marked than even that of Lord Stanley, inasmuch as he was much more liberal—radical would be a better word—than that noble Lord. Some of the speeches he delivered in August 1830, immediately after the French revolution, were the most violent that ever escaped the lips of an Englishman. Dr. Wade's Radicalism, compared with them, was moderation itself. And even so late as 1832, on the struggle immediately preceding the passing of the Reform Bill, the Cumberland Baronet was so furious and extreme in his Liberalism as to be the god of the idolatry of the Radicals. All at once, however, he went over to the Tory party, whom he now supports with as much ardour as he formerly displayed on the other side. He is a man of superior, though certainly not of first-rate talent. He is generally clear in his reasonings, and can make out a plausible case. His style is plain and perspicuous, with very little ornament. His manner of delivery is rapid and easy. His voice has something of a hard sound, and yet is by no means unpleasant. It is equable in its tones; there is hardly ever the slightest variation in it, whatever be the subject. His enunciation is distinct, and his action unpretending. Indeed, he has very little gesticulation of any kind. He is always on remarkably good terms with himself, and hardly concealed from his friends that he entertained the conviction, that his secession from the Grey Ministry would be the sealing of its doom. He probably fancied that his Atlasian shoulders bore the heavy load, and that the moment he withdrew from it, down it would come in a mass of ruins. His present position is a most unpleasant one to himself. He is mortified beyond measure at his exclusion from office; not that he would accept a seat in the Cabinet of Lord Melbourne, with its Church Property Appropriation principles; but it is to him incomprehensible, and galling in the highest degree, that the Melbourne Administration should not, by the power of his eloquence, have been long since scattered to the winds of heaven, "leaving not a wreck behind," and a new one formed under his and Lord Stanley's auspices. Sir James is in his forty-third year.

Mr. F. G. Young, the member for Tynemouth, though not ostensibly identifying himself with the Stanley party, co-operated with them during the greater part of the last session. No man prides himself more on his independence, nor does any member so frequently boast of his being "an independent man." It must be admitted there is much truth in the boast; for he is to be seen by turns voting on every side of the House; sometimes with Lord Melbourne's Government, on what are called party questions, though perhaps oftener against them. In the first part of last session, and until near its close, he joined the "Section" in supporting Peel's Ministry on the Church Property Appropriation question; but having had occasion to visit Ireland for two or three weeks in June, and being convinced, from what fell under his own observation when there, that the existing distribution of Church Property in Ireland was a fruitful source of her evils and misery, he manfully retracted his former opinions, and openly and cordially supported Lord Melbourne's Government in their Irish Church and Tithes Bills.

Mr. Young is a good-looking man. His face is full of intelligence, and his speeches show that he is well-informed. In person he is above the middle size. He is about forty years of age; his hair is dark, and his complexion fair. He speaks often; but his ablest displays are on subjects connected with Free Trade and the Shipping interests. He is a decided advocate for commercial restrictions in our intercourse with foreign countries. His statistical details are given with re-

markable clearness, even in cases of a very complicated nature, and his reasonings are close, though sometimes his ideas are overloaded with verbiage. He is one of the most rapid speakers I ever heard, and yet his language is correct, though not, in the strict sense of the term, eloquent. He speaks with much ease, and notwithstanding the amazing rapidity of his utterance, scarcely ever has to recall a word to replace it by a better. No reporter can follow him; he speaks so very rapidly, as sometimes to pronounce four or five words as if all one word. In the session of 1834, I recollect hearing him, when addressing the House on a motion he had brought forward relative to the shipping interests, pronounce the words "Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Russia," as if one word, and certainly in as short a time as an ordinary speaker would take to pronounce one of them. His voice is clear and distinct. It has a tenor tone, and is remarkable for its equability. He has no command over it; whatever be the subject, he speaks in the same key. He is a pleasant speaker, and is listened to with attention by the House. He is a man of respectable talents, and is an expert debater; but he has no large or comprehensive views of any great question; nor does he ever give utterance to any striking or original ideas. He sits with the Tories on the Opposition side of the House.

Mr. ROBINSON, the member for Worcester, is chiefly known by his peculiar notions and speeches on the question of a Property Tax. He makes an annual motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the expediency and propriety of substituting a Property Tax in the place of our present system of taxation. On this question he is quite at home, and goes through intricate details connected with it with great ease and facility. He also takes part on subjects bearing on the question of Free Trade; but does not often speak on the more general topics which come before the House. In person he is about the middle size. His hair is dark, and his complexion somewhat sallow. He is of a full round face, having a tendency to corpulency. He has been a long time in Parliament. His age is about forty-five. He is not an attractive speaker; his matter is heavy, and his manner wants animation. He does not command much attention in the house. When he brings forward the question of a Property Tax, he has generally to address himself to empty benches. His audience if "fit," are "few;" they seldom exceed fifty or sixty. When he brought forward his annual motion last session, there were not more than forty or fifty members present. His speeches on these occasions usually occupy from two to three hours in the delivery. He is one of the many orators in the house whose ears are never regaled with the sweet music of a cheer. Since the re-accession of Lord Melbourne to power, Mr. Robinson has sat on the Opposition side of the house amidst his Tory friends.

Mr. WALTER, member for Berkshire, is hardly entitled to notice on account of his parliamentary status; but his lengthened connexion with the *Times* newspapers, and the influence he was known to exercise over the line of politics that journal pursued, taken in conjunction with the circumstance of his having altered his line of conduct in Parliament, at the same time as it changed its politics,—has brought his name somewhat prominently before the public of late. He is considerably advanced in life, being now in his sixty-first year. He is a man of venerable appearance, and is about the middle size. Considering his age, he looks well; his hair is white, and his complexion fair. He speaks very seldom, and when he does so it is only for a few minutes at a time. His voice has something of a hard and husky tone; he makes no attempt at fine speaking. His style is plain and clear, and his manner unassuming. He scarcely uses any gesture. His matter has generally the merit of being impregnated with much good sense, but there is nothing striking or original about it. He is a man of excellent private character, and is much respected by all who know him. In his capacity of a country magistrate, he has done infinite good for the poor. He was the last of the Neutral party who forsook the Ministerial side of the house after the accession of the present Government. It was this circumstance that led Mr. O'Connell, on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, to make his singularly happy quotation of part of a popular song as applicable to Mr. Walter, which made so much noise at the time. Mr. O'Connell, looking on the Ministerial side for Mr. Walter, but not seeing him there, was about to express his regret that he was not in the house, when, on casting his eye on the Opposition side, he observed him sitting in the midst of his "Neutral" friends; on which he exclaimed in his own inimitable style, "Oh, the honourable member has also gone over! While sitting by himself on this (the Ministerial) side of the house, he was 'like the last rose of Summer'—(Shouts of Laughter.)"

"Like the last rose of summer left blooming alone,
All its lovely companions being faded and gone."

It is impossible to convey any idea of the effect which this produced. Mr. Walter's personal friends could not refrain from joining in the loud peals of laughter which burst from all parts of the house, and even he himself enjoyed the harmless but happy raillery. After that morning, for the circumstance occurred at three o'clock, he resumed his seat, till the end of the Session, on the Ministerial side: whether this was the effect of Mr. O'Connell's felicitous allusion, or whether Mr. Walter had only that evening gone over to the Tory side of the house by accident, I cannot say.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.—LATE MEMBERS.

Mr. Henry Hunt—Mr. Thomas Macaulay—Lord Althorp—Mr. Charles Grant—Mr. Robert Grant—Mr. Jeffrey—Colonel Torrens—Mr. Cobbett.

I BEGIN with Mr. HUNT, because he was the first of those I am about to name that ceased to be a member of the House of Commons. His parliamentary career was short: it only extended to two sessions. It commenced at a time it might naturally have been least expected, and closed when it might rather have been expected to begin. He was chosen by the electors of Preston before Parliament was reformed: when reform was carried into effect, he was not re-elected by them, nor chosen by any other constituency. He was altogether a singular man. It is no easy matter to give a satisfactory estimate of his character. He had something of the caprice of Mr. Cobbett, and a good deal of his irritable temper; but in intellect or information he could not be for a moment compared with the member for Oldham. Mr. Hunt was not a man of much mind. He was unfitted for grappling with any great question. He never took an original view of any subject; and was altogether incapable of close and ingenious reasoning. He held certain principles of the most liberal kind, and had at his fingers' ends most of the principal arguments which other persons had urged in their favour. When these were exhausted, so were his means of vindicating his principles. His style was not good; it was rough and disjointed. What he excelled in was ready wit: he had few equals in this respect. All parties in the house, not even excepting the most ultra-radicals themselves, laboured hard to cough him down whenever he attempted to speak. It was on these occasions that he generally gave the most striking proofs of his wit. Nothing could disconcert him: the greater the uproar his rising to speak caused in the house, the more did he enjoy it. That was to him a luxury of the most exquisite kind. The fact was, he had been formed for scenes of confusion, and had all his life long been accustomed to them at the meetings of his Radical disciples; hence they came to him quite naturally. In many of his repartees there was great point. One honourable member, on one occasion when Mr. Hunt was speaking, was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt cured the honourable gentleman of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered as it was with infinite dramatic effect, created universal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his pantaloons pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honourable member, who seemed to be so distressed with the cough, but he could assure him he would provide some for him by next night. Never did doctor prescribe more effectually: not only did Mr. Hunt's tormentor from that moment get rid of his cough, but it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.

His manner was as bad as his diction. It had no gracefulness in it. His gesture was awkward, and his voice was harsh and croaking. The bad effect produced by the latter was aggravated by a strongly-marked provincial accent.

In bodily stature he was tall and corpulent. His person was clumsily formed; at any rate, it appeared so; but this may have been partly owing to a carelessness in his dress. His face, like his body, was fat and large. He had a double chin. His complexion was fair, with a fresh, healthy glow about it. He had light hair, and, though sixty years of age, at the time of which I am speaking, had not the slightest

baldness. He died in two or three years after he ceased to be a member. As he was regular in his attendance on his legislative duties, I have no doubt, that at his time of life, his corpulency of frame, and the active nature of his previous habits, that circumstance hastened his days.

Mr. THOMAS MACAULAY, late member for Leeds, and now a Member of Council in India, could boast of a brilliant, if not very long Parliamentary career. He was one of those men who at once raised himself to the first rank in the Senate. His maiden speech electrified the House, and called forth the highest compliments to the speaker from men of all parties. He was careful to preserve the laurels he had thus so easily and suddenly won. He was a man of shrewd mind, and knew that if he spoke often, the probability was, he would not speak so well; and that consequently there could be no more likely means of lowering him from the elevated station to which he had raised himself, than frequently addressing the House. In this he was quite right, for he had no talents for extempore speaking. I have seen him attempt it—only, however, when forced to it by the situation he held under Government—on several occasions; but in every such instance, he acquitted himself very indifferently. He never made above three or four speeches in the course of a Session—sometimes not so many,—and these were always on questions involving some great principle of politics or justice, and which commanded deep and universal attention at the time. His speeches were always most carefully studied, and committed to memory, exactly as he delivered them, beforehand. He bestowed a world of labour on their preparation; and, certainly, never was labour bestowed to more purpose. In every sentence you saw the man of genius—the profound scholar—the deep thinker—the close and powerful reasoner. You scarcely knew which most to admire—the beauty of his ideas, or of the language in which they were clothed. His diction was faultless; his matter was strongly imbued with the spirit of what, for want of a better expression, I would call the poetry of philosophy. He was, in this respect, the same man in the house as he was when penning such articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, as his celebrated one on the genius and writings of Milton. He was an excellent speaker without—not forcible or vehement, carrying you away, as it were, by force; but seducing you, taking you a willing captive, if I may so speak, by his dulcet tones and engaging manner, wherever he chose to go. Time after time has the House listened to him as if entranced.

His personal appearance is prepossessing. In stature he is about the middle size, and well formed. His eyes are of a deep blue, and have a very intelligent expression. His complexion is dark, and his hair of a beautiful jet black. His face is rather inclined to the oval form. His features are small and regular. He is now in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

LORD ALTHORP, now EARL SPENCER, was the leader of the House of Commons during the whole period of the existence of Earl Grey's Ministry, and also during the short duration of the first Administration of Lord Melbourne. He was one of the worst speakers in the House, and it was the subject of general wonder, notwithstanding his excellent private character, and the influence and respectability of his family connexions, that he should ever have been put forward as the leader of the Ministerial party. It was a truly melancholy spectacle to see him vindicating Government, when, in the progress of the Irish Coercion Bill of 1833 through the House, that Government was assailed by Messrs. O'Connell, Shiel, and other members of the Radical party. He was a mere plaything in their hands. He could not put three or four sentences together without stammering, and recalling his words over and over again, and even when he had given his sentences the last touch, there was as much room for improvement as ever. He was not a man of very great mental capacity. His information was not extensive; nor was he capable of turning to good account the little stock he possessed. He had a tolerably sound judgment, which made him generally take the common-sense view of a subject; and I have sometimes been struck with the cleverness of some of his replies to an opponent; but then the effect was sure to be marred by the way in which he stammered out the reply. He never gave birth to an original idea in his life; nor did he ever utter an eloquent expression. Still, with all his faults as a speaker, he was much esteemed by men of all parties in the house. He was so excessively good-natured, so simple and inoffensive in his manner, that it was impossible for any one, however much he might differ from him in sentiment, not to respect him. Nothing could make him lose his temper. In the most violent altercations, and greatest scenes of uproar

and confusion that took place in the house, there he stood, motionless as a statue,—his face shadowing forth the most perfect placidity of mind. His articulation was slow, and he always spoke in so low a tone, that it was often impossible to hear him at any distance. Never did the reporters represent any member as being "very imperfectly heard in the gallery," with greater truth than they did him. No class of persons could have greater reason to rejoice at his elevation to the Peerage than they had. It was often matter of surprise how they were able to give reports of his speeches at all. That they were able to do it so correctly, showed their quickness of perception and their general intelligence. In personal appearance Lord Althorp is short and corpulent. His frame is remarkably compact, and must, one would think, be capable of enduring great fatigue. He is pot-bellied, and unusually round in the face. His complexion is florid. He has all the indications of good health about him. In the expression of his countenance there is nothing remarkable; it is soft and stupid-like, rather than shrewd or intelligent. He usually wears a black coat, cassimere breeches, and a light cassimere waistcoat. The latter is always double-breasted, and in the hottest weather, when other members were within a few degrees of suffocation, he was, when in the House of Commons, invariably buttoned up close to his chin, just as if he had been wintering in the neighbourhood of the North Pole. His appearance altogether is exactly that of a farmer, and his manners are remarkable for their unaffected simplicity. He looks younger than he is, his age being fifty-three.

Mr. CHARLES GRANT, now Lord GLENELG, was a person of considerable consequence in the House, both because of his being a member of the Cabinet, and because of his qualifications for speaking. Few members could make a better speech when he prepared himself for the occasion. His reasoning was always ingenious and close, and his diction elegant—oftentimes poetical.* From beginning to end it was a pure, copious, uninterrupted flow of eloquence. There is something very sweet in his voice, though it be weak. His speeches were always listened to with the deepest attention, and hardly ever without the highest gratification, by the House. His utterance is rapid, but remarkably fluent. His gesture is graceful, and his manner altogether dignified and winning. His personal stature is that of the usual size; his form is slender. He is careless in his dress; his apparel is always of the best quality, but is hardly ever tolerably made. He seems to be one of those who like plenty of room in their clothes. His face is angular; his complexion is one of the fairest I ever saw, and his hair is white as the purest snow. His countenance has a very thoughtful expression. There are few men of a more studious disposition, though he spoke so seldom in the House. Though he does not go to bed before one or two o'clock, he generally rises at six. He is in his fifty-second year.

Mr. ROBERT GRANT, formerly Judge Advocate, and member for Finsbury (now Governor of Bombay), is a brother of Mr. Charles Grant's. He is an excellent speaker, and a man of great talents; but very indolent. He would only speak when the duties of his office compelled him to it. With the single exception of his speeches when prefacing his annual motion for the last few years for the emancipation of the Jews, he made few speeches of late of any importance. His language, like his brother's, was always chaste and eloquent, and his manner graceful. He spoke with much fluency, and when prepared for the occasion, had hardly ever to recall a word. When, however, he was under the necessity of speaking extempore, I have often seen him have great difficulty in getting through his speech in a tolerably creditable manner. His voice is highly musical, and capable of being modulated at pleasure. In person he is about the same height as his brother; but of a more robust constitution. His complexion is ruddy, his face full, and his hair of a pure white. Like his brother, he is a man of spotless private character, and was much respected by men of all parties. He is in his fiftieth year.

* Mr. Charles Grant is a poet, though not generally known as such. When at the University of Oxford, in 1806, he published a poem on India, which, considering that he was then a very young man, held out the most confident promises of future eminence as a poet. He did not, however, cultivate the poetic vein as he ought to have done. Indeed, after quitting Oxford, he neglected it altogether, in so far as publication was concerned, though he is still understood to pay homage to the Muses in his more leisure moments.

Mr. FRANCIS JEFFREY,* then Lord Advocate of Scotland, was first returned to Parliament in 1831, for the burgh of Malton; afterwards he was twice elected for the City of Edinburgh. I never knew a Parliamentary *débüt* which was regarded with greater or more general interest, or respecting the success of which more confident expectations were entertained. He had, by means of the *Edinburgh Review*, which he had conducted from its commencement, not only brought about a complete revolution in periodical criticism, but had given a tone to the literature of the nineteenth century. He was called the Prince of Critics, and his critical supremacy was universally acknowledged. Some of his compositions—his articles on Taste, for example, which were written in reply to the Rev. Archibald Allison—were admitted by every competent judge, to be the most beautiful specimens of writing which had appeared in the English language. The Parliamentary *débüt*, therefore, of a man who had performed so distinguished a part on the literary stage, and who was still regarded as unrivalled in periodical criticism, could not fail to excite very deep and general interest; but that interest was greatly increased by the reputation he had acquired as a lawyer and speaker. At the Scottish bar, and at public meetings in Edinburgh, he knew no competitor as a speaker. When it was known that he was to speak at a public meeting on any important question, persons would have flocked from a circuit of twenty miles to hear him. The Scottish press, knowing Mr. Jeffrey's distinguished reputation in his own country as a public speaker, never dreamed that he might fail in the House of Commons, where the scene would not only be new to him, but where he would have to compete with persons possessing first-rate talents as public speakers,—which he had never had to do in his own country. Hence the Scotch papers increased the interest with which his maiden effort in St. Stephen's was looked forward to, by paragraphs without number, in which they confidently predicted that he would not only gratify, but electrify the house, by the brilliancy of his eloquence. It was expected that he would speak on some important question which stood for discussion the second or third night, I do not recollect which, after he took the oaths and his seat. The house was consequently filled in every part, and an unusual number of literary characters were in and under the gallery. In so far as their expectations relative to the mere circumstance of the Lord Advocate's speaking on that particular night were concerned, honourable members and strangers were not disappointed; as regarded the character and effect of his oratory, they were grievously so. He spoke for about an hour and twenty minutes; but the effort was a complete failure. His matter was refined and philosophical in the highest degree. It was nearly as unintelligible to the majority of his auditory as if he had spoken some most abstruse article, intended for the *Edinburgh Review*, in answer to Kant, or some other German metaphysicians. Of course, it made no impression, and produced no effect. Then, the amazing rapidity of his delivery operated much against the speech. I think I never heard a person, either in or out of the house, speak so fast as he did on that occasion. The most experienced short-hand reporters were unable to follow him; they mentioned the circumstance in the papers of the following morning, as a reason for not giving his speech at greater length. Members usually speak at the rate of two columns and a half of the *Times* newspaper in an hour. Had a *verbatim* report of what Mr. Jeffrey spoke in an hour, been given in that journal, it would have filled four of its columns. Yet notwithstanding the rapidity with which Mr. Jeffrey spoke on this occasion, he never so much as faltered once, nor recalled a word which he uttered, to substitute one more suitable for it. His language, indeed, was fluent and elegant in the extreme. His manner, too, was graceful, but it wanted variety. His voice was clear and pleasant; but it had no flexibility in its intonations. He continued and ended in much the same tones as he began. The same monotony characterized his gesticulation. He was cheered to some extent; but the applause was not so general, nor cordial, nor frequent, as to indicate a successful *débüt*. In fact, he himself saw his maiden effort was a failure, and that there was all the difference in the world between the House of Commons, and the Waterloo Hotel, or Law-courts of Edinburgh. He never after volunteered a speech of any length. When he spoke, it was only when forced to it by his office, and then always as briefly as possible. Latterly, he excited no more interest in the house than the least talented member. It was a great pity for his oratorical fame that he ever entered the house at all.

In person, Mr. Jeffrey is below the middle size, and slender

* Now one of the Judges of the Court of Session.

made. There is something of a thoughtful expression in his countenance. His face is small and compact, rather, if anything, inclining to the angular form. His eye-lashes are prominent. His forehead is remarkably low, considering the intellectual character of the man. His complexion is dark, and his hair black. He quitted parliament last year. His age is about fifty.

Colonel TORRENS, late member for Bolton, was many years in the House of Commons. The principal cause of his rejection by his former constituents, at the last election, was his not "going the whole hog," as the phrase now is among the Radical party. He was one out of many candidates who, at that election, fell between the extreme parties; the Ultra-Radicals on the one hand, and the Ultra-Tories on the other. It is a curious anomaly, but it is a fact, that in various instances at the last election, and at the one which preceded it, Radicals voted for Tory candidates, in preference to the Whig candidates, and Tories for Radical candidates, in preference to the Whig candidates. And, if I do not much mistake the signs of the times, there will be many much more striking illustrations, in this respect, of extremes meeting, in the course of a few years. As a party, the Whigs, if not already extinct, are on a fair way of being so. There will, ere long, be no moderate or middle party; the Senate and the country will both be divided into two great parties—the Conservative and the Movement. Colonel Torrens, I believe, speaks *feelingly* on this subject. He is convinced that it will no longer do to ground his pretensions to the honour of representing any constituency on the principles of the old Whig school. He will argue from his own experience—generally a most convincing species of logic to one's-self, whatever it may be to others—that if a man would entertain any rational hope of being elected by any body of electors, where no personal considerations are allowed to weigh with those exercising the elective franchise,—he must be one thing or another; either a Tory, or a Liberal in the most liberal acceptance of the term.

But the gallant Colonel's exclusion from Parliament, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, has led me into a slight digression. He was a man of some status in the house. He possesses considerable talents, and often made very effective speeches. On all questions relating to the Currency, the Poor Laws, Emigration, and, indeed, Political Economy in general, he is well-informed. There were then, and there are now, but few Members more intimately conversant with these topics. He is a pretty good speaker; but would be a much better, were it not that there is something hard and unmusical about his voice. There is, too, a good deal of affectation and pomposity in his manner, which, of course, cannot be in his favour. He does not hesitate or seem to be at a loss for words wherewith to clothe his ideas, but his style is not very highly polished. He was generally listened to with attention in the house. He was a man of some importance, both on account of his talents, and his being the principal proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper, which was, during the whole period the Grey Ministry were in office, understood to be the accredited organ of that Government. It is generally understood, however, that the gallant Colonel has since disposed of his interest in that journal, and that he has now no further influence over its politics than that which the mere private respect entertained for his character by the conductors, may secure to him. Since his comparative retirement from public life, he has partly amused himself with his favourite study of political economy. A few months since he published a large octavo work in vindication of the New Australian Company, of which he is one of the leading Directors, from an attack by a writer in the *Westminster Review*.

In person, the gallant Colonel is about the usual size. He has a finely proportioned figure, and a high and well-developed forehead. His whole physiognomy has an intellectual expression. His complexion is fair, and his hair something between a gray and white. He is considerably advanced in life, being near his sixtieth year. The precursors of coming old age are beginning to show themselves. Independently of the colour of his hair, there are slight furrows on his face. He sacrifices a good deal to the Graces. His appearance is gentlemanly and prepossessing.

I shall conclude my notice of the late members of the Liberal party, with a sketch of one who for the last forty years and upwards, has filled a larger space in the public eye than any other person in the lower or middle ranks of life. I allude to the late Mr. COBBETT. I chanced to meet with him in private a few days after the meeting of the Parliament of 1833, and consequently a few days after he had made his legislative *débüt*. Like those soldiers who delight to fight all their battles o'er again, Mr. Cobbett repeated to me, *verbatim*, the leading parts of his maiden speech in the house; and he did

it with zest and raciness I have never seen surpassed. He mentioned to me, that for the first time in his life he did feel a certain degree of tremor, when he first rose to address the House of Commons; but that it gradually wore off, and that before the conclusion of his speech, he felt almost as much self-possession as he ever did in delivering a public address. He ascribed the cause of his trepidation, partly to the circumstance of his addressing an assembly altogether different in their habits, education, manners, opinions, &c. from any he had ever before addressed; and partly because he knew that not only the eyes of the house were upon him, but the eyes of the whole country; for, he added, with that egotism which so largely pervades all his writings, that the people of the three kingdoms looked up to him as the only man that could save the country. Hence it will be seen that Mr. Cobbett's egotism was not, as some people supposed, merely affected; but that he believed he had all the merit he assumed, and also that the nation had as high an opinion of him as he himself entertained.

Mr. Cobbett was as happy at abusing an opponent in private conversation as in his *Political Register*. Indeed, judging from some specimens he afforded me, I should say he excelled himself, as a writer, in verbal vituperation. Of all the specimens of abuse I ever met with, either written or spoken, his abuse of Mr. Spring Rice, who had one evening incurred his displeasure, by denying in the House the truth of some statements he had made, was beyond comparison the richest and most hearty. This was in conversation with me a few days after Mr. Spring Rice had subjected himself to Mr. Cobbett's displeasure.

In the House of Commons, however, he was not at all in this respect the same man. There, he was, with very few slight exceptions, careful and measured in his language when replying to an opponent. I attribute this in a great degree to the circumstance of Lord (then Mr.) Stanley having, soon after Cobbett's admission into Parliament, treated him with very great severity, in consequence of some coarse attack he had made on some friend of Mr. Stanley's: for it was a singular fact, that though Cobbett's very being seemed to be bound up in the practice of indulging in the grossest vituperation of others, there was no man who had a greater dread of being abused in return, than himself.

Mr. Cobbett's manner of speaking strongly resembled his mode of writing. His style was always plain, but vigorous. It was all bone and muscle. Every word was in its proper place; and there were no disjointed sentences. I never knew him indulge in a trope or a figure. You would have thought, from the extreme felicity and colloquial character of his language, that he was speaking to some private friend, instead of addressing "the first assembly of gentlemen in the world."

His utterance was slow and distinct. Perhaps there was no member in the House whose speeches it was so easy to report. His manner was almost invariably good-humoured and playful. No person who had heard him speak, could ever, without the most convincing proof, have believed that he was the author of the virulent and coarse abuse with which the pages of the *Register* abounded. His action was moderate and gentle. His voice was clear and pleasant, but was deficient in variety. Occasionally it had a sort of twang about it. He was not a noisy speaker. There was nothing of that energy about him as a speaker, which was the leading characteristic, and one of the greatest merits, of his writings.

One of Mr. Cobbett's sons, in giving an account of his father's death, says he believes he would have broken his heart if the people of Oldham had not elected him a second time. I can well credit this; for, from what he told myself, I have no doubt, that high at all times as was his own estimate of his merits and importance, it rose at least fifty per cent. on his being first returned to Parliament. He mentioned to me that he had, since the publication, forty years ago, of his Letters under the signature of "Peter Porcupine," been the first man of the age; but then, he added, it is only now that the people have proved to me that they are of the same opinion. So dignified were his notions of being a member of Parliament, that he thought he had, by his return for Oldham, been elevated to a far higher sphere in society than he had before moved in. There was doubtless some justice in the opinion, though not half so much as he thought. He had, a few weeks before his election, returned from his tour through Scotland; and I remember him asking me, after he had become an M.P., whether I considered the pledge he had made the people of Scotland, of revisiting them the following year, to be, under the altered circumstances, still binding. His notion was, that though "lecturing" was a very respectable occupation for him before he was returned to Parliament, it would be a very

undignified one after he had been raised to that distinction; and on this conviction he acted, for he did not redeem his pledge of paying a second visit to the people of Scotland.

Mr. Cobbett was by no means attentive to his Parliamentary duties. He was not, after the middle of the first session, often in the house; and when he did attend, it was only for a very short time. This, however, it is right to add, was not from any defective views of his duty to his constituents and the country; but because he felt the close and heated atmosphere of the house not only unpleasant, but injurious to his health. It was most probably, owing to his previous enjoyment of much exercise in the open air, the cause of his death; for so sudden a change, at his advanced age, in a man's habits, could not but have been prejudicial in the highest degree to his constitution, more especially as he was of a corpulent frame. Mr. Hunt, I have no doubt, as already mentioned, also fell a sacrifice—for he also was advanced in life, and of a corpulent person—to the unhealthy atmosphere of the House of Commons. Cobbett seemed to have laid it down as a rule, never to remain in the house longer than ten o'clock: I do not remember his making more than three or four exceptions to this rule. The last one was on the night on which it was known that there would be a division on the question of the Irish Church Appropriation Bill, brought in by Lord John Russell.

Mr. Cobbett did not speak often, and never long at a time. I do not recollect his ever having made a speech which occupied more than twenty or thirty minutes in the delivery, and very seldom indeed so much as that. On the passing of the Estimates in June last, he seemed to have been seized with an extraordinary love of speaking; for he made, on that evening, at least twenty speeches in opposition to particular grants in those estimates. The last speech he ever made, which was about three weeks before his death, was in reply to Sir Robert Peel, who opposed the motion of the Marquis of Chandos for a repeal of the Malt Tax. He was then so hoarse that not one word he said, though he spoke from fifteen to twenty minutes, could be heard half a dozen yards from the place at which he spoke; but he appeared in excellent spirits.

His reputation gained nothing by his admission into Parliament. It was generally expected he would have cut a figure in the house by means of his eccentricities, his prejudices, and talents combined; but the event proved there never was a more groundless expectation. He not only, as I have just mentioned, spoke very seldom, but when he did, he excited no interest whatever in the house. In one word, his parliamentary career was a complete failure.

Mr. Cobbett, in personal stature, was tall and athletic. I should think he could not have been less than six feet two, while his breadth was proportionally great. He was, indeed, one of the stoutest men in the house. I have said there was a tendency to corpulency about him. His hair was of a milk white colour, and his complexion ruddy. His features were not strongly marked. What struck you most about his face was his small, sparkling, laughing eyes. When disposed to be humorous himself, you had only to look at his eyes and you were sure to sympathize in his merriment. When not speaking, the expression of his eyes and his countenance was very different. He was one of the most striking refutations of the principles of Lavater I ever witnessed. Never were the looks of any man more completely at variance with his character. There was something so dull and heavy about his whole appearance, that any one who did not know him, would at once have set him down for some country clodpole—to use a favourite expression of his own—who not only never read a book, or had a single idea in his head, but who was a mere mass of mortality, without a particle of sensibility of any kind in his composition. He usually sat with one leg over the other, his head slightly drooping, as if sleeping, on his breast, and his hat down almost to his eyes. He sat on a particular seat for weeks in succession; but then would all of a sudden, and without any one knowing for what cause, change it for one in some other part of the house; perhaps one on the other side. I remember that on one of the evenings—the last I think—on which the Appropriation question was discussed, and the decision on which proved fatal to Sir Robert Peel's Administration, he went over from the Opposition side of the House to the Ministerial, and sat down at the back of Sir Robert, and in the very midst of the Tory party, where he remained the greater part of the night, to the very serious annoyance of Sir Robert and his colleagues, who could hardly exchange a word with each other lest it should be overheard by Cobbett. There never was a more striking illustration of the old adage about an enemy being in the camp. The circumstance afforded infinite amusement to the Liberal party, and proved a corresponding infliction to the Tories. Cobbett's

usual dress was a light gray coat, of a full make, a white waistcoat, and kerseymere breeches of a sandy colour. When he walked about the house he generally had his hands inserted in his breeches pockets. Considering his advanced age, seventy-three, he looked remarkably hale and healthy, and walked with a slow but firm step. A fortnight before his death, he thought himself—and so did all who saw him—that he was destined to live for many years to come.

CHAPTER X.

MEMBERS WHO HAVE SEATS IN THE CABINET.

Lord John Russell—Mr. Spring Rice—Sir John Cam Hobhouse—Lord Morpeth—Lord Howick—Mr. Poulett Thomson—Lord Palmerston.

In speaking of the members of Lord Melbourne's Ministry who have seats in the Cabinet, I shall take them at random, and not according to any supposed superiority of talent. Indeed, in regard to talent there are so many of them so nearly on an equality, that it would be no easy matter to determine which of them on that account were entitled to a priority of notice.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, from his station as leader of the Ministerial side of the House, and his having also been leader of the Opposition previous to the downfall of Sir Robert Peel's Administration, is clearly entitled to be first introduced to the attention of my readers. He is small in stature, considerably below the middle size. He is slenderly made, and has altogether the appearance of a person of a weakly constitution; his features are large and broadly marked, considering the size of his face. His complexion is pale, and his countenance has a pensive cast. He scarcely ever indulges in a smile. His hair is of a brown colour. He usually wears a brown coat, a light coloured waistcoat, and kerseymere trowsers of a sandy complexion. He is in his fifty-third year.

Lord John is one of the worst speakers in the house, and but for his excellent private character, his family connexions, and his consequent influence in the political world, would not be tolerated. There are many far better speakers, who, notwithstanding their innumerable efforts to catch the Speaker's eye in the course of important debates, hardly ever succeed; or if they do, are generally put down by the clamour of honourable members. His voice is weak and his enunciation very imperfect. He speaks in general in so low a tone as to be inaudible to more than one-half of the House. His style is often in bad taste, and he stammers and stutters at every fourth or fifth sentence. He has an awkward custom of repeating, frequently three or four times, the first two or three words of a sentence, accompanied by a corresponding number of what Shakspeare calls "hems," when at a loss for terms whereby to express his ideas. For example, if the idea to which he wanted to give expression were, that he thought the motion of a certain honourable member ill-timed, he would express himself in something like this manner, in the instances I have supposed: "I—I—I—hem—think the motion of the honourable member is—is ill-timed at the—at the—hem—present moment." When he is audible he is always clear: there is no mistaking his meaning. Generally his speeches are feeble in matter as well as manner; but on some great occasions I have known him make very able speeches, more distinguished, however, for the clear and forcible way in which he put the arguments which would most naturally suggest themselves to a reflecting mind, than for any striking or comprehensive views of the subject. His manner is usually cold and inanimate in the extreme. Not only are his utterance imperfect and indistinct, and the tones of his voice weak and monotonous, but he stands as motionless as the table beside which he speaks. On some of the great occasions, however, to which I have referred, I have often known him raise his voice to a pitch sufficiently high to render himself audible in all parts of the house. I have also in some such cases known him make use of moderate gesture, and exhibit to the House several of the leading attributes of an effective speaker. In other words, I have known him, apart from the importance which, from his family relations and position in the House, attached to anything he said,—make effective speeches—speeches which must have commanded attention, from whatever member and from whatever side of the house they proceeded

I never knew a man more cool and collected when speaking. He exhibits no signs of feeling or of warmth. You would almost think him, even in many cases when his voice is raised to the highest pitch of which it is capable, a sort of automaton. On no occasion, even when most unwarrantably and virulently attacked, have I ever known him betray a loss of temper. This circumstance is the source of great mortification to his opponents. I have often seen Sir Robert Peel labour with all his might to irritate the temper of Lord John; but never with effect. In fact, Sir Robert and his party seeing the task to be hopeless, have all but ceased to be severe at his expense.

Lord John is an admirable tactician. His judgment is singularly good as to the best course to be pursued in all cases of difficulty. I am satisfied he has, in this respect, no equal in the House. I am persuaded there is not a man out of the six hundred and fifty-seven who would, had he been in his situation of leader of the Opposition, before the downfall of the Peel Administration, have acted, in the trying circumstances in which he was then placed, with equal judgment and discretion. The difficulties of his position during the Peel dynasty, did not chiefly arise from the number and unanimity of the adverse party. These were formidable enough, certainly; but they principally arose from the imprudence of the most zealous and honest of the Reformers themselves. Some of these were, day after day, intent on bringing forward special motions, to bring the question, as they said, of which party was to triumph in the House, to a decision at once. One expedient, with this view, suggested by a very large number of the Radical party, and coincided in by many others, was, that of proposing a formal vote of want of confidence in Sir Robert Peel's Government. Lord John opposed this, as a rash step, and one which there was every reason to fear would be the means of establishing the very Government it was intended to overthrow; inasmuch as many sincere Reformers would have voted against such a motion, on the ground that, as Sir Robert Peel demanded a fair trial, it would be advisable to let him have it,—as then, in the event of his failing to bring forward liberal measures, the dissolution of his Government would be hailed by all classes of Reformers in the country, while the mouths of his own party would be shut as to any charges against the Liberal party of unfair conduct, or of Sir Robert's Government being condemned unheard. Then came the proposition of Mr. Hume, founded on a recommendation of Sir John Campbell, in an election speech at Edinburgh, to stop the supplies. Mr. Hume gave formal notice of a motion to that effect, and he was encouraged to persevere in it by a considerable portion of the Liberal press, and by a very large portion of the Liberal members of the House of Commons. Lord John Russell saw that the result would be the very reverse of what Mr. Hume and others had anticipated—that instead of a majority for such a motion, there would be a considerable majority against it. He saw clearly that many Reformers would vote against it, on the ground that they were anxious to avoid every thing which could be construed into a factious opposition to Sir Robert's Government; while others would be equally adverse to it, from an apprehension that, if carried, it would be attended with serious consequences to the credit of the country. Sir Robert himself saw the matter in the same light; and hence, to use his own words, he "panted" for either motion being brought forward, as the rejection of it could not fail to be the salvation of his Government. Lord John, in both these respects, evinced consummate judgment, and also a decision of character which but very few possess; for, on the one hand, he was pressingly importuned to bring forward some such motions himself, by means of the most seductive flattery; and on the other, when he expressed his disapprobation of such a course, he was charged by many less discerning Reform members with purposefully betraying the liberal cause, and playing designedly into the hands of the Tories. He wisely determined to wait the first opportunity which would be afforded the Reformers of joining issue with the Peel Government, by Sir Robert himself bringing forward some motion involving some great principle. The Irish Tithes Bill of Sir Robert furnished that opportunity. As it made no allusion, either to the actual existence of any surplus property in the Church of Ireland, or to its appropriation, Lord John determined on moving that no Tithes Bill for Ireland would be satisfactory to the House which did not recognize the principle of appropriating to the general purposes of education any surplus revenues in the Irish Church which might be found to exist. This brought the matter to a bearing at once. No Reformer could shrink from asserting that principle. There was no room for the imputation of factious motives on the part of the Liberal party. The opportunity of

asserting their principles was not ostensibly of their own seeking, however anxiously they may have longed for it. The necessity was, in a manner, imposed on them by Sir Robert Peel himself, as it would have been deemed by the country a cowardly abandonment of their principles, to have suffered the Tithes Bill to be read a second time, without coupling with it the record of their sentiments on the question of Appropriation, both subjects being so closely associated together in the case of Ireland. The event proved the soundness of the judgment and the excellence of the tactics of Lord John.

Mr. SPRING RICE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Member for Cambridge is, perhaps, from the prominent part he takes in the debates in the House, the next member of the Cabinet entitled to notice. Like Lord John Russell, he is of diminutive stature, though not nearly so slenderly made. Though small in size, he has a rather handsome person, of which, however, he is immoderately proud. He is somewhat of a dandy. He wears a profusion of rings on his fingers. I think I have counted, on more than one occasion, seven or eight, though I will not now be positive as to the exact number. He usually wears a green surcoat, and a small black stock. The collar of his shirt is of unusual height. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, mentions in his autobiography that the first time he saw Mr. Galt, the left ear of that celebrated writer was completely concealed from view by the height or depth, call it which you please, of his collar. Mr. Galt once alluded, in conversation with me, to this statement of Hogg, which he characterised as altogether unfounded, but charitably ascribed it to some imperfection of memory, or other unintentional mistake, on the part of the Ettrick Shepherd. I only, however, speak the words of truth, when I mention, that Mr. Spring Rice's shirt collar is so high that I have often wondered his ears were not cut by it. Without a high collar and a smart stiff stock he would be nothing in his own estimation. He has altogether a prim appearance, both in his manners and dress.

He is a native of Ireland, and is now forty-five years of age. He has a long sharp face, of a rather pleasant and intelligent expression. His forehead is well developed, and his complexion is clear and healthy. His manner is courteous and conciliatory to all parties, whether friends or foes. He seems to have few personal dislikes; or if he have, he has the policy to conceal them. He is never coarse or personally abusive in his replies to an opponent; and I do not think he has many, if any, personal enemies in the House. He is a man of considerable talents, but more showy than solid.

As a debater he has no pretensions to be ranked in the first class, but he is far above mediocrity. His enunciation is always clear, and his voice is audible in every part of the House; but there is a studied pompousness about his manner, which cannot fail to strike every one who hears him. He aims much at an imitation of the manner of Sir Robert Peel. His voice is not, in its compass, and the power he has over it, unlike that of the member for Tamworth, but it wants its sweetness and melody of tone. In his most pathetic moods, Mr. Spring Rice's voice has a strong nasal tone. He uses a good deal of gesticulation, chiefly with his right hand, and by turning about his face from one part of the House to another. Like Sir Robert Peel, however, he principally addresses his own party, and in every instance when he says, or fancies he has said, something clever, looks them wistfully and smilingly in the face for the expected cheer. They understood the thing perfectly well, and are seldom cruel enough to refuse him the "hear, hear, hear!" the laugh, or the "hurrah!" He is fond of making long speeches, and therefore, as might be expected, frequently repeats himself. When, in the Session of 1834, Mr. O'Connell brought forward his motion for the Repeal of the Union, Mr. Spring Rice opposed the measure in a speech which occupied five hours in the delivery. Had the oration been stripped of its verbiage and the tautology it contained, one-third of the time would have sufficed for its delivery. In bringing forward the budget, in August last, though it contained fewer alterations in the taxation of the country than any budget I ever recollect to have heard submitted to Parliament, he occupied the House about two hours and a half, being double the usual time which previous Chancellors of the Exchequer, excepting in peculiar cases, were accustomed to take in making their financial statements. Ten minutes would have been ample time for the delivery of his *exposé*, had the length of the speech been regulated by the relevant matter it contained.

SIR JOHN CAM HOBBHOUSE, member for Nottingham, and President of the Board of Control, is another prominent member of the Cabinet. Ever since his rejection by the Westminster electors, until the beginning of last Session, Sir

John took very little part in the proceedings of Parliament. During that interval he hardly delivered a single speech of any importance or of any length. The loss of the representation of Westminster, where he fancied he was securely seated for life, made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, and, for a time, in a great measure paralyzed his energies. The return, however, of the Tories to power, and the peculiar circumstances under which Lord Melbourne's Ministry, of which he was a member, were dismissed to make way for that of Sir Robert Peel, aroused him from his comparative lethargy. Few men were more instrumental in overthrowing the Administration of the Tamworth Baronet than Sir John Hobhouse. In speaking of Sir Robert Peel, I have adverted to the effectiveness of Sir John's attacks on that right hon. gentleman and the Cabinet of which he was the head. I have seldom seen happier efforts than some of those which Sir John made during the temporary existence of the Peel Government. He seized with a sort of infallible and intuitive sagacity on the weak points both in the government and the speeches of Sir Robert, and these he assailed with a skill, energy, and effect, which could not have been surpassed. Almost every sentence he uttered was a spoken dagger to the breast of the unhappy Sir Robert. Both the latter individually, and his Ministry collectively, seemed like mere playthings in the hands of Sir John, which he could use at his pleasure. I have referred, in a former part of the work, to Sir John's speech on the appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry as ambassador to the Court of Russia. It was a perfect masterpiece of its kind. I never knew a speech which told with better effect on the House; and what added to its merits was the fact that it was altogether spontaneous, and scarcely seemed to require an effort. Sir John's whole heart and soul appeared to be thrown into his words. As he felt he spoke, and as he spoke Sir Robert and his friends felt, aye,—and as formerly mentioned—repeatedly changed colour too.

Sir John's manner is very changeable. As a speaker he appears to far greater advantage in attack than in defence. He is then, especially on important questions, full of fire and animation. His voice, which has something of a bass tone in it, is raised to an unusually high pitch, and his action becomes correspondingly energetic. Sometimes he raises both arms above his head, and violently beats the air with them. At others, he puts them both behind his back, when he joins his hands together. When in this position he usually recedes four or five feet from the table, and then rapidly advancing towards it again, disengages his hands, and knocks the box or the books on the table, with some energy, with his right hand. At other times he places his arms across each other on his breast, and looks the opponent at whom he is levelling his arguments and his ridicule full in the face, with an air of half-suppressed scorn.

In defence, again, you would hardly think he was the same man. He speaks in a subdued tone, and sometimes lowers his voice so much as to be inaudible in various parts of the House. He then uses but little gesture, and that of a very gentle kind. One favourite attitude, in most cases, is leaning his right elbow on the table, and placing his left arm on his side. You will at once perceive that he then speaks from necessity, not from choice; in which case it is impossible he can speak so well. In defending himself, towards the close of last Session, when attacked by Mr. Praed for rescinding the appointment of Lord Heytesbury to India, he spoke in a very confused manner, and did not exhibit the least animation. He often stammered, and sometimes recalled, not whole words only, but whole sentences that were out of joint. Any one, to have heard him on that occasion for the first time, would have gone away with a very unfavourable impression both of his oratory and his argumentative powers. The speech, however, though thus so much damaged in the delivery, was one of very great ability, as it was universally admitted to be by every one who read the report of it in the newspapers of the following day.

In person, Sir John Hobhouse is rather below the middle size, and is slightly inclined to corpulency. He is now in his fifty-first year. His hair is dark, and his complexion pale. His countenance is strongly marked, chiefly from the prominence of his nose. It is both large and singular in its conformation, partaking a good deal of the quality called Roman, when that term is applied to the nasal organ. There is something of a pensive cast about Sir John's countenance, though no man can be more humorous when he chooses to indulge in jokes. He is a man of versatile, as well as superior talents. I question if there be a man of greater or more varied talents in the Cabinet: there is certainly none of greater liberality of

opinion. As a politician he is, perhaps, one of the most upright and straightforward men in the House. He bordered on Radicalism, and never shrunk from an open avowal of his opinions, at a time when the word Reformer was considered synonymous with everything that was low, unprincipled, and degraded. He now points, with proud exultation, to the time when he and his friend and colleague in the representation of Westminster, Sir Francis Burdett, stood almost single-handed in St. Stephen's, in the assertion of liberal principles,—and when, to use his own words, his politics were so unpopular among the upper classes, that his personal friends would have passed him in St. James's-street without ever deigning to give him a nod of recognition. The circumstance of Sir John's resigning his seat for Westminster, and at the same time an office worth £5,000 a-year, when he conceived it his duty to vote contrary to the views of his constituency, is known to every one, and affords a beautiful illustration of his political integrity of character.

Lord MORPETH, member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and Secretary for Ireland, is a young nobleman of considerable promise. He has only been a few years in Parliament, but in that short space has acquired some weight and distinction in the House. He is a man of a cultivated mind, especially in what is called light and elegant literature. He used to contribute to *The Keepsake* and other annuals. His contributions were chiefly in poetry, and were written with much good taste, but furnished no evidence of a strong masculine mind. The same may be said of his speeches in Parliament. Nothing can be more classically correct than his style, particularly when his speeches have been previously studied, which they almost invariably are; but they do not afford any indication of genius, or even of a vigorous or comprehensive mind. The greatest fault, perhaps, that attaches to his parliamentary efforts is, that there is an air of pedantry about everything he says. It is probable, however, that a few years of the wear and tear of office will rid him of this. He is a pleasant speaker, and there is much to admire in his elocution. He has a fine voice, always speaks audibly, and yet not too loud. His utterance is timed with much good judgment to the ear; but he is monotonous. He always speaks with the same tone of voice, whatever be the subject. I never yet knew him make the least alteration in his voice. The most trifling and most important subjects, the most ludicrous and most solemn, are spoken of by him in the same key and in the same tones. He appears to have no command over his voice—to be incapable of raising or lowering it as the subject requires. He occasionally attempts to be humorous; but certainly with very limited success. On one or two occasions I have seen him attempt a pun at the expense of suffering humanity. When Mr. Sharman Crawford, one of the most benevolent men in the house, brought the subject of the extreme distress then prevailing in the county of Mayo before the House, in July last, and asked Lord Morpeth, as Secretary for Ireland, whether Government had taken any steps to relieve the distress, he replied that he could assure the honourable member, that the *proceedings* of Government had not been *stationary* on the subject. The pun was in extremely bad taste, to say the least of it, at a time when, as Mr. Crawford stated, hundreds of poor creatures were daily dying from sheer want. And yet it were doing Lord Morpeth very great injustice were any one to infer from this that he is of an unfeeling mind. He is, on the contrary, a man of a kind and generous heart. Few men are more capable of sympathizing with his fellow-creatures when in distress; and there is no doubt that the remark to which I have just referred, was made thoughtlessly, or from a notion that there was something extremely clever in the pun.

Lord Morpeth is a nobleman of excellent private character, and this circumstance, added to the respectability of the family to whom he belongs, goes a great way to secure that attention and respect which the House invariably accords to him whenever he addresses it. He is a man of a mild disposition, and is gentlemanly and urbane in his manners. He never indulges in personalities or vituperation himself, and perhaps there is not a member in the house who is less the subject of personalities or abuse on the part of others.

I have said that Lord Morpeth is a man of a cultivated rather than of a masculine mind. My opinion, however, is, that as he is only now in his thirty-third year, his mind may expand and gain in vigour while it loses in elegance. I think I can see a visible improvement in this respect within the last two years. His speech in July last, on the introduction of the Church of Ireland and Tithes Bill, though not by any means what so great and momentous a subject would have admitted of, certainly exhibited proofs of a close and compre-

hensive thinker. Even Sir Robert Peel complimented the noble Lord for the ability he displayed on that occasion.

In person, Lord Morpeth is about the middle stature. He is handsomely made, and proud of his person. He is always smartly dressed, though not deserving the appellation of a fop. His hair is of a brown complexion and his face pale. He has a large mouth, and his under lip is prominent and pendant. In speaking, he uses very little action, but is nearly as tame and formal in his gesture as he is monotonous in the tones of his voice. The affectation so generally visible in his speeches, is to be seen in his conduct even when taking no part in the proceedings. One practice which he has, and which Lord Stanley also had when he sat in the same seat, is that of extending his feet to the table before the Speaker. There are several other little airs of affectation about him which are more easily and readily seen than they can be described.

I come now to speak of a young nobleman whom I consider to be decidedly the most promising man within the walls of the house. I allude to Lord Howick, Secretary at War, and member for Northumberland. Lord Howick is the eldest son of Earl Grey, and inherits much of the stern principle, rigid integrity, and senatorial talents of his father. On the question of Negro Emancipation, his opinions were equally decided and liberal. They were, indeed, much more liberal than were those of his father's Administration; and because, in 1832, he could not bring over Earl Grey's Ministry to the adoption of those decided measures for the emancipation of the slaves, which he conceived both the justice and the humanity of the case demanded, he, rather than compromise his principles, resigned his office as Under Secretary for the Colonies, and ceased to be a member of his father's Government. At that time, Lord Howick was considered a man of more than respectable talents; but his intellectual resources were then only beginning to develop themselves. In his new situation as a member of Lord Melbourne's Administration, he acquitted himself in the course of last session, in a manner which excited the admiration of every member in the house. I never knew so marked an improvement in any man in so short a space of time. His speeches generally displayed a sound judgment, great acuteness, a thorough knowledge of the subject, and a masculine mind. He is withal an excellent debater. He is ready to speak on any question at a moment's notice. He is happy in reply. I have known him on various occasions rise to answer some leading member of the Opposition, the moment that member had resumed his seat, and demolish most triumphantly every argument which the other had advanced. On such occasions I have seen him speak for an hour and a-half or two hours, and yet never, during all that time, hesitate or falter one moment, nor appear in the least degree disconcerted. His style is fluent: perhaps it is so to a fault. He might sometimes express his ideas with more energy and effect if he used fewer words. Every word, however, is always in its proper place. You do not see how the most fastidious taste could improve the construction of his sentences.

Without being personal or coarse, Lord Howick treats an opponent with great severity. I am not sure that he is remarkable for the equability of his temper. Be this as it may, he never allows any slight irritation he may feel to get the better of his judgment. He will never be an orator, in the proper acceptance of the term. His voice has not sufficient volume or variety in its tones for the higher order of oratory. He is always audible in every part of the house; but there is a shrillness about his voice, and a monotony in its tones, which will always, to some extent, impair the effect of his best speeches. He is one, in short, of that class of speakers who convince the judgment, but do not influence the passions. In his action, when addressing the house, there is nothing peculiar. His gesticulation is not violent. He gently moves about his body, as he looks first at one part of the house and then at another. He uses his arms to a moderate extent, and occasionally strikes the books or box on the table with his right hand.

In person, Lord Howick is tall and slender. He has a defect in his right leg, by which he is slightly lame in his walk, and which gives him somewhat of a crouching appearance when he is addressing the house. He is not good-looking. His countenance is pale, and his person altogether has an emaciated appearance. He possesses tolerable health, though any one who did not know him, would infer from his look that he was labouring under serious indisposition. His hair is of a bright brown colour. He is one of the many instances in which the principles of Lavater are found to be at fault. If his face have nothing absolutely unintellectual about it, it is equally certain, that no physiognomist would give him credit

for the strong and cultivated mind he possesses. Lord Howick is only in his thirty-third year; and as he has risen to so much distinction during the nine years he has been in Parliament, and is at this moment rising with accelerated rapidity, there is every reason to believe that in a few years he will be one of the most distinguished men in the House of Commons.

Mr. POULETT THOMSON, member for Manchester, and President of the Board of Trade, is chiefly distinguished for his Free-trade notions. He is intimately acquainted with commercial subjects, and is tolerably informed on most political questions. He is a man of very considerable talents; but his manner of delivery greatly mars the effect of his speeches. He invariably speaks in a drawing, melancholy sort of tone, as if labouring under great dejection of spirits. There is a twang about his voice, especially at the conclusion of his sentences, of which it were impossible to convey any idea by mere description, but which has a saddening effect on his hearers. His enunciation is, notwithstanding, very distinct; and though he does not speak very loudly, he is generally audible in all parts of the house. His personal appearance is of a pensive serious cast. Nature, I think, must have intended him for the pulpit. He uses very little gesture when speaking, and that little is as monotonous as are the tones of his voice. He slightly moves his right arm, and from the beginning to the close of his speech, turns his face, first to the members of the Opposition on his left hand, and then to those on his right. He appears to most advantage in a set speech, though I have seen some of his replies very happy. He is of a mild disposition. He never indulges in coarse abuse or personal vituperation of an opponent. When he speaks he is always listened to with attention. His utterance is rapid, and he speaks seemingly with much ease. His language is correct, but there is no appearance of its being studiously polished.

In person Mr. Poulett Thomson is rather above the middle size, and of a somewhat slender make. His hair is dark—so is his complexion. He rejoices in whiskers of goodly proportions. His nose is large, and of a form approaching to the aquiline. His features are strongly marked; so much so that any one who had seen him once would be sure to recognize him again. He is about forty years of age. He is always plain in his dress.

Of Lord PALMERSTON, Foreign Secretary, and Member for Tiverton, I have but little to say. The situation he fills in the Cabinet gives him a certain degree of prominence in the eyes of the country, which he certainly does not possess in Parliament. His talents are by no means of a high order. Assuredly they would never, by their own native energy, have raised him to the distinguished position in the councils of his Sovereign in which a variety of accidental circumstances have placed him. He is an indifferent speaker. I have sometimes seen him acquit himself, when addressing the house, in a very creditable manner; but he often stutters and stammers to a very unpleasant extent, and makes altogether an indifferent exhibition. His voice is clear and strong, but has a degree of harshness about it which makes it grate on the ear. He is very indolent. He is also very irregular in his attendance on his Parliamentary duties, and when in the house, is by no means active in defence either of his principles or his friends. Scarcely anything calls him up except a regular attack on himself, or on the way in which the department of the public service with which he is entrusted, is administered.

In person, Lord Palmerston is tall and handsome. His face is round, and is of a darkish hue. His hair is black, and always exhibits proofs of the skill and attention of the *perruquier*. His clothes are in the extreme of fashion. He is very vain of his personal appearance, and is generally supposed to devote more of his time in sacrificing to the Graces than is consistent with the duties of a person who has so much to do with the destinies of Europe. Hence it is that the *Times* newspaper has fastened on him the *soubriquet* of Cupid. He is about forty-five years of age.

CHAPTER XI.

MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT WHO HAVE NOT SEATS IN THE CABINET.

The Attorney-General—The Solicitor-General—The Lord Advocate—Mr. Robert Cutlar Fergusson—Sir George Grey—Colonel Leith Hay—Sir Henry Parnell—Mr. Charles Wood.

SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, the Attorney-General, and one of the members for the city of Edinburgh, has risen very rapidly into notice within the last few years. For a considerable time past his name was well known among the members of the English bar, but was but seldom before the public. He is a man of great weight and influence in the House, and is daily acquiring additional importance. He is by no means a fine speaker. His voice is rough and husky, and yet can hardly be said to be unpleasant. He uses little gesticulation, and yet there is an energy and determination in his manner, which tell with great effect on the House. He is always listened to with attention. He has much honesty, as well as energy of purpose. There is nothing jesuitical or equivocal about him. He fearlessly expresses the convictions of his mind. There is no reserve about him. His style is vigorous and plain; it is correct, without being polished. What he says is always to the point, and there is no mistaking his meaning. He seldom makes long speeches; they are almost invariably short, but pithy. There is often more matter in a speech of his which occupies a quarter of an hour in the delivery, than in speeches of many other honourable members which take six times that space to deliver them.

Sir John Campbell still retains much of the Scottish accent, though he has been upwards of a quarter of a century in England. Any one who hears him speak five sentences, would perceive at once that he is a Scotchman. He is about fifty years of age. In person he is of the middle size. He is of what is called a firm make. I should take him to be a man of great physical strength. He always dresses plainly, sometimes with an appearance of carelessness. His whole aspect is what, in his own country, would be called "uncouth." His hair is of a light colour, and his countenance has a slight tinge of ruddiness about it. His eyes have a watery appearance. He is short-sighted, and uses an eye-glass.

Though there is much energy, both of matter and manner, in what Sir John Campbell says, he never indulges in personalities, and he is seldom made the subject of vituperation on the part of others. I never knew him excite the bile of the Tories so much, or be so much abused by them, as when, last session, in the course of some of the discussions on the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, he represented the free-men of corporations as the most debased and worthless class of men within his Majesty's dominions. The Tories, on that occasion, discharged the vials of their wrath on Sir John's devoted head, without measure and without mercy. In his attendance on his parliamentary duties he is very exemplary.

Of **MR. ROLFE**, the Solicitor-General, and member for Penryn, little need be said. His name is very little known to the public, and he speaks very seldom in the House. He never speaks when he can help it, and then as shortly as possible. His talents are not above mediocrity: as a speaker he is below it. His voice is not very pleasant, and his manner is generally awkward. There is good sense in what he says; but nothing approaching to originality or eloquence. In person, he is rather short and stout. He is light-haired, and of an angular face. Accidental circumstances, and not any merit he possesses, raised him to his present situation. As a Chancery lawyer he is a man of some distinction. His age is about forty. He has been in Parliament since the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832.

MR. JOHN ARCHIBALD MURRAY, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and member for Leith, was, for many years before he entered Parliament, one of the most popular political men in Scotland. He was one of a celebrated trio, whose names will go down to posterity as men who made a bold and resolute stand against Toryism in the northern part of the empire when in its most triumphant state, and when to profess liberal opinions was not only the sure way to put an extinguisher on all hopes of promotion at the Scotch bar, of which he and the other two—Francis Jeffrey and John Clark*—were members,

but also to exclude them, in a great measure, from respectable society. These three were the chief agents, both by their speeches and writings, in giving that impulse to liberal opinions in Scotland, which in the burghs so triumphantly bore down all the opposition of the Tories at the last election.

The Lord Advocate is now considerably advanced in life. He is about fifty years of age. In stature he is somewhat above the middle size. He is stoutly and firmly made, but cannot be called corpulent. He appears to have an unusually strong constitution, considering his years. His hair is of a light colour, and his complexion fair: he is of a full round face. His countenance is indicative of that straightforwardness, energy, and decision of mind, which are the leading attributes of his character. He is not a fine or eloquent speaker; but he is one whom you can at all times listen to with pleasure. He always appears master of his subject, and it does not seem to cost him an effort to deliver his sentiments. He has no pretensions to originality or genius; but he is a man of more than respectable talents. He always takes the common sense view of a subject, and never fails to make himself clearly understood. His style is plain, but vigorous, and he always speaks to the point. There are few speakers in the house who give an equal quantity of well-reasoned matter in the same space of time. He never makes long speeches, nor does he address the House on other than subjects immediately connected with his office.

MR. ROBERT CUTLAR FERGUSSON, the Judge Advocate, and member for Kircudbright, has for many years exercised considerable influence in the house. He is not a man of first-rate talent, though far above mediocrity. He is popular both in the house and the country. His popularity, however, owes more to his past history, and the side he generally espouses in politics, than to anything brilliant about him. His adherence to liberal principles in early life, both in this country and in India, during times when those principles were anything but popular, is not, and ought not to be, forgotten by the Reformers of the present day. The zeal and energy he evinced in the cause of the Poles during their struggle, a few years since, with the Northern Autocrat, did much to render him popular in the country. His attachment, however, to liberal principles has diminished, as has been so often found in the case of others, with his accession to office. During the last session I have repeatedly heard him defending men and measures, in whose favour, before he joined the Government, he would have been ashamed to utter a syllable.

He is a respectable speaker, which is the most that can be said about his oratorical powers. He speaks with ease and with considerable fluency. His style is vigorous, and his matter always to the point. Take him unawares, and he does not appear to much advantage in reply; but when he knows beforehand the line of argument or attack which an opponent is to take, he prepares himself for his task, and acquits himself in a very creditable manner. His voice has something of a melancholy tone about it: it reminds me, in some measure, of the sound emitted by a muffled drum. His action is not violent; nor can it be said to be graceful. His appearance altogether has a great deal of sternness about it. His hair is white; part of his head is slightly bald. He wears large whiskers, which heighten the sullen aspect of his countenance. He is rather above the middle size, of a firm make, without being corpulent. His advanced years, and long residence in the East, have left their traces in the shape of various slight wrinkles in his face. He is nearly sixty years of age; but appears to be in excellent health, and of a strong constitution. He used to speak a good deal in the house; but he has not spoken often since his appointment to office. When he does speak, it is principally on questions immediately connected with his own office, or with Scottish affairs. In matters connected with his own country—he is a Scotchman—he takes a great deal of interest. Those who recollect the animation and energy with which, some years ago, he proclaimed the wrongs of Poland, and the withering denunciations which he hurled at the head of their oppressors, cannot but regret that, since he joined the Government, his voice has been mute on these points. He is a striking illustration of the great difference between a member out of office and in office.

SIR GEORGE GREY, a member for Devonport, and Under Secretary for the Colonies, is a gentleman of remarkably mild and engaging manners. His office obliges him to speak pretty often in the House; but he never volunteers a speech, in other words, never speaks when not officially called on to do so. He speaks with great ease, and his manner, without being attractive, is pleasant enough. There is much good sense in what he says, and he confines himself strictly to the point

* These two were afterwards, when Liberal principles obtained the ascendancy in the councils of the King, raised to the rank of Judges.

at issue. He makes no effort at display: on the contrary, you see in every word he utters, as well as in his simple and unassuming manners, the inherent modesty of his character.

Sir George is now in his thirty-sixth year. In person he is rather above the middle size, and well made. He is dark-haired, and of a clear healthy-looking complexion. You can read good-nature in his face. He is decidedly good-looking: his features are regular, and conciliatory in an unusual degree, and his uniform conduct in the house only serves to confirm the favourable impression which he invariably makes on the mind of a stranger. He is much esteemed by men of every grade of political opinion in the house.

Colonel LEITH HAY, member for the Elgin district of Burghs, and Clerk of the Ordnance, is a man of considerable weight in the house, though he speaks but very seldom. Like Sir George Grey, he only speaks when compelled to it by the situation he holds. This is to be regretted, for not only is he listened to with much attention when he does address the house, but he acquires himself very creditably as a public speaker. He is one of those who professed liberal principles at a time when they were most unpopular; and he did so at great personal sacrifice. He distinguished himself in the Peninsular war, and but for his political principle—Toryism being then in the ascendant—would have doubtless obtained that promotion in the army to which distinguished bravery and great merits as an officer entitled him. His father, the venerable General Hay of Rannes, is now the patriarch of liberal principles in Scotland. He is upwards of ninety years of age. He also crowned himself with undying honours by his gallantry and military skill in the Peninsular war. The father is worthy of the son, and the son of the father.

On the meeting of the Session of 1834, Colonel Leith Hay did one of the noblest things I ever witnessed. On the second night of that session, when the question was about to be solved, which of the Irish members (as affirmed by Mr. Hill, member for Hull) had played the traitor by admitting, while he violently opposed the Coercion Bill, that that measure was indispensably necessary for the peace of Ireland, and that he only opposed it to please his constituents,—on that occasion, when Lord Althorp was badgered by Mr. Shiel to give up his authority for the statement, and when Mr. Shiel plainly intimated to his Lordship, that if he did not give the name of his informant, he would hold him personally responsible,—Colonel Leith Hay rose up, and in the most energetic yet dignified manner said, addressing himself to Mr. Shiel, that precisely the same statement as that made to Lord Althorp had been communicated to him, and that he would not, any more than the noble Lord, give up his authority, but would hold himself perfectly responsible. I never yet knew anything produce a greater effect on the house. There was not an honourable member in it but deeply felt for Lord Althorp at the time; and when they saw him in a great measure relieved from the embarrassing situation in which his refusal to betray the confidence reposed in him by a friend, had placed him by the generous and well-timed interposition on the part of the gallant Colonel, a murmur of suppressed admiration of the conduct of the latter was heard in every part of the house, and was with difficulty repressed even by the strangers in the gallery.

Colonel Leith Hay is about fifty years of age. In person he is tall and well-proportioned. His hair is dark, and his complexion approaches to ruddiness. His features are a true index to his character; they indicate great energy of mind and firmness of purpose. He is one of the most handsome and gentlemanly-looking men in the house; and his manners are in accordance with his appearance. He is courteous and kind in all the relations both of public and private life. He has acquired some distinction as a literary man; his *Narrative of the Peninsular War*, published a few years ago, in two volumes, met with a favourable reception from the public.

Sir HENRY PARNELL, member for Dundee, and Paymaster of the Forces, is a gentleman whose name has not been much before the public for the last twelve or eighteen months; but it was so prominently so for many years before that time, and his services in the cause of Reform have been so great, that it were unpardonable to pass him over in silence. It was in a great measure to the success of his motion in 1830, on the propriety of inquiring into the state of the Civil List, that the Wellington Government of that period owed its dissolution. Sir Henry had before been popular in consequence of his decidedly liberal opinions, and his respectable talents; but the result of that motion, and the effects which followed, raised him to a distinction, and gave him an importance both in the house and the country, which he had not before acquired. It paved the way for his appointment to an important situation in the Government.

Sir Henry is a respectable but by no means a superior speaker. He has a fine clear voice, but he never varies the key in which he commences. He is, however, always audible in all parts of the house. His utterance is well-timed, and he appears to speak with great ease. He delivers his speeches in much the same way as if he were repeating some piece of writing he had committed to his memory in his schoolboy years. His gesticulation is a great deal too tame for his speeches to produce any effect. He stands stock still, except when he occasionally rises and lets fall his right hand. Even this he does in a very gentle manner. What he excels in is giving a plain, luminous statement of complex financial matters. In this respect he has no superior; I doubt if he has an equal in the house. He fully understands all such questions; and has got the very rare talent of making his own views of a subject as clear to others as they are to his own mind. His work on Taxation and Finance, published four years ago, must have convinced many thousands of this. It is by far the clearest and most comprehensive ever written on the subject.

Sir Henry, as I have already intimated, has spoken very little of late. As far as I can recollect, he did not open his mouth more than once in the house all last Session; and then only for a few minutes: his reputation is suffering in consequence. Politicians and senators, above all other classes of men, ought to do something to keep up their reputations; if indolent—if they do not appear with some frequency before the public, they are sure to be all but completely forgotten. They are differently circumstanced from authors; an author may earn an imperishable reputation by one work of merit, because that work, continuing to be read for a long period of years, perpetuates, of course, the name and reputation of the writer; but it requires a series of good speeches and active exertions to procure distinction as a politician or senator; and as these speeches and exertions are of necessity but of temporary interest, it requires a perseverance in the same course of frequent speaking and unremitting action, to maintain the reputation which has been so acquired.

Sir Henry is gentlemanly in his appearance; so is he also in reality. His manners are highly courteous. His stature is of the middle size, rather inclining to stoutness. His complexion is fair; his features are regular, with a mild expression about them; and his hair is pure white. He dresses with much neatness, but not in the extreme of fashion. His age is sixty-one.

Mr. CHARLES WOOD, member for Halifax, and Secretary to the Board of Admiralty, took a very active part in the beginning of last Session in opposing the Government of Sir Robert Peel; since then he has spoken but little. He is a young man, being only on his thirty-fifth year. He is married to the thirteenth and youngest daughter of Earl Grey, which circumstance, and his being Secretary to the Board of Treasury from 1832 to 1834, gave him a good deal of importance, during those two years, in the house. He is whipper-in to the Liberal party; but he is not half so efficient in that office as Mr. Holmes was when he performed the same office to the Tories. It is related of Mr. Holmes that when he saw any of his party about to quit the house immediately before some important division was expected to take place, he used to seize them by the collar when going out of the lobby, provided they were persons with whom he was on familiar terms, and by mere physical force compel them to return to their parliamentary duties. His experience had by this time taught him, that the promises of honourable members to return in five or ten minutes, or any other short period they might mention, were not always to be depended on; and therefore he very wisely acted on the maxim—"a bird in hand is worth two in the bush." Mr. Wood had hard work of it at the commencement of last Session to keep the Liberals to their posts. The small majority of ten on the question of the Speakership, and the still smaller one of seven on that of the amendment to the address in answer to the King's speech, were an earnest to him that the office was to be no secure.

Mr. Wood is a good speaker. He has a fine, deep-toned musical voice; but he sometimes mismanages its intonations. The effect, too, is generally in some degree impaired by a too rapid utterance. He speaks with great fluency; he never hesitates or is at a loss, either for ideas, or for words wherewith to express them. His language is elegant; it is evidently highly laboured when he makes a set speech. He is happy in reply. He is unquestionably a man of considerable talents. Perhaps a more accurate idea of his character will be conveyed by saying he is clever. He wants depth of thought and vigour of expression. His manner is affected. The usual position in which he puts himself when addressing

the House is to fold his arms on his breast, and stand up as erect as if some one were going to measure his personal height. He is tall and well-made, though somewhat slender. His face is angular, his features are regular, and his complexion of a rather darkish hue. The colour of his hair is a deep brown. He is usually rather foppish in his dress.

There are several other members who are connected with the Government, but their names do not come with sufficient frequency before the public as speakers in the House, to entitle them to notice.

CHAPTER XII.

THE METROPOLITAN MEMBERS.

Mr. Alderman Wood—Mr. Grote—Mr. Crawford—Mr. Pattison—Sir Francis Burdett—Colonel Evans—Sir Samuel Whalley—Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer—Mr. Thomas Duncombe—Mr. Thomas Wakley—Dr. Lushington—Mr. Clay—Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey—Mr. Sheriff Humphrey—Mr. Tennyson—Mr. Hawes.

BEFORE the passing of the Reform Bill the metropolitan members were only six in number; four of these were returned by the Liverymen of the city: the other two by Westminster. They are now sixteen in number; four are still returned by the City, and two by Westminster—the qualification being a £10 rental—and the other are chosen by the burghs in the vicinity.

MR. ALDERMAN WOOD is not only the oldest of the City members, but he is the oldest of the metropolitan representatives. His age is nearly seventy. He is a man of venerable appearance; his countenance is open and cheerful. His head is in a great measure bald; what hair there is on it is white as snow. His features are small, and his complexion is fair. There are a few wrinkles in his face, but he looks well for a man of his years. In his earlier years he used to speak often in Parliament; and in the defence and protection of Queen Caroline, he evinced extraordinary zeal within as well as without the walls of St. Stephen's; but for some years past he has spoken but very little. He is still, however, as liberal in his principles as ever, and is as much attached to them as at any period when his name was so frequently before the public.

Mr. Alderman Wood is but an indifferent speaker. His voice has a harsh, grating sound, the bad effect of which is increased by its monotony. Its tones are the same whenever he speaks, or on whatever subjects he expresses his sentiments. Whether he speaks in the House of Commons, on the hustings in Guildhall, in the Common Council-room, or at a Lord Mayor's dinner—whether the subject be one in which the destinies of the world are involved, or it be only the provisions of a bill he proposes to bring in to permit police officers to take up dogs in the hot weather, when supposed to be mad,—Mr. Alderman Wood's voice is Mr. Alderman Wood's voice—the same as it ever was; the same, I may add, as it ever will be. His manner has something of awkwardness about it; and his language is plain, sometimes not very correct. I doubt if he ever stumbled on half a dozen eloquent sentences in the whole course of his lengthened public life. He has no pretensions to talent: it is the liberality of his principles and his consistent conduct, not his abilities, that have recommended him to the City of London, and induced it to choose him for one of its representatives.

MR. GROTE is another of the City members. His principles are decidedly liberal: they are essentially the same as those of Mr. Alderman Wood. He is a man of very considerable talent, and occasionally makes long and effective speeches in Parliament. He is much respected by men of all parties, and is always listened to with great attention in the house. For some years past he has brought forward a motion every Session for Vote by Ballot. His speeches on these occasions occupy from two to three hours in the delivery; and in every instance have displayed a strong and masculine, as well as highly cultivated mind. I have seldom heard more strictly argumentative speeches delivered, on any question, in the house. Everything that can be said, in favour of the Ballot, will be found in Mr. Grote's speeches on the subject, and found put in the most forcible manner. From the growing numbers in favour of the Ballot, there is not a

doubt it will be speedily carried. At this moment there is a majority of members in the House in favour of it, and the reason why it has not been carried before now is, that other matters have always clashed with it at the time the question has been brought forward.

Mr. Grote is in person about the middle size. His hair is a jet black, and his complexion dark. His countenance indicates thought and reserve, but is by no means stern or unpleasant. His voice is not strong, but his clear and distinct enunciation makes him heard in every part of the house. He does not aim at effect. He seeks to convince his audience by reason and argument, rather than to bring them over to his views by any of the clap-trap oratorical expedients so often resorted to. He is a pleasant and easy speaker. He is never at a loss for words to express his ideas; nor, which is a greater matter still, is he ever at a loss for ideas. The fact is, that he very seldom speaks—and then he is very brief—without having prepared his speeches before-hand. When he intends making a long speech on any particular subject, he writes it out at full length and commits to memory. He is in his forty-first year.

MR. WILLIAM CRAWFORD is another of the City of London representatives. He is intimately conversant with commercial subjects, especially with those connected with India, where he resided for many years, and where he realized a handsome fortune. He is a tolerable speaker, but scarcely ever opens his mouth in the house. He is a man of respectable talents. His principles are Liberal, without being Radical. He does not go quite so far on many questions as his colleagues, Mr. Alderman Wood and Mr. Grote. In person he is about the middle size; he is of a full make without being corpulent. His hair is of a slightly dark colour. His complexion is dark, and his countenance has an intelligent expression. His forehead is large and well developed, and his features are regular. He is a pleasant looking man; his age is upwards of fifty.

The other member for the City of London is Mr. JAMES PATTISON, Governor of the Bank of England. He is now in his fifty-ninth year, but never was in Parliament till returned in March last for the City. He has not yet spoken in Parliament, nor is it likely he ever will; for he is not only a bad speaker, or rather no speaker at all, but he has the good sense to know it. I heard him on one occasion attempt to speak in public, but he made sad work of it. There was not only no eloquence in what he said, but there was not even tolerable grammar. Either no idea occurred to his mind, or if they did, he could not find words to express them. If, however, his speech, if so it might be called, was not "sweet," it had certainly the merit of being "short."

Mr. Pattison, in his personal appearance, reminds me of an English farmer of the old school. He is tall and corpulent: he is unquestionably the most "big-bellied man" in the house. If he is not distinguished for his weight, morally speaking, in Parliament, he is certainly a man of great weight in the physical sense of the term. He always dresses with great plainness. He invariably wears knee inexpressibles of a sandy colour, with gaiters of the same complexion, and indeed of the same cloth. There is something remarkably "jolly"—I know not a more significant word—in the expression of his countenance. It is full of good-nature. He always looks pleased himself, and wishes to see every body in the same happy mood. His countenance is not a fair index of his intellect. There is nothing intelligent about it; but he is a man of very extensive information, and of a sound judgment. In fact, his holding the situation of Governor of the Bank of England, is of itself a proof of this.

I now come to the members for Westminster,—Sir Francis Burdett and Colonel Evans.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT has been one of the representatives for Westminster since 1807. For many years he stood almost alone the advocate of Liberal principles, and submitted not only to be excluded from aristocratic society, but to heavy fines and imprisonment, rather than suppress his opinions. There is not living at this moment a man, either in or out of Parliament, who, all things considered, has made such great and numerous sacrifices for his political opinions, as Sir Francis has done. For many years he was in one sense an hourly martyr for his principles; but a great change has come over the spirit of his politics. There is no more similarity between the Sir Francis Burdett of 1835, and the Sir Francis Burdett of 1815, than there is between light and darkness. He still makes a profession of Liberal principles, but it is only profession; the substance or reality is wanting. He affected to feel no confidence in the Government of Sir Robert Peel and yet refused to take a single step towards its overthrow. Nay,

when his constituents asked him to oppose it, he peremptorily refused, and plainly told them that any such opposition would be fictitious. In the single instance of the Irish Church Property Appropriation Question, last session, he voted with the Liberal party; in all other cases, he either did not vote at all, or else he voted in favour of Tory principles. He was not, I am persuaded, more than eight or ten times in his place in Parliament during the whole of the last session; and in no one instance did he express an opinion on any of the great questions which were brought under the consideration of the house. The only time he ever opened his mouth at all, was on the subject of some new company which proposed supplying the metropolis with water. He did, indeed attempt to speak when the question was before the house, whether or not Mr. Pilgrim, one of the persons committed to Newgate for bribery at the Ipswich election, ought to be liberated at that particular time; but some other member caught the Speaker's eye before him, and he did not again rise with the intention of speaking, so far as I saw or could learn. What side he meant to take on that question, I have no means of knowing; nor is it of any importance, as the Reformers were divided among themselves in reference to it. If any proof, in addition to his general conduct for two or three years past, were wanting as to the character of his political principles, it would be found in the fact, that his favourite newspaper, and indeed almost the only one he reads with any attention, is the *Standard*. Sir Francis made an admission to this effect, in the presence of several persons, a few months since.

Sir Francis is now in his sixty-fifth year. In person he is considerably above the middle size, and is rather well-made. His face is thin, and of a sharp angular form. His eyes are sunken. He has little forehead, while his nose, which is somewhat of an aquiline form, is unusually large and prominent. His complexion is remarkably fair, with a mixture of red, and his hair is of a pure white.

Sir Francis used to be considered a good speaker. His language was always vigorous, and his matter excellent. He never introduced anything extraneous into his speeches for the purposes of ornament. He always spoke to the point, and there was no mistaking his meaning. In his earlier days he evidently spoke from the fulness of his heart: hence there were great energy and animation in his manner. He often reached, without attempting it, or being aware of it at the time, the higher, if not the highest flights of eloquence. His action sometimes bordered on extravagance but was generally graceful. His voice, which is clear and shrill, made the walls of the house re-echo, when, in some of his more impassioned moments—and he did on such occasions speak as if inspired by the spirit of freedom—he raised it in defence of the liberties of his country.

What the eccentric Hon. Lady Stanhope said of Sir Francis Burdett to one of her countrymen some years since in her voluntary exile in the East, is still true:—He dresses like a gentleman and has the manners of a gentleman. His favourite dress, though of course there must be a variation with the season and with circumstances,—is a blue coat, a light coloured waistcoat, and light-coloured knee breeches. Top-boots he almost invariably wears. He is very particular in the make of his clothes; not, indeed, in having them made according to the existing fashion, but according to what he conceives ought to be the fashion, or which was most probably the fashion some forty or fifty years ago. He is fond of long waistcoats: they generally appear three or four inches longer than his coat, when the latter is buttoned, which it usually is.

Colonel Evans is Sir Francis Burdett's colleague in the representation of Westminster. The gallant Colonel is perhaps the most liberal in his politics of all the metropolitan representatives, with the single exception of Mr. Wakley, one of the members for Finsbury. In fact, he belongs to the Radical school. As a speaker he is respectable, but nothing more. It is not, however, a long time since he was not even that. When he first entered Parliament for the borough of Rye, which is only a few years since, he was no speaker at all. It was with the greatest difficulty, and not without stammering and hesitating at every second sentence that he could express his sentiments on any subject. His connexion with Westminster, however, imposed on him a sort of unavoidable necessity of taking part in almost all the Radical or Reform meetings held in the Metropolis during the last few years, and the result has been that he has greatly improved by practice. He can now express his sentiments on any subject with considerable ease and fluency. He is not a man of more than average talents, and has no pretensions to eloquence. In the Session of 1834 he spoke pretty often: last Session only a very few times. He never makes long speeches.

Colonel Evans is an Irishman. He is about fifty years of age; but appears much older than he is in consequence of the great fatigues he underwent, and the wounds he received, in the late war. In person he is about the middle stature, but very thin. He has the appearance of a person in ill health, or of one whose frame has been worn down by active service; but he is much stronger than he appears, and is in excellent spirits; a fact which he has sufficiently attested by his having lately voluntarily encountered the fatigues and dangers of war in the service of the Queen of Spain. His hair is jet black; and his complexion is so dark that he is often mistaken for a Spaniard or Portuguese. He possesses an uncommonly high sense of honour. In short, he seems to have a *penchant* for duelling. I have often seen him, as it appeared to me, go out of his way, when personal altercations were going on in the House of Commons, in order that he might stand a chance of receiving a challenge. In the army few men have more distinguished themselves by acts of personal bravery than Colonel Evans. He dresses with extreme plainness, sometimes almost slovenly. His clothes are never well made, and hardly ever look as if new. He almost invariably wears a blue coat and dark trowsers, and generally has "a shocking bad hat."

Of the members for Marylebone, Sir SAMUEL WHALLEY is entitled to a priority of notice, both on account of his being an older representative of that burgh than his colleague, and of his name being much more frequently before the public. He is quite a young man, being only in his thirty-third year. In person he is below the middle stature, but well-proportioned. His hair is black, and his complexion dark. He has a handsome face full of intelligence, cheerfulness, and good-nature; qualities which he invariably evinces in his intercourse with his fellow men. But his extreme good-nature never leads him to compromise his principles. He has great fixedness of purpose about him, and is a man of the strictest political integrity. I do not know a man in the house who has adhered more closely to his principles, and this, too, in opposition to the strongest temptations to abandon them. He is a remarkably fluent speaker. He has a great command of words. I have heard him express the same sentiment in an infinitely varied phraseology. Indeed, his command of words often has the effect of making him wordy. He could speak for hours on any given subject without hesitating for a moment, or being at a loss for a word; and every sentence would be as tastefully constructed, as if the speech had been the result of months of the closest study. His mind is not of a very masculine order. If he does not fall below mediocrity in the matter of his speeches, he does not very often rise far above it. He chiefly excels in quiet sarcasm. His voice is clear and musical, and his enunciation distinct. He is a man of most gentlemanly and amiable manners. The electors of Marylebone are most warmly attached to him, and certainly few representatives are more worthy of the regards of their constituents. He is accessible to them at all times, and is remarkable for his candour and straightforwardness in all his intercourse with them. He is most exemplary in the discharge of his parliamentary duties. I know of few members, although he is in a delicate state of health, who are more regular in their attendance in the house.

Mr. HENRY LYTTON BULWER, is Sir Samuel Whalley's colleague. He is the brother of Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, member for Lincoln, and author of "Eugene Aram," &c. Mr. H. Bulwer himself also makes some pretensions to literary talent. These are chiefly grounded on his late work entitled "France—Social, Political, and Literary," which is undoubtedly one of considerable merit. He is ardently attached to his brother, and his brother is equally so towards him. I have sometimes seen this commendable feeling of fraternal regard get the better of the good taste of the member for Marylebone, by prompting him to pay compliments to his brother's literary merits in public, which would have come with a much better grace from a more disinterested quarter.

Mr. H. L. Bulwer is a young man. He is only about thirty-five years of age. In person he is rather tall and handsome. His complexion is fair, and his hair of a dark shade, without being, strictly speaking, black. His features are regular, and the expression of his countenance intelligent, and, on the whole, pleasing. He has a good deal of conceit about him. He is vain both of his person and intellect. He is foppish in his dress, and has too much of an aristocratic air in his manners. He is a man of fair talents, but nothing more. He does not speak often; and even then, unless the speech has been previously prepared, but for a very short time. His voice is not powerful, but it is pleasant. His utterance is rapid, and an affected pronunciation sometimes makes it diffi-

cult to hear him distinctly. He is not a man of any weight in the house; whatever distinction he possesses, he owes, in a great measure, to his relationship to Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer.

I come now to the members for Finsbury—Mr. T. Duncombe and Mr. Wakley. Mr. DUNCOMBE has been many years in Parliament, having, previous to 1832, sat during several Parliaments,—three, I think—for the burgh of Hertford. In stature he is about the middle size. His person is handsome, and it is set off to great advantage by the tasteful manner in which he dresses. His hair is quite black, and his complexion very dark. His eyes are small, but full of fire and intelligence. He is a man of very respectable talents. His agreeable manners make him a general favourite both within and without the house. He does not speak often, hardly ever, unless he has previously prepared himself for the occasion. When he does address the house he acquits himself in a very creditable manner. His voice is clear and pleasant in its tones, and his manner is easy and unaffected. I know of few members who have the happy tact in a greater degree than Mr. Duncombe, of saying a great deal in a few words. He is never tedious; nor does he ever wander from the subject. Instead of encumbering his arguments with a world of verbiage, as is too often done, or inflicting on the House sentences without number containing no argument at all, he states his arguments in the fewest possible terms,—almost every new sentence, indeed, contains a new argument. He is singularly happy in giving a clear, intelligible statement of facts in the shortest possible space, and in the fewest possible words. His style is correct, without being polished. It is smooth and pleasant, never disfigured by a straining after effect by means of metaphorical, or any of the other meretricious expressions so often mistaken, by persons of a false taste, for eloquence.

Mr. WAKLEY, Mr. Duncombe's colleague, was well known to the public before his admission into the house. His frequent unsuccessful contests for Finsbury, the prominent part he has taken for years in the proceedings at the Radical meetings of the metropolis, and his editorship of *The Lancet*, which he still conducts, and of *The Ballot* newspaper, which is now incorporated with *The Examiner*, have made his name familiar to all. In his political opinions he is of the Ultra-Radical school; but has not been nearly so violent in the expression of his sentiments, nor so obstinate and self-willed in the course of conduct he has pursued in the house, as was generally apprehended. In fact, he has acted with a moderation, in consequence of yielding to the advice of others, rather than pursuing the bent of his own inclinations and acting according to the dictates of his own judgment, which has displeased a great many of his constituents, and given rise in their minds to suspicions that he is not the man they took him for.

Mr. Wakley is an excellent speaker, though he does not appear to the same advantage in the house as out of it. His voice possesses a fine musical tone, which he can modulate at pleasure. Sometimes he speaks a little too fast, but generally his utterance is well-timed to the ear. He is always audible in every part of the house. The only speech of any length or importance he has yet made in Parliament, was in July last, for a remission of the sentence passed on the Dorchester labourers. And that was, in every point of view, a highly creditable effort; it was so considered by men of all parties. He attempted to speak two or three times when Sir Robert Peel was in office, on Lord John Russell's motion respecting the Appropriation of the surplus property of the Church of Ireland to other than ecclesiastical purposes, but was not fortunate enough to catch the eye of the Speaker. He is invariably fluent, often eloquent. His matter is always good, though he is sometimes wordy. His delivery is graceful. I never heard two voices so like each other as his and the late Mr. Cobbett's; only that he speaks, as already stated, with much rapidity, while Cobbett was one of the slowest speakers I have ever heard. Mr. Wakley has a strong provincial accent, which sometimes has a ludicrous effect. One would, from his mode of pronouncing some words, take him to be a Scotchman. For example, the word "halfpennies" he always pronounces "ha'p'nies."

Mr. Wakley has a good taste for the humorous, and makes some happy hits that way. As a mimic he certainly stands unrivalled in the house, and has few equals out of it. The only specimen he has yet given in the house of his powers in this way was indescribably happy, and called forth peals of laughter from all parts of the house. He was mimicking one of the electors of South Devon, who voted against Lord John Russell, when he proceeded in this strain, as nearly as print can convey an idea of his manner:—

"He had been down in Devonshire during the late election, and what was the cry of the farmers who had been brought up to vote against the noble lord (Lord John Russell)—'I've have na Lard Russell; I've have na reffarm; I've have na Paape'—(Great laughter). When he asked one of the farmers whether he would not prefer to go up and vote independently, instead of being thus brought up in the train of the landlord, the man said 'Na, I've aalwys rides to the poll a-horseback'—(Renewed laughter). When he asked another elector, whether he would not like to go to poll by way of the ballot, his answer was, 'I daan't kna zur; I've aalwys goo by way of Daalish.'—(Peals of laughter).

Mr. Wakley is about forty-five years of age. In person, he is tall and handsome. He is full six feet in height; his complexion is fair and his hair red. His countenance is pleasant, except when speaking, when it very often assumes a contemptuous sort of expression, which is anything but agreeable. I have, on several occasions, been amused by observing him and his colleague sitting each in an empty seat by himself at the back of the Ministerial benches, and carrying on a conversation together across the passage, as if severally performing quarantine. The circumstance has sometimes reminded me of Hazlitt's story of two servant maids gossiping about their sweethearts, or abusing their mistresses, by putting their heads out of the windows nearest to each other, of their respective houses.

The members for the Tower Hamlets are Dr. LUSHINGTON and Mr. Clay. The name of the former has been prominently before the public for many years. He was a strenuous and able Reformer in the worst and most perilous times. He is a man of distinguished talents. If he have no pretensions to genius, or if he seldom delights his audience by anything brilliant or original, he never fails to put the most obvious arguments in favour of the view he takes of a subject, in their clearest light. His speeches are always argumentative and forcible. I know of few members who deal less in general declamation. He still speaks pretty often, but not by any means with the frequency he did before and during the great struggle for the Reform Bill. His notion is, in the first place, that the battle may be already said to be won; and, in the second, that as there are now so many able advocates for what yet remains to be accomplished, on behalf of the great cause of civil and religious liberty, it would be a species of unnecessary obtrusion of himself on the house were he to address it as often as he did when the battle was at its hottest, and the result—as to time at least—a matter of doubt.

Dr. Lushington's voice is clear and shrill. When he intends to address the house at any length, he pitches it in so high a key as to sound unpleasant to the ears of those immediately around him. He usually makes "the welkin ring again." His utterance is somewhat slow at the commencement, but as he proceeds and warms with the subject, he speaks with more rapidity, but never with too much. He evidently feels strongly when addressing the house on questions which involve first principles, and gives a full and fearless expression to his sentiments. His elocution is somewhat impaired by his inability to pronounce the letter *r*.

In person, Dr. Lushington is somewhat above the middle size. His complexion is dark, and his hair something between a black and brown colour. His features are distinctly marked. He has a projecting brow and a prominent nose. His mouth is large, and in speaking he usually opens it so wide as to show most of his teeth. His under lip droops considerably. His eyes are black, and when speaking on any question in which he feels a special interest, they emit the most fiery and piercing glances. In his mode of dressing there is nothing peculiar. He dresses plainly but not slovenly. His age is about fifty-five.

Mr. CLAY owes his seat and his popularity chiefly to the liberality of his opinions. In several instances, when there were divisions in the house, he has gone much farther towards pure Radicalism than Dr. Lushington was prepared, or thought it advisable at the time to go. Hence he is, or was some twelve or eighteen months since, a greater favourite with the electors of the Tower Hamlets than Dr. Lushington. Though he does not speak often—not on an average above three or four times a session—he can acquit himself very creditably when he has had time to prepare his speech and commit it to memory before-hand. The Corn-Law question is his favourite subject; and he has made several motions on the subject, which he always prefaces with a very respectable speech and of considerable length. His voice has little power or volume, but it is clear and pleasant, and he speaks with ease and fluency. He has not much action; but what he has is graceful. He is a handsome man. There are few more handsome

men in the house. He is tall and well-proportioned; and the appearance of his person is much improved by the tasteful manner in which he dresses. He has a fine forehead; his features are regular, his complexion is fair, and his hair partially dark. He is about forty-five years of age.

I come next to the members for Southwark—Messrs. Daniel Whittle Harvey, and Sheriff Humphrey. There are few men in the house whose names are more familiar to the public than that of Mr. HARVEY. He is one of the little band still in Parliament who ably and unflinchingly advocated Reform when the cause was so unpopular, and when success was all but hopeless. He is a man of great talents. There are but few more gifted men in Parliament. On whatever subject he speaks, he is sure to say something clever. He is one of the few speakers in the house whom one would never tire of hearing. His ideas always strike you as excellent, and his illustrations are usually of the most felicitous kind. You are often surprised, as well as pleased, by the brilliant things he says. His language is elegant to a fault. I have heard him deliver speeches of considerable length, through the whole of which there ran a vein of the richest poetical imagery. I never saw a better illustration than is furnished by his speeches, of the practicability of "speaking poetry in the garb of prose." Even on the question of the Pension List—a most unpoetical subject, one would think—I have heard Mr. Harvey express himself, from the beginning to the end, in the most poetical diction. At refined sarcasm he has few equals, either in or out of the house. No one can cut an opponent more delicately, and at the same time so deeply. Some of his efforts in this way have been the happiest that ever met my notice, either in speeches I have heard delivered, or in the course of my reading.

Mr. Harvey is also one of the best speakers in the house. The delivery of many of his speeches has often appeared to me a model of correct and graceful elocution. He has a fine melodious voice, over the tones and intonations of which he has a perfect control. His utterance too, is neither too rapid nor too slow,—it is the happy medium. His speeches, when well prepared, fall with all the softness and symphony of music on the ear. Even when not prepared, he often speaks admirably. I have frequently heard him get up and make a speech from thirty to forty minutes' duration on the spur of the moment, in which there was not a single misplaced word, or the slightest unnecessary pause; while the delivery seemed as perfect as the human voice could make it. But he is not always, when unprepared, equally happy. On other occasions I have repeatedly seen him falter and stutter, and appear awkward altogether in the delivery. He, therefore, who hears him in such cases, can have no idea of what he is in his happier moments.

Mr. Harvey is considerably above the middle size, and of proportional thickness. His shoulders are unusually high. He is white-haired, and his face is of a fair complexion. Advancing years are beginning to tell upon it in the shape of a few slight wrinkles. He is in his fifty-first year. He dresses plainly. He almost invariably wears a blue coat with a velvet collar. The other parts of his dress vary with the season, but his predilections seem to be in favour of a light colour.

Mr. Sheriff HUMPHREY (Mr. Harvey's colleague) has not, so far as I am aware, ever attempted to speak in the house. He is no speaker; and he has the good sense to know it: it were devoutly to be wished that several other hon. members possessed the same species of knowledge. He is remarkably plain and unsophisticated in his manners, and yet is quite the gentleman. I do not know a more consistent man; certainly no hon. member adheres more faithfully to his hustings pledges. He is a great favourite, and deservedly so, with his constituents. In person he is middle-sized, but very stout, without being, strictly speaking, corpulent. His complexion is ruddy, and his countenance is full of cheerfulness and good-nature. His hair is of a brown colour. In his dress he is always plain but neat. He is about forty-five years of age.

The only other of the Metropolitan boroughs whose representatives remain to be noticed, is that of Lambeth. The members for this borough are Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Hawes. Mr. TENNYSON first brought himself before the public as a zealous Reformer in the year 1827, by his exertions to get the elective franchise transferred from the corrupt borough of East Retford, to the large and populous town of Birmingham. His exertions in the cause of Reform have, in one shape or other, subjected him to a very serious expenditure out of his private fortune. Few men are more attached to their principles than Mr. Tennyson. They are, in one sense, a part of his being. He is ready to make any sacrifice for them. He goes to the extreme of Liberalism, without being ultra Radi-

cal. The result of his abstract reasonings on the subject, as well as his own observation of the evils of long Parliaments, have led him to attach the very greatest importance to frequent elections: he has, therefore, brought forward a motion every session, for some years past, in favour of Triennial Parliaments. These motions he always prefaces with a speech of considerable length, and, generally, of ability. I am not sure that he has struck out any new course of argument on the subject; but those arguments which most naturally suggest themselves to any reflective mind, he arranges with judgment, and puts in a clear and forcible light. He is a respectable speaker, but nothing more: indeed he makes no pretensions to fine speaking. His voice is not strong, but it is pleasant. He is always audible except when there is a noise in the house, a circumstance of by no means unfrequent occurrence.

Mr. Tennyson is in person about the middle size, rather, if anything, under it. His hair is black, and his complexion dark. He has a fine forehead. His eyes are small, but full of fire and animation. He has large whiskers, and a small tuft on his chin. He is about forty-five years of age.

Mr. HAWES is by no means so popular among the electors of Lambeth as Mr. Tennyson, not being so decided and liberal in his principles. He owes his seat in Parliament chiefly to the influence he possesses in the borough by means of his extensive business in it as a soap manufacturer. He speaks pretty often, but it is generally on the details of some comparatively unimportant question. I know of no great principle or measure with which he has identified himself. There is nothing peculiar in his voice, or in his manner of speaking, except that he speaks fast. He is a little man, round in the face, and of dark hair and dark complexion. He is in his forty-third year.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COUNTRY LIBERAL PARTY.

Mr. Hume—Mr. Gisborne—Mr. Warburton—Mr. Charles Buller—Mr. Ewart—Mr. Ellice—Mr. Thomas Attwood—Mr. Roebuck—Mr. Ward—Lord Dudley Stuart—Mr. Pease—Sir Edward Codrington—Mr. Wallace—Mr. Serjeant Wilde.

It is not intended, under this head to give sketches of all the Country Liberal members whose names appear most frequently before the public. I shall confine myself, in this chapter, to those members of the Country Liberal party, who cannot, with so much propriety, be classed under the heads which are to follow.

At the head of the Country Liberal party stands Mr. HUME. He is entitled to be first noticed, both on account of his being the representative of the most important county (Middlesex) in the country, and also on account of his great influence with Reformers in all parts of the land. He is, in person, about the middle size, and of a stout and firm make. There is a tendency to corpulency about him. He is a man of great physical strength, and can endure an incredible amount of fatigue. He thinks nothing, as I have elsewhere said, of sitting for weeks and months in succession, in the house, almost from the time of its meeting till the adjournment, to say nothing of the number of speeches he delivers,—of which I shall have to speak presently. The only occasion on which I ever heard him particularly complain of exhaustion, was at the close of the contest for Middlesex in the beginning of the present year. He then confessed he was fairly "done up;" and added, that he would not again encounter the same anxiety of mind, and undergo the same amount of physical exertion, as he did on those two days, for £20,000. And no one, acquainted with the circumstances, need wonder at the observation; for in the first place, he was quite unprepared for such a struggle. He never dreamed that his opponents had been moving heaven and earth, for weeks previously, to oust him, and that they had succeeded in gaining over to their side a great many of those who had formerly proved his staunchest friends. In the second place, his committee had misunderstood each other, as to some important steps which should have been taken to insure his return,—the consequence of which was that the first day his opponent was several hundreds a-head of him on the poll. This of course doubled his anxiety all that night and next day as to the result—an anxiety which very nearly approximated to despair. In the third place, the season was the

middle of winter, and after being kept a great part of each night with his committees at different places, he had to drive in breathless haste through the day, from one polling station to another, where he was, as soon after the close of each day's poll as possible, obliged to address the electors at considerable length and with all the strength of lungs he possessed. When I say that for eight or ten days before he had been almost constantly employed in addressing large assemblages of the electors and non-electors of Middlesex, it will at once be seen that to speak so often and at so many different places during the two days of the election, as he had occasion to do, was no easy task. All circumstances considered, the mental exertion and bodily fatigue which Mr. Hume underwent at the last election for Middlesex, were such as might have shaken the nerves of the strongest minded man, and tried the most Herculean constitution. It is no wonder, therefore, if he should have shrunk back at the bare contemplation of other two such days.

I have said that in person Mr. Hume is of a stout and firm make. He is short-necked, and his head is one of the largest I have seen. His hair, which is dark brown, mixed with gray, is always long and bushy; his face is fat and round, and his complexion has that rough yet healthy-like aspect which is so common among gentlemen farmers. He is beginning to get slightly furrowed with wrinkles. The impression which Mr. Hume's physiognomy invariably creates in the mind of a stranger, is that of a man of strong nerves and great determination of purpose. This is exactly his character. He is quite impervious to ridicule or sarcasm. He cares not what quantity of abuse—however virulent in quality—may be heaped on him. All the ridicule, nay, all the calumny in the world, will not divert him from his purpose, if satisfied in his own mind it is a commendable one. And as it is impossible for his enemies to force or frighten him out of any course he intends to pursue, so, in the infinite majority of cases, it is a most difficult matter for his friends to *persuade* him from it. There is not a man of purer motives or greater integrity in the house; but his self-willed disposition has occasionally done mischief to the cause he has so much at heart, and in more than one instance perilled its success—at least for a time—altogether. While giving him the fullest credit for unbounded zeal in the cause of the people, and for the purity of his intentions, it must be clear to every reflecting person, that had he persisted in bringing forward either of the motions of which he gave notice soon after the beginning of last session, for a vote of want of confidence in the Peel Ministry, or for stopping the supplies,—the effect would most certainly have been to defeat the objects of his own party. It was with the greatest difficulty, and not without the most urgent solicitation from the most influential men of all classes of Reformers, that he was prevailed on to relinquish his intention. I know of no man who has more improved as a speaker than Mr. Hume. He is a striking instance of what may be accomplished in this way by mere dint of perseverance. When he first entered Parliament, which was in 1818 or 1819—I do not recollect which—he was one of the worst speakers in the house. He not only stammered at every fourth or fifth sentence, but his language was in the worst possible taste. It often outraged not only all the acknowledged principles of English grammar, but his sentences were often left unfinished. Now, however, without any pretensions to being a first-rate speaker, Mr. Hume acquits himself, when addressing the house, in a highly creditable manner. He speaks with much ease, and always expresses his thoughts with great clearness and propriety; often with considerable vigour of language. His style is not polished or flowery. Though celebrated all the world over for his love of figures of arithmetic, I never yet knew him use a figure of rhetoric in any of the innumerable speeches I have heard him make. On the other hand, I may state, that I scarcely ever knew him make a speech of any length, into which he did not introduce a greater or less number of arithmetical figures. He takes a pounds, shillings, and pence view of almost every subject.

Mr. Hume's voice is strong and clear: its tones have occasionally something musical about them. If, instead of allowing himself to fall into a monotonous way of speaking, he had carefully cultivated the natural capabilities of his voice, so as to modulate it according to the subject, I am satisfied he would have been a much more effective speaker than he is.

His gesticulation cannot be said to be graceful; neither is it awkward. When he intends making a speech of some length, he carefully lays his hat, which is always full of papers, on the seat close to the spot on which he was sitting, and exhibits, as he rises, one or more Parliamentary papers, most probably connected with the "estimates," rolled up and

firmly grasped by his right hand. With these papers, so closely rolled up as to have the appearance of a solid piece of matter, he often, in the course of his speech strikes the palm of his left hand with some force. If he is saying, or imagines he is saying, something particularly good, he stretches out his right arm to its full length, and whirls the roll of paper with considerable energy in the air. When he intends to be brief in his addresses to the house, he does not trouble himself about the locality of his hat, and seldom takes any papers in his hand, unless he intends to read something to the house, when he uses an eye-glass. His gesture on such occasions chiefly consists in gently raising and lowering both his arms at the same time, very much in the way a person working at a double-handed saw does. When he rises again, to give an explanation of a personal nature, Mr. Hume always puts his hat under his left arm, that part of it into which his head goes fronting honourable members on the other side of the house. In such cases he uses no gesture at all: he stands stock still. H. B., the celebrated political caricaturist, gave a most graphic sketch of him with his hat under his left arm, as explaining, when called on for that purpose by Sir Robert Peel, in April last, what he meant when he charged Sir Robert with acting dishonourably in the course he was then pursuing.

In almost all Mr. Hume's long speeches, he repeatedly intimates that he is about to conclude long before he does so; sometimes perhaps, before he has got half through his address. The only symptom that can be depended on of his being about to resume his seat, is that of his giving a glance to his hat. He always concludes in two or three sentences after he has done that.

I think I am within the mark when I say, that Mr. Hume speaks more in the course of a Session than any other three members put together. He takes part in almost every discussion that arises in the house; and when the house is in Committee, and he has the right of speaking as often as he pleases, he addresses it with a frequency which would appear incredible to those who have not witnessed it. On one occasion, in May last, when the miscellaneous estimates were under consideration, he spoke no fewer than forty times in one night.

He is not a man of very superior talents; but every thing he says is characterized by strong good sense. If he never gives utterance to any thing brilliant, he never descends below mediocrity. He is well informed on matters of general politics. His memory is very tenacious.

He is of an easy and agreeable temper. I never yet knew him, notwithstanding the loads of the coarsest personal abuse I have seen heaped on him, lose his temper. He acts on the Scriptural rule of not rendering evil for evil, or returning railing for railing. It is principles and measures, not persons that he attacks. He has been of great service in advancing the popular cause. His zeal and exertions on behalf of that cause are almost as great out of the house as in it. Nothing but the most robust constitution could have stood the labours and fatigues he has undergone in the cause of civil and religious liberty. In his dress Mr. Hume is always plain. He usually wears a blue coat. During last Session he chiefly wore a tartan waistcoat and light-coloured cassimere trowsers. His waistcoat is always double-breasted, and is usually close buttoned up to his chin. He is in his fifty-eighth year; but, from his healthy appearance and strong constitution,—the more surprising as he resided for many years in India,—joined to his temperate habits, there is every reason to believe he may live for a long period to come.

As so many of the other country Liberal members are so nearly on an equality, both as regards their talents and their influence in the house, it would be impossible for me, were I to attempt it, to assign them their respective places in the scale of importance. I shall, therefore, take them at random, beginning with Mr. Gisborne, the member for South Derbyshire.

Mr. GIBBORNE has been in Parliament since the passing of the Reform Bill; but brought himself into more extensive notice last Session than during the whole of the previous three. He took a most active part in the efforts of the Liberal party to overthrow the Peel Ministry, and contributed essentially to the success of those efforts. Some of his speeches in opposition to the Government of Sir Robert, were among the best which were delivered from the Liberal side of the house during the two months' existence of that Government. Latterly he took a conspicuous part both in the Committee (of which he was Chairman) of Inquiry into the alleged bribery and corruption at the Ipswich election, and in the proceedings adopted by the House for the punishment of the parties convicted. In this, as in previous cases, he gave striking proof

of his possessing a sound judgment, united to great energy and determination of purpose. His conduct on the occasion was the subject of private eulogy by every one—not even excepting the Tories—acquainted with it.

He is a man of great talents. His mind is vigorous and comprehensive, and there is much terseness in his manner of expressing himself. There is always stamina in what he says. He is not a fine speaker. He is one of the many members in the house who labour under a defect in their organs of speech when attempting to pronounce the letter *r*. His voice has something of a clear yet strong tone about it. He cannot be said to speak fluently; and yet, with the exception of an occasional stammer, makes his speeches without any seeming effort. His speeches are usually short; but there is more matter in them than in those of many other honourable members of four or five times the length. Every thing he says tells directly on the point at issue. He does not use much gesticulation: he generally contents himself with raising and lowering his right arm, with more or less violence, according to the warmth of his feelings at the time.

Mr. Gisborne is rather a tall man, and is otherwise well-proportioned; a large part of his head is bald; the little hair he has on it is of a dark brown. He has a fine well-formed forehead. In the general expression of his countenance, you would not be struck with anything as particularly indicative of a superior mind. His complexion is fair, and his features are strongly marked. He dresses with great plainness. He almost invariably wears a blue coat, with dark or light waistcoat and trousers, according to the season of the year. His trousers are generally remarkable for their shortness. They remind one of schoolboy-days, being two or three inches from the upper part of the shoes, and showing the stockings to advantage.

Mr. Gisborne is much respected by men of all parties, both for his talents and his upright and consistent public conduct. He is always listened to with the greatest attention by all parts of the house. He is about fifty years of age.

Mr. WARBURTON, the member for Bridport, has many points of resemblance to Mr. Gisborne. In personal appearance they are very much alike, with this difference, that Mr. Warburton is not so tall, while he is considerably older. Mr. Warburton is also partially bald-headed, and what hair remains on his head is of a dark brown colour. His complexion is likewise dark, and his features are strongly marked. Like Mr. Gisborne, he also dresses with great plainness, and is scarcely ever to be seen in any other than a blue coat. He is not an attractive speaker. His voice is naturally bad, and his elocution is partially impaired by a slight lisp. His manner is cold, though no man is more sincere or decided in his opinions. He scarcely uses any action. He is often inaudible. But though his manner is bad, his matter, like that of Mr. Gisborne's, is always good. It is true, he has not the same masculine mind; but he possesses an excellent judgment, and is one of the most intelligent men in the house; what he says is always to the purpose; and the view he takes of a subject is, in most cases, so obviously the right one, that what he says cannot fail to commend itself to the reason of those who are blessed with that faculty. In committees, he is, perhaps, one of the most useful of the whole six hundred and fifty-eight. He is now considerably advanced in years, his age being about sixty.

Mr. CHARLES BULLER, the member for Liskeith, is a young man of considerable promise. He is well informed on most of the subjects which come before the house. He is distinguished for acuteness rather than for any great grasp of mind. His *forte* lies in reply. His answers to the speeches of his opponents are often pervaded by a vein of good-natured but happy satire. He often turns their own arguments against themselves with excellent effect. He is a fluent speaker, but his voice is too weak and monotonous for his ever becoming an impressive one. His utterance is so rapid, and his matter is often so argumentative, that it is only by the closest attention you can appreciate the merits of his speeches. He uses very little gesture, and that little chiefly consists of his occasionally striking the palm of his left hand with the fore part of his right hand. He is understood to be a frequent contributor of leading articles to the *Globe* Newspaper: the *Times* has, on more than one occasion, identified him with the editorship; but the *Times* has been misinformed on the subject.

The conformation of Mr. Buller's face is of a peculiar cast. He has a projecting forehead, and a small, flat, cocked-up nose. His physiognomy very much resembles that expression of countenance which is characteristic of natives of the south

of Ireland, and which it is much easier to imagine in one's mind than to convey an idea of by description. He is good-tempered, and of mild and conciliatory manners. There is a perpetual smile and expression of cheerfulness in his face. His complexion is fair, and his hair of a bright brown colour. He is a general favourite in the house. His age is under forty.

Mr. EWART, the member for Liverpool, is one whose name very often appears in the reports of the Parliamentary debates. He speaks occasionally on subjects of general politics; but he acquits himself most creditably on commercial questions, with the most of which he seems to be intimately conversant. He never makes long speeches; the longest he ever has made, have been those with which he has prefaced a motion, which he has made each Session for the last three years, to equalize the duties on East and West-India sugar. He speaks with considerable ease, and with much rapidity. His language is correct without being eloquent: he is not, and never will be, an effective speaker. His voice is pleasant but weak: he has not the slightest control over it. He is one of the most monotonous speakers in the house. His manner, too, is cold and spiritless. He never seems to feel what he says. The only gesticulation he ever uses is a slight movement of his right arm. He is nevertheless much respected in the house, and is generally listened to, by those to whom he is audible, with attention. He is very decided in his political opinions, and is firm and fearless in the expression of them. He is a man of very respectable talents, and of unblemished private as well as public character. He possesses a humane mind, and has greatly distinguished himself by his unremitting efforts to modify the sanguinary character of our Criminal Code.

Mr. Ewart is in stature about the middle size, and of a slender make. His complexion is somewhat sallow. His features are regular, and his face, altogether, handsome. His hair is of a dark brown, and he generally wears it long. He is a young man, being only about thirty-five years of age.

Mr. ELLICE, the member for Coventry, is a man who is always listened to with great attention in the house, and who exercises some influence there, though he does not speak often. Last Session he made only one speech worthy the name: this was owing to ill health, which made it impossible for him to attend to his Parliamentary duties. The speech I refer to was made on Mr. Shiel's motion respecting the appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry to the office of British Ambassador at the Court of Russia. Mr. Ellice then chiefly repelled the attacks which had been made, in the course of the discussion, on the first Government of Lord Melbourne, of which he was a prominent member. To these attacks Mr. Ellice replied with great energy and effect. He is not a fine speaker, but when addressing the house on any question involving important principles, he always speaks with much animation and feeling, and, as already remarked, commands the deepest attention of the house. His voice is strong and powerful, though not without a degree of huskiness which is not always pleasant to the ear: his command over it seems to be complete; he raises it and lowers it at pleasure, and with excellent effect. His utterance is usually rapid, but is sometimes impeded by his ideas crowding too fast on his mind. His action, when his manner is animated, is generally violent. His use of his arms is extravagant on such occasions, and he turns about his whole body from one part of the house to another, in a manner not unlike the movements of a weathercock on a windy day. In stature he is above the middle size, and very corpulent. His face is round, his complexion sallow, and his hair of a dark brown. His countenance has a good-natured expression about it; but is by no means intellectual. He is, however, a man of superior talents. His principles are liberal in the extreme, though not absolutely Radical. He was understood to be the most Liberal member of Lord Melbourne's first Cabinet, and certainly he was one of the most honest men in it, as well as the boldest and most uncompromising in the assertion of his opinions. The delicate state of his health, which renders a residence in Italy desirable, is the cause assigned by Lord Melbourne's friends for his not having been included in the arrangements for the reconstruction of that nobleman's Cabinet. Mr. Ellice is apparently about fifty years of age.

Mr. THOMAS ATTWOOD, the member for Birmingham, does not possess that weight or influence in the house, which his great popularity and influence among Reformers out of doors would have led one to expect before his election. His politics are the extreme of liberality; but he is not a man of extensive information or of a vigorous mind. With the Currency Question, indeed, he is most intimately acquainted; but

his knowledge of politics generally is but limited. He is a man of one idea: that idea is the necessity of a paper currency. This he holds to be the only *panacea* for the evils of the country—this the grand remedy for national distress. Hence, whatever be the subject of debate—whether the Quadruple Treaty of Alliance—the Emancipation of the Negroes in the West-Indies—the Policy of Russia—Triennial Parliaments—the Vote by Ballot—Poor Laws for Ireland, or anything else—he is sure, if he take any part in the discussion, to lug in a small note currency, and to hammer away at the idea through at least three-fourths of his speech, whether long or short. I never yet knew him make a speech since his admission into Parliament, in which the staple matter was not a paper currency.

Mr. Attwood is a man of much private worth, and his public character stands unblemished. There is not a more honest politician in the house. He knows not what it is to compromise or conceal his opinions. The word expediency has no place in his vocabulary. You see the mind of the man the moment he opens his mouth; and you see him to be as unsophisticated as if he had never for one moment inhaled the atmosphere of a region—instead of breathing it for three years—in which trimming, and compromise, and apostasy, are often the order of the day.

As a speaker Mr. Attwood does not rank high. He speaks with sufficient ease, and his language, without being polished, is tolerably correct; but he has a broad, gruff, unearthly voice, aggravated by a strong provincial pronunciation, which sounds strangely in the ears of those who hear him. If you heard Mr. Attwood speaking, and did not see or know who he was, you would be sure to conclude that some uneducated farmer was addressing you. The word Birmingham he always, in the broadest possible accent, pronounces "Brummagem;" and this, too, though every time he does it, he is greeted by the loud laughter of the house. His gesture is not violent, neither can it be said to be ungraceful. It principally consists of a gentle movement, up and down, of his right arm, accompanied with a slight occasional movement of his eye and face from one part of the house to the other.

Mr. Attwood is about forty-five years of age. He is middle-sized, and proportionally stout. His face has not an intellectual expression. Like his pronunciation, it is "country-fied." It is of an angular conformation. His hair and his complexion are both dark.

Mr. ROEBUCK's politics are substantially the same as those of Mr. Attwood; but he is a very different person, in many respects. A *fracas* with an opponent, at the time he was elected member for Bath, gave him the character of an ill-tempered and easily-irritated man. His conduct in the house, as well as out of it, has proved the character he then got was a just one. You see the cynic in his face. He is one of the most petulant and discontented, and at the same time, conceited-looking men in the house. He is full of airs. He is, in his own eye, one of the most important men within the walls of Parliament. He not only must needs speak on every question of importance—that is to say, if he is sufficiently fortunate to catch the Speaker's eye—as if there were something oracular in everything he says; but he has the presumption often to attempt to get possession of the house, immediately after some of the ablest members of the Opposition have spoken, with the view of replying to them. He is a man of fair talents, but nothing more. He speaks with considerable fluency when he makes a set speech, because, in that case, he writes it out at full length, and commits it to memory in the same way as a school-boy does his task; but when he attempts speaking on the spur of the moment, he often stammers, and has to correct and re-correct his ill-constructed sentences. His voice is feeble, but clear and distinct in its tones. His favourite gesture is to raise his right arm, spread out his fingers, and turn his face and body from one part of the house to the other; but when he flatters himself—which he often does—that he is saying something unusually clever and of commanding importance, he strikes the books or box on the table with his right hand, with great violence,—having, before commencing his speech, removed, for that purpose, from his usual seat to one close to the table.

Mr. Roebuck is diminutive in person. He is much under the middle size, and is so slender withal that he has quite a boyish appearance. His countenance is of a pale and sickly complexion; it has very little flesh on it. His nose is rather prominent, and his eyes are disproportionately large and sunken. There is a scowl so visibly impressed on his brow, that the merest novice in physiognomy must observe it. He is in his thirty-third year. He is not a favourite in the house, and the limited popularity he has acquired out of doors, seems to

be on the decline. He is not only the author of the political pamphlets which are published weekly in his name; but has written various articles for some years past in the *Westminster Review*, *Tail's Magazine*, and the *London Review*. Of the latter work, indeed, he is one of the leading contributors, his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Falconer, being the editor.

Mr. WARD, the member for St. Albans, though so little known a few years ago that his name was hardly ever mentioned out of doors, is now one of the most popular men in the country. I mention, as a striking instance of Mr. Ward's popularity out of doors, that it was intended,—though I am not sure he is up to this moment himself aware of it,—to invite him to stand at the last election for the burgh of Marylebone, in opposition to Sir William Horne, and in the same interest as Sir Samuel Whalley. A resolution to this effect was agreed on by a large majority of the leading men in the burgh, and there could not have been a doubt of Mr. Ward's return—which his admirers engaged should be effected free of expense to him—but it was stated most confidently by individuals who affected to speak advisedly, that he and his constituents at St. Albans were so attached to each other, that he would not on any consideration sever the friendly connection. The electors of Marylebone, therefore, were induced to look out for another person to represent them, when, owing to a variety of accidental circumstances, the choice fell on Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer.

It was Mr. Ward's celebrated motion, with the speech which preceded it, in 1834, affirming the right of Parliament to appropriate the surplus property of the Church of Ireland to other than ecclesiastical purposes,—that first brought him into notice. Before then owing in some measure to his long residence abroad, his political principles were unknown to almost all members in the house. The general impression, indeed, was that he was a Tory. But that motion, and the bold and able speech with which he prefaced it, at once earned for him the reputation of being a man of liberal opinions and of superior talents. Since then Mr. Ward has often spoken on important questions, and every speech he has made has confirmed the accuracy of the impression formed regarding him from the speech and motion to which I have referred.

He is not a fine speaker. There is too much tameness in his manner; and his voice is quite monotonous. It has also a certain degree of huskiness about it. He speaks with much rapidity, and seemingly with great ease. His style is terse and vigorous, and his matter is in most cases highly argumentative. He is much respected in the house by men of all parties.

Mr. Ward is about forty years of age. He is rather tall and athletic. His complexion is florid. His face is full and round. His nose inclines to flatness. His hair is of a light brown. He sports unusually large whiskers. His countenance has a pleasing good-natured expression, but has nothing particularly intellectual about it. He is the son of Mr. Ward, the celebrated author of *Tremaine*, and other popular novels, and is often confounded with him.

LORD DUDLEY STUART, member for Arundel, is a nobleman whose name does not appear very often in the reports of the debates in the house; but he has strong claims on every friend of freedom and humanity were it only for the exertions he made in favour of the Poles, both within and without the house, at the time of their late great struggle with the northern despot. Events have proved that he felt much more strongly in the cause of Poland than did Mr. Cutlar Ferguson, though the latter managed to make a much greater parade of his exertions in that country's behalf. Lord Dudley Stuart's sympathy with the Poles was fervent, pure, and lasting. It had its origin in the best principles of our common nature, and was fed and perpetuated by that which called it into existence. His was the feeling of a Christian, and a lover of his race. His exertions, first to avert their re-subjugation by Nicholas, and afterwards to administer pecuniary relief to such of them as escaped to this country, were most strenuous and unremitting; and I could speak,—but I know his modesty of disposition would make him prefer my silence on the subject,—I could speak as to the extent of his own pecuniary liberality. But it is not the Poles alone who have found in him a warm friend and a zealous advocate in the time of need. Whenever the great principles of humanity are brought into collision, in the house or out of the house, with those of an opposite character, he is always to be found at his post. All the exertions which have of late been made to put a stop to those frightful instances of cruelty to the brute creation, which are so common in the metropolis, have been most cordially and efficiently seconded by Lord Dudley Stuart.

As a speaker he has little or no pretensions. He feels

great difficulty in finding words wherewith to express his thoughts. This chiefly arises from his extreme modesty. His voice is weak, and not very clear. He is in his thirty-second year. He is tall and slender in person. His hair is of a dark brown, and his complexion something between dark and sallow. His countenance has a mild and pensive expression. In his features there is nothing peculiar.

Mr. PEASE, the Quaker Member for Durham, is one of the most useful, though not one of the most shining, members in the house. In his attendance on his legislative duties he is the most punctual and close of any man I ever saw. He even beats Mr. Hume himself. From the beginning of the business till the adjournment, no matter how late the hour, there he is, not indeed in one particular seat, but in some part or other of the house, all attention to what is going on. It is clear he acts from principle. As to a party object, he knows not what it is. A more conscientious or upright man never sat in the house. His amazingly close attention to his duties in parliament has told visibly on his constitution. He is much thinner, and much more sallow in his complexion, than when he entered the house.

Mr. Pease speaks pretty often, but it is chiefly in Committees, or on questions which do not call up the leading members. His mode of address is, of course, different from that of other members. He never uses the word "Sir," in addressing the Speaker, which all other members do at almost every fourth or fifth sentence; nor does he call any member, according to the invariable practice of all other members when addressing the house, "the honourable member," but simply says "the member" for such a place. In short, agreeably to the principles of the society to which he belongs, he applies no honorary titles to any one.

He speaks with great rapidity, and is never at a loss for words or ideas. His style is correct but plain. In his manner there is no action whatever. He stands stock still. His voice is weak, which, with his great rapidity of utterance, often renders him inaudible.

He is about forty-five years of age. His stature is of the middle size. His face is of an angular form, and is expressive of the mildness and intelligence for which he is distinguished. His complexion, as I have already intimated, is somewhat sallow, and his hair of a light brown. He is not a man of brilliant parts; but his judgment is remarkably sound, and he always takes the common-sense view of a subject. He is not only a man of great intelligence, but is always correct in the statements he brings to bear on any question. Taken all in all, he is, as I observed in the outset, one of the most useful members in the house. If he is a fair specimen of the society to which he belongs, the country would have no reason for regret were the entire six hundred and fifty-eight members selected from the Society of Friends.

Sir EDWARD CODRINGTON, member for Devonport, is better known for his exploits as a naval officer than for anything he has yet done or is likely to do as a statesman. His splendid achievement at Navarino will be remembered, when the fact of his having been a senator has been long forgotten. His name, however, comes pretty frequently before the public in the latter capacity. He speaks a good deal, though never much at a time. When naval matters are brought before the house, he is sure to speak. On the subject of impressment in the navy, and on that of the abolition of flogging in the army, he has always taken a lively interest. He is not a Radical in the fullest acceptance of the term; but he goes much farther than the Whigs of the old school. He is an advocate for Free Trade, for a Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Abolition of the Assessed Taxes, for the Vote by Ballot, and for Shortening the Duration of Parliaments. Notwithstanding, however, the liberality of his sentiments, he is not very popular, even among the Liberals. What the reason of this is, I do not exactly know. He is not a fine speaker: there is nothing attractive in his manner, and nothing indicative of superior talent in his matter; his ideas are usually common-place, though generally marked by good sense, and his language has something of the roughness of the sailor about it; his voice is clear, but not strong. His articulation is sufficiently distinct, but there is something of a provincial accent about it. There is no variety in the tones of his voice: it is monotonous at all times and on all subjects. He speaks with seeming ease and somewhat rapidly. His speeches produce but little impression in the house: indeed they are not listened to with any very great attention.

His personal appearance is rather venerable. He is seemingly about sixty years of age. His face is angular; his complexion has something of ruddiness about it; his hair is white, but the process of becoming bald has begun, and may

be expected to advance with some rapidity in a person of his age, and long and active maritime service. He is tall, and of a somewhat handsome figure. He usually wears a blue coat.

Mr. WALLACE, the member for Greenock, is one of the few decidedly Radical representatives returned by Scotland. His great characteristics are, honesty of purpose and plainness of manners. I believe his integrity has never been questioned. The Tories are always forward to admit, however much they may conceive him in error, that he is himself on all occasions thoroughly convinced he is in the right. There is a kind of primitive simplicity in his manners. He has much of that homeliness about him which is often to be met with in his own country. Nothing would prevail on him, though he could do it successfully—which, however, he could not—to affect the airs of a fashionable man. He loves what he calls the simplicity and artlessness of nature; and is just such a person as would remain the same in his manners—let the etiquette and fashions of society change as often as they pleased—though he were to reach the good old age of Methuselah. Mr. Wallace dresses well, though plainly. You see his manners the moment you see his person. In height he is about the middle size. Without being, strictly speaking, corpulent, he is stoutly and compactly made. His head is in a great measure bald: what hair there is on it is white as unsunned snow. His forehead is rather low and slanting. His complexion is fair, and has the freshness of health about it. Wrinkles begin to show themselves in his face, which inclines to the round form. He has small, dark blue, laughing eyes, strongly expressive of a contented and good-natured disposition. His nose is unusually flat. Whenever he speaks you would think he was smiling. He is, practically, one of the greatest utilitarians—according, of course, to his own notions of utility—in the house, and is, like Mr. Hume, a remarkable instance of what a man of very humble talents may accomplish by mere dint of perseverance. The two great subjects to which he has almost exclusively bent his attention since he has been in the house, are a Reform in the Law Courts of Scotland, and a Reform in the Post-office. The former object has been already accomplished to a certain extent: the latter is on the eve of being fully gained. I remember some years since, when he first brought the alleged abuses in the Post-office system under the consideration of the house, and sought to get the whole system re-modelled, that he was regarded by all parties, not even excepting the most sanguine Radicals in the house, as having engaged in one of the most hopeless enterprises ever undertaken by a human being. Neither Whigs nor Tories would even hear his detail of the alleged abuses, or "lend their ears" while he submitted his proposed plan of Reform. The bringing forward of his motion on the subject, and his speaking two or three hours on it, were hailed by the great majority of members as constituting a sort of episode in the usual business of the house, during which honourable members might either, as best suited themselves, quit the house altogether, or remain and talk over with each other any topics they pleased. Mr. Wallace, however, never seemed in the least disheartened by this, but plodded through his statistics and calculations with as much apparent self-satisfaction as if the house had been all attention. Every year since he began he has had a grand post-office field-day, and the result has been, that there is now every prospect of the post-office department speedily undergoing that extensive reform for which Mr. Wallace has laboured so long and so assiduously. When he had finished the speech with which he prefaced, in the beginning of last August, his last motion on the subject—a speech which occupied three hours in the delivery—both Whigs and Tories admitted the necessity of reform in the post-office to a very considerable extent. Lord Lowther, Mr. Vernon Smith, and other members—not even excepting Mr. Spring Rice—whose situations more immediately connected them with the post-office, all in substance conceded the point which Mr. Wallace contended for.

Mr. Wallace is not, as already hinted, a man of much intellect. He has no comprehensive views on great questions. No one knows this better than himself—I wish I could say as much of many other honourable members—and he consequently never seeks to address the house on topics involving first principles. These he very wisely leaves to those of more enlarged views and greater experience in such matters. He acts on the modern principle in political economy,—though making no pretensions to the character of a political economist,—of a division of labour. He has taken up the two questions which I have mentioned; to them he confines himself, and from them nothing will divert his attention, according to his own statement, until he has succeeded in accomplishing the reforms which he maintains to be so imperatively called

for. He is a very indifferent speaker. He is always audible, but there is something hard and shrill about his voice which grates on the ear: it has no flexibility: it is the same key and the same tones from beginning to end. His enunciation is rapid; occasionally, but not often, he stammers slightly. His language has no pretensions to eloquence: it is plain and unpolished. I could never discover a single elegant expression or rounded period in any of his speeches. He uses hardly any gesture when speaking: never anything more than a slight occasional movement of the right arm. He is about sixty years of age.

Mr. Serjeant WILDE, member for Newark, does not speak very often. He reserves himself for great occasions, and then generally acquits himself in a highly creditable manner. He is an excellent speaker. His voice is strong, clear and sonorous, though he does not always modulate it with the best taste or judgment. His manner, too, is, on the whole, good. It has considerable energy about it. Sometimes he assumes a stooping posture, which is by no means graceful; but usually he stands erect, and slightly moves his face from the right to the left of those members in the immediate vicinity of the Speaker's chair. I should mention, that when he speaks he always does so from the floor of the house, to which he advances three or four feet from the front row of benches. The side of the house depends, of course, on whether his party be in office or in the Opposition at the time. His back is turned on the door, and his face directly towards the Speaker, except when, as just remarked, he occasionally glances his eye on those members on the right or left of the Chair. He makes considerable use of his right arm when speaking. With it he beats the air with some energy; but when he waxes particularly warm, he raises both arms above his head, and lets them descend again with great rapidity. On such occasions his hands are usually firmly clenched together. He is generally listened to with much attention by all parties. His speeches have much less of declamation in them than is generally to be found in the speeches of those members who are in the way of displaying considerable energy of manner. They are usually pervaded, from beginning to end,—with the exception of the exordium and peroration,—by a vein of close and powerful argument. I have said he does not speak often. I do not suppose he has made above ten or twelve speeches of any length or importance during the three Sessions he has been in the house. Last Session, if I remember right, he only made one speech of any importance; and that one, which was certainly very able and highly argumentative, and must otherwise have produced a great impression, fell, as it were, still-born from his lips, because of the unseasonable time he chose for its delivery. It was on the question of Municipal Corporation Reform, but instead of being delivered, as it ought to have been, when that question was in Committee,—for it will be recollected that, owing to the Tories offering no opposition to the principle of the measure, no discussion or division took place on the second reading,—instead, I say, of the learned gentleman delivering his speech when the bill was in Committee, he did not deliver it until about a week before the close of the Session, when the measure was sent back by the Lords to adopt the amendments which they had made on it. The subject had by that time, at least in so far as mere discussion went, lost all its interest, and therefore the house paid little or no attention to the learned Serjeant's speech. He saw this, and, in consequence, cut it comparatively short; for though he spoke for an hour and a quarter, it was clear, from the nature of the ground he took, that the speech had been intended for a two and a-half or three hours one. In fact, the universal impression in the house was, that the speech had been cut and dry, and, as the booksellers say, "ready for delivery," when the Municipal Corporation Bill was in Committee; but some unforeseen circumstance had prevented that delivery taking place. Probably that circumstance was the claims which the great mining cause of "Small *versus* Attwood" had at the time on his attention, he having had, as was generally understood a retaining fee in the case of eight thousand guineas.

Mr. Serjeant Wilde is one of those who have raised themselves from comparatively humble and obscure circumstances, into wealth and eminence, by their own talents and energy of character. He was originally an attorney's clerk, but has now one of the most lucrative businesses at the English bar. In person he is somewhat above the middle size, and stoutly and compactly formed. His complexion is fair, and his hair of a light brown. His eyes are large and are full of fire and intelligence. His forehead is prominent. He is good-looking, and is of gentlemanly appearance and manners. His age is about forty-five.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE IRISH LIBERAL MEMBERS.

Mr. O'Connell—Mr. Shiel—Mr. Feargus O'Connor—Mr. Henry Grattan—Mr. Ruthven.

MR. O'CONNELL is not only the most distinguished of the Irish members, but he is in some measure *the* Irish member. His influence in Ireland, and in the house, on all Irish subjects, is much greater than is generally supposed, although admitted on all hands to be of very great extent. A very large portion of it is indirect, and is in a great measure unknown even to himself; for as he is known to lead and direct public opinion in that country, measures have been brought forward, both by the Government here and in Ireland, without his knowledge, merely because the Ministry, or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, knowing that he will approve of them, are convinced they will be hailed with satisfaction in that country.

Mr. O'Connell's influence is increasing every day, both in Parliament and in the country. When he first appeared in the House of Commons, it was comparatively limited indeed in that house, and even in Ireland it was chiefly confined to the lower classes. The fact is, that he was then, and for two or three years afterwards, miserably deficient in judgment. He then, thoughtlessly and recklessly, opposed himself, by his strenuous advocacy of the Repeal of the Union, not only to the prejudices of the house, but to those of the most respectable and intelligent, even of the Liberal party in Ireland. In the expression of his opinions, which were always extreme, on other great political questions, he was also imprudent. Those opinions he at all times boldly asserted, and regulated his support or opposition to certain measures by them, without the least regard to circumstances. Hence his objects were not only defeated, but his influence, instead of increasing only diminished the oftener he spoke in the house. So late as the middle of the Session of 1834, when he brought forward his motion for the Repeal of the Union, his influence was at a very low—if not its lowest—ebb; and the opinion of many of his greatest friends was, that he had then, in some measure, sunk to rise no more.

Circumstances, however, favourable to Mr. O'Connell's recovery of his influence, occurred in November 1834, and he had the judgment to avail himself of them. The abrupt dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry, and the formation of a Government on Conservative principles, in November last year, inspired a large proportion of the nation with a hatred of Toryism and an attachment to Liberal principles, incomparably greater than they had ever felt before. Mr. O'Connell sympathized with the opinions and feelings of the Movement party on that occasion, and at once proclaimed himself the friend of the Government which had been so suddenly ejected, and the relentless opponent of that which had succeeded it. He buried in the dust all his past differences with the Melbourne Ministry, individually and collectively, and laid aside all his own peculiar opinions, in order that he might more effectually grapple with what he regarded as the common foe. For the first time his great talents then began to have full scope; and from that moment to the present, he has acted with the most consummate judgment and tact—in so far as the interested views of his party are concerned—and with a corresponding effect. The result has been to confer on himself an importance, and invest himself with a power, for good or evil, incomparably greater than the importance which attaches to, or the power that is possessed by, any other individual of the present day. In fact, the Duke of Wellington was, after all, quite right, when he said that no man has possessed so much power in this country since the revolution of 1688.

Mr. O'Connell is a man of the highest order of genius. There is not a member in the house who, in this respect, can for a moment be put in comparison with him. You see the greatness of his genius in almost every sentence he utters. There are others—Sir Robert Peel, for example—who have much more tact and greater dexterity in debate; but in point of genius none approach to him. It ever and anon bursts forth with a brilliancy and effect which are quite overwhelming. You have not well recovered from the overpowering surprise and admiration caused by one of his brilliant effusions, when another flashes upon you and produces the same effect. You have no time, nor are you in a condition to weigh the force of his arguments; you are taken captive wherever the speaker chooses to lead you, from beginning to end. If there be untenable propositions and inconclusive reasonings

in his speech, you can only detect them when he has resumed his seat, and his voice no longer greets your ear. What greatly adds to the effect of the effusions of Mr. O'Connell's genius is, that you see at once they are perfectly spontaneous, the result of the feeling of the moment, and not of careful thought in a previous preparation of his speech. I have known him, times without number, both in the house and elsewhere, make some most brilliant and most effective allusions to circumstances which had only occurred either while speaking, or immediately before he commenced his address. The reference to the "last rose of summer," in the case of Mr. Walter, as noticed in the short sketch I have given of that gentleman, was one among innumerable other instances of a similar kind.

One of the most extraordinary attributes in Mr. O'Connell's oratory is the ease and facility with which he can make a transition from one topic to another. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," never costs him an effort. He seems, indeed, to be himself insensible of the transition. I have seen him begin his speech by alluding to topics of an affecting nature, in such a manner as to excite the deepest sympathy towards the sufferers in the mind of the most unfeeling person present. I have seen, in other words—I speak with regard to particular instances—the tear literally glistening in the eyes of men altogether unused to the melting mood, and in a moment afterwards, by a transition from the grave to the humorous, I have seen the whole audience convulsed with laughter. On the other hand, I have often heard him commence his speech in a strain of the most exquisite humour, and by a sudden transition to deep pathos, produce the stillness of death in a place in which, but one moment before, the air was rent with shouts of laughter. His mastery over the passions is the most perfect I ever witnessed. He can touch, —and touch with inimitable effect,—every chord in the human breast. The passions of his audience are mere playthings in his hand. If he cannot "call spirits from the vasty deep," he can do as he pleases with the spirits of those on the confines of the earth. Nor is Mr. O'Connell's complete power over the passions confined either to a refined or to an unintellectual audience. It is equally great in both cases. His oratory tells with the same effect whether he addresses the "first assembly of gentlemen in the world," or the ragged and ignorant rabble of Dublin.

A very striking instance of the powerful impression he is capable of producing, occurred at a dinner given at Hackney, in July last, to celebrate the successful registration of the Liberal electors in the Tower Hamlets. There were about two hundred and fifty persons present, including several members of Parliament. On that occasion he dwelt with so much eloquence and pathos on the fact of a poor innocent girl in Ireland being killed by the soldiery, while enforcing the collection of tithes,—of which circumstance intelligence had only been received that morning,—that there was hardly a dry eye in the meeting, and almost every person present, immediately on the conclusion of his speech, rose from his seat, and rushing up to him, shook him most cordially by the hand, although the great majority were strangers to him. Modern times cannot furnish a parallel to this splendid proof of the effect produced by oratory.

Mr. O'Connell does not excel as a reasoner. His speeches are seldom argumentative, and when they are intended to be so, they are by no means happy. His great forte, when he seeks to discomfit an opponent, is to laugh or banter him out of his positions. And here again he stands alone: no man in the house at all approaches him in the effectiveness of his wit and ridicule; and yet there is no man, unless provoked to it, who indulges in fewer personalities.

Mr. O'Connell's style is not polished or elegant; but it is terse and vigorous. He is fond of short, pithy sentences. His style reminds me, in some measure, of that of Tacitus. His ideas flow too rapidly on him to allow him to elaborate his diction. As Mr. Shiel once observed, in one of his series of "Sketches of the Irish Bar," which appeared ten or eleven years ago, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, "Mr. O'Connell, with the improvidence of his country, flings a brood of robust thoughts upon the world, without a rag to cover them."

With most men it requires an effort of no ordinary kind to hit on a few tolerable ideas. In Mr. O'Connell's mind they grow up naturally, and with a luxuriance which, if there be propriety in the expression, is inconvenient to him. I have known his mind to be so overcharged with ideas, as to render him miserable until he got an opportunity of ridding himself of a portion of them, by "flinging them abroad on the world," in prodigal profusion.

Mr. O'Connell is not a graceful speaker, either as respects

the management of his voice or his gesture. He has a broad Irish accent, which, though by no means unpleasant, falls somewhat strangely on an English ear. His voice is rich, clear, strong, and often musical. It is capable of being modulated with the best effect; but the art of modulation is one which Mr. O'Connell seems never to have studied. The intonations of his voice are never regulated by any artificial rule; they are regulated, unconsciously to himself, by his feelings alone. If, therefore, the subject on which he is speaking be not one involving important principles, or one which appeals to his feelings, there is a degree of coldness about his manner, and a monotony about the tones of his voice, which is sure to make a person who never heard him before, go away with an unfavourable impression of his talents, and wondering how he could ever have attained to so much popularity. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and several other members appear excellent speakers, whenever, and on whatever subject, they open their mouths; with Mr. O'Connell it is otherwise. Even his happiest efforts, though, as I have already stated, most effective, are not graceful specimens of oratory. In fact, the very circumstance I have mentioned, of his ideas flowing so rapidly on him, must, of necessity, mar the gracefulness of his speaking. He sometimes—not often—stammers slightly, simply from two or more ideas struggling at the same moment in his mind for priority of birth. I have often known him, in this conflict of ideas, break off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, which he would never afterwards finish, owing to some brilliant thought suggesting itself at the moment. A person of less impetuous and more artificial mind, would first finish the sentence, and then give expression to the new idea which had occurred to him.

Mr. O'Connell's gesture is also very deficient in gracefulness. He puts himself into an endless variety of attitudes, every one of which is awkward. At one time you see him with his head and body stooping, and his right arm partially extended; at another, and perhaps the next moment, you see him with his head thrown back, and his arms placed a-kimbo on his breast. Then, again, you see him stretching out his neck, and making wry faces, as if about to undergo the process of decapitation. If you withdraw your eyes a few seconds from him, you see him, when you again look at him, with both his arms raised above his head, and his fists as firmly clenched as if about to engage in a regular Donnybrook row. Then again you see him apply both his hands to his wig—he wears a wig—with as much violence as if about to tear it in pieces, but instead of this it turns out that he has only carefully adjusted it. But the most singular thing I ever heard of his doing in the course of the delivery of any of his speeches, was that of untying and taking off his cravat, when in one of the best parts of his speech, in 1834, on the Repeal of the Union, and when he had worked himself up to the utmost enthusiasm of manner. I was not in the house at the time, but was credibly assured this was a fact.

The great characteristics of Mr. O'Connell's manner, are its boldness, its fervour, and its utter disregard of all artificial forms. You see, as Mr. Shiel observes, the impetuous Irish blood revelling in his veins. Agitation or excitement is necessary to his very being—as much so as the air he breathes. He is in his element when in the midst of the political storm and tempest and whirlwind. I once heard him say, that independently of the great object for which he is struggling, he exults in the struggle itself. A state of quietness and tranquillity would be insupportable to him. If his country had no wrongs to be redressed, if no materials for agitation existed, he would hardly deem life desirable. Like Alexander the Great, who sat down and wept when he had conquered all that was then known of the world, because there was no other field for the gratification of his military propensities,—Mr. O'Connell, though he would rejoice on account of his countrymen, would feel unutterably wretched on his own, were a political millenium to take place in Ireland.

He is always in excellent spirits. You never see him cast down or dejected. In the most adverse circumstances, his faith in the eventual triumph of the great cause of justice and humanity, is unbounded. It never wavers for a moment. He always has his eye fixed on the sunny side of the picture. Hence he is ever cheerful. You see a perpetual smile on his countenance, whether he be addressing the house or reclining in his seat, whether in the family circle or haranguing the populace at the Corn Exchange.

Mr. O'Connell is said to be a man of great generosity and kindness of heart in private life. A striking instance of his generosity was afforded in the case of D'Esterre, whom he killed in a duel. Not only did he feel such strong "com-

punctious visitings," because he had shed the blood of a fellow-being—though he was the challenged, not the challenging party—as caused him to "register a vow in heaven" never under any circumstances to fight another duel; but he felt that he had done an irreparable injury to the widow of his deceased antagonist, and therefore offered to settle an annuity of £150 upon her for life. The Corporation of Dublin, however, prevailed upon her not to accept Mr. O'Connell's generous offer by engaging to settle an adequate allowance on her out of their own funds. This was the least they could do, as it was for the purpose of vindicating that Corporation from the epithet "beggary," which Mr. O'Connell had applied to it, that her husband had called him out, and received the wound which ended in his death. I mention this because the circumstances connected with that duel are not generally known.

Mr. O'Connell's person is tall and athletic. His frame is one of the most muscular in the house, especially about the shoulders. If any of his enemies were to attempt to put their threats of personal chastisement into execution once, they would not, I am sure, attempt it a second time. If compelled, in self-defence, to play the pugilist, I am satisfied there are very few men in the country who would prove a match for him.

He has not only, as I have already observed, a perpetual flow of excellent spirits, but he seems as healthy and of as vigorous a constitution, notwithstanding the wear and tear of sixty-one years, most of which have been spent in hard and constant labour,—as if his age were only thirty. It is this circumstance, coupled with that of most of his ancestors having lived to nearly one hundred years of age, which has caused him to adopt the singular notion that he is to live other thirty years yet, making his age, at the supposed time of his death, ninety-six.

His face, like his person, is large. It is round, but can hardly be called fat. His complexion has a freshness and ruddiness about it, which are indicative both of his good health and excellent spirits. His nose is rather flat, and is slightly cocked up. He has dark, laughing eyes, expressive at once of benevolence and intellect. His forehead has nothing peculiar about it. It is by no means fine; at least as far as his wig will allow one to judge. His hair—namely, of his wig is dark brown, and judging from its rough and uproarious appearance, it is not much troubled with a comb. He invariably wears a dark green surtout, except on St. Patrick's day, or when at some dinner party, when his coat is black and of the usual cut. The brim of his hat is broader than that of any Quaker. He always wears his hat cocked on the right side of his head, in the manner so common among sailors. His whole appearance, indeed, is like that of a ship captain, for which he is often taken by strangers. When sitting in the house, his usual position is that of having his right leg over his left. His son Maurice, to whom he is particularly attached, though devotedly fond of all his family,* often sits beside him, and I have repeatedly seen him, in the most affectionate manner, take Maurice's hand in his own, and keep his hold of it for a considerable length of time.

Among the Irish members, Mr. SHIEL ranks next to Mr. O'Connell, both in talents and influence. He is in person a man of very diminutive stature. He is much below the middle size. His face is proportionably small. His complexion is dark, and his hair black. His eyes are dark and piercing, and his whole physiognomy indicates the quickness and hastiness which are the most prominent qualities in his character. His features are deficient in regularity, but are by no means unpleasant. His chin slightly protrudes. In his dress he is careless. His linen is not of the finest manufacture for which

his country is distinguished, nor can his washer-woman's bills be any very serious item in his weekly expenditure. There was more truth than was generally supposed in the statement of the *Standard*, that he went as one of the deputation to the King to present the answer of the Commons to his Majesty's most gracious address at the opening of the present Parliament,—with a shirt by no means remarkable for its cleanness, and in clothes which had seen better days, but which, even when they came from the hands of the tailor, were by no means, either as to cut or colour, particularly appropriate for the presence of royalty. These are not the *Standard's* words, but they embody the facts contained in the statement of that journal; and that statement I can confirm from my own personal observation on the occasion in question. I take the secret of the thing to be, that the address being presented on a Saturday,—that, as Dr. Johnson would have said, was not "clean-shirt day" with Mr. Shiel. His dress on that occasion was exactly the same in every respect as it usually is, namely, a black silk handkerchief, tied very carelessly around his neck, a brown coat, with dark vest and pantaloons.

Mr. Shiel is a man of superior talents, and of considerable genius. There are few men in the house who confine themselves more strictly to the subject of debate. His ideas are always good, often striking and brilliant. His language is at once eloquent and forcible. His sentences are remarkable for their brevity; but so full is his mind of ideas, that almost every sentence, however short, contains one. He has a fine imagination, and when he gives loose reins to it, his diction is glowing and poetical. He is always listened to with great attention. He is liked by all parties in the house. He is of a kindly and liberal disposition. He never indulges in personalities, and is not often the object of vituperation on the part of the Tories. He has a high sense of honour; but is so careful not to transgress the bounds of gentlemanly language himself, when dealing with an opponent, that he hardly ever gets into a personal quarrel. The only one I recollect his having got into was with Lord Althorp, in the instance I have referred to in speaking of Col. Leith Hay. And that was with him a matter of necessity, not of choice. He only intimated that he would hold his lordship responsible for the imputation, when the latter refused to give up the name of the person on whose information he grounded the charge.

Mr. Shiel though an effective, is a most awkward speaker. His utterance is more rapid than that of any other member in the house. He speaks with such amazing rapidity, that the most expert reporter in the gallery is unable to follow him. Hence, when he is anxious to be reported at length, he is obliged to write out his own speeches, and send a copy to the office of one of the leading newspapers, from which the other journals procure slips when put in types. Formerly, he used to write out his speeches before-hand, and carry them with him in his pocket wherever he went to speak; but having some years since given a copy of his speech to the proprietors of an evening paper some hours before the time appointed for the delivery of it, and the clamour and uproar of the meeting at which it was to have been delivered—it was a meeting in favour of the Catholic Claims, held in 1829, on Penenden Heath—being so great as to prevent his proceeding, while the *Journal* in question represented him as having "spoken his speech," and gave four or five columns of matter as his, of which he never uttered a word,—Mr. Shiel, ever since this "untoward occurrence," has not only never given his speech to any reporter until the actual delivery of it, but does not until then write it out for the use of the newspapers.

Mr. Shiel does not speak often. Mr. O'Connell makes at least twenty speeches for his one. Mr. Shiel writes out at full length, and commits to memory, all his speeches on important questions. He hardly ever attempts extempore speaking. I am surprised at his want of confidence in his extempore speaking, I should conclude his fame would not suffer were he often to get up on the spur of the moment. The speech I refer to was one of some length. It was in the middle of last session, in reply to one of Sir Robert Inglis, in which that right honourable Baronet charged the Roman Catholic members with having, by voting for the affirmative of the Church Property Appropriation Question, violated the oaths they took on entering Parliament not to do anything hostile to the interests of the Church of England, as by law established. A happier or more powerful speech I have seldom heard. His indignation at the charge was so great, that he could not, notwithstanding his diffidence as to his qualifications for extempore speaking, confine it to his own bosom.

When Mr. Shiel is going to speak, he does not rise, like any other member, but literally leaps or jumps off his seat on

* Mr. O'Connell has three sons in the House—Morgan, Maurice, and John. Neither of them hardly ever speak. I do not recollect ever hearing Morgan utter a syllable. I have heard John deliver himself of some dozen or fourteen sentences, on one or two occasions, on some unimportant subject. Maurice made a respectable speech which lasted an hour, in August last, in moving for a Committee of Inquiry in General Darling's case. His manner is easy but tame. Morgan is likest to his father; but is neither so tall or so robust, by a good deal. He is somewhat of a fop in his dress. Maurice, on the other hand, is careless about his personal appearance, except when he is going to speak, when he very carefully oils and combs his hair. He is rather tall and slender in person. His hair and complexion are fair. John is much under the middle size, and slenderly made. He has a good face, is of dark complexion, and has black hair. He dresses with taste, but there is no foppishness about him. Neither of them has a particle of the genius or talent of their father.

the floor, as if about to run out of the house. The fact is, he is quite the creature of impulse. Everything he does, he does in as great haste as if it were a life and death affair. His motions when addressing the house are quite mercurial. Not content with the most redundant gesture, in so far as his arms are concerned, he sometimes bends his body to such a degree, that you are not without fears he may lose his equilibrium, and fall, head foremost prostrate on the floor. At other times, he advances to the table, gives three or four lusty strokes on the box, and then suddenly retreats backwards four or five steps. In a few seconds, you see him, by another sudden bound, leaning over the table, and stretching out his neck, as if trying to reach some honourable member opposite,—his eye fixed on him, meanwhile, with as great an intensity of gaze, as if he were determined to flash conviction on him by the piercing glances of his optics, should he fail to produce it by the words of his mouth.

Mr. Shiel's articulation is very indistinct. This arises partly from the extraordinary rapidity of his delivery, but chiefly from the screeching tones of his voice, and the loud key at which he pitches it. His manner in this respect is unlike anything I ever heard either in the house or elsewhere; it is impossible, by words, to convey any adequate idea of it. His voice has often such an irregular effect, that you would think the sound came from between the wall and the ceiling opposite the place whence he addresses the house. A stranger is, indeed, sometimes apt to mistake him for a foreigner. An instance of this occurred last Session, when a gentleman in the gallery, who was not aware that Mr. Shiel was the person then speaking, and forgetting for the moment that none but natives of the United Kingdom were eligible to a seat in the house, innocently inquired of another gentleman, who was sitting next to him, whether that was not a foreigner who was then addressing the house?

Mr. Shiel is a man of very considerable literary attainments. He has written various articles, which have been much admired, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and other periodicals. To the *New Monthly*, when under the editorship of his friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, he was a regular contributor for some years. The account of the proceedings of the deputation, of whom he was one, sent over to this country by the Roman Catholic Association of Dublin, and the "Sketches of the Irish Bar," which appeared in the *New Monthly* some years since, were from his pen. He has also written several tragedies, in all of which there are many beautiful passages, glowing and burning with the poetic spirit; but, as a whole, they are not admired, and consequently have not been successful.

Mr. Shiel is in the prime of life, his age being only forty-two. There is, therefore, reason to expect his reputation will rise still higher. It used to be said that Mr. O'Connell was jealous of him, fearing he might one day become his rival, and that consequently he did not regard him with any very friendly feelings. There never was a more unfounded insinuation against Mr. O'Connell. He is one of Mr. Shiel's greatest friends, and warmest admirers. There is not a man in the house, when Mr. Shiel speaks, more cordial or liberal in his cheers than Mr. O'Connell. The impression of each of these men is, that there is ample scope for all the talents, and patriotism, and exertions of both, in the present state of Ireland.

Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR's name is too familiar to the public to be passed over in a work of this kind, though at the moment I write he is not a member of Parliament; especially as, from the circumstances under which he was unseated, and his popularity among the Radicals in England as well as Ireland, there is little chance of his being long excluded. In person he is moderately tall, and of a firm compact make, without anything approaching to corpulency. He is red-haired, and of very fair complexion. There is a slight protrusion in his brow, which gives that part of his face about the eyes somewhat of a sunken or retiring appearance. His nose is prominent, not from its size, for it is rather small, but from its cocked-up conformation. He is yet but a young man, his age being about forty.

Mr. Fergus O'Connor is a man of more than respectable talents. He is a fluent and graceful speaker: the chief blemish in his speeches, is that they are generally too wordy. His voice has something of a bass tone in it; he cannot modulate or alter its tones: he continues and ends in exactly the same key as he began. He is a man of sterling integrity in his public character. There is not a more honest man in the house. No earthly consideration will induce him on any occasion—even on a single occasion—to swerve from his principles. Rather than act contrary to his convictions of what is right, he would a thousand times sooner peril his seat. I

recollect one occasion, towards the close of the Session of 1834, in which he strenuously opposed Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Shiel, and all the other Irish Liberal members, on some question of Irish Policy, the nature of which I now forget,—with the fullest impression on his mind, that the consequence of the course he was pursuing would be the loss of his seat. He alluded to the probability of such being the penalty of the line of conduct he adopted on the occasion, adding, that if his anticipations should be realized, he would most cheerfully retire into the solitude of private life, consoled with the reflection that he had acted according to the dictates of his conscience. Had Mr. O'Connell thought fit to quarrel with Mr. O'Connor for his conduct on the occasion I refer to, there was no question that he could have prevented Mr. O'Connor's re-election either by the constituency of the county of Cork, which he then represented, or any other constituency in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, however, had too high an opinion of Mr. O'Connor's talents and integrity of character, to have ever dreamed of excluding him from Parliament on any such ground. He has, on many occasions, been one of Mr. O'Connell's most zealous and most efficient coadjutors in the efforts of the latter to procure redress for the evils of Ireland.

Mr. HENRY GRATTAN, member for Maynooth, is a name with which every reader of the debates in Parliament must be familiar. He is the eldest son of the great Henry Grattan, one of the ablest and most zealous, as well as most eloquent, patriots which Ireland ever produced. He has much of the attachment to his native country which blazed in the breast of his illustrious father; but unhappily he has not a tithe of his talent. Indeed, he cannot be said to be a man of talent at all. He, however, speaks tolerably well. If there are no traces of genius, no approaches to eloquence, there is always an abundant infusion of burning Liberalism in his speeches. It is impossible for him to give expression to half-a-dozen sentences without getting into a downright passion, and indulging in such violence of gesture, that it is quite unsafe for any member to sit with his head within reach of his right arm. He is by far the best specimen of a wild Irishman—"wild," in Lady Morgan's sense of the term—in the house. He is open, generous, straight-forward, in all the relations both of public and private life. In stature he is tall, without being robust. His hair is dark, and his complexion has something of sallowness about it. His face is angular. His general appearance is gentlemanly, and he seems in excellent health and spirits. His age is upwards of forty. He is often confounded with Mr. Thomas Grattan, the author of "High Ways and Bye Ways."

Mr. SHARMAN CRAWFORD, the member for Dundalk, is not a man whose talents will ever bring him prominently before the public; for these are not above mediocrity. But the active part he takes, both in and out of the house, in everything that relates to Ireland, joined to the extreme honesty of his character and liberality of his opinions, makes him deservedly respected both in his native country and in the house. He is a man of great modesty. He wants confidence in himself. Hence, in the delivery of his speeches, there is no animation, and scarcely any gesture. He is the only Protestant member from Ireland who acts almost uniformly with the Liberal or Catholic Irish members; for the terms are convertible in this case. His person is rather above the usual height, and slenderly made. His complexion is dark, and his hair black. His face is thin and angular, and is slightly pitted with small pox. The expression of his countenance is pensive, with a tinge of melancholy about it. He is one of the most humane men in the house. Judging from appearances, one would conclude that he is in delicate health. His age is about forty-five.

Mr. RUTHVEN, the colleague of Mr. O'Connell in the representation of the city of Dublin, is entitled to a few words of notice because of his eccentricities. He stands alone in the house in all the leading elements of his character. "None but himself can be his parallel." Last year he not only brought himself into notice, but kept himself before the house and the public by moving the adjournment of the house, night after night, at a certain hour, no matter how important the business before it, or who was speaking at the time. Whenever he himself attempted to speak—and he often did, in the literal sense of the term, "trespass on the attention of the house"—he was sure to be assailed with all sorts of yawns, coughs, groans, &c. He soon, however, made the grand discovery, that an effectual, and the only effectual, means of putting down such interruptions, was by threatening, if not allowed to proceed, to move the adjournment of the house.

Mr. Ruthven is altogether so singular a person that it is impossible to convey any idea of him to those who have not seen him. Though he often speaks, he cannot put two sen-

tences of ordinary English together. When he gives utterance to a sentence of any length, the chances are two to one that the latter part of it has no connexion with the first. In fact, though he has the name of being a good scholar, he cannot speak the English language at all. He often tries to correct himself, and stammers away at an extraordinary rate in the attempt, but he only in the end flounders the more deeply in the mire of bad English.

His voice has a curious, unearthly kind of sound. He speaks with sufficient strength of lungs to make such a noise as is heard in all parts of the house, but from the unusual tones of his voice, aggravated by a bad articulation, what he says is often known to himself alone. He is not now yawned or coughed at for the reason I have mentioned, but he is not listened to when he addresses the house. He often speaks what are called Irish bulls, to the great amusement of honourable members. He sometimes rises for the purpose of telling the house that he has nothing to say on the subject before it, but that as he is on his legs, he may as well say that he will give his vote in a particular way. But though Mr. Ruthven speaks a great deal of nonsense, he certainly does, on many occasions, take a common-sense view of the questions before the house, and assign, though in wretched English, very good reasons for the course he has made up his mind to pursue.

His personal appearance is made to match with the peculiar conformation of his mind. He is of the middle size, and of a full make without being corpulent. He is slightly hunched, or at least his mode of walking gives him somewhat of that appearance. His manners are awkward in the extreme. He looks like a person newly imported from the country, and who has all his life been a working farmer. He is one of those men who are completely proof against the march of manners. Suppose he were to live for a thousand years to come—his present age is about fifty-five—he would not be a whit more advanced in the practice of the art of politeness than he is at this moment. He feels a thorough contempt for the very name of Chesterfield. If any one would put that nobleman's "Letters to his Son" into his hand, he would toss them into the fire the next moment, as if there were pollution in the very touch. His hair is beginning to turn gray. His head is large and massy. His nose is large; so are his eyes. His complexion is ruddy. The expression of his countenance corresponds with the sketch I have given of his character. In his dress he is rather careless, without being slovenly: his clothes never fit him. He is always to be seen moving slowly about on the floor of the house. He has no fixed seat; at one time you see him—where from his principles and sympathies he ought always to be—seated beside the Irish Liberal members; at another you see him on the opposite side in the very midst of the Tories. Notwithstanding his eccentricities he is a man who knows well when any personal affront is intended him, and there are few men in the house who will more readily resent it.

I do not think that any other of the Irish Liberal members stand out with a sufficient prominence to render a notice of them necessary. They are in number about sixty, all of whom, with two or three exceptions, are Roman Catholics, and are remarkable for their unity of purpose and action.

CHAPTER XV.

LITERARY MEMBERS.

Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer—Lord Francis Egerton—Dr. Bowring—Mr. Buckingham.

SEVERAL members of some pretensions to literary talents have, with greater propriety, been included under other heads. The most distinguished literary man in the house is Mr. E. L. BULWER, member for Lincoln, and author of *Pelham*, *Eugene Aram*, &c. He does not speak often. When he does, his speeches are not only previously turned over with great care in his mind, but are written out at full length, and committed as carefully to memory as if he were going to recite them at some annual examination of some public school. He is artificial throughout—the mere creature of self-discipline—in all his exhibitions in the house. You see art and affectation in his very personal appearance—in his mode of dressing, and in his every movement. One of his school-fellows has told me, that at school he was as much noted for his attention to the cut of his coat, as to his intellectual pur-

suits. He is the same man still. He is a great patron of the tailor and perruquier. He is always dressed in the extreme of fashion. He sometimes affects a modesty of demeanour; but it is too transparent to deceive any one who has the least discernment. You see at once that he is on stilts; that it costs him an effort even to assume the virtue which he has not. His manner of speaking is very affected: the management of his voice is especially so. But for this he would be a pleasant speaker. His voice, though weak, is agreeable, and he speaks with considerable fluency. His speeches are usually argumentative. You see at once that he is a person of great intellectual acquirements, though his speeches appear much better in print than when you hear them delivered. His articulation is impaired by the affected manner of his pronunciation, and the rapidity of his utterance. His favourite subject in the house, is the Repeal of the Taxes on Newspapers. On that question he makes a motion every Session. I believe him to be sincerely anxious for the abolition of those duties; but, had he, last year, not yielded to the previously expressed solicitations of the friends of Mr. Spring Rice to withdraw his motion, the newspaper taxes would by this time have ceased to exist. There were a considerable majority in the house at the time, in favour of his motion, and I recollect observing the exultation expressed in their countenances, at their anticipated triumph. But the secret of the matter was, that he brought forward his motion at that time, not with the intention of carrying it, but for the mere sake of a little display, coupled, perhaps, with a wish to make an appearance of redeeming a pledge he had previously given, to bring the subject forward in the course of the Session.

Mr. Bulwer is a fine-looking man. He is rather tall and handsome. His complexion is fair, and his hair of a dark brown. His nose is aquiline and prominent, and his face angular. He usually wears a green surcoat. He is young. I cannot give his precise age, but I am certain it cannot exceed thirty-five. He is understood to average from £1,200 to £1,500 a-year by his literary labours.

LORD FRANCIS EGERTON is better known as a literary man by his previous title of Lord F. L. Gower. His literary reputation chiefly rests on his knowledge of the German language, and several of his translations from the poetical works of Goethe. He has also written several small original poetical pieces, which possess the merit of sweetness of sentiment, elegance of style, and harmony of versification; but they want vigour and originality. He is a nobleman of a cultivated mind, and of varied information, especially on the subject of modern literature. He hardly ever speaks, and then but very indifferently. He spoke for twenty-five or thirty minutes on the question of the answer to the King's Speech, at the opening of last Session. Being a Tory, though not an ultra one, he, of course, supported the Government of Sir Robert Peel on that occasion. His voice is harsh and husky, and not very strong. There is no variety either in it or in his gesture. Both are monotonous in a high degree. In person he is tall, and well made. His hair is black, and his complexion dark. His face is partially angular, and his features regular, but with a somewhat pensive expression. He is much respected by his own party, both for his private worth and high family connexions.

DR. BOWRING, the member for Kilmarnock, is one of the new members. He is a man of varied, though not of profound literary acquirements. He has written, and written well, in almost every department of literature. For some years he conducted the *Westminster Review*. His political articles in that periodical were more distinguished for the ease and accuracy of their style, than for originality of conception or comprehensive views. It is as a polyglot he is most celebrated. Here he stands unrivalled. He has a critical knowledge of almost every language in Europe, and has given translations from the poetry of most of them. He has written some original poetry, but it has little pretensions to merit, beyond the elegance of the style, and the amiable feeling it, for the most part, breathes. He is not a good speaker. His delivery has something drawing about it. His voice is clear, and capable, with proper management, of being made pleasant to the ear. But he seems to have no control over it: he speaks often, but never long. He has not realized the expectations of his friends since his admission into the house. He has committed two great errors. The first is, his speaking too often on topics of trifling importance: the second is the circumstance of his never having brought forward a motion on any question of commanding interest, nor ever made a speech of any length, on any great question brought forward by others. He is most regular in his attendance in the house: I know of few members who are more so. He is always to

be seen bustling about on the floor, or in the side galleries, with a bundle of papers in his hand. I do not recollect ever seeing him, on a single occasion, without a large quantity of parliamentary papers in his hand or under his arm.

Dr. Bowring is in person rather below the middle size. His hair is black, and his complexion pale. He is short-sighted, and is consequently obliged to wear glasses. His face is angular, and his chin slightly protrudes. His physiognomy is rather expressive of mildness and good-nature—qualities which he does possess in an eminent degree—than of anything intellectual. He is not old. Judging from his appearance, I should think he is not much above forty. If he does not make a shining member, he promises to be one of the most useful; for he unites in a high degree the closest attention to his parliamentary duties with a sound judgment and the strictest integrity.

Mr. BUCKINGHAM, the member for Sheffield, is a person whose name has been, for the last eight or ten years, most prominently before the British public. He is generally supposed to have something of the quack in him. I am not sure that the charge is altogether unfounded, though I am persuaded he has often been actuated by the most disinterested motives in cases in which the general impression has been quite the reverse. I believe he may—unconsciously I have no doubt—have exaggerated the extent of his pecuniary losses by the arbitrary proceedings of the Indian Government; but it cannot be denied that he did, in addition to the abstract tyranny and injustice of those proceedings, suffer in purse, or perhaps, more properly speaking, prospectively, to a very large amount. That he has kept his persecutions, by the Indian Government, before the public, with a prominence and steadiness at which other persons similarly circumstanced would have shrunk back, is not to be denied; but great allowances are to be made for him, when it is recollected that he lost not a part, but the whole of his fortune, by his deportation from the East Indies, and that ever since he has had to struggle with all the horrors of poverty, sometimes, indeed, with something approaching to absolute want.

Mr. Buckingham is a man of more than respectable literary attainments. His travels in Mesopotamia and other countries in the East, are among the best that have been published respecting those countries. His *Oriental Herald* also, a great part of which was written by himself, was a Journal of considerable merit. The great fault of his style is its extreme wordiness.

As a member of Parliament he has not earned much reputation. On first entering the house he made great efforts, by repeated speeches of considerable length, to acquire for himself a name as a legislator; but the attempt was quite a failure. There was a strong prejudice against him, owing, in a great measure to the general impression that he was a political adventurer. When he rose to address the house, the circumstance became a signal, sometimes for forced coughs, yawnings, &c. and always for inattention and other marks of want of due respect. The result has been that he now scarcely ever speaks at all. Nor was he by any means regular in his attendance in the house last Session, though previously he was one of the most exemplary in this respect, out of the whole six hundred and fifty-eight.

Mr. Buckingham is a fine speaker. His manner is remarkably easy and pleasant. There is not a more fluent speaker in the house. His voice is sweet and melodious; but there is a sameness in its tones. His action is graceful, but is deficient in energy. He can speak at any time and on any subject. In person he is tall and handsome. Notwithstanding all the hardships and fatigues he underwent in his extensive journeyings in tropical countries, he appears to be of a vigorous constitution and in excellent health. His complexion is fair and his hair of a light grey. He has a fine forehead. His features are regular but distinctly marked. His face is full, and has something very intellectual about it. In his appearance and manners, he is quite the gentleman. He is about fifty years of age.

CHAPTER XVI.

RELIGIOUS MEMBERS.

Sir Andrew Agnew—Mr. Buxton—Mr. Andrew Johnston—Mr. Wilks—Mr. Baines—Mr. Finch—Colonel Perceval—Major Cumming Bruce—Mr. Poulter—Mr. Sinclair.

THE decided course which Sir ANDREW AGNEW, member for the Wigton district of burghs, has taken for some years past on all questions of a religious character which have been brought before the house, and the notoriety, especially, into which he has brought himself by his perseverance, session after session, in defiance of all the ridicule which has been heaped upon him, with his Sabbath Bills, entitled him to a priority of notice in this chapter. His appearance exhibits nothing particularly serious. He looks soft and good-natured rather than grave or serious, nor is there anything in his manner, when he rises to address the house, which at all marks the zealot. His mode of speaking is remarkably cold and destitute of animation. He appears as if he were timid; and yet he is not so. Had he not the quality of moral courage in a very high degree, he would never have persisted in his measures for the better observance of the Sabbath, in the face of the ridicule he has always had to encounter. His voice is either weak, or he does not exercise his lungs in any degree when addressing the house; nor does he use much gesture. He extends his right arm, and gently moves it up and down, which may be said to constitute the whole of his gesticulation. He is a man of easy temper; not at all disposed to take offence at what an opponent says; on the contrary, I have repeatedly seen him smile when some of the Radical party were heaping ridicule on his peculiar religious opinions. He never speaks, except on his own Sabbath Bills, or on those brought in from time to time by others. His speeches are seldom of any length. In his political opinions he is moderately liberal. In person he is tall and slender. His complexion is sallow, and his hair of a dark brown colour. His face is sharp and angular. There is a strong resemblance in the form of his nose to the beak of an eagle. He is not old. I do not know his exact age; but it is, I have no doubt, under forty.

Mr. F. BUXTON, the member for Weymouth, is one who takes a great interest in all questions of a religious nature. His exertions for the emancipation of the West-India slaves, are too well known to require any particular allusion to them. They had their origin in religious principle. He is a Dissenter. His piety is decided, without being tinged with fanaticism. The great question in which he felt the deepest interest, was that of the Emancipation of the Negroes in the West-India Colonies: when it was before the house, he invariably spoke. Since it has been in a great measure settled, he seldom addresses the house. His voice is strong, but pleasant. There is much simplicity in his manner of speaking. He makes no pretensions to, nor efforts at oratory. He hardly uses any gesture, except it be in the moderate movement of his right arm. He is a man of respectable talents. There is always much good sense in what he says, and occasionally some happy ideas. He is listened to with attention by the house. In fact, his irreproachable private character, and his consistent public conduct, could not fail to command respect from men of all shades of political feeling. He is, in person, very tall and muscular. He is full six feet two in height, and of proportional stoutness. He usually wears a blue coat. His clothes are always good, but they are never well made. He is slightly pitted with the small-pox. His features are distinctly marked. His nose is large, and is made more prominent by its being generally surmounted by a pair of spectacles. He is, as already hinted, greatly esteemed by men of all parties in the house. He is in his fifty-fourth year.

Mr. ANDREW JOHNSTON, member for the St. Andrew's district of burghs, has lately become son-in-law to Mr. Buxton. He is a young man, being only about thirty-five years of age. He is about the middle size in personal stature, and of a somewhat slender make. His hair is dark, and his complexion slightly fair. His features are regular, and his countenance has altogether a pleasing aspect. He speaks tolerably well, but not without previously committing what he means to say to memory. The question in which he takes the deepest interest is that of the existing state of church patronage in Scotland. He is for the repeal of the statute of Queen Anne, which took from the male members and hearers of every church, the right of choosing their own pastor, and transferred that right to some one individual having large property in the respective parishes. For the last three or four Sessions he

has brought forward a formal motion for the repeal of this statute; but the friends of Ministers have always taken care either that there should be no house on the night fixed for the motion, or if there were at the commencement of his speech, that it should thin sufficiently, before he had got to the middle of it, to admit of its being counted out. The opinions of the house have consequently never yet been ascertained on this subject, though it be one in which the people of Scotland take the liveliest interest.

The treatment Mr. Johnston has lately received from his constituents is sure to lead to one out of two effects as regards other members. It will either prevent their giving positive pledges to the electors at all, or if they do, they will give those only which they mean in earnest to redeem. At the last election, Mr. Johnston, according to the representations of his constituents, pledged himself to vote for the appropriation of any surplus church property that might be found to exist, to other than ecclesiastical purposes; but when Lord John Russell brought forward his motion, recognizing the right of the State to deal with church property as it thought fit, he did not vote at all. Since then, he has been called on, time after time, by large bodies of his constituents, to resign his seat, which they say he also pledged himself on the hustings to do, should a majority of his constituents require such resignation at his hands. He and they give different versions of what he said on that occasion. Which party is in the right, whether the representative or the represented, I have no means of knowing. If he did break a positive unequivocal pledge, he has been amply punished for it; for his seat must have been one of thorns to him ever since. There can be no justification for a man who makes pledges and breaks them; but I cannot help saying that Mr. Johnston has been hardly dealt with compared with many other honourable members, some of whom have violated their pledges, made in the heat of a hustings speech, by the dozen.

Mr. WILKS, the member for Boston, is the great champion of the Dissenters. In fact, he may be called their representative. In everything that relates to their interests, he takes the lead in the house. When a measure affecting their rights and privileges is brought forward, one may with certainty conclude from the course he takes as to the reception such measure will meet with from that numerous body throughout the country. He is a man of respectable talents. As a speaker he is somewhat above mediocrity. He has a rather awkward way of mouthing the words, and sometimes expectorates slightly, but he speaks with ease and some fluency. His voice is not good: it wants clearness, which, in conjunction with his not very distinct articulation, makes him sometimes difficult to be heard. He is occasionally animated in his manner, and makes a rather effective speech. He is defective in pronouncing the letter *r*. He speaks pretty often, though all his best efforts are on questions affecting the Dissenters. He by no means acquits himself so well in the house as out of it. I have heard him make really excellent and effective speeches at Exeter Hall, and other places, in his capacity of Secretary to the Society for the Protection of Civil and Religious Liberty.

In person, Mr. Wilks is of the middle size, full and well formed. He has a venerable appearance. His face is angular. His nose is prominent, and his eyes are large. His complexion is florid, and his hair of a dark brown. The crown of his head is partially bald. He is nearly sixty years of age. He usually sits on the Opposition side of the house.

Mr. BAINES, the member for Leeds, is also a Dissenter. He is a respectable speaker. His voice is clear, but monotonous. He times his utterance to the ear with good taste, and speaks with much ease and accuracy of language. If he is never eloquent, he invariably speaks great good sense. His speeches are always short, but pithy and to the point. They would have more effect, if delivered with greater animation. He is a man of extensive information on all subjects connected with manufactures, especially those of Lancashire. He is also intelligent on general topics. He is proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*, which is conducted by his son, with whom he is sometimes confounded. It was Mr. Baines, junior, and not Mr. Baines, the member, who lately published an able and very elaborate work on the manufactures of Lancashire. He is, however, the author of a *History of Lancashire*. Mr. Baines is much respected in the house. His manners are mild and conciliatory, but very plain. He usually wears a blue coat. In personal height, he is about the middle size, but of a robust frame. His hair is red, and his complexion fair. His countenance is pleasing, and rather intelligent. His features are regular. He is what would be called a good-looking man. He is in his sixty-first year.

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Mr. FINCH, the member for Stamford, always takes an active part in all proceedings in the house which affect the interests of the Church of England. He is a man of respectable talents, and is a pleasant, though certainly not a showy, speaker. His voice is clear, but not strong. He speaks with ease, but never rises to eloquence. He is a man of excellent private character. In his politics he is Conservative. He occasionally takes a Bible with him in his pocket to the house. When, towards the close of last Session, a keen discussion took place one night relative to some proposed grant of money for the purposes of education in Ireland, of which grant the Roman Catholics were to receive a part, some honourable member chanced to introduce a verse from the Scriptures, which bore on the point in dispute, when another honourable member—I think it was Mr. Sergeant Jackson, for nearly twenty years Secretary to the Dublin Kildare-street Society,—maintained that the text was not correctly quoted. Several other members gave quite different versions from what either of the first two had done; in short, the floor of the House of Commons became an arena for the display of the biblical knowledge of the members. The controversy—as theological controversies usually do—became very keen as to the literal version of the text in question, when Mr. Finch at once set the matter to rest, by putting his hand into his pocket, and pulling out a very handsome diamond Bible, from which, amidst shouts of laughter, he read the passage in question. If I remember rightly, all the honourable members who took part in the discussion as to the exact wording of the passage, were more or less in error.

Mr. Finch is small in bodily stature, but firmly and compactly made. His face is round, and has a cheerful expression. His complexion is dark, and his hair a jet black. His eyelashes are large, and his eyes have always a laughing appearance. He is about forty years of age.

Colonel PERCEVAL, member for the county of Sligo, is equally zealous with Mr. Finch in his attachment to the Church of England. He is also of the same political opinions. He is above mediocrity as a speaker. He has a fine powerful voice, but it wants variety. He speaks with much ease and fluency, and, without any seeming effort, makes himself heard in all parts of the house. In his manner you see a man of decisive mind and firmness of purpose. His gesture, when speaking, is very gentle. It consists almost exclusively of a slight movement of the right arm. He is good at reply, and is happy at pinning down an opponent to any injudicious admission he has made. He also excels in keeping members to the real question at issue. He is an Orangeman, and ably and boldly vindicates that party from the charges preferred against it by the Irish Liberal members. He never shrinks from grappling with Mr. O'Connell or Mr. Shiel, and I believe Mr. O'Connell thinks him one of the most formidable opponents he has in the house, in all matters of dispute between the Orange and Roman Catholic parties of Ireland.

Colonel Perceval is, in person, of the usual height, but of a strong muscular frame. He has a fine handsome face. His appearance altogether is that of a perfect gentleman. His age is about forty-five.

Major CUMMING BRUCE, the member for the Inverness district of burghs, and grandson-in-law to Bruce,* the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, has distinguished himself, during the five years he has been in Parliament, by his zealous advocacy of the Church of Scotland as at present constituted. He strenuously opposes every proposition for the slightest alteration in the constitution of that Church. In his political opinions he is a decided Tory. He is a very fair speaker, and a man of considerable talents. His voice has a curious sound, of which it is difficult to convey an idea. It is clear, but has a sort of twang. It is not, however, unpleasant. He speaks easily and with some fluency. He is a man of great moral courage. However unpopular his opinions he never shrinks from a fearless assertion of them. I have heard him make some able speeches. Those he makes on religious subjects—and he seldom speaks on any other—have much of a decidedly religious character about them. There are few men in the house better acquainted with the Scriptures, and I have never heard any member quote from the Bible more largely. The house often, in such cases, attempts to put him down, but never with effect. He never loses his presence of mind, and is not to be driven from his purpose.

In person he is tall, and of a slender form. He is in delicate health. His countenance has a studious pensive ex-

* In consequence of his marriage with the grand-daughter of Bruce, the Major has added that of Bruce to his former name of Cumming.

pression. His complexion is pale, and his hair of a dark brown. His face is angular, and his features are rather large. He is about forty-five years of age.

Mr. POULTER, member for Shaftesbury, has brought himself into some distinction by the bills for the better observance of the Sabbath, which he brought into the house in the Session of 1834, and in that of the present year. His views on the subject of the way in which the Sabbath ought to be kept, are not nearly so strict as those of Sir Andrew Agnew. He is willing, for example, to make an exception in favour of the gardeners and green grocers in Covent Garden and other places, and also in favour of the venders of certain other kinds of perishable commodities. When a deputation of persons connected with Covent Garden waited on him to remonstrate with him respecting certain provisions of his last Bill, he expressed himself willing to hear any objections to his measure, and to make any alterations and amendments which could be proved to be necessary, adding that he begged it to be distinctly understood he was no Puritan. In politics he is moderately Liberal. He opposed the Government of Sir Robert Peel, and almost invariably supports that of Lord Melbourne. He is a grandson of the late Brownlow North, Bishop of Winchester. He is by profession a barrister, though I believe he does not now practise.

Mr. Poulter is a man of fair talents. He is a good speaker. His voice is both powerful and pleasant, and his utterance is well timed to the ear. His style is clear and correct. He speaks with much ease and fluency. He is a man of excellent private character. Few men have more self-possession when interrupted in speaking, which he sometimes is by certain members who deem the introduction of religious matters in any shape, into the house, an infliction of no ordinary kind. I have repeatedly admired the good temper, perfect coolness, and gentlemanly conduct he has displayed on such occasions. In describing one of the general scenes in the house, it will be seen that he was one of the members assailed with the tremendous uproar which was caused on that occasion. Even then, when a man might as well have been attacked by all the Furies in concert, he appeared as calm, collected, and well pleased, as if there had been a breathless silence in the house. He does not speak often, and seldom at any great length at a time.

Mr. Poulter is a handsome-looking man. In personal height he is about the middle size, and of a rather stout and compact make. His complexion is slightly dark, and his hair quite black. He has a fine forehead, and his features, which are regular and prepossessing, have an intelligent expression. He is seemingly about forty years of age.

Mr. SINCLAIR, the member for Caithness-shire, is the last of the religious members I shall notice. He was formerly, like his father, Sir John Sinclair, the celebrated agricultural and statistical writer, of decided Whig principles, but he took the same view of the Irish Church Appropriation question as the Government of Sir Robert Peel, when that question was brought before the house by Lord John Russell—since which time he has uniformly voted and acted with the Conservatives. Like Mr. Andrew Johnston, Mr. Sinclair has chiefly distinguished himself by his exertions to procure a repeal of the law of patronage with respect to the Church of Scotland. He is a man of respectable talents; but has fallen far short of that eminence in the world to which Lord Byron, who was his school companion and most intimate friend in early life, predicted he would attain. Byron's opinion was, that Mr. Sinclair possessed splendid talents, though at the time he uttered the above prediction they had not been fully developed. Time has only served to show how erroneous are the estimates which the greatest geniuses sometimes form of the intellects of others.

Mr. Sinclair is a passable speaker. His voice is sufficiently audible when he endeavours to make himself heard; at other times, he is but imperfectly heard by those who are most remote from him. His voice is clear and pleasant, but wants flexibility. His gesture is usually moderate, though occasionally he is not without energy of manner. He does not speak often. The best speech I ever heard him make was a short one on the dissolution of the Administration of Sir Robert Peel, and the reconstruction of the Melbourne Government. In this speech there were several clever points. "I have," said he, "refrained from hazarding any remarks as to the new, or rather renovated Ministerial edifice, until the complete elevation shall stand before the public in all the stateliness of its outline, and in all the symmetry of its proportions. The three divisions of the empire have contributed their respective *quotas* towards promoting its stability and providing for its embellishment. It must be admitted, that consummate dis-

cretion and admirable dexterity have been displayed, not only in the choice but in the exclusion of certain materials. Some hypercritics expected to see the main building supported by a colossal column of basalt from the Giant's Causeway;* but—"

Here Mr. Sinclair was interrupted by Mr. Methuen rising to order, and saying "he could not see what the Giant's Causeway had to do with the question before the house."

Mr. Sinclair resumed.—"I believe that if we were to dig a trench deep enough to reach the foundations, we should find the corner-stone of the edifice so entirely composed of that substance, that if its support were taken away, the whole would at once be laid prostrate on the earth. The fabric of the late Government is now destroyed; and the noble Secretary-at-War (Lord John Russell), who on two late occasions said he would consider that event a misfortune, may now, like Marius on the ruins of Carthage, wander amid the storied urns and broken columns, indulging in a lugubrious soliloquy on the instability of human greatness, unless the official syrup, which has now been administered, shall operate as a soothing and salutary anodyne to calm his perturbed spirit. With respect to the new Administration, I fear that they will find their position most painful and embarrassing. They will feel themselves compelled to pursue a dubious and vacillating course, now veering towards the Radical reefs of Scylla, and then tacking towards the Conservative quicksands of Charybdis. They will be halting between the Court and the Radicals— anxious to keep well with the one, and yet afraid to break with the other—bold enough to alarm the Tories, and yet too timid to satisfy the Destructives. The consequence of which will at length be, that at an early period of the ensuing Session, if not before (on some day which I leave to be settled in the next edition of Moore's planetary almanack,) an ominous and temporary junction will take place between the Wellington Mars, and the O'Connell Jupiter, with all his tributary satellites—a motion will be made (perhaps by the Right Hon. Baronet, the member for Kent,† and seconded by Mr. O'Dwyer, the late and probably future member for Drogheda) that the house has no confidence in his Majesty's Ministers; and on a division, the number will appear:—Ayes 426, Noes 197—Majority 229."

Mr. Sinclair is in personal height about the usual size. His complexion is fair, and his hair light. On the fore part of his head there is an incipient baldness. His features are large, and have something of an intellectual expression about them. He is in his forty-fifth year.

It may be proper to mention, in concluding this chapter, that the above are not all the religious members in the house. They are those only who, on all occasions when religious topics are introduced, take the most prominent part in the discussion of them.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEW MEMBERS.

Sir William Follett—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd—Mr. Borthwick—Colonel Thompson.

THE number of new members returned at the last election was not so great as might, under the circumstances, have been expected; and but very few of those that were then returned for the first time, had previously occupied any very prominent place in public estimation.

On the Tory, or Conservative side, the most valuable new return, beyond all question, was that of Sir WILLIAM FOLLETT, the member for Exeter. Sir William, though only in his thirty-second year, had already raised himself to the highest distinction as a lawyer. He was known not only to be an excellent speaker, but a man of very rare talents, and of great intellectual acquirements. He was known, at the same time, to be decidedly in favour of Conservative views: hence that party greeted him with a most cordial welcome on his entrance into Parliament. He was also appointed Solicitor General by Sir Robert Peel, which gave him additional importance. His maiden speech was looked forward to with great anxiety, not only by the Conservative party, but by the Whigs and Radicals. It was generally expected that he would have spoken on the answer to the King's speech; but

* The reference here was to Mr. O'Connell.

† Sir Edward Knatchbull.

he allowed the occasion to pass over without saying a word. Weeks passed away and he was silent. The Church Surplus Property Appropriation question came on for discussion, and as that was a question which not only most deeply affected some of the principles he most warmly cherished, but was, in its results, to be decisive of the fate of the Government of which he formed a part, he could no longer remain mute. He accordingly spoke, on the second night of the debate, if I remember rightly, and seldom had an abler or more effective speech been delivered within the walls of Parliament. His speech occupied an hour and a quarter in the delivery, and was listened to from beginning to end with breathless attention. The regret which men of all shades of political opinion felt, was that it did not last longer. It was commended in the warmest terms by every one who heard it. The next great question on which he spoke was that of the Municipal Corporation Reform. On it he spoke repeatedly, and with very great eloquence and ability. There is a remarkable clearness in his speeches. He makes you understand, as fully as he does himself, the drift of his argument. His mode of thinking is vigorous, and his reasoning is close and masterly. He never digresses for a moment from the object he has in view, nor loses sight of the positions he wishes to establish. You see what he would be at, and you see he is leading you to it by the most direct road. His style is also chaste and nervous; it is elegant without being flowery. He never goes out of his way in quest of rhetorical expressions. He employs the phraseology which most readily and naturally suggests itself to his mind, and yet it could hardly be improved, however great were the amount of labour bestowed, upon it. His manner is also simple and natural. He does not use any extravagant gesture: he chiefly confines it to a slight movement of his face and body from one part of the opposite side of the house to another, and to a gentle raising and lowering of his right arm, accompanied by an occasional stroke of his hand on the table. His voice partakes, in a very great degree, of a bass tone, which, as he can modulate it at pleasure, is particularly effective in the most impassioned parts of his speeches. His utterance is timed with much good taste to the ear; it is neither too rapid nor too slow. His articulation is very distinct; and he always speaks loud enough to be heard in all parts of the house.

In personal height he is about the usual size; but inclines to stoutness. His frame is compact, and seemingly very strong. His features are strongly marked. His nose is short and flat; and his eye-lashes unusually large. His face is round, his complexion very dark, and his hair black. His countenance is pleasing, but certainly wants the intellectual expression which might be expected in such a man. He is undoubtedly the most promising man, of any party, who has entered Parliament for some years past. The Conservatives may well be proud of him.

Among the new Liberal members returned at the last election, Mr. SERJEANT TALFOURD was by far the best known. I never knew a man enter Parliament concerning whom I had higher expectations. I had heard him speak repeatedly out of doors, and coupling that with his acknowledged literary attainments, and the burning enthusiasm with which he was known to cherish his principles, I was fully persuaded, in my own mind, that his first exhibition would dazzle and delight the house. The event proved I had made a miscalculation. He made his *débüt* the night after Sir William Follett, to whose speech his was chiefly a reply. He spoke for about an hour, but did not, to any extent, gain the attention of the house. Considerable noise, and great listlessness, prevailed all the time. In short, his *débüt* was a complete failure in so far as effect was concerned, though the speech was one of great eloquence and ability. There were many accidental circumstances, it is true, which operated against him. He was, in the first place, most unhappy in the time he chose for addressing the house. It was so early as six o'clock, an hour when no man of any note is ever expected to speak, and when, from the noise and confusion, caused by members entering the house, even the most popular and influential members could hardly insure attention. Then, again, the house was remarkably thin at the time; and nothing can more seriously impair the effect of a good speech, than its delivery when the benches are empty. Lastly, he pitched his voice in too low a key. He spoke no louder than he was accustomed to do in the courts of law, forgetting the house was six times as large, and the members diffused over eight or nine times the space; for in courts of law, all the persons present are generally congregated within a few yards of the counsel. But besides these disadvantageous circumstances, there was something in the matter of the speech, which militated greatly against its

enthusiastic, or even favourable reception. It was far too refined: it was one of the most elaborate and philosophically reasoned I ever heard delivered in the house. There were but few members who, even after the most close attention, would have been able to follow the speaker, and if once you lost the thread of his argument, the rest would have been in a great measure unintelligible to you. It was exactly a speech of that nature, which ought to have been delivered in a quiet, snug room, to a dozen or so of the most philosophical men of the present day. In that case it would have been appreciated: the admiration of it by such an audience, would have known no bounds.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd is poetical and eloquent in the highest degree. His matter almost cloyes one with its richness. In beautiful and appropriate imagery, he excels all men I ever heard speak:—I mean in the more carefully wrought passages when speaking on important questions. He is fond of introducing a great deal of scriptural phraseology into his speeches. In his maiden efforts in Parliament, there was much of this. He talked of "quitting themselves like men," of being "knit together in love," &c. &c.

His second, and I believe, only other speech in the house, was in defence of the Municipal Corporation Bill. It was very short. It did not occupy above ten minutes in the delivery. It was much less refined than the other, and was delivered at a more suitable hour of the evening, and to a house in a more attentive mood. It consequently told with better effect. Still, the reception he met with on the occasion, was not at all equal to what would have been expected by those who have heard him in the courts of law.

In person Mr. Serjeant Talfourd is about the middle size, and well made. His hair is black, and his complexion very dark. His features are small, and his face round. He has the most piercing eyes I ever saw; they have much of what lovers call a languishing expression about them. His face has altogether much of a soft and feminine appearance. He is a man of much kindness of heart, and much affability of manner. I question if there be a man of more cultivated mind in the house. He is about forty years of age.

Mr. BORTHWICK, the member for Evesham, is one of whom great expectations were also entertained by those who previously knew him. He is a Conservative, and is returned through the influence of a rich Conservative baronet. As a speaker at public meetings, before he entered Parliament, he has seldom been surpassed; as a debater, I hardly ever knew his equal. His talents for public speaking and debating were so warmly spoken of by those who had an opportunity of forming an opinion on the subject, that the West-India interest appointed him, in 1832-33, to make the tour of the country, for the purpose of replying to the statements made by the Abolitionists, respecting the condition of the negroes in the colonies. And ably did he perform his task. I may mention, in proof of the expectations which his own party entertained of a successful parliamentary *débüt*, that the first time he spoke, which was in the second week of the Session, Sir Robert Peel paid the most marked attention to him for fifteen or twenty minutes; but, as if satisfied that Mr. Borthwick's talents had been over-rated, the right honourable Baronet then quitted the house. Mr. Borthwick continued to speak for nearly an hour after, but very little attention was paid to what he said. He has often spoken since, but somehow or other is very unpopular in the house. In the very last speech he made, which was within a fortnight of the close of the Session, he was coughed, and sneezed, and yawned at, and ironically cheered, to a very unpleasant extent. In the midst of these interruptions, he uttered a rather unusual threat. He said, that if the house did not allow him to conclude in his own time, and in his own way, he was determined not to conclude at all. A universal shout of laughter greeted the sentence.

In stature he is rather under the middle size. He is well formed, and has a very handsome face. His complexion is slightly dark, and his hair a beautiful black. He is about thirty-five years of age.

Colonel THOMPSON, the member for Hull, was not returned at the last general election. He was chosen on the death of Mr. Carruthers, the late member. He was one from whom great things were expected by the Radical party, to whom he belongs, and for whom he has done so much by his writings in the *Westminster Review*. Of that journal he is now sole editor, Dr. Bowring having quitted the management of it eighteen or twenty months since. Colonel Thompson cannot be said to have failed, because he has not yet attempted anything in the way of speaking. He has not yet, I believe, delivered a single sentence even in the course of the desultory

conversation which so often occurs when the house is in Committee. I have heard him speak in public; he is by no means an attractive speaker, and I have no idea he will ever acquire any distinction in that way in the house. As a writer, however, he is one of the most nervous and acute, though generally quaint in style, of the present day. He is a thorough-going Radical, and is allowed, by all who know him, to be a man of the strictest integrity.

In person, he is short and stout. He dresses plainly. He generally wears a blue coat. His complexion is a mixture of red and fair. His face is large, and has something of the oval form. His hair is beginning to get gray. He is about sixty years of age. He is one of the most attentive men to his parliamentary duties in the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

It can hardly be necessary to mention, that in selecting for special notice the members whose names I have given in previous chapters of this work, I have been guided solely by the frequency with which their names appeared before the public. The consequence has been that I have been obliged to give sketches of some honourable gentlemen who, on the mere abstract ground of talent, were not so much entitled to a notice as many others whose names scarcely ever meet the public eye. There are many members in the house who are known to those on terms of intimacy with them, to be men of extensive information and distinguished abilities, who never open their mouths at all. I could mention the names of many such individuals, but am prevented from doing so lest I should thereby be unintentionally unjust to others, who, although unknown to me, possess equal claims to be so singled out. There are other members, again, of very great abilities almost as much unknown to Parliamentary fame, who deliver one speech, perhaps, in the course of two or three Sessions. I cannot forbear to mention the name of Mr. Charles Russell, member for Reading, as an instance of this. Mr. Russell is a liberal Tory, and has sat for the above borough since 1830; but he has spoken so very seldom as to be almost entirely unknown to the public. Towards the close of last Session, however, he made a speech in opposition to Mr. Grote's motion for the Vote by Ballot, which was allowed on all hands to be one of the ablest, if not the very ablest, ever delivered on that side of the question. It lasted for about an hour, and was certainly one of the most closely and ably reasoned speeches I ever heard in the house. The manner of delivery, however, was very much against it. Mr. Russell had evidently carefully studied it before-hand, and that circumstance concurred with a natural habit of speaking rapidly, to make him hurry through it in that monotonous and mechanical way in which school-boys repeat the tasks they have committed to memory. His voice, too, is weak, and therefore he was but imperfectly heard in the more distant parts of the house. Had the speech been delivered by Sir Robert Peel, or any other first-rate speaker, it would have electrified the auditors.

I have often been struck with the number of members who have shone on the hustings, and at public meetings, who have completely failed in the house. The cause of this is sometimes to be found in the members themselves, sometimes in the house, but more frequently in both. The confidence which sustains public speakers when addressing a mixed multitude, often forsakes them in their maiden efforts in the house, and there is consequently a corresponding inferiority in the quality of their matter—if the speech be not previously prepared—and proportionate deduction from the excellence of the delivery. No one but those who have experienced it can form any idea of the paralyzing effect produced, both on the matter and manner of the speaker, when, instead of having his almost every sentence greeted with the deafening plaudits of a mixed assembly, he is not only heard without a murmur of applause, but perhaps with the most marked indifference and inattention. A new member who meets with a cold reception when making his first speech in the house, especially if previously popular with promiscuous assemblages of people, is usually so mortified, disappointed, and disheartened, that he either never makes another experiment of the kind, or if he do, the chances are ten to one he will be so disconcerted by the recollection of his former failure, as to meet with no better success on his second effort. There are many new members,

who make an unsuccessful *debüt*,—as I have already mentioned when speaking of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's failure,—simply from ignorance of the best time to address the house. Unless the person have a very high out-of-doors reputation, indeed, for his oratorical acquirements, he is sure to have a listless unwilling audience if he speak between the hours of five and nine o'clock, when a question of importance is before the house. Not only, as observed in a previous chapter, is no good speaker, or member of talent, expected to address the house in that interval of time, but the constant bustle and noise occasioned by the ingress and egress of members, are most unfavourable to oratorical effect.

I know there are many new members who are aware, that to address the house at an early hour when any question of importance is under discussion, is sure to operate against them; but then they are equally aware that there is very little chance of catching the eye of the Speaker at a later hour, the most distinguished men in the house being, in almost every instance, previously fixed on in the Speaker's mind, for addressing the house after nine or ten o'clock. The best course for new members to adopt, who are qualified, or conceive themselves to be so, for making an appearance, as it is called, in the house, would be to give notice of a motion for a particular evening on some question of general importance. They would, in that case, make their *debüt* under every advantage. Those anxious to see how they would acquire themselves on their first effort, would be present, and be attentive listeners, which would go far to insure the attention of others. The *debütant* would be allowed to speak as long as he pleased, and would be certain of meeting with no clamour or interruption; for I hardly recollect one instance—with the single exception of the case of Mr. Hunt, when he brought forward a motion which had folly on the face of it, respecting the propriety of granting a general pardon to those who had been convicted by the Special Commission of that period, and which he prefaced by a speech extending to so unreasonable a length as to occupy four hours in the delivery,*—with this exception, I scarcely recollect an instance of any attempt to put down a speaker when introducing a motion to the house. Then, again, new members have, in this case, the right of reply, which affords an excellent opportunity to those who have talents for extempore speaking, of displaying those talents to advantage.

Every one acquainted with the house, must have been struck with the great addition to the number of religious members, which has been within the last few years. This fact has been conclusively shown in the reception which late Bills for the better observance of the Sabbath have met with, compared with the way in which those formerly introduced were treated. Sir Andrew Agnew's first Sabbath Bill, four years ago, was lost, on the second reading by a majority of two to one. In 1834, Mr. Poulter's Sabbath Bill was read a second time by a small majority, though lost in the third reading. The second reading of the Sabbath Bill of the same gentleman introduced last Session, was carried by a considerable majority, with reference to the numbers in the house at the time, though lost in an after-stage by a small majority. I am aware there are several Members who voted for the Sabbath Bills of Mr. Poulter, who would not have voted for those of Sir Andrew Agnew, the latter being of a much more sweeping character than the former; but from a calculation I have made, I am satisfied Sir Andrew Agnew's minority, were he to re-introduce either of his former Sabbath Bills into the house, would be a third larger than on any former occasion. So great was the increase in the number of the supporters of his Bill, or of those in favour of the principle of the measure, last year, that the second reading was lost by a majority of only 36, the number being, for the second reading, 125; against it, 161.

It must often have been remarked by my readers that certain honourable members now and then emerge, by means of some accidental occurrence, from obscurity, and in a day or two fall back again into as great oblivion as ever. Mr. Hume has been the means made use of by several honourable members for bringing themselves into this temporary notice. He is known to be a man of a remarkably peaceable disposition, and not likely either to give or accept a challenge. In the course of last Session, there were two memorable instances of members emerging for a few days from obscurity through means of attacks on Mr. Hume. The first was Mr. Charlton, the member for Ludlow, whose name hardly ever before met the public eye. Mr. Hume, or he, I do not recollect which,

* This motion was negatived by a majority of 209 to 2.

was addressing a few remarks to the house in the midst of considerable noise, when the other dissenting from some particular expression, the party speaking said, with much tartness of manner, "Hold your tongue, Sir!" The other retorted, "You are an impudent fellow." So at least the latter thought and said. Mr. Charlton that night penned a challenge to Mr. Hume, which the latter received the next morning. Mr. Hume immediately on the house meeting brought the subject before it as a breach of privilege, dwelling in a most pathetic strain on the fact of his having received the hostile billet just as he was in the act of sitting down to breakfast, and which proved fatal to an appetite, the excellence and keenness of which, but a moment before, had never been exceeded. A discussion of some length followed; and Mr. Charlton was attacked in the *Morning Chronicle* and other Liberal papers of the following day. This gave him an opportunity of replying in those papers; so that, for a few days, his name met every body's eye, and was in every body's mouth. In a week after, Mr. Charlton was forgotten, and has not since been heard of. He is, according to his own representation, a moderate Reformer.

On another occasion—it occurred, I think, in the beginning of July last—honourable members were much amused at the way in which Mr. Kearsley, member for Wigan, brought himself into temporary notice by attacking Mr. Hume. The house was in a Committee of Supply at the time, and the member for Middlesex was, as is usual on such occasions, making quite a field-day of it. He opposed almost every grant of money that was that evening proposed for the public service. While opposing one of these grants,

Mr. Kearsley rose and addressed the Chairman as follows, looking, however, not at him, but at Mr. Hume in the face:—"Mr. Bernal: It has often been said in this house and elsewhere, that the honourable member for Middlesex has been very useful to the country by checking the extravagant expenditure of Ministers. But after what I have just seen with my own eyes, I put down his conduct as perfect humbug. (Roars of laughter with some cries of hear! hear!) Yes, and I pronounce the honourable member himself, to be a complete humbug. (Renewed bursts of laughter, with cries of order, order! from a few voices.) I do not mean any personal unkindness to the honourable member, but I must say, that when a vote was put to the house for granting some secret service money,—it was thirty something (loud laughter) £30,000 odd, I believe,—I saw an honourable gentleman connected with the noble Lord (Lord John Russell) opposite, go up to him, and give him a check for coming forward (loud laughter mingled with cheers from the Conservative side of the house),—I saw, it, Sir, (laughter)—yes, Sir, with my own eyes I saw it, (renewed laughter from all parts of the house). It's a perfect humbug, Sir; a complete humbug, Sir, and nothing else (hear, hear! and roars of laughter).

Mr. Kearsley, who is a short, thick-set, and remarkable good-natured man, delivered these observations with an emphasis and peculiarity of manner, staring Mr. Hume—who was directly opposite him—all the while in the face, that had the celebrated weeping philosopher of antiquity himself been present, he could not have refrained from joining in the universal laughter.

Mr. Hume replied to the charge of being "a humbug" "a complete humbug," "a perfect humbug"—as follows:—"I am afraid that the honourable member's optics are not in the best possible state to-night. (Great laughter.) I think the honourable member sees double. (Continued laughter.) I certainly did protest against voting £30,000 secret-service money; but I am glad we have reduced the grant so low, for we formerly voted £60,000 and upwards for the same purpose. As to the honourable gentleman's charge against me, I tell him that no person whatever spoke to me on the subject. No man has ever attempted to control or check me in my public conduct. I will be controlled by no man—and least of all shall the honourable member control me."

Mr. Kearsley, on this, leaped to his feet, or, as the *Times* of the following morning had it, "started up with great animation," and looking Mr. Hume steadily and very significantly in the face, gave vent to the emotions which agitated his bosom, as follows:—"And I tell the honourable member for Middlesex, in return, that of all men he is not the person whom I shall suffer to control me. If I have any infirmity of sight, and cannot see, it is not very civil on the part of the honourable member to tell me of it. (Laughter.) It's not what I call politeness. (Order, order! and renewed laughter.) I tell the honourable gentleman, that if my sight is not so good as it ought to be, neither is his head so good as it ought to be. (Loud laughter, and cheers from the Opposition.) I

tell him that I can see to count up the "tottle" of the whole" as well as he can. (A loud and universal roar of laughter followed this.) No, I'll not be put down by the honourable member for Middlesex. (Cries of order, order!) No, nor will I be put down by any man who supports him, whether he be on the honourable member's right hand or left hand. (Loud laughter, with cries of order!) The eyes of the country are upon us, and they'll soon judge which of us is right, and which of us is wrong—who's a humbug, and who is not. (Renewed bursts of laughter.)

Mr. Hume, whom it is impossible to put out of temper, said by way of rejoinder:—"I beg the honourable member not to mistake me; I did not say anything about the infirmity of his eyes. I did not accuse him of not seeing; I only accused him of seeing too much." (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Kearsley, who seemed by this time to have recovered his usual composure and good-nature, said in reference to this:—"The honourable member is out of his reckoning again." (Laughter.)

The matter then dropped, but the account of the harmless interchange of wit between Mr. Kearsley and Mr. Hume, occupied a conspicuous place in the newspapers of the following morning, and went the round of the provincial journals, accompanied in some instances with a "word of comment." Mr. Kearsley's name was consequently for eight or ten days kept constantly before the public eye. He then, like Mr. Charlton, fell back again into his obscurity, and nothing more has since been heard of him.

The practice of seeing double in the house, after a certain hour, is not new. It was quite common as far back as the days of Pitt and Dundas. They were in the habit of dialoguing each other after having dined together, as follows:—

PITT.—"I can't see the Speaker, Hal; can you?"

DUNDAS.—"Not see the Speaker, Billy!—I see two!"

It is often amusing to witness the undue importance which some honourable members attach to particular measures, while others of incomparably greater moment, seem scarcely to excite the least attention in their minds. One very striking illustration of this occurred towards the close of last session. Mr. Freshfield, the member for Penryn, and a barrister by profession, conceived the most inveterate dislike to Sir John Campbell's bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, and that dislike he took every opportunity of evincing. He opposed the bill most strenuously in its every stage through the house. Even after it had gone through Committee, and was fixed for a third reading, he opposed it (though such a course is most unusual) as vehemently as ever. The third reading was appointed for a Saturday, and though there were not above fifteen or twenty members in the house, and only one or two, as far as I could learn, opposed to the measure, he spoke, and certainly with considerable ability, more than an hour in opposition to it. If its certain effect had been to plunge the country into an immediate and universal revolution, he could not have dwelt more earnestly on the evils with which, as he alleged, it was fraught. He denounced not only Sir John Campbell himself, but all those who sanctioned the measure, as committing an offence against the well-being of the country and society of the most enormous magnitude. In short, I never knew a man feel more strongly on any subject.

I have known many instances of members who had been silent during the whole of a long parliamentary career, having their mouths opened, as they say when licensing a clergyman in Scotland to preach, by some measure which immediately affected themselves personally or their constituents. One instance of this occurred in the case of the right honourable Colonel Francis Grant, of Grant, member for the united counties of Moray and Nairn, and a gentleman of great private worth. The gallant Colonel has been in Parliament nearly thirty years, but never, so far as I am aware, attempted to utter a word in it, until, in the year 1832, the house, when in Committee on the Scotch Reform Bill, came to that clause which proposed a junction between the counties of Moray and Nairn in the return of a representative to Parliament. The gallant Colonel was not only strenuously opposed to such union individually, but the thing was most unpopular in the county he represented, and his constituents urged him to offer every opposition to it in his power. He accordingly made a speech of some length and much ability against it. The speech was greatly admired by those who heard it, as it afterwards was by those who read it in the *Mirror of Par-*

* This is a common expression of Mr. Hume's; the word *tottle* being always pronounced with a broad Scotch accent "tottle."

liament. The gallant Colonel, who is of a retiring and diffident disposition, has not spoken in the house since then; at least, not to the best of my recollection.

Mr. Bish, the member for Leominster, of "Lucky Corner" and £30,000 prizes celebrity, could never be prevailed on to open his mouth in the house, except on two subjects. The one was always brought forward by himself,—I refer to his singular annual motion, for some years past, for Parliament sitting once every three years in Dublin. The other subject I allude to is that of Government Lotteries. If any other honourable member ever mentioned this subject, up started Mr. Bish the moment he sat down, and descanted on the infinite benefit of which such lotteries were productive to the country. He was sure on all such occasions, stoutly to maintain, that Government lotteries were the very life and soul of

the country—that to sanction them was the most striking proof of enlightened legislation which ever any senate exhibited to the world—and that to do away with them was "demonstration strong" of our rapid retrogression towards barbarism.

Schedule A in the Reform Bill, which destroyed so many close boroughs, worked miracles in the way of causing dumb legislators to speak. The zeal which many of the representatives of these boroughs, who felt a presentiment, that, with their extinction would close their own legislative career, evinced, when the clauses proposing their annihilation, were read, exceeded anything I ever witnessed. The representatives of these places dwelt on the irreparable injury the House was therein doing to the Constitution, with an energy and animation which surprised all who heard them.

END OF VOL. I.

